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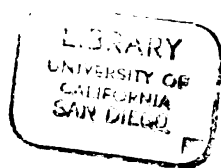


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The Greene Mansion, New York, as it appeared at the time of the notorious Greene murder case. From an old woodcut by Lowell L. Balcom.



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The Greene Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case" and "The 'Canary' Murder Case"

ACCORDING to the foremost critics of both England and America, "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (which ran serially in this magazine last year) set a new standard in detective-mystery fiction. "A model of everything a detective story should be—a monument, a cathedral amongst detective stories," wrote Arnold Palmer in the London *Sphere*; and Robert John Bayer, in the Chicago *Post*, said it proved that "the writing of such a novel can be raised to high art." These two comments reflected the consensus of critical sentiment evoked by the book. Perhaps not in our generation has any other novel of this *genre* been so extensively read and so highly praised.

We are happy, therefore, to be able to present to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE Mr. Van Dine's latest book, "The Greene Murder Case." This new Philo Vance story, telling of the mysterious criminal tragedy that befell the strangely assorted household of the old Greene mansion, more than meets, in dramatic narrative interest and literary quality, the standard set by the author's previous work.

THE EDITOR.



I

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY

(Tuesday, November 9; 10 a. m.)

IT has long been a source of wonder to me why the leading criminological writers—men like Edmund Lester Pearson, H. B. Irving, Filson Young, Canon Brookes, William Bolitho, and Harold Eaton—have not devoted more space to the Greene tragedy; for here, surely, is one of the outstanding murder mysteries of modern times—a case practically unique in the annals of latter-day crime. And yet I realize, as I read over my own voluminous notes on the case, and inspect the various documents relating to it, how little of its inner history ever came to light, and how impossible it would be for even the most imaginative chronicler to fill in the hiatuses.

The world, of course, knows the external facts. For over a month the press of two continents was filled with accounts of this appalling tragedy; and even the bare outline was sufficient to gratify the public's craving for the abnormal and the spectacular. But the inside story of the catastrophe surpassed even the wildest flights of public fancy; and, as I now sit down to divulge those facts for the first time, I am oppressed with a feeling akin to unreality, although I was a witness to most of them and hold in my possession the incontestable records of their actuality.

Of the fiendish ingenuity which lay behind this terrible crime, of the warped psychological motives that inspired it, and of the strange hidden sources of its technic, the world is completely ignorant. Moreover, no explanation has ever been given of the analytic steps that

led to its solution. Nor have the events attending the mechanism of that solution—events in themselves highly dramatic and unusual—ever been recounted. The public believes that the termination of the case was a result of the usual police methods of investigation; but this is because the public is unaware of many of the vital factors of the crime itself, and because both the Police Department and the District Attorney's office have, as if by tacit agreement, refused to make known the entire truth—whether for fear of being disbelieved or merely because there are certain things so terrible that no man wishes to talk of them, I do not know.

The record, therefore, which I am about to set down is the first complete and unedited history of the Greene holocaust.* I feel that now the truth should be known, for it is history, and one should not shrink from historical facts. Also, I believe that the credit for the solution of this case should go where it belongs.

The man who elucidated the mystery and brought to a close that palimpsest of horror was, curiously enough, in no way officially connected with the police; and in all the published accounts of the murder his name was not once mentioned. And yet, had it not been for him and his novel methods of criminal deduction, the heinous plot against the Greene family would have been conclusively successful. The police in their researches were dealing dogmatically with the evidential appearances of the

* It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to state that I have received official permission for my task.

crime, whereas the operations of the criminal were being conducted on a plane quite beyond the comprehension of the ordinary investigator.

This man who, after weeks of sedulous and disheartening analysis, eventually ferreted out the source of the horror, was a young social aristocrat, an intimate friend of John F.-X. Markham, the District Attorney. His name I am not at liberty to divulge, but for the purposes of these chronicles I have chosen to call him Philo Vance. He is no longer in this country, having transferred his residence several years ago to a villa outside of Florence; and, since he has no intention of returning to America, he has acceded to my request to publish the history of the criminal cases in which he participated as a sort of *amicus curiæ*. Markham also has retired to private life; and Sergeant Ernest Heath, that doughty and honest officer of the Homicide Bureau who officially handled the Greene case for the Police Department, has, through an unexpected legacy, been able to gratify his life's ambition to breed fancy wyandottes on a model farm in the Mohawk Valley. Thus circumstances have made it possible for me to publish my intimate records of the Greene tragedy.

A few words are necessary to explain my own participation in the case. (I say "participation," though, in reality, my rôle was that of passive spectator.) For several years I had been Vance's personal attorney. I had resigned from my father's law firm — Van Dine, Davis, & Van Dine—in order to devote myself exclusively to Vance's legal and financial needs, which, by the way, were not many. Vance and I had been friends from our undergraduate days at Harvard, and I found in my new duties as his legal agent and monetary steward

a sinecure combined with many social and cultural compensations.

Vance at that time was thirty-four years old. He was just under six feet, slender, sinewy, and graceful. His chiselled regular features gave his face the attraction of strength and uniform modelling, but a sardonic coldness of expression precluded the designation of handsome. He had aloof gray eyes, a straight, slender nose, and a mouth suggesting both cruelty and asceticism. But, despite the severity of his lineaments—which acted like an impenetrable glass wall between him and his fellows—he was highly sensitive and mobile; and, though his manner was somewhat detached and supercilious, he exerted an undeniable fascination over those who knew him at all well.

Much of his education had been acquired in Europe, and he still retained a slight Oxonian accent and intonation, though I happen to be aware that this was no affectation: he cared too little for the opinions of others to trouble about maintaining any pose. He was an indefatigable student. His mind was ever eager for knowledge, and he devoted much of his time to the study of ethnology and psychology. His greatest intellectual enthusiasm was art, and he fortunately had an income sufficient to indulge his passion for collecting. It was, however, his interest in psychology and his application of it to individual behaviorism that first turned his attention to the criminal problems which came under Markham's jurisdiction.

The first case in which he participated was, as I have recorded elsewhere, the murder of Alvin Benson.* The second was the seemingly insoluble strangling of the famous Broadway

* "The Benson Murder Case" (Scribners, 1926).

beauty, Margaret Odell.* And in the late fall of the same year came the Greene tragedy. As in the two former cases, I kept a complete record of this new investigation. I possessed myself of every available document, making verbatim copies of those claimed for the police archives, and even jotted down the numerous conversations that took place in and out of conference between Vance and the official investigators. And, in addition, I kept a diary which, for elaborateness and completeness, would have been the despair of Samuel Pepys.

The Greene murder case occurred toward the end of Markham's first year in office. As you may remember, the winter came very early that season. There were two severe blizzards in November, and the amount of snowfall for that month broke all local records for eighteen years. I mention this fact of the early snows because it played a sinister part in the Greene affair: it was, indeed, one of the vital factors of the murderer's scheme. No one has yet understood, or even sensed, the connection between the unseasonable weather of that late fall and the fatal tragedy that fell upon the Greene household; but that is because all of the dark secrets of the case were not made known.

Vance was projected into the Benson murder as the result of a direct challenge from Markham; and his activities in the Canary case were due to his own expressed desire to lend a hand. But pure coincidence was responsible for his participation in the Greene investigation. During the two months that had elapsed since his solution of the Canary's death Markham had called upon him several times regarding moot points of criminal detection in connec-

tion with the routine work of the District Attorney's office; and it was during an informal discussion of one of these problems that the Greene case was first mentioned.

Markham and Vance had long been friends. Though dissimilar in tastes and even in ethical outlook, they nevertheless respected each other profoundly. I have often marvelled at the friendship of these two antipodal men; but as the years went by I came more and more to understand it. It was as if they were drawn together by those very qualities which each realized—perhaps with a certain repressed regret—were lacking in his own nature. Markham was forthright, brusque, and, on occasion, domineering, taking life with grim and serious concern, and following the dictates of his legal conscience in the face of every obstacle: honest, incorruptible, and untiring. Vance, on the other hand, was volatile, debonair, and possessed of a perpetual Juvenalian cynicism, smiling ironically at the bitterest realities, and consistently fulfilling the rôle of a whimsically disinterested spectator of life. But, withal, he understood people as profoundly as he understood art, and his dissection of motives and his shrewd readings of character were—as I had many occasions to witness—uncannily accurate. Markham apprehended these qualities in Vance, and sensed their true value.

It was not yet ten o'clock of the morning of November the 9th when Vance and I, after motoring to the old Criminal Courts Building on the corner of Franklin and Center Streets, went directly to the District Attorney's office on the fourth floor. On that momentous forenoon two gangsters, each accusing the other of firing the fatal shot in a recent pay-roll hold-up, were to be

* "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (Scribners, 1927).

cross-examined by Markham; and this interview was to decide the question as to which of the men would be charged with murder and which held as a State's witness. Markham and Vance had discussed the situation the night before in the lounge-room of the Stuyvesant Club, and Vance had expressed a desire to be present at the examination. Markham had readily assented, and so we had risen early and driven downtown.

The interview with the two men lasted for an hour, and Vance's disconcerting opinion was that neither was guilty of the actual shooting.

"Y' know, Markham," he drawled, when the sheriff had returned the prisoners to the Tombs, "those two Jack Sheppards are quite sincere: each one thinks he's telling the truth. *Ergo*, neither of 'em fired the shot. A distressin' predicament. They're obvious gallows-birds—born for the gibbet; and it's a beastly shame not to be able to round out their destinies in proper fashion. . . . I say, wasn't there another participant in the hold-up?"

Markham nodded. "A third got away. According to these two, it was a well-known gangster named Eddie Maleppo."

"Then Eduardo is your man."*

Markham did not reply, and Vance rose lazily and reached for his ulster.

"By the by," he said, slipping into his coat, "I note that our upliftin' press bedecked its front pages this morning with head-lines about a pogrom at the old Greene mansion last night. Wherefore?"

* This was subsequently proved correct. Nearly a year later Maleppo was arrested in Detroit, extradited to New York, and convicted of the murder. His two companions had already been successfully prosecuted for robbery. They are now serving long terms in Sing Sing.

Markham glanced quickly at the clock on the wall, and frowned.

"That reminds me. Chester Greene called up the first thing this morning and insisted on seeing me. I told him eleven o'clock."

"Where do you fit in?" Vance had taken his hand from the door-knob, and drew out his cigarette-case.

"I don't!" snapped Markham. "But people think the District Attorney's office is a kind of clearing-house for all their troubles. It happens, however, that I've known Chester Greene a long time—we're both members of the Marylebone Golf Club—and so I must listen to his plaint about what was obviously an attempt to annex the famous Greene plate."

"Burglary—eh, what?" Vance took a few puffs on his cigarette. "With two women shot?"

"Oh, it was a miserable business! An amateur, no doubt. Got in a panic, shot up the place, and bolted."

"Seems a dashed curious proceeding." Vance abstractedly reseated himself in a large armchair near the door. "Did the antique cutlery actually disappear?"

"Nothing was taken. The thief was evidently frightened off before he made his haul."

"Sounds a bit thick, don't y' know. —An amateur thief breaks into a prominent home, casts a predat'ry eye on the dining-room silver, takes alarm, goes up-stairs and shoots two women in their respective boudoirs, and then flees. . . . Very touchin' and all that, but unconvincin'. Whence came this caressin' theory?"

Markham was glowering, but when he spoke it was with an effort at restraint.

"Feathergill was on duty last night

when the call was relayed from Headquarters, and accompanied the police to the house. He agrees with their conclusions."*

"Nevertheless, I could bear to know why Chester Greene is desirous of having polite converse with you."

Markham compressed his lips. He was not in cordial mood that morning, and Vance's flippant curiosity irked him. After a moment, however, he said grudgingly:

"Since the attempted robbery interests you so keenly, you may, if you insist, wait and hear what Greene has to say."

"I'll stay," smiled Vance, removing his coat. "I'm weak; just can't resist a passionate entreaty. . . . Which one of the Greens is Chester? And how is he related to the two deceased?"

"There was only one murder," Markham corrected him in a tone of forbearance. "The oldest daughter—an unmarried woman in her early forties—was killed instantly. A younger daughter, who was also shot, has, I believe, a chance of recovery."

"And Chester?"

"Chester is the elder son, a man of forty or thereabouts. He was the first person on the scene after the shots had been fired."

"What other members of the family are there? I know old Tobias Greene has gone to his Maker."

"Yes, old Tobias died about twelve years ago. But his wife is still living, though she's a helpless paralytic. Then there are—or rather were—five children: the oldest, Julia; next, Chester; then another daughter, Sibella, a few years under thirty, I should say; then Rex, a sickly, bookish boy a year or so

younger than Sibella; and Ada, the youngest—an adopted daughter twenty-two or three, perhaps."

"And it was Julia who was killed, eh? Which of the other two girls was shot?"

"The younger—Ada. Her room, it seems, is across the hall from Julia's, and the thief apparently got in it by mistake while making his escape. As I understand it, he entered Ada's room immediately after firing on Julia, saw his error, fired again, and then fled, eventually going down the stairs and out the main entrance."

Vance smoked a while in silence.

"Your hypothetical intruder must have been deuced confused to have mistaken Ada's bedroom door for the staircase, what? And then there's the query: what was this anonymous gentleman, who had called to collect the plate, doing above-stairs?"

"Probably looking for jewelry." Markham was rapidly losing patience. "I am not omniscient." There was irony in his inflection.

"Now, now, Markham!" pleaded Vance cajolingly. "Don't be vindictive. Your Greene burglary promises several nice points in academic speculation. Permit me to indulge my idle whims."

At that moment Swacker, Markham's youthful and alert secretary, appeared at the swinging door which communicated with a narrow chamber between the main waiting-room and the District Attorney's private office.

"Mr. Chester Greene is here," he announced.

II

THE INVESTIGATION OPENS

(Tuesday, November 9; 11 a. m.)

When Chester Greene entered it was obvious he was under a nervous strain;

* Amos Feathergill was then an Assistant District Attorney. He later ran on the Tammany ticket for assemblyman, and was elected.

but his nervousness evoked no sympathy in me. From the very first I disliked the man. He was of medium height and was bordering on corpulence. There was something soft and flabby in his contours; and, though he was dressed with studied care, there were certain signs of overemphasis about his clothes. His cuffs were too tight; his collar was too snug; and the colored silk handkerchief hung too far out of his breast pocket. He was slightly bald, and the lids of his close-set eyes projected like those of a man with Bright's disease. His mouth, surmounted by a close-cropped blond mustache, was loose; and his chin receded slightly and was deeply creased below the under lip. He typified the pampered idler.

When he had shaken hands with Markham, and Vance and I had been introduced, he seated himself and meticulously inserted a brown Russian cigarette in a long amber-and-gold holder.

"I'd be tremendously obliged, Markham," he said, lighting his cigarette from an ivory pocket-lighter, "if you'd make a personal investigation of the row that occurred at our diggin's last night. The police will never get anywhere the way they're going about it. Good fellows, you understand—the police. But . . . well, there's something about this affair—don't know just how to put it. Anyway, I don't like it."

Markham studied him closely for several moments.

"Just what's on your mind, Greene?"

The other crushed out his cigarette, though he had taken no more than half a dozen puffs, and drummed indecisively on the arm of his chair.

"Wish I knew. It's a rum affair—damned rum. There's something back of it, too—something that's going to raise the very devil if we don't stop it. Can't explain it. It's a feeling I've got."

"Perhaps Mr. Greene is psychic," commented Vance, with a look of bland innocence.

The man swung about and scrutinized Vance with aggressive condescension. "Tosh!" He brought out another Russian cigarette, and turned again to Markham: "I do wish you'd take a peep at the situation."

Markham hesitated. "Surely you've some reason for disagreeing with the police and appealing to me."

"Funny thing, but I haven't." (It seemed to me his hand shook slightly as he lit his second cigarette.) "I simply know that my mind rejects the burglar story automatically."

It was difficult to tell if he were being frank or deliberately hiding something. I did feel, however, that some sort of fear lurked beneath his uneasiness; and I also got the impression that he was far from being heart-broken over the tragedy.

"It seems to me," declared Markham, "that the theory of the burglar is entirely consistent with the facts. There have been many other cases of a house-breaker suddenly taking alarm, losing his head, and needlessly shooting people."

Greene rose abruptly and began pacing up and down.

"I can't argue the case," he muttered. "It's beyond all that, if you understand me." He looked quickly at the District Attorney with staring eyes. "Gad! It's got me in a cold sweat."

"It's all too vague and intangible," Markham observed kindly. "I'm inclined to think the tragedy has upset you. Perhaps after a day or two—"

Greene lifted a protesting hand.

"It's no go. I'm telling you, Markham, the police will never find their burglar. I feel it—here." He mincingly laid a manicured hand on his breast.

Vance had been watching him with a faint suggestion of amusement. Now he stretched his legs before him and gazed up at the ceiling.

"I say, Mr. Greene—pardon the intrusion on your esoteric gropings—but do you know of any one with a reason for wanting your two sisters out of the way?"

The man looked blank for a moment.

"No," he answered finally; "can't say that I do. Who, in Heaven's name, would want to kill two harmless women?"

"I haven't the groggiest notion. But, since you repudiate the burglar theory, and since the two ladies were undoubtedly shot, it's inferable that some one sought their demise; and it occurred to me that you, being their brother and domiciled *en famille*, might know of some one who harbored homicidal sentiments toward them."

Greene bristled, and thrust his head forward. "I know of no one," he blurted. Then, turning to Markham, he continued wheedlingly: "If I had the slightest suspicion, don't you think I'd come out with it? This thing has got on my nerves. I've been mulling over it all night, and it's—it's bothersome, frightfully bothersome."

Markham nodded non-committally, and rising, walked to the window, where he stood, his hands behind him, gazing down on the gray stone masonry of the Tombs.

Vance, despite his apparent apathy, had been studying Greene closely; and, as Markham turned to the window, he straightened up slightly in his chair.

"Tell me," he began, an ingratiating note in his voice; "just what happened last night? I understand you were the first to reach the prostrate women."

"I was the first to reach my sister Julia," retorted Greene, with a hint of resentment. "It was Sproot, the butler, who found Ada unconscious, bleeding from a nasty wound in her back."

"Her back, eh?" Vance leaned forward, and lifted his eyebrows. "She was shot from behind, then?"

"Yes." Greene frowned and inspected his finger-nails, as if he too sensed something disturbing in the fact.

"And Miss Julia Greene: was she too shot from behind?"

"No—from the front."

"Extr'ordin'ry!" Vance blew a ring of smoke toward the dusty chandelier. "And had both women retired for the night?"

"An hour before. . . . But what has all that got to do with it?"

"One never knows, does one? However, it's always well to be in possession of these little details when trying to run down the elusive source of a psychic seizure."

"Psychic seizure be damned!" growled Greene truculently. "Can't a man have a feeling about something without—?"

"Quite—quite. But you've asked for the District Attorney's assistance, and I'm sure he would like a few data before making a decision."

Markham came forward and sat down on the edge of the table. His curiosity had been aroused, and he indicated to Greene his sympathy with Vance's interrogation.

Greene pursed his lips, and returned his cigarette-holder to his pocket.

"Oh, very well. What else do you want to know?"

"You might relate for us," dulcetly resumed Vance, "the exact order of events after you heard the first shot. I presume you did hear the shot."

"Certainly I heard it—couldn't have helped hearing it. Julia's room is next to mine, and I was still awake. I jumped into my slippers and pulled on my dressing-gown; then I went out into the hall. It was dark, and I felt my way along the wall until I reached Julia's door. I opened it and looked in—didn't know who might be there waiting to pop me—and I saw her lying in bed, the front of her nightgown covered with blood. There was no one else in the room, and I went to her immediately. Just then I heard another shot which sounded as if it came from Ada's room. I was a bit muzzy by this time—didn't know what I'd better do; and as I stood by Julia's bed in something of a funk—oh, I was in a funk all right . . ."

"Can't say that I blame you," Vance encouraged him.

Greene nodded. "A damned ticklish position to be in. Well, anyway, as I stood there, I heard some one coming down the stairs from the servants' quarters on the third floor, and recognized old Sproot's tread. He fumbled along in the dark, and I heard him enter Ada's door. Then he called to me, and I hurried over. Ada was lying in front of the dressing-table; and Sproot and I lifted her on the bed. I'd gone a bit weak in the knees; was expecting any minute to hear another shot—don't know why. Anyway, it didn't come; and then I heard Sproot's voice at the hall telephone calling up Doctor Von Blon."

"I see nothing in your account, Greene, inconsistent with the theory of a burglar," observed Markham. "And furthermore, Feathergill, my assistant, says there were two sets of confused footprints in the snow outside the front door."

Greene shrugged his shoulders, but did not answer.

"By the by, Mr. Greene,"—Vance had slipped down in his chair and was staring into space—"you said that when you looked into Miss Julia's room you saw her in bed. How was that? Did you turn on the light?"

"Why, no!" The man appeared puzzled by the question. "The light was on."

There was a flutter of interest in Vance's eyes.

"And how about Miss Ada's room? Was the light on there also?"

"Yes."

Vance reached into his pocket, and, drawing out his cigarette-case, carefully and deliberately selected a cigarette. I recognized in the action an evidence of repressed inner excitement.

"So the lights were on in both rooms. Most interestin'."

Markham, too, recognized the eagerness beneath his apparent indifference, and regarded him expectantly.

"And," pursued Vance, after lighting his cigarette leisurely, "how long a time would you say elapsed between the two shots?"

Greene was obviously annoyed by this cross-examination, but he answered readily.

"Two or three minutes—certainly no longer."

"Still," ruminated Vance, "after you heard the first shot you rose from your bed, donned slippers and robe, went into the hall, felt along the wall to the next room, opened the door cautiously, peered inside, and then crossed the room to the bed—all this, I gather, before the second shot was fired. Is that correct?"

"Certainly it's correct."

"Well, well! As you say, two or three minutes. Yes, at least that. Astonishin'!" Vance turned to Markham. "Real-

ly, y' know, old man, I don't wish to influence your judgment, but I rather think you ought to accede to Mr. Greene's request to take a hand in this investigation. I too have a psychic feeling about the case. Something tells me that your eccentric burglar will prove an *ignis fatuus*."

Markham eyed him with meditative curiosity. Not only had Vance's questioning of Greene interested him keenly, but he knew, as a result of long experience, that Vance would not have made the suggestion had he not had a good reason for doing so. I was in no wise surprised, therefore, when he turned to his restive visitor and said:

"Very well, Greene. I'll see what I can do in the matter. I'll probably be at your house early this afternoon. Please see that every one is present, as I'll want to question them."

Greene held out a trembling hand. "The domestic roster—family and servants—will be complete when you arrive."

He strode pompously from the room.

Vance sighed. "Not a nice creature, Markham—not at all a nice creature. I shall never be a politician if it involves an acquaintance with such gentlemen."

Markham seated himself at his desk with a disgruntled air.

"Greene is highly regarded as a social—not a political—decoration," he said maliciously. "He belongs to your totem, not mine."

"Fancy that!" Vance stretched himself luxuriously. "Still, it's you who fascinate him. Intuition tells me he is not overfond of me."

"You did treat him a bit cavalierly. Sarcasm is not exactly a means of endearment."

"But, Markham old thing, I wasn't pining for Chester's affection."

"You think he knows, or suspects, something?"

Vance gazed through the long window into the bleak sky beyond.

"I wonder," he murmured. Then: "Is Chester, by any chance, a typical representative of the Greene family? Of recent years I've done so little mingling with the élite that I'm wofully ignorant of the East Side nabobs."

Markham nodded reflectively.

"I'm afraid he is. The original Greene stock was sturdy, but the present generation seems to have gone somewhat to pot. Old Tobias the Third—Chester's father—was a rugged and, in many ways, admirable character. He appears, however, to have been the last heir of the ancient Greene qualities. What's left of the family has suffered some sort of disintegration. They're not exactly soft, but tainted with patches of incipient decay, like fruit that's lain on the ground too long. Too much money and leisure, I imagine, and too little restraint. On the other hand, there's a certain intellectuality lurking in the new Greenes. They all seem to have good minds, even if futile and misdirected. In fact, I think you underestimate Chester. For all his banalities and effeminate mannerisms, he's far from being as stupid as you regard him."

"I regard Chester as stupid! My dear Markham—my very dear Markham! You wrong me abominably. No, no. There's nothing of the anointed ass about our Chester. He's shrewder even than you think him. Those œdematous eyelids veil a pair of particularly crafty eyes. Indeed, it was largely his studied pose of fatuousness that led me to suggest that you aid and abet in the investigation."

Markham leaned back and narrowed his eyes.

"What's in your mind, Vance?"

"I told you. A psychic seizure—same like Chester's subliminal visitation."

Markham knew, by this elusive answer, that for the moment Vance had no intention of being more definite; and after a moment of scowling silence he turned to the telephone.

"If I'm to take on this case, I'd better find out who has charge of it and get what preliminary information I can."

He called up Inspector Moran, the commanding officer of the Detective Bureau. After a brief conversation he turned to Vance with a smile.

"Your friend, Sergeant Heath, has the case in hand. He happened to be in the office just now, and is coming here immediately."*

In less than fifteen minutes Heath arrived. Despite the fact that he had been up most of the night, he appeared unusually alert and energetic. His broad, pugnacious features were as imperturbable as ever, and his pale-blue eyes held their habitual penetrating intentness. He greeted Markham with an elaborate, though perfunctory, handshake; and then, seeing Vance, relaxed his features into a good-natured smile.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Vance! What have you been up to, sir?"

Vance rose and shook hands with him.

"Alas, Sergeant, I've been immersed in the terra-cotta ornamentation of Renaissance façades, and other such trivi-

alities, since I saw you last.* But I'm happy to note that crime is picking up again. It's a deuced drab world without a nice murky murder now and then, don't y' know."

Heath cocked an eye, and turned inquiringly to the District Attorney. He had long since learned how to read between the lines of Vance's badinage.

"It's this Greene case, Sergeant," said Markham.

"I thought so." Heath sat down heavily, and inserted a black cigar between his lips. "But nothing's broken yet. We're rounding up all the regulars, and looking into their alibis for last night. But it'll take several days before the check-up's complete. If the bird who did the job hadn't got scared before he grabbed the swag, we might be able to trace him through the pawnshops and fences. But something rattled him, or he wouldn't have shot up the works the way he did. And that's what makes me think he may be a new one at the racket. If he is, it'll make our job harder." He held a match in cupped hands to his cigar, and puffed furiously. "What did you want to know about the prowl, sir?"

Markham hesitated. The Sergeant's matter-of-fact assumption that a common burglar was the culprit disconcerted him.

"Chester Greene was here," he explained presently; "and he seems convinced that the shooting was not the work of a thief. He asked me, as a special favor, to look into the matter."

Heath gave a derisive grunt.

"Who but a burglar in a panic would shoot down two women?"

* It was Sergeant Ernest Heath, of the Homicide Bureau, who had been in charge of both the Benson and the Canary cases; and, although he had been openly antagonistic to Vance during the first of these investigations, a curious good-fellowship had later grown up between them. Vance admired the Sergeant's dogged and straightforward qualities; and Heath had developed a keen respect—with certain reservations, however—for Vance's abilities.

* Vance, after reading proof of this sentence, requested me to make mention here of that beautiful volume, "Terra Cotta of the Italian Renaissance," recently published by the National Terra Cotta Society, New York.

"Quite so, Sergeant." It was Vance who answered. "Still, the lights were turned on in both rooms, though the women had gone to bed an hour before; and there was an interval of several minutes between the two shots."

"I know all that." Heath spoke impatiently. "But if an amachoor did the job, we can't tell exactly what did happen up-stairs there last night. When a bird loses his head—"

"Ah! There's the rub. When a thief loses his head, d'ye see, he isn't apt to go from room to room turning on the lights, even assuming he knows where and how to turn them on. And he certainly isn't going to dally around for several minutes in a black hall between such fantastic operations, especially after he has shot some one and alarmed the house, what? It doesn't look like panic to me; it looks strangely like design. Moreover, why should this precious amateur of yours be cavorting about the boudoirs up-stairs when the loot was in the dining-room below?"

"We'll learn all about that when we've got our man," countered Heath doggedly.

"The point is, Sergeant," put in Markham, "I've given Mr. Greene my promise to look into the matter, and I wanted to get what details I could from you. You understand, of course," he added mollifyingly, "that I shall not interfere with your activities in any way. Whatever the outcome of the case, your department will receive entire credit."

"Oh, that's all right, sir." Experience had taught Heath that he had nothing to fear in the way of lost *kudos* when working with Markham. "But I don't think, in spite of Mr. Vance's ideas, that you'll find much in the Greene case to warrant attention."

"Perhaps not," Markham admitted.

"However, I've committed myself, and I think I'll run out this afternoon and look over the situation, if you'll give me the lie of the land."

"There isn't much to tell." Heath chewed on his cigar cogitatively. "A Doctor Von Blon—the Greene family physician—phoned Headquarters about midnight. I'd just got in from an up-town stick-up call, and I hopped out to the house with a couple of the boys from the Bureau. I found the two women, like you know, one dead and the other unconscious—both shot. I phoned Doc Doremus,* and then looked the place over. Mr. Feathergill came along and lent a hand; but we didn't find much of anything. The fellow that did the job musta got in by the front door some way, for there was a set of footprints in the snow coming and going, besides Doctor Von Blon's. But the snow was too flaky to get any good impressions. It stopped snowing along about eleven o'clock last night; and there's no doubt that the prints belonged to the burglar, for no one else, except the doctor, had come or gone after the storm."

"An amateur housebreaker with a front-door key to the Greene mansion," murmured Vance. "Extr'ordin'ry!"

"I'm not saying he had a key, sir," protested Heath. "I'm simply telling you what we found. The door mighta been unlatched by mistake; or some one mighta opened it for him."

"Go on with the story, Sergeant," urged Markham, giving Vance a re-proving look.

"Well, after Doc Doremus got there and made an examination of the older woman's body and inspected the younger one's wound, I questioned all the

* Doctor Emanuel Doremus, the Chief Medical Examiner.

family and the servants—a butler, two maids, and a cook. Chester Greene and the butler were the only ones who had heard the first shot, which was fired about half past eleven. But the second shot roused old Mrs. Greene—her room adjoins the younger daughter's. The rest of the household had slept through all the excitement; but this Chester fellow had woke 'em all up by the time I got there. I talked to all of 'em, but nobody knew anything. After a couple hours I left a man inside and another outside, and came away. Then I set the usual machinery going; and this morning Captain Dubois went over the place the best he could for finger-prints. Doc Doremus has got the body for an autopsy, and we'll get a report to-night. But there'll be nothing helpful from that quarter. She was fired on from in front at close range—almost a contact shot. And the other woman—the young one—was all powder-marked, and her nightgown was burnt. She was shot from behind.—That's about all the dope."

"Have you been able to get any sort of a statement from the younger one?"

"Not yet. She was unconscious last night, and this morning she was too weak to talk. But the doctor—Von Blon—said we could probably question her this afternoon. We may get something out of her, in case she got a look at the bird before he shot her."

"That suggests something to me, Sergeant." Vance had been listening passively to the recital, but now he drew in his legs, and lifted himself a little. "Did any member of the Greene household possess a gun?"

Heath gave him a sharp look.

"This Chester Greene said he had an old .32 revolver he used to keep in a desk drawer in his bedroom."

"Oh, did he, now? And did you see the gun?"

"I asked him for it, but he couldn't find it. Said he hadn't seen it for years, but that probably it was around somewhere. Promised to dig it up for me to-day."

"Don't hang any fond hopes on his finding it, Sergeant." Vance looked at Markham musingly. "I begin to comprehend the basis of Chester's psychic perturbation. I fear he's a crass materialist after all. . . . Sad, sad."

"You think he missed the gun, and took fright?"

"Well—something like that . . . perhaps. One can't tell. It's deuced confusin'." He turned an indolent eye on the Sergeant. "By the by, what sort of gun did your burglar use?"

Heath gave a gruff, uneasy laugh.

"You score there, Mr. Vance. I've got both bullets—thirty-twos, fired from a revolver, not an automatic. But you're not trying to intimate—"

"Tut, tut, Sergeant. Like Goethe, I'm merely seeking for more illumination, if one may translate *Licht*—"

Markham interrupted this garrulous evasion.

"I'm going to the Greene house after lunch, Sergeant. Can you come along?"

"Sure I can, sir. I was going out anyway."

"Good." Markham brought forth a box of cigars. "Meet me here at two. . . . And take a couple of these *Perfec-tos* before you go."

Heath selected the cigars, and put them carefully into his breast pocket. At the door he turned with a bantering grin.

"You coming along with us, Mr. Vance—to guide our erring footsteps, as they say?"

"Nothing could keep me away," declared Vance.

III

AT THE GREENE MANSION

(Tuesday, November 9; 2.30 p. m.)

The Greene mansion—as it was commonly referred to by New Yorkers—was a relic of the city's *ancien régime*. It had stood for three generations at the eastern extremity of 53d Street, two of its oriel windows actually overhanging the murky waters of the East River. The lot upon which the house was built extended through the entire block—a distance of two hundred feet—and had an equal frontage on the cross-streets. The character of the neighborhood had changed radically since the early days; but the spirit of commercial advancement had left the domicile of the Greenes untouched. It was an oasis of idealism and calm in the midst of moiling commercial enterprise; and one of the stipulations in old Tobias Greene's last will and testament had been that the mansion should stand intact for at least a quarter of a century after his death, as a monument to him and his ancestors. One of his last acts on earth was to erect a high stone wall about the entire property, with a great double iron gateway opening on 53d Street and a postern-gate for tradesmen giving on 52d Street.

The mansion itself was two and a half stories high, surmounted by gabled spires and chimney clusters. It was what architects call, with a certain intonation of contempt, a "château flamboyant"; but no derogatory appellation could detract from the quiet dignity and the air of feudal traditionalism that emanated from its great rectangular blocks of gray limestone. The house was

sixteenth-century Gothic in style, with more than a suspicion of the new Italian ornament in its parts; and the pinnacles and shelves suggested the Byzantine. But, for all its diversity of detail, it was not flowery, and would have held no deep attraction for the Freemason architects of the Middle Ages. It was not "bookish" in effect; it exuded the very essence of the old.

In the front yard were maples and clipped evergreens, interspersed with hydrangea and lilac-bushes; and at the rear was a row of weeping willows overhanging the river. Along the herring-bone-bond brick walks were high quickset hedges of hawthorn; and the inner sides of the encircling wall were covered with compact escaliers. To the west of the house an asphalt driveway led to a double garage at the rear—an addition built by the newer generation of Greenes. But here too were boxwood hedgerows which cloaked the driveway's modernity.

As we entered the grounds that gray November afternoon an atmosphere of foreboding bleakness seemed to have settled over the estate. The trees and shrubs were all bare, except the evergreens, which were laden with patches of snow. The trellises stood stripped along the walls, like clinging black skeletons; and, save for the front walk, which had been hastily and imperfectly swept, the grounds were piled high with irregular snow-drifts. The gray of the mansion's masonry was almost the color of the brooding overcast sky; and I felt a premonitory chill of eeriness pass over me as we mounted the shallow steps that led to the high front door, with its pointed pediment above the deeply arched entrance.

Sproot, the butler—a little old man with white hair and a heavily seamed

capriform face—admitted us with silent, funereal dignity (he had evidently been apprised of our coming); and we were ushered at once into the great gloomy drawing-room whose heavily curtained windows overlooked the river. A few moments later Chester Greene came in and greeted Markham fulsomely. Heath and Vance and I he included in a single supercilious nod.

"Awfully good of you to come, Markham," he said, with nervous eagerness, seating himself on the edge of a chair and taking out his cigarette-holder. "I suppose you'll want to hold an inquisition first. Whom'll I summon as a starter?"

"We can let that go for the moment," said Markham. "First, I'd like to know something concerning the servants. Tell me what you can about them."

Greene moved restlessly in his chair, and seemed to have difficulty lighting his cigarette.

"There's only four. Big house and all that, but we don't need much help. Julia always acted as housekeeper, and Ada looked after the Mater.—To begin with, there's old Sproot. He's been butler, seneschal, and majordomo for us for thirty years. Regular family retainer—kind you read about in English novels—devoted, loyal, humble, dictatorial, and snooping. And a damned nuisance, I may add. Then there are two maids—one to look after the rooms and the other for general service, though the women monopolize her, mostly for useless fiddle-faddle. Hemming, the older maid, has been with us ten years. Still wears corsets and fit-easy shoes. Deep-water Baptist, I believe—excruciatingly devout. Barton, the other maid, is young and flighty: thinks she's irresistible, knows a little *table-d'hôte*

French, and is the kind that's constantly expecting the males of the family to kiss her behind the door. Sibella picked her out—she's just the kind Sibella would pick out. Been adorning our house and shirking the hard work for about two years. The cook's a stodgy German woman, a typical *Hausfrau*—voluminous bosoms and number-ten feet. Puts in all her spare time writing to distant nieces and nephews in the upper reaches of the Rhine basin somewhere; and boasts that the most fastidious person could eat off her kitchen floor, it's that clean; though I've never tried it. The old man engaged her a year before he died; gave orders she was to remain as long as she liked.—There you have the personnel of the backstairs. Of course, there is a gardener who loafes about the lawn in summer. He hibernates in a speak-easy up Harlem way."

"No chauffeur?"

"A nuisance we dispense with. Julia hated motor-cars, and Rex is afraid to travel in them—squeamish lad, Rex. I drive my own racer, and Sibella's a regular Barney Oldfield. Ada drives, too, when the Mater isn't using her and Sibella's car is idle.—So endeth."

Markham had been making notes as Greene rambled along with his information. At length he put out the cigar he had been smoking.

"Now, if you don't mind, I want to look over the house."

Greene rose with alacrity and led the way into the main lower hall—a vaulted, oak-panelled entrance containing two large carved Flemish tables of the Sambin school, against opposite walls, and several Anglo-Dutch crown-back chairs. A great Daghestan rug stretched along the parqueted floor, its faded

colors repeated in the heavy draperies of the archways.

"We have, of course, just come from the drawing-room," explained Greene, with a pompous air. "Back of it, down the hall"—he pointed past the wide marble stairway—"was the governor's library and den—what he called his *sanctum sanctorum*. Nobody's been in it for twelve years. The Mater has kept it locked up ever since the old man died. Sentiment of some kind; though I've often told her she ought to clean the place out and make a billiard-room of it. But you can't move the Mater, once she's got an idea in her head. Try it some time when you're looking for heavy exercise."

He walked across the hall and pulled aside the draperies of the archway opposite to the drawing-room.

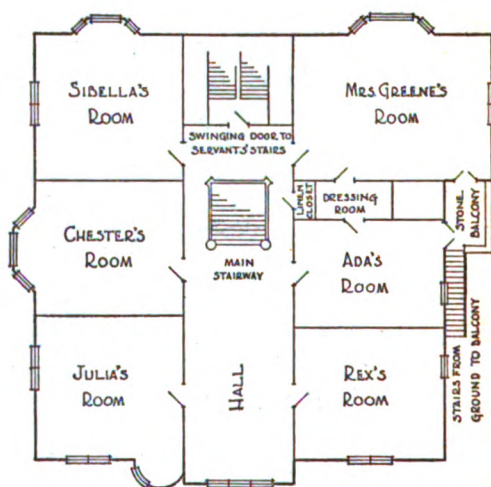
"Here's the reception-room, though we don't use it much nowadays. Stuffy, stiff place, and the flue doesn't draw worth a damn. Every time we've built a fire here, we've had to have the cleaners in to remove the soot from the tapestries." He waved his cigarette-holder toward two beautiful Gobelins. "Back there, through those sliding doors, is the dining-room; and farther on are the butler's pantry and the kitchen where one may eat off the floor. Care to inspect the culinary department?"

"No, I think not," said Markham. "And I'll take the kitchen floor for granted.—Now, can we look at the second floor?"

We ascended the main stairs, which led round a piece of marble statuary—a Falguière figure, I think—and emerged into the upper hall facing the front of the house where three large close-set windows looked out over the bare trees.

The arrangement of the rooms on

the second floor was simple and in keeping with the broad four-square architecture of the house; but for the sake of clarification I am embodying in this record a rough diagram of it; for it was the disposition of these rooms that made possible the carrying out of



Plan of Second Floor.

(For the sake of simplification all bathrooms, clothes-closets, fireplaces, etc., have been omitted.)

the murderer's hideous and unnatural plot.

There were six bedrooms on the floor—three on either side of the hall, each occupied by a member of the family. At the front of the house, on our left, was the bedroom of Rex Greene, the younger brother. Next to it was the room occupied by Ada Greene; and at the rear were Mrs. Greene's quarters, separated from Ada's by a fair-sized dressing-room through which the two apartments communicated. It will be seen from the diagram that Mrs. Greene's room projected beyond the main western elevation of the house, and that in the L thus formed was a

(Continued on page 111 of this number.)



The Arrival of De Bienville.

Vieux Carré

SKETCHES OF OLD NEW ORLEANS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



IT was as long ago as 1718 that a French-Canadian, De Bienville, sailed up the Mississippi looking for a site for a city. Two hundred and ten years have gone into the making of the present New Orleans.

There is not much left of that early time but names. These, nevertheless, help make the city what it is. The Spanish buildings are there to show that once Spain had the running of things. Later the French built and to-day the shells they vacated are being again made habitable for the wealthy and the artistic. French town instead of a liability is now counted an asset. It is one of the most interesting places in North America.



The Cabildo.



Book-shop, Royal Street.

A SPANISH building of rather clumsy architecture facing Jackson Square, the Cabildo has been given color and tone by Time. As a museum it has become the repository for many things connected with the past life of New Orleans and Louisiana. The open door shown in the picture above is the entrance to the cell described to the visitor as that occupied by the pirate La Fitte. Maybe!

In the courtyard there is evidence on the stained and mouldy walls that quick finishes were the portions of many who for a time resided there. Bullet-holes aplenty!

The smaller sketch is one of the many tea-rooms that have come into being in the process of rehabilitating French town. This one is on Royal Street near St. Peter and is also a book-shop.

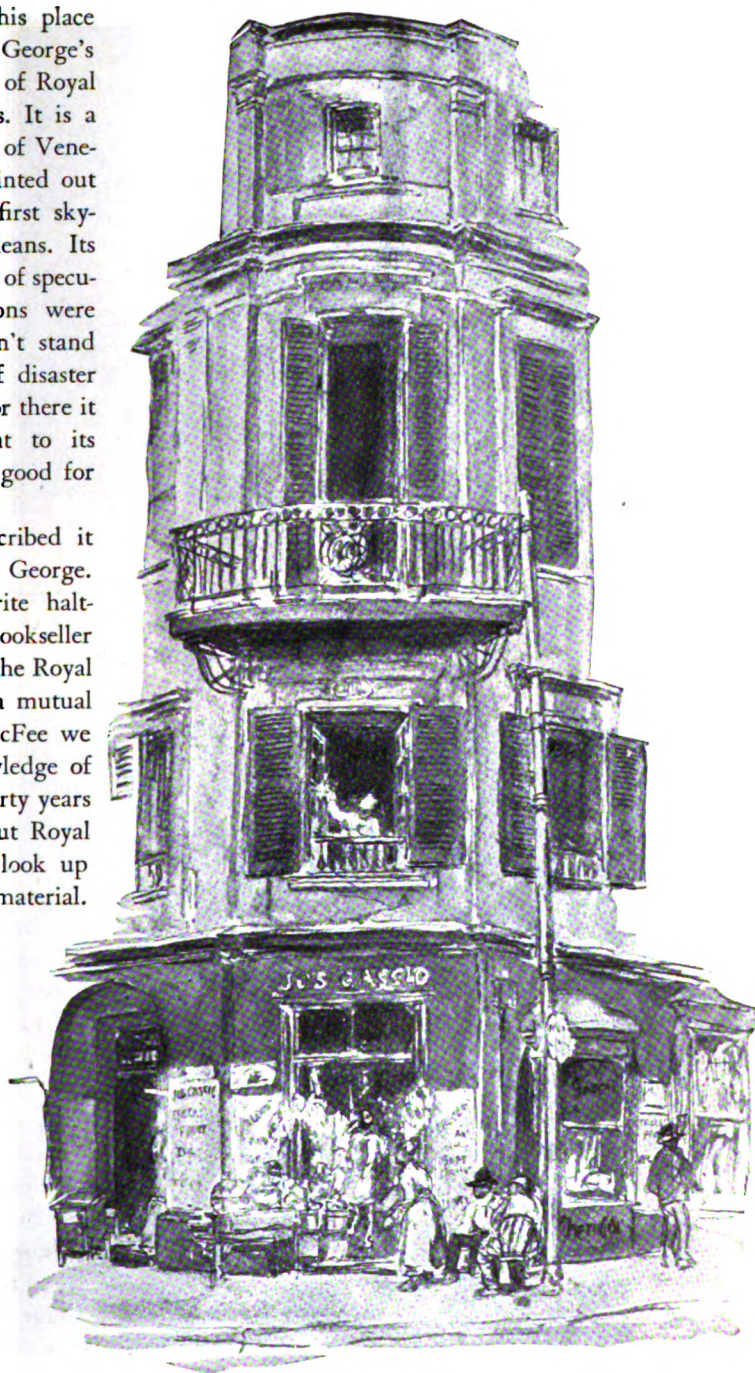
The ladies who preside in these nice little shops are always charming and the food good.

ALMOST opposite this place of cheer is 'Sieur George's house, on the corner of Royal and St. Peter Streets. It is a four-storied building of Venetian look, and is pointed out to strangers as the first skyscraper of New Orleans. Its erection caused a deal of speculation, and predictions were made that it wouldn't stand up. The prophets of disaster were disappointed, for there it stands, a monument to its builder and looking good for quite a while yet.

George Cable described it in his story of 'Sieur George.

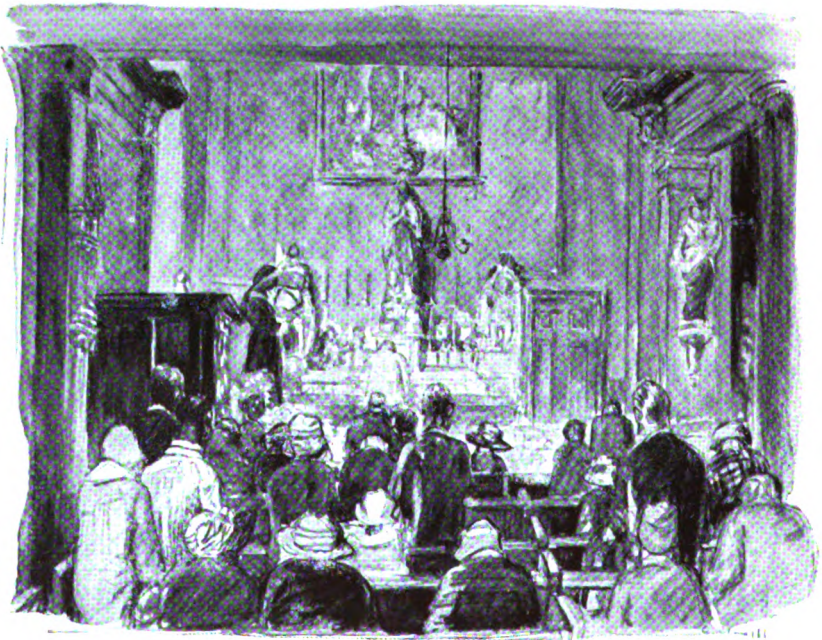
This was a favorite halting-place for me. A bookseller friend has a shop on the Royal Street side. Having a mutual friend in William McFee we got along. His knowledge of the city gained by thirty years of living in and about Royal Street helped me to look up a lot of interesting material. He is a mine of information about the French Quarter.

The House
of
'Sieur George.





The old Absinthe House still stands, though now a silent reminder of the drink once dear to old New Orleans. The hand of the law closed the shutters something over a year ago.



The Cathedral of St. Louis has much of the color and interest of European churches, with the addition of certain Catholic members of the colored population.



The windows and balconies of the clergy-house overlook the quiet old garden at the back of the cathedral.



The Old French Market is always busy and full of color. Negroes with baskets on their heads, housewives, "cajuns" (as the Arcadian farmers are called), Italians, flappers—oh, most anything you want.



Audubon Park is out St. Charles Avenue way. While not as old as City Park, there are beautiful live-oaks and much life around the zoological garden.



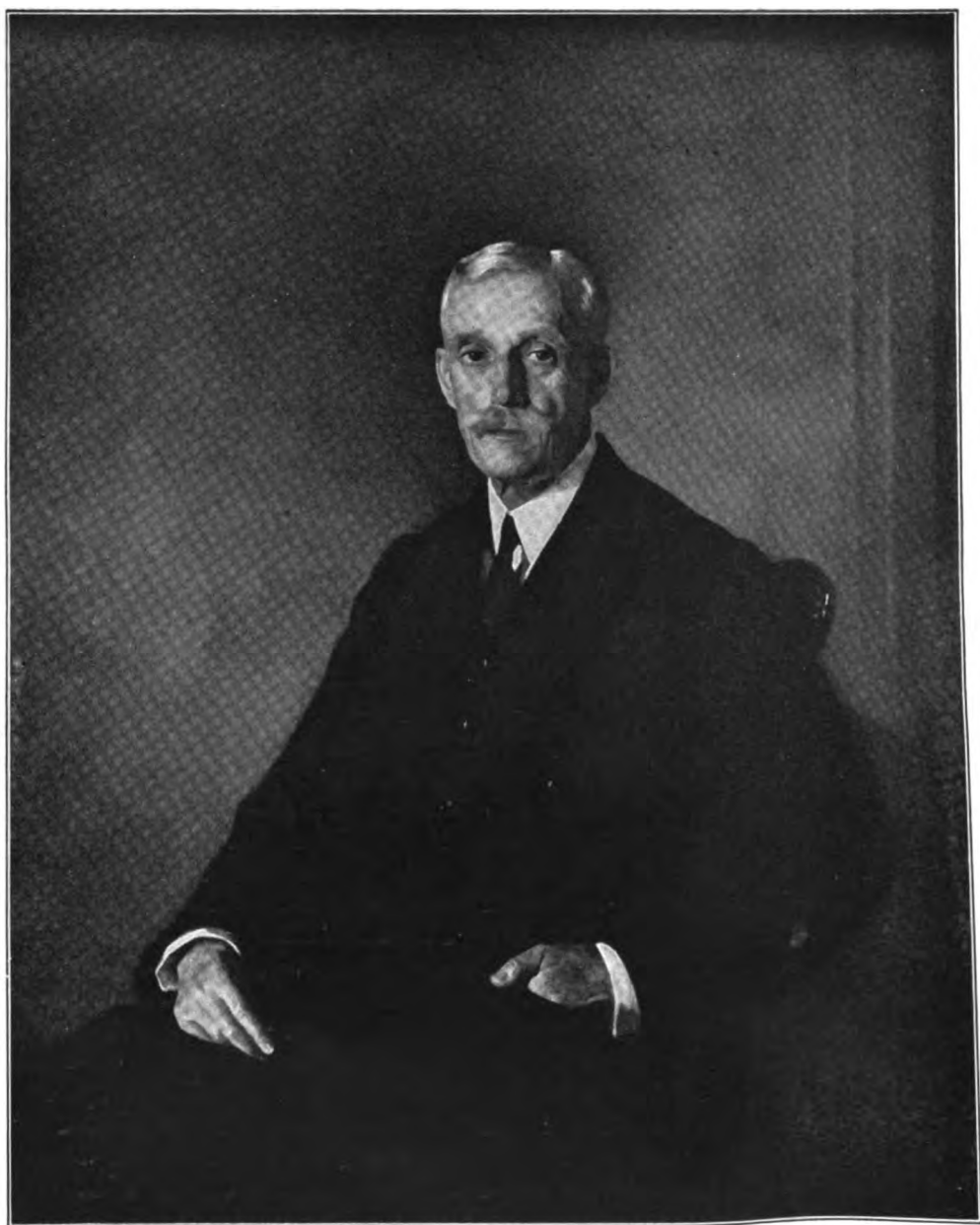
This fine old plantation-house is across the river, on the road to Baton Rouge. Slowly it is going the way of all neglected things. Oil-tanks and noisy trains are its companions now.



ONCE this must have been a charming little courtyard. Even now there are the makings of a quiet spot, but the Great God Junk has his lair here, and if anything of value to the antiquarians is there, I missed it. The quarter has many such, and some real antique-shops where the prices are not what one would call reasonable.

A colored lady of form and fashion, but of no particular consequence, and the old praline-woman, who spends a good part of the day in front of the Patio Royal, grace the page to left and right.





Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

From the painting by Leopold Seyffert.

Andrew W. Mellon

BY SILAS BENT

Author of "Hoover—The Man for Difficult Jobs," "Ballyhoo," etc.

Doubting the truth of the designation of Mr. Mellon as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," Mr. Bent likewise questions the abuse of Mr. Mellon by his foes. The secretary is revealed as a political Warwick, an enigma in public life.

DUNSANY would have called it a strange doom that summoned Andrew Mellon, at the age of sixty-nine, from the cloister of a Pittsburgh bank into the cockpit of national politics. The least known of our multimillionaires, a silent and gentle person who had never taken part in any struggle more spectacular than the breaking of the Standard Oil monopoly in Pennsylvania, he was thrust suddenly into the spot-light, and was subjected to raking fire successively from both Houses of Congress, from the American Legion, from professorial sharpshooters, and from foreign chancelleries. In the battles of the bonus, the income tax, the tariff, farm relief, and the inter-ally debts, he was often on the unpopular side and sometimes on the losing side. The surprising thing was that this slim and elegant Secretary of the Treasury remained unruffled. He developed an unexpected expertness in rapier play.

Andrew William Mellon's name is now quite commonly linked with the names of Hamilton and Gallatin. Reed Smoot is not content even with this. When William Randolph Hearst put the secretary forward for the presidency (even before Mr. Coolidge announced that he did not choose to run), Senator Smoot declared that the Republican

party could not possibly select a better standard-bearer. "He is the greatest Secretary of the Treasury this country has ever known," said the chairman of the Senate finance committee, "not excepting Alexander Hamilton. He is a world figure."

While this was being said Mr. Mellon was aboard his yacht *Venezia*, cruising in Mediterranean waters, and at the moment chatting, perhaps, with another minister of finance as suave as himself, the Count Giuseppi Volpi, who drew up the Italian debt settlement and who is the richest man in that country's politics. On returning to Washington, Mr. Mellon let it be known at once that he took the volunteer fanfare of the Hearst papers much more lightly than the plodding and serious-minded Mr. Smoot. Age was barrier enough: if nominated and elected, he would be past eighty at the end of his term in the White House.

Contrary to a popular notion, Mr. Mellon was too well schooled in practical politics not to perceive other difficulties. His rating as the third richest man in the United States stood in the way; he is no speech-maker, no manipulator of caucuses, and he has no patience with the partisan spoils system. These were reasons enough, even if he

had wanted such preferment; these, and the fact that he would have a major voice in the choice of whatever candidate the party might select. The rôle of Warwick was more to his liking. As the directing energy of the Mellon machine in western Pennsylvania, which for years has disputed the pretenses and occasionally defeated the manœuvres of the Vare machine in the western part of the State, he has shifted the geographical centre of the authority once vested in Boies Penrose. He had come into that power, and much more.

Had Mr. Mellon said "No" when Warren Harding invited him into the cabinet, and remained in Pittsburgh, quietly picking up costly paintings and donating vast sums to philanthropy; had he gone along unobtrusively adding fresh millions of dollars to the hundreds of millions already his, he could have been explained readily enough in the terms of American social and industrial life. As a public figure he became an enigma. What armor did he wear that the slings and arrows of outrageous critics turned so lightly from him? What sort of training had steeled his muscles and endurance? What were the springs of his personal power? For it was apparent that, as the assaults on him waxed in bitterness, concurrently his prestige gained in breadth and volume.

Thomas Mellon, father of the secretary, emigrated to this country from County Tyrone in the north of Ireland, practised law, and became judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. Retiring from the bench in 1869, he opened a private bank, the chief function of which was to make loans to aspiring and needy young business men. By taking a share in the business and a mortgage on the

plant the elder Mellon thrived abundantly. The bank set up two brothers in the bridge-building business, for example, gave each of them one-fifth and kept three-fifths for itself; thereafter the brothers were solely responsible for the success of the venture, and it was highly successful.

The elder Mellon took as his motto "*Cassius tutissima virtus*"; and the virtue which he found the safest helmet was a plexus of integrity, thrift, industry, and the recognition of character as the basis of credit. The sons—James, Andrew, and Richard—were taken into the bank in their teens, and were made responsible for the granting of loans. Sometimes they remained for weeks on the ground, studying the business, the market, the distribution problem; above all, the applicant. They had to be clear-headed and unsentimental. The father once said he hoped Andrew's first loan would "go bad"—it would teach him a lesson. But it did not go bad. Andrew did not need, or at least did not get, that particular lesson.

There was a clerk in the Overholt distillery who wanted twenty thousand dollars wherewith to build some coke-ovens in the Connellsville coal region. He borrowed it from the Mellons, on Andrew's recommendation. Then he wanted an additional forty thousand, and then fifty, and he obtained the funds from the same source. After that he got along very well on his own, thank you; for the clerk was Henry Clay Frick, and the Mellons prospered as he prospered. They shared in many of his ventures, including two whiskey distilleries, and Andrew Mellon is now the trustee of his huge estate.

Before Andrew was twenty-five he was practically in charge of the bank; five years later his father retired and

deeded the entire property to him to manage and to divide among the other children. Millionaires were rare in those days, and Tom Mellon was a millionaire. Can there be found anywhere a more striking instance of paternal confidence in a son's judgment and probity?

The bank of T. Mellon & Sons was turned over a quarter of a century ago into the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh. It now lifts its imposing Doric façade above a whole block of Smithfield Street, and its spacious loggia gleams with granite and bronze and Ionic marble. Its ten thousand safe-deposit vaults were the first to be fashioned anywhere of aluminum. Andrew and Richard Mellon have organized also the Union Trust Company and the Union Savings Bank. These are the financial core of that fabulous oil and iron district.

Andrew Mellon, a sound and able commercial banker, is also one of this country's mightiest entrepreneurs. He and his brothers and their associates broke the back of the Standard Oil in Pennsylvania by building a rival pipeline across the State from the western oil region to the Delaware River. They operated their own fleet of tank-ships. Out of this grew a congeries of oil-producing and refining and transporting companies, and the Mellons became the second biggest American producers in Mexico. They went into steel, railways, linseed-oil, traction, water-power, public utilities, construction, coal and coke, insurance, electricity, plate glass; they built locomotives, ships, iron castings, stationary engines, bridges, motor-trucks, gun-carriages, steel cars, towns. Above all, they mined and manufactured aluminum. When Andrew Mellon became Secretary of the Treasury he

resigned from directorates in corporations with an aggregate capital of more than two billions.

When Mr. Mellon moved to Washington in 1921 he undertook to reconcile a political post with his own notions of business practice. Politicians had arranged the appointment to his department as a "liaison officer" of Elmer Dover, once a handy man for Mark Hanna and still a member of "the Ohio gang." Mr. Dover was what would be called, under a candid terminology, a spoilsmonger. Mr. Mellon lost as little time as possible getting rid of him. On the other hand he turned a deaf ear to the plea that competent Democrats be discharged. There would be no patronage in the Treasury while he was at the head of it.

Partisan patronage was incompatible with the enormous task in front of the secretary. If, as a corporate director, he had dealt with immense sums, now he had to deal with billions in the mass. Maturities of more than seven billions must be faced within two years, one-third of them within a year. Skill and judgment of a high order were needed. One per cent saved in refunding these obligations meant lopping seventy millions a year from Uncle Sam's expense account; every billion of principal paid off would save the taxpayer forty-five millions a year forever. Within two years that billion had been paid, and the balance had been refunded at substantially lower rates. As this is written, the debt has been reduced by more than one billion six hundred million dollars; and the thing has been done so dexterously that there has been no disturbance of the money market.

Newspaper editorial writers, dwelling lovingly on these eye-filling figures, and on the fact that the United States

was the first of the World War belligerents to balance its budget, grew fond of comparing Mr. Mellon with Albert Gallatin and Alexander Hamilton. Holders of Liberty Bonds, as the market advanced from eighty-seven past par, took up the cry. By iteration and reiteration to millions of readers, and by being taken up in Wall Street, the comparison crystallized into a commonplace. I do not doubt that Mr. Mellon himself was embarrassed by it, and turned with relief to the *Journal of Commerce*, which said soberly that he was "a good Secretary of the Treasury . . . faithful, businesslike, and efficient."

Certainly he was that. He spent long hours at his desk, and seldom missed a cabinet meeting. If he was away from Washington, he managed to get back. If he was there, he slipped out of a back door of the Treasury Building, puffing a small cigar, and went around the south side of the White House to the executive offices. He devoted less of his time than most cabinet officers to his favorite diversions, walking, riding, and golfing. Like many rich Americans, he was often without pocket money; once a suspicious taxi-driver detained him in front of the Treasury until he could send in for money to pay the fare.

The surpassing greatness of Mr. Mellon remains to be established. His chief claim to fame is the refunding of the public debt, and in his earlier administration this was effected on a make-shift basis, which left the obligations in comparatively short form. Even in the summer of 1927 the secretary's judgment of the market was not vindicated, and the calling of the Second Liberties dragged along for months. His estimates of the national income have often been wide of the mark, more

than a billion wide of it in 1923. His record is creditable, but not brilliant. Consider what was done after this country emerged, torn and shaken, from the Civil War. The government had been paying interest from 5 per cent up to a fraction more than 7 per cent. But on the heels of the "money panic," which wrought disaster in 1873, a Secretary of the Treasury negotiated demand loans at 3 per cent, and refunded part of the debt at 4. The average in refunding was 1 per cent below the rate of the original loans. Who, then, was secretary in 1874, when these things were done? He was a Kentuckian named Benjamin Helm Bristow; and one has heard of him, if at all, not as a remarkable secretary but as the man who broke up the corrupt whiskey ring in Grant's administration. Mr. Mellon, in handling the public debt, has done no better than this obscure predecessor, if as well.

As I have intimated, Mr. Mellon would be the last man in the world to seek canonization, and is probably somewhat abashed at the ardor of his panegyrists. In Congress his achievements in reducing the debt have been accepted with greater satisfaction than his plans for tax reduction. His first plan was materially revised, although it had, as theatrical folk say, "an enthusiastic press" (excepting, if I remember aright, that the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* opposed it). Subsequent plans were assailed in both Houses. Mr. Mellon's enemies were fond of saying that he was actuated by selfish motives, and was preoccupied with the upper income brackets. Calculating his income at four millions a year, it was said that the difference between the post-war levies when he took office and the 1927 rates meant an annual saving to him of a

million and a half. Suppose we concede those figures as stated. The reduction of war-time rates was inevitable; but, now that this million and a half has been saved, what is Mr. Mellon going to do with the money? Buy a fleet of yachts? He is already so rich that his wealth is a burden; if he had not been weary of acquisition he would not have entered the cabinet. Nothing is more obvious than that he has not considered his own purse in his tax plans. That he believes in a generally prosperous big business, and would relieve it of burdens whenever practicable, is more credible.

Equally personal was the attack upon the secretary's enforcement of the prohibition law. The wets charged that all his sympathies were with the drys. The drys said that, as a former distiller, his sympathies were with the wets. Congressmen dwelt with glee on the fact that, by means of a forged certificate, fifty thousand dollars' worth of whiskey had been withdrawn illegally from the Overholt plant. "Any inference," said Mr. Mellon, "that I or the Overholt Company connived in any way in the illegal withdrawal of whiskey . . . is false." The matter came up time and again in both Houses. In the Senate Mr. Mellon has a spokesman in the person of David A. Reed, whose law firm has been counsel for the Mellons. Senator Reed explained that the secretary had transferred his interest in Overholt to the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh to be liquidated. Neither the secretary nor the partnership owning the distillery nor the trust company got a penny from the forged withdrawal. Every quart of the whiskey they owned when prohibition went into effect was still there; the withdrawal had been from stock owned by other persons.

Later Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, took occasion to amend this.

"Every word of that statement I reiterate to-day," he explained, "with a single exception, which Mr. Mellon had evidently forgotten and which I never knew until this week. Fifty-two cases, aggregating about three gallons a case, making something less than one hundred and sixty gallons, were sold by the trustee . . . to druggists. . . . Mr. Mellon further states to me—he told me about it, by the way, as soon as he learned of the fifty-two cases—that he has not been able to learn why they disobeyed the instruction, and what was the reason for selling that amount."

The interest in this speech lies, not in the fact that the trustees disobeyed Mr. Mellon's injunction to sell no liquor, but in the relation it reveals between the Secretary of the Treasury and Senator Reed. It is as near cabinet representation on the legislative floor as anything we have seen in this country. I happened to be present once when Senator Walsh asked for unanimous consent to consider a certain resolution affecting the Aluminum Company of America; he couldn't get unanimous consent because Mr. Reed objected.

George Wharton Pepper, although a little slow on his feet, was a helpful assistant to Mr. Reed until he was defeated for re-election to the Senate by William S. Vare of the rival Pennsylvania group. One might have expected Senator Reed to egg on the investigation of the 1926 Pepper-Vare primaries, in which three million dollars were spent; but not so; he filibustered in order to check the inquiry, and so brought that session to a close without action on some important measures, including appropriations. When another Senate committee showed that the three

Mellon banks had illegally received a tax refund of \$91,472 on their 1917 levies, it was Mr. Reed who acted again as the secretary's spokesman. He announced that the money could not be returned to the government, because the case had been finally closed. As for Mr. Mellon, he had never even heard of the refund until it came up in the Senate.

The impropriety of this refund was the only criticism, of the multitude made by the Couzens committee, which the Treasury acknowledged to be just. The hearings, occupying more than forty-five hundred pages in eight volumes, lie stacked before me. I have been through them, but it is impossible to summarize them here; the daily press, which had more space, did them inadequate justice. Refunds, credits, and abatements in taxes in excess of a million dollars are shown to each of two-score individuals and corporations. The average rate of profits tax to net income for forty-five representative newspaper publishers in 1918, for instance, was a fraction more than 20 per cent, but ran as low as 2 per cent in one instance, while relief was denied in another instance on a rate above 25 per cent. In 1919 the average rate for fifty-five newspaper publishers was 18.5 per cent, but ran as low as 2.22 per cent in one instance, while two publishers could get no relief from rates above 26 per cent. William Randolph Hearst's Star Publishing Company fared well: it got reductions in tax liabilities for three years aggregating \$1,737,007.30. An assistant deputy commissioner of the Internal Revenue Bureau told the committee that this was "in accord with the law and regulations." There were refunds and reductions to concerns in

which the Mellons were interested, including the Gulf Oil, Standard Steel Car, and Aluminum corporations. The report (which is in three volumes, not embraced in the eight I spoke of, and includes a slim minority report by Senators Watson and Ernst) charges inefficiency and neglect in tax collections; but the hearings show clearly that all the things complained of were done by subordinates without the knowledge of Mr. Mellon.

Senator James Couzens, of Michigan, who as chairman submitted the majority report, was made defendant in a suit when the Treasury reopened an old tax case against him, demanding ten millions more than he had paid in taxes on the sale of his stock in the Ford Automobile Company. Washington viewed this as reprisal. The case is still in litigation; but, even if Mr. Couzens and his fellow defendants lose, he will not be reduced to want. He is reputed to be worth forty-odd millions.

The Aluminum Company, owing to a report by the Federal Trade Commission, lively debates in Congress, and the campaigning of John W. Davis for President in 1924, has been the cause of more attacks on Mr. Mellon than any other of his properties. It has "practically a complete monopoly," according to the trade commission, in the United States and Canada; controls the production of bauxite and part of the manufacture of kitchen utensils; and in 1922 owned all the stock in thirty-four subsidiaries, more than half the stock in nine other corporations, and less than half in seventeen others, engaged in various enterprises. It is worth noting here that, just before the United States entered the World War, when the army and navy wanted large quantities of aluminum, at that time scarce

and costly, the Aluminum Company voluntarily offered the government all it needed, at its own price.

The Fordney-McCumber Act increased the tariff on aluminum by 250 per cent; and the fact that most of the enterprises in which Mr. Mellon is interested, excepting banking and insurance, benefit directly from the tariff, has subjected him to many attacks. To take the least conspicuous of his interests, the two flax-crushing mills (there are only eight large manufacturers of linseed-oil) enjoy a tariff of a fraction less than twenty-five cents a gallon; the tariff commission recommended reduction, but Mr. Coolidge pigeonholed the report. So when an international group of bankers issued a manifesto against tariffs in Europe, Mr. Mellon felt constrained to say that, though the manifesto was justified as to Europe, this could not affect the quite different situation in the United States. The farm bloc wanted to know why he opposed a subsidy to farmers, through the McNary-Haugen bill, when he advocated subsidies to manufacturers through the tariff. (Congress passed the farm-relief bill over the secretary's opposition, but Mr. Coolidge vetoed it.) And in every case Mr. Mellon defended his high-protectionist views adroitly.

From all angles he was attacked, and usually the attacks were personal. The American Legion vowed unsmilingly that he opposed the bonus because he wanted to use current surplus to reduce taxes for himself and other rich men. His fight against the cash bonus was successful, but he lost on insurance for the veterans. And two groups of college professors, one at Columbia, the other at Princeton, demanded a revision of the terms for settling the international debts, under which the grandchild-

dren of men who fought beside Americans will pay taxes indirectly to the United States. Why these are called Mr. Mellon's debt settlements I do not know. Charles Evans Hughes negotiated them. The Secretary of the Treasury is *ex officio* one of a commission of eight which arranged the terms, within the limits of a Congressional mandate. Nevertheless Mr. Mellon replied to the outgivings of the Princeton professors, and drew thereby the fire of the British chancellor of the exchequer.

So it has gone. Bricks have been thrown on the assumption that Mr. Mellon's oil interests in Mexico might influence this country's foreign policy. Former Governor Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, has kept up for more than six years a running fire on the method of administering the prohibition unit. In 1924, under the lash of the late Senator La Follette, a concerted effort was made to drive the secretary out of office, and was checked by the President's official intervention. Mr. Mellon will go down into history, if not as the greatest, then as the most-abused Secretary of the Treasury this country has known.

Why does Mr. Mellon tolerate it? One may suppose that he could not foresee that he would be a storm-centre when he agreed to enter Mr. Harding's cabinet; well, the storms began raging almost the minute he took up his portfolio; he could have retired with dignity at the end of that term, and he did not do it. Only once, during the Couzens investigation, has his composure been ruffled. In personal intercourse almost as silent as Calvin Coolidge, he has been less free in issuing long statements, or in having them issued by Garrard B. Winston and Og-

den Mills, successively his under-secretaries. He has made no speeches whatsoever. When the air is thickest with bricks he relights his small cigar and tranquilly resumes the contemplation of the national balance-sheet.

The secretary knows, of course, that any effort to impugn his integrity must prove ridiculous. To accuse a man so immensely rich of sordid motives is absurd on the face of it. And he must know that the mass of the American public regards him with a respect not unmingled with awe. At first blush one can hardly believe that personal aggrandizement of this sort could cut any ice with him. Yet I am not so sure. There is the matter, for instance, of his age. In volumes 10 and 11 of *Who's Who*, covering 1918-19, 1920-21, the year of his birth is given as 1852, according to which he is now seventy-five. In subsequent issues the date is set down as March 24, 1854; but in Congressional Directories the year is given as 1855, according to which the secretary would now be seventy-two. Can it be that his age is the heel of this Achilles?

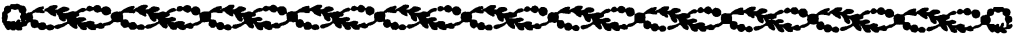
Neither age nor custom can stale the bitterness of the fray which Mr. Mellon as a public figure engenders. Even under the most exacerbated assaults, as every one must have noted, he has maintained his simplicity and dignity, his air of complete and unshakable sincerity. Notwithstanding that biographi-

cal discrepancy, I venture the assertion that Mr. Mellon is the sincerest man in our public life to-day. He overcame at the outset his repugnance to newspaper interviews, and even those Washington correspondents who disagree most violently with his policies admit his entire and disarming candor at these conferences.

Born with a golden spoon in his mouth, Andrew Mellon has watched for half a century the transmutation of nearly everything he touched into gold. It is just possible that he wearied of seeing the thing happen: we have more than one eagle replete. And, although there is a sense of well-being and well-doing in donating lavishly to hospitals, universities, and funds for Presbyterian preachers, this too must cease in time to be really exciting. Even art-collecting requires a special flair. At Washington, however, a new world waited to be conquered. And now, well past his Biblical allotment of threescore years and ten, Mr. Mellon is accounted the most powerful man individually in either the Harding or the Coolidge administration. Ernest Hemingway says somewhere that only the Spanish toreador lives life to the hilt. But there are ways and ways of tasting its flavor, of savoring its exaltation. Mr. Mellon has found more than one way. Whatever secret springs may move him, he has had—he is having—a full career.



In the coming numbers we shall present portraits of other political figures—among them Senator Jim Reed, of Missouri, Speaker Nicholas Longworth, Ex-Governor Frank Lowden, and Charles E. Hughes.



O'Meara, the "Mayflower"— and Mrs. MacLirr

BY DON MARQUIS

Author of "The Old Soak," "When the Turtles Sing," etc.

"It's a queer thing," said Terence O'Meara, with a wink at his brother Jack and a glance at the bald spot on the top of his father's head; "it's a queer thing that the Irish let the English and the French, the Spanish and the Dutch, all get ahead of them in exploring and settling America."

Mr. Timothy O'Meara, their father, had his face turned away from them, while he fumbled for a pipe-cleaner in the case of a great old clock that stood on the mantel. He grunted.

"I could never understand it myself," said Jack O'Meara, with an answering wink to his brother. "Why were none of the Irish great navigators?"

The senior O'Meara's bald spot suddenly flushed red, and the veins in it began to swell, and his sons, chuckling softly, knew just how his face would look when they saw it.

"Why were none of them discoverers?" continued Jack rhetorically. "Great sailors, or great whalers, or notable pioneers?"

Mr. Timothy O'Meara turned slowly and impressively toward them, where they sat at the table over their after-dinner pipes and coffee, and scorn made streaks and lines through the heat of his countenance. But when he spoke it was with a measure of dignity.

"Shame to you both," said he, "and sorrow to me that has such sons! The

greatest navigator of thim all, not aven barrin' Noah and his ark, was an Irishman! And the greatest whale-catcher of all times, not aven exceptin' Jonah, who used to proffer himself for bait, was an Irishman! Wan and the same Irishman they was, thim two, and his name was Timothy O'Meara, the same as me own, and my ancestor he was."

He suddenly tossed something hard upon the table, which he had taken out of the clock-case along with the pipe-cleaner, and the object rattled among the dishes.

"And what's that?" said Jack.

The young men were used to seeing their father take anything and everything out of that clock-case—valuable papers incidental to his contracting business, shirt-studs and shoe-strings, as well as bits of indeterminate junk of vast historical interest. Or, one might say, legendary interest, mythological interest, for the tales of Mr. O'Meara sometimes reeled and whirled and spun with an excess of imagination, as a muse might soar upon inebriate pinions. It was the delight of his sons to sting him to narration with insults; he usually retorted with an affectation of belief that his sons, who both had worthy records in the A. E. F., had really been dishonorably discharged from that organization.

"That," said Mr. O'Meara, "is a

piece of Plymouth Rock. 'Twas chipped off by my ancestor, Timothy O'Meara, the day he landed the *Mayflower* outfit there, and quit his many wanderin's, and sittled down to colonize New England and America. And it has been kept in the family ever since, as a memento of the occasion."

He had a way of excluding his sons from the illustrious family in his stories as if they were unworthy to bear the name of O'Meara. Terence looked at the bit of stone, and it seemed to him that it bore a certain resemblance to a piece of rock that had once come out of the clock-case as souvenir and evidence of the first gold discovery in California by a Timothy O'Meara. But he said nothing aloud. Internally he was asking himself:

"How the deuce is the old man going to get an Irish O'Meara aboard the *Mayflower*?"

There was a responsive wonder in Jack's countenance. Their father's visage was partially hidden again, as he bowed his head over his leisurely pipe-cleaning—if he was not wondering himself, he was at least arranging the details of his saga.

"Whales!" he murmured to himself, as he worked. "Whales!—not know whales? Of course he knew whales, did Tim O'Meara the navigator!"

Whales [said Mr. O'Meara, his pipe filled with plug-cut and drawing sweetly], whales are the most misunderstood of all God's craytures, by the common ginerality of mankind. The whale is the grandest and most intilligint and most ginerous of the bastes that roam the world, and it takes a large and noble nature to understand the whale—and a large and noble nature was that of Timothy O'Meara, my ancestor,

that I'm going to tell you about. When the world was made, and the firmament was set up as siperates the hivens from the earth, the whale was put into the seas and oceans, because there is so much more wather than there is land; and the nobility of the whale is fitted to a spacious elemint. He floats in grandeur and magnificence amidst the splendor of the icebergs at the pole, and he leaps through the glory and power of the hurricanes like a trout that is sportin' amongst the ripples of a brook. He's a large baste with large ideas, more intellictual than the iliphant, and with a heart as tinder as wan of these little red-footed pigeons on the roof.

For he isn't anny fish, the whale isn't, but he's warm-blooded like a man or a dog, with more gratitude than the wan and less suspicion than the other—and I don't know why I'm sayin' "he" all the time, for the fay-male whales is equally mammalian and ginteel.

'Twas this same Tim O'Meara I'm tellin' you of that understood whales as no man has ever understood thim before or afther, for the solitude and grandeur of the whale was in his own nature, and the melancholy of the whale was in his wild and tinder heart. And a roamer and a rover was this Tim O'Meara, and the rims of his eyelids was red with the salt of manny seas. 'Twas the woes of Ireland that drove him from her shores, and set him wanderin' here and there—the griefs of Ireland, and the impossibility of doin' anything about thim, on account of the Sassenach that was mainly causin' thim. I have no prejudices of anny kind in me heart against anny man nor anny man's country—unless a ginerall feelin' that 'twould be a good deal bet-

ther if there wasn't anny British Empire annywheres could be called a prej-udice. Which it could not, for 'tis merely good sinse and sound logic. And this Tim O'Meara, me ancestor, was the same as me in his feelin's.

"If I could but spake to the King of England, Ireland, and Scotland personal," says he to himself oftentimes, "we might patch somethin' up betwixt us. But I will not bandy words with anny man less than the king himsilf! 'Twould not be fittin' for thim to do so that was kings in Ireland in the ould days. If I had me rights, wan of the thrones that he's sittin' on this day would be mine!"

And 'twas at sea he lived mostly, for the shores of inhabited countries would always put him in mind he didn't have anny happy country of his own; and 'twas fishin' and whalin' that he made his most notable success at. Greenland and Iceland was known to him, and the coasts of Labrador, and manny a wild rock that was islanded lonesome in the wild seas. 'Twas often he would sit in his boat amongst the sparklin' icebergs, singin' to his Irish harp, and watchin' them Scandinavian fishers and whalers goin' back and forth 'twixt North America and Norway—for the bould men came and went and fished and came again for long years before anny man bothered with the notion of makin' anny sittlements over here.

And wan day whilst he was sittin' on wan of his lonely islands, singin' to the sea-gulls and the seals, he heard some great crayture bellowin' and moanin' and sighin' and whooshin' in the vicinity, and he clambered to an eminence of rock and gazed about him.

'Twas a big faymale whale, and she was rollin' her bulk about, and bangin'

around and sprawlin' hersilf against a reef near by, which the ebbin' tide had lift uncovered.

"What's the baste doin'?" says Tim to himself. And then he realized she was moanin' with pain as she batthered herself and twisted against the crooked stones.

"She's scratchin' her back on the reef," says Tim. And it puzzled him, for he'd never heard these bastes had fleas. He got into his dory, and rowed out as near as he dared to the turmoil she was makin'. And then he saw that she was scratchin' her back indade.

Half a dozen broken harpoons was stickin' into it, and the intilligent animal was tryin' to get them caught and hooked amongst the crooked rocks of the reef and pull and scrape herself rid of thim.

"Poor crayture!" says Tim. For though he had hunted manny a wan of thim to its death, gradual he had come to sympathize with thim and pity thim, for it was gettin' to his mind that they're really tinder-hearted bastes, full of kindness and gintleness there ain't anny feasible way for thim to expriss. "Poor crayture!" says Tim.

And just thin she cocked her eye in his direction, the poor sufferin' mammalian, and looked at him as speculative and considerin' and pitiful as a stray pup with a thorn in his foot. And she lay quiet and moaned.

"Do ye want me to pull thim out, ma'am?" says Tim, his heart bleedin' for her.

There was somethin' so respectable-lookin' about her, like she might be the mother of ten childher, all bloated up with cares and nursin' and tay-drinkin' and housework, that he couldn't hilp callin' her ma'am.

She moaned again, and looked at

him steady—a whale bein' the only wan of God's other craytures that can look a Christian steady in the eye and give him thought for thought. And that way they continued to gaze at aich other for some minutes, and the kindness that was in the heart of aich wan pinitrated to the bosom of the other—and there ain't anny matronly crayture annywheres that has an ampler bosom than a faymale whale.

"I'll do it, ma'am," says Timothy O'Meara, as she moaned again, and he stipped aboard of her and begun pullin' out harpoons.

"Roll over a bit, till I get that ugly divil out of your side," says Tim. And, as if she understood, she rolled a bit, standin' the pain of all this extraction with the gallantry and fortitude of a woman. He blushed when he saw 'twas one of his own old harpoons, with his initials in the shaft of it.

"And I'd axe your pardon, ma'am, if I thought ye remimbered," says Tim; "I would that—Mrs. MacLirr!"

For it came to him with a rush and a shout what the name of the baste should be. The old and ancient Irish deity of the boundless seas, before Saint Patrick came and made us Christians (praise God!), was Mananan MacLirr, and this hugeous and intilligent baste, Timothy perceived, could be none other thin the wife of Mananan MacLirr, she herself. And 'twas always Mrs. MacLirr he called her ever afther that.

"Now, thin, Mrs. MacLirr," says Tim, "there's but one more, and I'll be as aisy as I can!"

But 'twas nearly Tim's destruction, for when Mrs. MacLirr felt the last barb lave her body she gave such a jump of joy and gratitude as took her twenty fathoms toward the smilin' sun, and down again she spanked her two thousand hundherdweight into the wather,

while the bould Tim wint whirlin' through a flock of screamin' gulls.

Back he swum to land, and from the beach he saw her out at sea, leapin' and cavortin' in her joy, and blowin' great fountains into the air.

And then she came as near as she could to the shore where she saw him standin'. And she poked first one eye out of the wather and thin the other, and she rolled and capered—tryin' to thank him, she was.

"Don't mintion it, Mrs. MacLirr!" says Tim, smilin' at the poor crayture, and at the same time feelin' the pathos of her, too. For 'tis one of the most touchin' things about a whale that she has inside of her the sprightliness and coyness and good humor of a pup or a kitten, and wants to frolic and fawn and cuddle in her friends' laps; and, coupled with that, she has the bulk of an ocean liner.

If I hadn't heard it from me own grandfather and he from his grandad before him, and so by word of mouth down a line of O'Mearas, I would find it hard mesilf to belave all the details of the frindship that grew up between Mrs. MacLirr and Timothy O'Meara. On all his voyages hither and yon she accompanied him and 'twas for her sake he give up huntin' whales entirely. It was through her introduction and patronage that he became acquainted in a friendly way with manny another of thim splendid and poetic lords of the briny Atlantic.

Often he would sit in a cave on a rocky island playing the wild traditional music on his Irish harp, and singin' his Gaelic songs across the waves, with the aurora borealis hangin' over him like a halo, and Mrs. MacLirr leapin' in the moonlight. And sometimes as manny as twenty or thirty of her friends would join her for a social avenin';—

over whole leagues of tameless wather the harp of the O'Meara would be flingin' its strains of music and the sea would be spoutin' and boilin' with the magnificent dances of the whales, and misty moonbeams driftin' over all!

He made a kind of a harness that fitted over Mrs. MacLirr's big head and fastened his boat to it with a rope, and he gave up sailin' entirely, for it was slow work and useless compared with the propulsion and the power that was now at his command. Or sometimes he would sit upon her back with the boat trailin' along behind and guide her by tappin' her on one side of the head or the other, like wan of thim Orientals does with an iliphant. And a fine sight it must have been to see Mrs. MacLirr and me ancestor, Timothy O'Meara, ridin' a storm—with Timothy singin' and playin' his wild minstrelsy out of his wild heart, and the forked tongues of lightnin' showing the gleeful eyes of Mrs. MacLirr and the floatin' red beard and hair of Timothy O'Meara as they bulged across the boilin' seas.

One time ('twas in the winter of 1620 anno domino is the word as it came down to me), Mrs. MacLirr and me bould ancestor were cruisin' quietly along about sunset, two or three hundred miles due east of the prisint site of Boston, when what should they see limpin' up from the horizon like a draggled-wing duck but one of thim small ships.

Timothy could tell aven at that distance that she was some sort of a family ship with but little nautical knowledge aboard of her anywheres, from the way she was bein' handled, and he steered Mrs. MacLirr nearer to her.

It was very near indade he got before aither of thim was noticed by the people on board, for there was some kind

of a row goin' on in the midst of this little wind-jammer that previnted anny of thim from takin' notice. Tim circled round her and came up behind and he noticed a sign-board on the stern with the word *Mayflower* painted onto it with big letters. And just about the time he noticed that, Mrs. MacLirr, bein' full of fayminine curiosity, cocked her starboard eye over the rail of the vissil to take a look at what was transpirin' on the deck. And at the same time she opened her mouth to smile, bein' friendly by nature, and no longer frightened at the ways and works of humankind.

Anny wan that ain't used to havin' a whale ogle him in the eye and raise up and smile at him is apt to be nervous at the first expariance. And the people on board the *Mayflower* are scarcely to be blamed for not realizin' the beneficence of Mrs. MacLirr's interest, for her lineamints was decaivin'.

There was one ginerall shout from the scores of people gathered on the deck and they scurried in all directions. But they couldn't run far, for the ship was small. And all the time they was cryin' out.

"A witch! A witch!" Timothy heard a dozen of thim callin' at the same time.

"She is a witch and she has called up a fiend out of the deep to save her!" says wan man.

"'Tis the devil ridin' upon a dragon!" says another.

Tim, he leapt to the deck, and he walked right up to a solemn-lookin' man in black, who was standin' steady, with a hymn-book in wan hand and a soord in the other, apparently too proud to let himself be scairt, and he says to him very polite, says Tim:

"I'm the O'Meara, at your service, sir; and I am not plased with bein'

mistook for the divil. I'll thank ye, sir, to ordher these people of yours to be more civil, or else there'll be trouble aboard the *Mayflower*. I take ye for the boss of this outfit, and I speak to ye as such."

"Mr. O'Meara," says this fella with the soord, "your appearance was the trifle unexpicted, as ye come red-bearded on that monster out of th' bloody wathers of the sunset. And I was shaken m'silf for a moment, albeit I have fought both man and fiend. And ye came on us dazzlin' like the flames of Tophet," says he, "at a time when we were considerin' most serious matters of a ghostly nature."

"Be that as it may," says Tim, "go aisy with the divil stuff, or ye'll have to lave my part of the ocean. I'm a sensitive man, and I will not be miscalled out of me name. And what are these serious matters of yours?"

The man with the soord pointed to a lass that Tim now noticed for the first time.

Standin' by the mast she was, gold-haired and beautiful, with her chin in the air and a fire in her eyes. He seen manny of that ship's company was against her, and his heart wint out to her at wance, as was ever the case with Tim O'Meara whin he seen virtue and beauty in distress.

"She is on trial," says the man with the soord.

"She's innocent!" says Tim, prompt as a fist. "What's she charged with?"

"She whistled like a man," says he, "and that is an unseemly thing in a maiden. And she danced with her shadow as one possessed by demons might. And when one of the cocks crew, she crew again like a cock."

"What great matther is all this!" says Tim.

"Is this not the Sabbath day?" says he.

"Ye have the advantage of me there," says Tim. "'Tis more than a year since I lost count. Come hither, colleen!"

The girl came forward, and she looked Tim straight between the eyes. And all the ship's company gathered as near as they dared, for their fright still clung to them.

"Are ye guilty of these terrible crimes, as charged, my dear?" says Tim, smilin' at the darlin' thing.

"The sunshine seemed good," says she, smilin' back at him, "and I cut a bit of a caper on the deck."

There was a groan wint up from manny on that ship, but Tim and this swate crayture was lookin' so intintly at wan another they never heeded it.

"They were plannin' to duck me over the side," said she, "and I cried out for help. And then you came, and they said I was a witch and had called up a fiend from the sea!"

Tim, his forehead turned as red as his hair with exasperation. "Fine doin's this is!" says he, turnin' on thim all. "Where do you come from?"

They tould him they was fleein' from England.

"'Tis more or less me own case," says Tim. "There's much in common between us—though I'll be damned if I can precisely put the name on it! At anny rate," says he, "we're both at outs with England—and that's somethin'! Drop this nonsinse about the colleen here, and I'll let ye sail the rest of the way acrost me ocean," he says. "But otherwise," says he, "Mrs. MacLirr and me will have siviral things to say to youse."

"Mrs. MacLirr?" says the man with the soord.

"Me pet whale there," says Tim.

They all turned toward her, where she was loomin' over the port side of the vissil, waitin' on Tim's word—and Tim noticed a curious thing: Mrs. MacLirr's eye was fastened in a stare upon the lass that Tim was befriendin', and there was a glint like 'twas jealousy in her look. And the girl looked back at Mrs. MacLirr with no friendliness in her gaze.

When they seen Mrs. MacLirr lookin' like that, and the girl lookin' back at her, the anxiety of thim Mayflowers was aroused again.

"Burn her!" says wan ould woman, with the shriek of a banshee in her voice. "Burn Mary Mullins—she's a witch!" And manny of the rist of thim began to murmur and repate it.

"Mrs. MacLirr," says Tim, "will you kindly open your mouth a few fathoms?"

And whin she done so he pointed at it loomin' forninst the ship there, and he says: "If there is anny more talk about burnin' this young woman, or about witchcraft," says he, "into that mouth ye go, two at a time, as fast as I can throw ye from the deck here!"

And with Mrs. MacLirr dominatin' the situation in that way, Timothy had the trump hand for the minute. But at the same time he was worried, for his words and actions only seemed to make thim the surer that there must be witchcraft somewheres about, and that Mary Mullins had called him up by the power of witchcraft to save her.

He called her to one side, and he bade the others to stand back while he conferred with her—and as he done so he realized that the circumstance looked bad in itself, in the eyes of the ship's company.

"Mary Mullins, my dear," says he, "I don't seem to be really helpin' you

anny, with all the will in the world to do so. But there's wan thing certain, there's none shall burn ye, my child, while Timothy O'Meara is bossin' this part of the ocean!"

She laughed and she said: "Thank ye, Mr. O'Meara! And they wouldn't dare try to, annyhow, on the ship here. They couldn't do it without burnin' the ship. It's a function they will have to postpone until we land somewheres."

"By the Lord," says Tim, "thin they'll niver land! I'll take you aboard Mrs. MacLirr with me, and we'll batther the ould tub to pieces!"

"Ye'll not do that," says she, "for there's manny good people on board here."

"That's what's the matther with thim, evidently," says Tim, "they're too good!"

She laughed at that again, and thin she said: "No, Mr. O'Meara, I mane manny fine men and women, that would have nothin' to do whatever with this witchcraft idea if they were not scared to death. There's me sister Priscilla," she says, "as swate a girl as iver lived; and there's a couple of young men as is tryin' to shine up to her—dacent people, all of thim. And they'll have to be landed," says she, "or we'll never get the United States of America started."

"Mary Mullins," says Tim, "how did ye come by that name? It sounds Irish to me."

"There must be Irish blood in us somewheres, Tim," says she, "or how could we have the name? And I think 'tis that Irish blood they're mistakin' for diviltry," says she. "They don't understand laughin' and dancin' and fancifulness."

And she smiled at me bould Tim, with the come-hither in her eyes—and

there's no use postponin' the revelation anny longer; from that instant they was both madly in love with aich other.

"Moira," says Tim, just above a whisper, "by the hivens, I think 'tis a witch ye are, indade!"

"Tim," says she, in a low voice, laughin' and lookin' about her, "I belave ye have the rights of it! Sometimes I think I am!"

"'Tis somethin' to be carefully preserved, and not banished out of the world," says he.

He urged her once more to come with him at once. But she would not lave her sister behind her, nor anny other of the wans she liked.

"Tim," she says, "ye must be aisy with these people! For they'll niver get to land unless ye hilp them. The rudder's gone from the ould tub now, and a bit of a gale would finish things."

"Come aboard Mrs. MacLirr with yer sister!" says Tim, "and be damned to the rist of them!"

"No," says she; "and while we're on the subject, I don't like this Mrs. MacLirr of yours anny too well. And by the looks of her, she doesn't like me!"

And Mrs. MacLirr was peerin' at Tim and Moira in a way to confirm that, her eyes red and jealous.

There wasn't but wan way that Tim could see—to stay aboard the ship with the colleen until it landed, to protect her, and thin to marry her and take her away. So he harnessed Mrs. MacLirr to the *Mayflower*, and he give her the signal full-speed-ahead, and whin the nixt morning came he drew up by the side of Plymouth Rock—the date he always remembered, 'twas the siventeenth of March, Patrick's Day. 'Tis written on that bit of rock somewheres, if it hasn't been rubbed off.

And Timothy and Moira climbed

aboard Mrs. MacLirr and sailed off and was married and sittled South Boston, which was the first permanent sittle-mint in New England, and predominates with their kinsmen to this day. And if you don't belave that, go and look it up in the Boston tiliphone directory. And that's how the United States of America got its start, praise God!

And [said Jack] they lived happy in South Boston ever after!

I wish [said the old gentleman] as I could say the end was all happiness. But the truth is, it wasn't.

The most inordinate, unpleasant, and unraisonable jealousy sprung up betwixt Moira O'Meara and Mrs. MacLirr. For Tim, he went no more arovin', and Mrs. MacLirr used for to spout and caper in vain in the harbor below where the O'Mearas had built their house and was raisin' their childher. Tim, he paid but little attention to her; but Moira, she would call out to her now and thin: "Go away, you great ugly baste, you!" For well she knew that Mrs. MacLirr was trying to tempt her husband back to the wild, free life he'd lived before he married and sittled down, and that's a thing as no wife ever likes.

And wan spring Mrs. MacLirr disappeared, and ceased to haunt the harbor, and Moira believed she was rid of her, and of the menace of her, foriver. And as for Tim, with the fickleness of all men, he thought nothin' more about Mrs. MacLirr's tinder heart, wan way or the other, nor did he realize how bruised it was by his neglict. He should have known that the intillegent and sensitive whale, bein' one of the most lovin' of all bastes, is therefore equally agitated whin 'tis insulted. For after Mrs. MacLirr had been gone six weeks,

back she come one afternoon, and a hundherd whales was with her!

'Twas in the afthernoon of a breezy day whin Tim and Moira seen thim comin' into the harbor, and 'twas a sight majestic and splendid to see these noble monsters of the spacious deep movin' forward in naval formation, jettin' great fountains into the air, which the wind whipped to spray and the sunlight wove into flauntin' rainbows.

"Tim," says his wife, turnin' pale, for she had recognized Mrs. MacLirr in the lead of thim, "they mane deviltry!"

"They do not," says Tim; "they're all my ould frinds! They've called on us for a bit of a frolic and some music!"

And he wint and got his harp, and sated himself upon a rock in front of his house, and out acrost the movin' wathers he flung the wild music of his ancestors. And he sang the afthernoon away, and the rainbows ceased when the sun laid low and level in the sky, and all thim scores of great mammalians danced in the red sunset; they danced a dance that was like the sport of naked thunders in the caves above the firmamint where the ragin' storms is made.

"They intind no good," says Moira; "they're workin' thimselves up to do some mischief!"

"They're wild with joy," says Tim; "they've found the O'Meara and his music again!"

And he harped the sunset out, and with the twilight the wather changed from burnin' brass to silver, and he harped the twilight out, and with the gatherin' dusk the wather turned to fire again; a phosphorescent fire it was that spouted when they blew and rose and waved like plumes and fell again.

"'Tis hatred and revinge they are afther!" cried Moira.

"They come in love and frindship!" says Tim, exalted with his ringin' harp.

And which it was, no wan iver knew. As the dark thickened they all turned in the sea as one whale, at a signal from Mrs. MacLirr, and came rushin' up the beach on the crest and reach of the risin' tide, as if they would fling themselves flamin' out of their fiery sea against the O'Meara house and the rocks on which it stood.

"The saints defend us!" screamed Moira, her knees turnin' wake and feeble.

Mrs. MacLirr was in the lead and comin' fast, but the wather receded from in under her far up the shore, and she hit her head against a point of rock, and groaned and died; and a dozen more was stranded and extinguished. perishin' like exploded rockets.

But Mrs. MacLirr, she give Tim just wan look before she died.

"I'm afraid," says Tim, lookin' melancholy at Mrs. MacLirr's remains, "that she's committed suicide out of a broken heart! Why couldn't ye have been nicer to her, Moira?"

"She tried to murther us all!" says Moira.

And nobody is quite sure to this day which the truth was. But it give Timothy and Moira somethin' to argue about for manny years—which is always a handy thing in ivery marriage. But don't ayther wan of you iver tell me again that the Irish niver projuced anny great navigators, nor great sailors, nor great whalers, nor great pioneer settlers; or I'll take wan of youse over aich knee and larrup ye, as I have done often in the past and as I am still well able to do, praise God!

Safety First

BY GEORGE DRAPER

Safety before sex, and the ego before life itself, is the way man looks at life, declares a physician who, after much research in Europe and America, is now conducting investigative work at Presbyterian Hospital, New York, and is associate professor of clinical medicine at Columbia University.

NOTWITHSTANDING the popular interpretation which the public has put upon Doctor Freud's philosophy, human beings do, after all, possess, in common with all living organisms, another interest in life as fundamental as that of reproducing their kind. If every one were as exclusively concerned with affairs of sex as we are now led to believe, the strange result would be that before long there would be no human beings left to engage in the much-heralded enterprise of carrying on the race. The only reason that we, as individuals, manage to exist at all is because of an intense and vibrant quality of living protoplasm which may as well be called survival insistence. This circumstance is more popularly known as the instinct of self-preservation, or the first law of nature. Strangely enough, however, the so-called mind, or intellectual equipment upon which we so pride ourselves, has very little to do with the business of personal life-saving. Safety-first propaganda is, in the last analysis, but a corollary of the proposition that man's intellect has been sufficiently astute to devise machinery which can destroy him. His real protection resides in a subtle, concealed, sure-fire mechanism almost out of reach of his meddlesome reason. It is only necessary, in illustration of this point,

to think of the speed with which the eyelid closes unwittingly at the sudden approach of an injurious object. We could not stop this protective motion if we would by a conscious act of the mind. But it is also common experience that injury or death may result by the attempt of a reasoning process to check or deflect the intuitive leap to safety. It may, of course, be objected at this point that the discoveries of modern medical science clearly represent the influence of conscious thought-processes of a life-preserving nature. There is no doubt that they do. The finding of bacteria, for example, or the disclosure of the healing effects of sunlight are products of the thinking process. Yet these acquisitions to man's stock of protective information are comparable to his awareness in a very primitive age that certain snakes were venomous and certain berries poisonous, and should, therefore, be avoided or destroyed. Both examples represent the value of the wise use of experience. But it is not this sort of strategic defense against danger which here concerns us. This discussion deals with that extraordinary mechanism, common to all living creatures, which springs into action without thought, to meet the instant and unlooked-for menace to body and soul.

Certainly there is small doubt that

somewhere within us resides an alert and resourceful guardian of life and limb whom the Greeks called *Medeōn*, an agent who takes small account of masterful intelligence. *Medeōn* expresses the same persistent influence which has watched over the individual of every species from the simple, one-celled *amœba* onward through the long line of slowly emerging animal complexities which at the moment is most elaborately represented by man. The more lowly forms — James *Amœba*, William Earthworm, and Ethel Mudfish—who did not do much thinking, managed to live safely to their appropriate good old ages because, even in that remote epoch, *Medeōn* was actively on duty. Likewise to-day, among these highly evolved mortals, whether sleeping or thinking, *Medeōn* is ever alert. And this is, no doubt, a beneficent arrangement of nature, in view of man's tendency to thoughtful preoccupations. For there is little question that if we were required to spend our conscious attention upon the myriad details concerned in self-preservation, we should have neither time nor energy for anything else. Indeed, the human race, past and present, would have had no wit left over to turn upon the essential creative activities which express the demand of the instinct of self-perpetuation. At first glance there would seem to be in all this a strange confusion. Man may by experience learn where lie the perils of his environment, and then by the power of his intelligence devise means of defense against the subsequent onslaught of the dangers which he has discovered. But the sensitive instantaneous reaction which unwittingly saves him in the presence of an unknown menace can be thwarted disastrously by this very intellectual process. The instinct of self-per-

petuation, on the other hand, would appear to be best served by an altogether different relationship of feeling to thinking. Thoughtless, indiscriminating, and instant response to the sex emotion rarely results in permanent monuments either of body or soul. But to think clearly, astutely, intensely, in the train of an aroused sex emotion, has led in the past, through the selection of an appropriate mate or stimulating mistress, to the production of healthy babies and the loftiest ideals of the spirit, which live forever in sculpture and painting or poetry and song. Yet, though this strange paradox appears between the workings of two fundamental biological laws (which have nothing to do with intelligence) and man's conscious thought-process, there is, of course, a definite relationship between the laws. The association of these two basic instincts, or vital demands, self-preservation and perpetuation, is one of those curious circular, interlocking arrangements so often found in nature. It is, however, no more grimly humorous than that grotesque association of men, mosquitoes, and malaria germs, or men, rats, lice, and the plague. The life of the individual must be insured, up to a certain point, or the race could not be maintained; and if the race be not perpetuated, there will be no individuals to preserve. Whether we approve this plan or not it is there, and the best must be made of it. The two instincts, though termed first and second laws of nature, are doubtless, in most people, of about equal power. They exist as inherent qualities of living protoplasm, inexorable biological forces demanding recognition and satisfaction. If these two requirements are successfully met, the individual plant or animal achieves its own maximum

growth and development and projects vigorous seed for subsequent generations. But if by reason of any accident of environment either one or the other of the two fundamental biological objectives be thwarted, twisting, crippling, or death of the organism inevitably results. That which happens outside of itself is no concern of these vital objectives within any given creature. The motion of life must ever be toward their fulfilment, even at the cost of destruction of the individual. Take, for example, the case of a great oak-tree standing alone in the midst of a field. Its trunk and limbs are vigorous, the complexion of its foliage is lustrous and green, the beauty of its symmetry and proportions is the rarest of its kind. Such a perfect adult specimen appears because by chance it took root and grew in an environment which offered no resistance to its development. But now suppose that by some accident one of the acorns from this lonely and beautiful tree is carried away and planted close beside the wall of a house where people live. In the course of years the sprouting acorn becomes a hardy sapling. Following blindly the inner growth impulses that forced its progenitor to strength and beauty, it thrusts out its limbs vigorously. Some of these meet the unyielding stone of the house, while others have the audacity to reach into the very windows. The safety and comfort of the inmates of the house is thus menaced by the growing tree. Action is at once taken. At first the branches are tied or cut back and finally the tree is felled. Clearly the crippling and death of the tree is the result of a situation in its environment which tends to thwart the oak from achieving its biological objectives. But trees have no method of defense, and so they passively accept injurious twisting and death.

So far as human beings are concerned, they and all other animals are impelled, like the tree, by the two inexorable biological demands for individual survival and progeny. Their gestures and behavior, becoming more active and far-reaching as maturity advances, may be likened to the branches and foliage of the oak. Organized society of civilized man may be compared to the house with stone walls. In order to maintain the stability of this structure, more and more restrictions have been placed upon the gestures and behavior of the individual man, even though these be the expression of his biological demands. But human beings, like other animals and some few plants, do not tolerate thwarting influences passively as did the oak. To meet the menacing effects of these, they are equipped with a most elaborate mechanism for protection, for serving the best of the instinct of self-preservation.

Let us now proceed to investigate it courageously, in this Freudian age. For the study must be made at the cost of provoking regret in the hearts of modern readers, who will instantly sense the absence of any thrilling wavelets of sex appeal from the ground-swell of the discussion. How dull if we should discover that our safety devices were chiefly composed of muscles, sugar, and fear!

Now if we should for a few moments rejoin our elementary predecessors, James, William, and Ethel, we should be aware, first of all, of a welcome respite from the business of thinking. We should be occupied entirely with unconscious reaction to the stimulus of being touched. If the contact were agreeable we should move toward the touch, and away from it if it were unpleasant. The manner of William's and Ethel's responses might differ to some

extent, but their gestures would depend upon the action of certain contractile tissue which, in higher forms, is called muscle. The unpleasant contact from which William and Ethel recoiled was usually in the form of a physical or chemical agent, possibly a stick of wood or a bit of copper sulphate. The sensation of being touched simply constituted a warning that protective action was needed. But besides our present capacity to recoil, as did those ancient progenitors, at the impact of physical and chemical irritants, we human beings respond in precisely similar manner to that imponderable stimulant emotion. When, for example, we are touched by fear, that arch-guardian of man's safety, the contractile tissues of the body set instantly to work. Sometimes the muscles are used for running away, sometimes for fighting. Whichever of these courses may eventually be chosen is a manner which does not concern us particularly in this discussion. The important thing is that at the touch of fear all the energies of the body are mobilized for defense.

The comfortably simple existence which William Earthworm and Ethel Mudfish led did not require extensive equipment. But as their fancier progeny arose, whose imagination and ambitions led them into new and more hazardous dwelling-places, increasingly elaborate apparatus for locomotion and nutrition was required. Previously, in the primitive forms, the single central office of the nervous system was adequate to the task of directing all the contractile tissue of the animal. But in these later, more romantic, and adventuresome creatures the responsibility became too great for one central management. A division of labor therefore developed in the central nervous system. One section, the old original, was

left in command of the muscles which worked all the vital processes such as heart and blood-vessels, digestive system, urinary bladder, and the reproductive organs. This department is now called the sympathetic nervous system because it is so closely in tune with the universe, consorts with the emotions in subconscious levels of the mind, and is almost free from interference by conscious mental processes. The new section of the central nerve exchange commands the heavy motor musculature which works the bones and joints of the skeleton. This department consorts in the conscious levels with reason, judgment, decision, and volition, and is called the animal nervous system. The special kind of muscle it innervates is known as voluntary muscle and, unlike the other, or involuntary, tissue managed by the sympathetic nervous system, cannot react directly to an emotional stimulus. Now when an animal thus equipped is confronted by a menacing situation, fear, the protective emotion, touches the ancient sympathetic nervous system. Instantly the entire organism is energized for action. Swift messengers are sent out with orders to the depots where fuel is stored—in this case sugar—and to the transportation machinery—in this case the heart and blood-vessels—to mobilize all supplies and transport. Having started these activities, the sympathetic nervous system then orders all digestive action to stop temporarily, in order to conserve energy, and finally turns over the whole living dynamo, with all its power flowing into the voluntary muscles, to the direction of the conscious control. There the decision is made whether in the given instance it is best to fight or to run away.

The thought that fear is such a universal necessity among animals is not

readily accepted by man. But this embarrassment need be of no greater personal concern to him than it was to William and Ethel. The trouble is that man has confused his ideas and perceptions with words; for actually fear has no more to do with cowardice than with bravery. Fear is an emotion, necessary to life, and being an emotion is quite outside his control. Cowardice, on the other hand, the commission or even discussion of which causes him so much uneasiness, is a matter of behavior. Over this we may, indeed, achieve complete control. But bravery likewise is consciously controlled activity, chosen rather than cowardice to meet a situation in relation to which the fear emotion has prepared the muscles for action. It was, of course, a common enough experience during the war for men to realize that bravery in action did not depend upon absence of the fear of losing life and limb. They went bravely over the top with bodies expressing all the classical physiological phenomena of fear (which have been so well demonstrated in the laboratory experiments of Professor Cannon of Harvard)—moist and trembly palms, perspiration, active intestines, and sense of physical exhaustion. While in Biblical days knees smote together and hair stood on end, under the influence of fear, men at all times have been conscious of a sickly or sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. Now a sharp blow over the solar plexus will produce similar sensations. But then the solar plexus is one of the chief substations of the sympathetic nervous system and responds equally well to the physical touch of a well-planted fist or the imponderable, but no less poignant, thrust of the fear emotion.

A further illustration of the complete separateness of fear and behavior in the

human species may be found in the history of tyrants. During the war, and from time to time since, the man on horseback has appeared in various countries of Europe. Not long ago any one might have seen in a certain illustrated journal a page upon which were displayed the photographs of five renowned dictators. One could not fail to perceive at a glance that fear was the dominant emotion which shone from the eyes of each one of the men. Curiosity concerning the identity of these five frightened persons would have led to the disclosure that they were the powerful and terrorizing giants who held their trembling subjects in the hollow of their ruthless hands. The fierce (sometimes confused with "scared") expression on the five faces added to their reputation of frightfulness, much as the awe-inspiring masks of oriental warriors used to do. There is no question that these five important gentlemen can be said to be meeting life with a high degree of courage or bravery of behavior. Yet the light in their anxious and furtively watchful eyes bespeaks the subconscious fear of that pot-shot which some fanatical or unconscientious objector has been taking at one or another of them at weekly intervals. The same look is often seen in the eyes of a patient who comes with a stout heart for the first time to a hospital to face a serious surgical operation.

It must not be supposed for a moment that this discussion intends any denial of the worthiness of courageous behavior—the lofty ideals of deportment which human beings have developed must, of course, be maintained. But these have nothing whatever to do with the biological significance of the emotions. Indeed, so little have they to do with natural psychophysiological

reactions that it has required hundreds of thousands of years of training to bring man up to his present fine standard of behavior in the face of danger.

But all these fears which we have been discussing are very simple, first-hand affairs. That is to say, they are fears giving the alarm at the appearance of some perfectly definite menace to bodily safety, such as a lion escaped from the zoo and met on Fifth Avenue, or Tony the Blood, a masked gunman who might walk into your study of an evening, or a U. S. mail-truck roaring around the corner at which you were about to cross the street. The total process, by which appropriate saving action is taken in any of these instances, may be expressed by the formulas: "truck—fear—jump"; or "gunman—fear—struggle." In the latter instance, if we have successfully done the rascal in, there follows an agreeable sense of self-satisfaction—doubtless one of the emotional experiences which add a zest to fighting. This business of self-preservation, however, in human beings is not so simple as that. William and Ethel were interested in maintaining intact respectively either his smooth red-brown skin or her drab, rather durable scales. Beyond these physical attributes of life itself their concern did not adventure. Man, on the other hand, is far more set upon the preservation of his idealistic ego than of his life and legs. Some, indeed, are so sensitive on this point that they remind one of "sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," who

"Wept with delight when you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown."

In her case a frown implied a criticism of some point in her costume or demeanor, and this formed a menace to

the safe maintenance of her exquisite personality. Apparently it is a matter of no consequence biologically whether the menace be to the physical being or to the spiritual ego. So far as the fear mechanism is concerned, in Alice's instance as in that occasioned by the approach of Tony the Blood, fear energized the whole organism for action. Toward the man-eating Tony violent physical gestures released the extra energies provided by sugar and oxygen, but sweet Alice, behaving as she should in the decorous manner of a perfectly schooled mid-Victorian lady, must perforce sit quietly. The only means of outward display for her inward energy mobilization was, because of conventional necessity, to be found in the futility of her aspen tremblings. The analogy of the examples, however, may not yet be quite clear. Tony the Blood presented an obvious, substantial, tangible physical presence, something one could lay hands on. But the critical thought which menaced Alice's idealistic ego was invisible and imponderable. Its existence was indicated by a symbol, the frown. In her younger days she had learned to associate frowns and correction, frowns and criticism, frowns and punishment, frowns and humiliation.

Now, of course, if we had to deal only with the fear provoked by escaped lions and Tony the Bloods, we should be almost as well off as William and Ethel. But it is these miserable symbols which complicate our troubles. We never know in what guise they may come. Some few, of course, are old friends to us, as, for instance, father's slipper, or the back of his hair-brush. Usually, if we do recognize them—"see them first," as it were—we can well afford to smile. But it is disconcerting when by some trick of the mind

there is maintained an active association of symbol and episode in the unconscious levels, which is excluded completely from conscious awareness. To illustrate the serious consequences which this situation may produce, the following instance is offered:

Thomas Hittit, the son of a famous baseball-player, came to the clinic one day to ask if anything could be done for his affliction of periodic drunkenness. He told of being a successful and highly trusted messenger in the employ of a large banking establishment. He was, indeed, so valuable a man that the president of his institution often sent him with confidential information to the executives of other trust companies in the town. To visit one of these he had found to be a particularly difficult task, because always, as he entered the door, he felt a sudden loss of confidence, a sense of anxiety bearing with it a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach and a weak sensation all over. It was a curious thing, he said, that usually following a visit to this bank an alcoholic bout began.

Further questioning soon brought out a most surprising story. As a little boy Thomas basked in the glory of his father's prowess, which the grown son of to-day still proudly compared to that of the famous Babe Ruth. The name of Hittit was heard on the lips of all throughout the land. But as Thomas grew older and at the public school engaged in the great game, it was soon found that he wofully lacked his father's wallop. In fact, he was gauche at every point of the game, and quickly, on this account, became the butt of the school. His greatest humiliation was finally achieved in the nickname Diddy, which arose gleefully from his companions when he swung helplessly at the

ball. "Diddy Hittit, Diddy Hittit—no, he Didn't Hittit." And so he hated and feared baseball, and each day, for all the years he had to play at school, he feared humiliation and went to the field with what has been called a heavy heart, but which is really a heavy pressure of fear on the solar plexus. Then, as years passed, all this schoolboy misery was forgotten and he became a successful and vigorous worker till the drink habit got its hold. As the details of his life history were unfolded it became quite clear that he had begun using alcohol as a method of escape from situations that produced feelings of anxiety and humiliation akin to those he had known at school. Whenever one of these occasions arose he had drowned his sorrows by the ancient custom of getting magnificently drunk. That the whole strange problem was in some way associated with baseball there could be no doubt. Thomas had not been to see a game in the thirty-five years since he left school and he always skipped over the baseball sheet in the newspapers. Finally, after much questioning about the hoodoo bank, the jinx was discovered. Next door to the main entrance was a sporting-goods shop whose windows held an alluring display of baseball bats and other paraphernalia of the game. These were the symbols, then, which, like the frown to Alice, implied the presence of humiliating criticism. On each occasion when Thomas had approached the trust-company entrance there had moved through his conscious mind thoughts of his immediate business mission. But subtly, like thieves in the night, the baseball symbols in the window crept unnoticed and unrecognized into the depths of his subconscious memory and resurrected again the ancient schoolboy terrors. This memory

fear acted, then, just as any proper fear would have acted if, for example, Tony the Blood had stepped out of the window armed with a Colt automatic. It deftly touched Thomas's solar plexus, as a light-fingered gentleman does a pocketbook, unbeknown to his conscious awareness, and released the dogs of war. Then followed all the unpleasant sensations which are popularly recognized as belonging to the state of fear. The responsibility for their production, however, was falsely placed upon the trust-company building.

Even though it is sometimes possible to do so, we seldom give a thought to the extent and vividness of those fantastic dramas which are constantly moving upon the hidden stage of our unconscious minds. Far too many active stimuli are engaging our immediate attention at every waking moment to permit such deflections of the stream of consciousness. Yet these dramatizations of the past form such powerful influences within our emotional lives that they frequently burst through to confuse us in our tussle with the palpable present. It is not difficult to understand why this should be so when one contemplates the fact that the "mindful tablets of the memory" are vast and exquisitely sensitive. Furthermore, no impression made in their plastic surfaces is ever lost. Upon them are graven not only those experiences which we can consciously call to mind—that is, remember—but also innumerable others so tiny and remote that they pass unheeded, like the swift shadow of a bird across a colorful, sunlit meadow. There is an immense storehouse for these mindful tablets wherein lie packed in orderly sequence all the sensations and experiences which have impinged upon our consciousness from the earliest moment

at which it was capable of receiving an impression. Side by side upon the tablets with each experience lies the attendant emotion which sprang to life at the time of its recording. Those impressions which have been most recently graven, and so lie nearest to the present moment, we can most easily call to mind or consciously remember. Others, pressed down securely at the lower levels where rest the records of our early days, rarely float into consciousness again save at the magic instance of some unexpected symbolic messenger.

It is not easy for most of us to describe our earliest memory. Some people declare that they remember experiences which occurred when they were five, or four, or even three years of age. At times the vividness of these remote events is startling, and we sense again the emotional thrill which accompanied them. Often people will say that a whistled melody, or an odorous whiff on the summer breeze, will recall some forgotten experience so intensely that the original feeling of fear or anger or love which was associated with it surges through them again. But if the purpose of emotion be to enable the organism, through a process of rapid energizing, to meet an immediate situation which confronts it, clearly emotions which are aroused by the symbolic and not actual content of reality lead to futile expenditure of protective energy. Yet, because of his subservience to the effect of symbols, man is continually setting in motion his life and soul saving machinery. Thus unwittingly he squanders to-day's supply of precious defensive energy upon the no-longer-existent menaces of yesterday.

There are, however, two very special fear-laden human experiences which are common to all men. One of these is

the fear of physical death, and the other is the much-talked-of inferiority sense. The latter actually is the expression of fear for the life of the idealistic ego, or personality. While it is doubtless true that most people will tell you serenely and in all sincerity that they are not afraid to die, yet there is nevertheless deep-rooted in the hearts of men the fear of death. To say that one is not afraid to die is merely the expression of a determination, backed by logic or sentiment, to behave well at the approach of the unavoidable circumstance of death; it is the behavior of a courageous soldier going over the top. Not long ago, for example, a man came to the clinic to get relief from severe attacks of indigestion and nausea. These were violent, occurred at irregular intervals, and had obstinately resisted all sorts of medicines and dietary regulations. When he was asked if he could remember the first attack he laughed somewhat apologetically and said:

"Why, yes, I remember very well, but of course it has no possible connection with the real cause. It occurred twenty-five years ago, when I was sixteen years old, at the funeral of my brother, who had been killed in a railway accident. The day was hot and sultry, and as the hearse moved away I felt dizzy and nauseated and had a sense of oppression in the pit of my stomach." Further discussion at length brought out the interesting fact, which he had previously not recognized, that his present attacks only came on after he had attended a funeral. Lately, however, they had become more frequent. Finally it developed that the last attack had arisen rather suddenly after rounding a corner and seeing what he had at first taken to be an undertakers' wagon drawn up in front of the house of an old

and dear friend. "My God," his first impulse had been, "Jim must be dead!" A second glance showed that it was an ambulance which he had mistaken for the more grim conveyance. Within a few hours he began to be dizzy and nauseated and felt the old sense of oppression in the pit of his stomach. These digestive disorders were classical fear symptoms, yet the patient would surely have faced the event of his own death with courage.

The actual presence, however, of so obvious a symbol of death as the hearse is often not necessary to provoke sensations of apprehension. For example, one occasionally meets people who indulge, under the subtle dictate of fear, in the curious habit of reading daily the death notices in the morning paper. If you question one who practises this diversion, you will inevitably find that unknown names of the dead provoke no emotional stir. Should a friend's name appear in the morning list a slightly startled interest leads the inquirer to re-read the notice. But if the name be that of a relative—and the closer the relative the more intense the reaction—a feeling of disquietude akin to physical sensation creeps over the body. Actually, of course, the approach of the hand of death is no nearer to the reader in the event that a relative had died than it would be at the announcement of the departure of an unknown person. Yet inevitably the dread presence seems closer.

Biologically, from the standpoint of the species, death is essential to life, but the individual vital organism concerned with self-preservation cannot readily accept the truth. The urge of living things is toward life, and death, therefore, is an untenable concept for those that live. Consequently, the insignia of

death act as a warning to the living to take what steps they may to preserve themselves. The fear of death makes you put your rubbers on when it rains and obey the traffic policeman at Broadway and 42d Street. Yet such protections of the physical being are instantly disregarded by men and women if they retard an effort to rescue the life or limb of another. We readily sacrifice these physical members to save our souls.

Now, this business of saving our souls is, so far as we know, an interest which William and Ethel do not, at least consciously, share with us. The human being, however, is acutely, almost physically, aware of his psychic individuality. Indeed, as has already been pointed out, the maintenance of this sense of wholeness of self is his most vital need, for which he is ready at any time to sacrifice a limb or even life itself. But if this demand for ego adequacy and stability is so essential, whence does the universally recognized and much-talked-of inferiority sense arise, and what may be its significance?

In connection with the first of these queries it may not be amiss to recall the radically opposite states of mind which Gulliver experienced during his sojourn, first at Lilliput and later at Brobdingnag. His feelings of ego adequacy among the tiny folk of the former land were commensurate with his relatively immense physical bulk. But beside the gigantic Brobdingnagians Gulliver's inconsiderable form implied to him, whether justifiably or not, the suggestion of his general inadequacy and consequent probable destruction. Great physical size in a man is no doubt an immense asset, so far as its impressive effect upon others is concerned, and

may in a large measure offset marked limitations of character and intellect. But we are actually all born upon the shores of Brobdingnag. For against the background of our first awareness of an earthly environment move the colossal forms of parents and nurses towering above our bassinets. Then for many years, ten or fifteen at least, our awakening and growing consciousness still thrusts itself out among companions who are always twice as big and more powerful than we are ourselves. And so we are thrown back upon the support of our fantasy. We don armor and slay dragons, we become Indians on the war-path, and finally with our wonderful friend Jack we climb the bean-stalk and kill the giants who thus hold us in thrall. It may be that the struggle to overcome giants is nature's plan to develop in man qualities of enterprise, fortitude, and vigorous action. The overproduction of this compensatory effort, indeed, may be one reason at least for the astonishing achievements for those very great little men of history—Cæsar, Napoleon, John Hunter, and Lord Nelson.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that many a child is permanently crippled in spirit by his inevitable passage through Brobdingnag. Nor do parents always help as much to encourage their Lilliputian offspring as they might. "No, darling, better not try to climb that tree. You're not big enough yet; mother's afraid you may hurt yourself." The inferiority sense is fear—fear that, owing to a sense of personal inadequacy, life cannot go on. This sense of ineffectiveness may be generally applied to all points of contact with life. Or it may gradually contract and focus on one or two special relationships. One man once told me that, because of a persis-

tent shyness in the face of lordly head waiters in fashionable restaurants, he could never secure the table his wife wanted him to get for her. With a sense of failure in his heart this man regularly encouraged himself by telling her that he didn't think it good form to engage in noisy and public demonstration for the favor of a servant. Then there was a little boy of five who looked up at his unusually large father one day and said, by way of self-support: "It must be uncomfortable to be so big." That was the only possible method—to pick a flaw in the complete advantage of bigness—by which unconsciously the child could save himself and maintain his sense of wholeness and stability.

Pain, disease, death, and humiliation—these are the dragons which, either in actuality or implied through symbol,

surround us. The few perilous actualities of life are dragons indeed and must be met with the heart of Saint George. But all the vast horde of symbolic representations are but chimeras and Medusa's heads which must be looked at, as they were by Perseus, in a mirror. Man can often be released from the spell of a symbol through the apparently simple process of retrieving the ancient episode with its attendant fear emotion, for this process draws it into direct contact and comparison with the content of his conscious consciousness. In the companionship of these robust and obvious children of the immediate and palpable environment the ancient and terrifying image rapidly fades and we step forth from the valley of the shadow into the comfortable warmth of sunlit reality.

[Next month Doctor C. Ward Crampton, who organized the Health Service Clinic of the Post Graduate Hospital, New York, will tell of another new scientific phase of medicine in its service to men—"Prophetic Medicine."]



National Origins and Deportations

WHAT MUST CONGRESS DO ?

BY ROY L. GARIS

Professor of Economics in Vanderbilt University

THE most important subject in American politics to-day and one of the most important problems before the Congress now in session is control of immigration. Almost 2,000,000 persons are storming our foreign consulates seeking visas. Millions of their relatives and friends are at work through their organized foreign socie-

ties in this country to break down our whole restrictive system, as well as to prevent any additional bars being put up to stem the human flood that ever beats against the foundations of our national existence. So great is this pressure upon Congress that the retention of our present policy hangs in the balance. The national legislative situation is crit-

ical! In all of our history we have never let down a bar once we have put it up. We must not do so now! The fight is on. This session of Congress will tell whether Americans or organized foreigners and their offspring control America. The present Congress must legislate on three major problems of immigration: national origins, deportations, and Mexican immigration. What should Congress do in regard to each?

The national-origins provision in the Immigration Act of 1924 was frequently before both houses of the Sixty-ninth Congress, second session. On February 1, 1927, the Senate adopted a resolution introduced by Senator Johnson, of California, the purpose of which was to postpone the effective date of the national-origins clause from April 1, 1927, to April 1, 1928. The House passed the resolution on March 3 and the President signed it the next day. This action placed the problem squarely before the present Congress. A decision must be made prior to April 1, 1928, in order to eliminate the uncertainties in the present law. Many members of each House of Congress voted for the resolution knowing that no harm could be done by allowing further time to look into the matter.

Under the present law each quota country receives as its quota 2 per cent of the number of foreign-born of that nationality here in 1890. It is argued by those who favor the national-origins plan that this basis does a great injustice to the native-born American population, since no representation is given in the quota to the people of the same stock within the United States, who are the children or more remote descendants of earlier immigrants of that stock. Thus, if it so happened that 75 per cent of the population here in 1890

was of a certain stock, derived from one particular nation overseas, and yet in that year there were no people here who had been *born* in that country, such country would have no quota whatever.

As between the two great regions of Europe from which the old and new immigration come respectively, the 1890 census basis produces results which are only slightly different from the national-origins quotas as reported by the quota board in December, 1926. However, it is argued by the advocates of the latter plan that the 1890 census basis does not work out fairly with respect to certain individual countries—more particularly Great Britain, Germany, and the Irish Free State. On the 1890 basis Great Britain receives 34,000, Germany 51,000, and the Irish Free State 28,000. Obviously these quotas are out of proportion to the real strength of the elements of our population derived from these three countries. While about *one-half* of our total white population is derived from England, Scotland, Wales, and North Ireland, their joint quota is only 21 per cent of the present quota immigration, while Germany, from which only about *one-sixth* of our population is derived, has a quota of nearly *one-third* of the quota immigration. It is obvious also that a similar discrepancy exists with respect to the quota of 28,000 allowed the Irish Free State.

Since the purpose is the same with respect to both the national-origins and the 1890 bases—viz., to insure that our future immigration should correspond in its make-up with our population as it is to-day—it is evident from the above statistics that there is merit in the claim that the national-origins quotas in effect will simply result in an equitable adjustment of the 1890 quotas. The change would be, therefore, only the

natural and logical development of the 1890 census quota basis and would, of necessity, stabilize the principle involved in the latter plan.

Those who advocate this change not only argue that it would eliminate the discriminations on the present quota basis, but they point out further that it would reduce the number of southern Irish and German immigrants, who are distinctly less desirable than the Anglo-Saxon element in our population. Especially are they opposed to the activities of the Steuben Society, a secret, oath-bound political society, whose membership consists of persons of German birth or descent, who are devoted to maintaining the interests of German-Americans, viz., hyphenism. This German society, together with the southern Irish and Scandinavian elements, has been directing the movement to secure the repeal of the national-origins clause for reasons other than the practicability of putting it into effect. Such selfish racial propaganda in the interest of foreign countries should be condemned by the American people, as it has been in the past.

The fundamental weakness of the national-origins plan has been the virtual inability of the governing authorities to work out accurate quotas on such a basis. The law itself states that the quotas shall be determined "as nearly as may be." Some of the difficulties involved are as follows: The first complete census was not taken until 1790. Many of the few records then in existence were destroyed by the fire during the War of 1812. No records of immigration by nationality were kept until 1820. The total number of foreign-born in the country was not listed by country of origin until 1850. The recording of the country of origin of persons born

here of foreign-born parents was not started until 1890. Furthermore, there is the difficulty of classifying the millions of persons of mixed stock.

The Secretaries of State, Commerce, and Labor reported to the President early in 1927 that "the statistical and historical information available raises grave doubts as to the whole value of these computations as a basis for the purposes intended." Since then Mr. Hoover has stated that the data on the subject were "very feeble." Congressman Albert Johnson favors the continuation of the present quota basis, since "it is impossible to adequately explain these (national-origins) calculations to the lay mind. It is hard to justify them to the country. They are vague and uncertain and must ever be so. If the foundation is inadequate, the house cannot stand. If the fundamental bases of the national-origins system of calculating quotas are unreliable and indefinite, the structure built upon them must give way."

The great majority of the patriotic organizations favor the national-origins plan. The Sons of the American Revolution have gone on record, however, in favor of the indefinite use of the 1890 quota basis. Their committee on immigration reported to the national society in May "that it is practically impossible to determine from the data available with any degree of accuracy the national origins of the people of this country at the present time. . . . When the two plans are carefully studied, the one based on experience, the other on more or less arbitrary apportionment, the 1890 plan seems to promise a fairer and more permanent solution than the national-origins proposal."

The Commissioner-General of Immigration has recommended the repeal

of the national-origins clause and the indefinite use of the 1890 census as the quota basis, since "the advantages of the present method, for administrative purposes, are its simplicity and certainty, and the further fact that it is well established by practice."

It must be noted carefully that those who favor the repeal of the national-origins clause for *racial* reasons do so with the hope of breaking down all numerical restrictions against immigration. Thus, Congressman Sabath, of Illinois, introduced a bill in the last Congress to repeal not only the national-origins basis but the 1890 basis as well. This danger must be successfully met by the American people.

On the other hand, those who oppose the national-origins clause, due to the practical obstacles in the way in working out accurate quotas on such a basis, favor the *indefinite* continuation of the present 1890 census as the quota basis until the quotas based on the national-origins basis have been determined in an accurate and satisfactory manner. They would then welcome the change to the national-origins basis as the logical development of the principle on which the present quotas are calculated.

That progress is being made in solving the problem is evident from the report of the subcommittee of the quota board, which stated: "We have found our task by no means simple, but we are carrying it out by methods which we believe to be statistically correct, utilizing the data that are available in accordance with what seems to us to be the intent and meaning of the law."

Doctor J. H. Hill, assistant to the Director of the Census, testified to the House committee that in his opinion the available data are sufficient to determine the national origins as required

by the statute, and he asserted that the methods adopted by the subcommittee in making their computations were "scientific." Furthermore, he pointed out that, owing to the smallness of the quotas relative to the national-origin group numbers on which they are based, any error in the computations would be enormously diminished, an error of 600 in the base causing an error of only one immigrant in the corresponding quota. Various experts and authorities on immigration are studying the problem, with the hope that some accurate and satisfactory quotas can be worked out prior to April 1, 1928. If this cannot be done, then the present 1890 census as the quota basis should be continued indefinitely, or until the national-origins clause can be made effective. *Under no consideration should the advocates of restriction permit the repeal or weakening of the numerical restrictions in the present law.*

In a recent letter concerning the Sacco-Vanzetti disturbances Honorable Roger Babson wrote: "Radicalism is by no means dead in this country — it has merely been asleep, soothed by prosperity and good wages. At the first opportunity it will burst out with more force and fever than ever. This means that our present immigration restrictions will continue in force for a while longer — at least. Organized labor wants these restrictions continued, but employers have been planning for a change. These great Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations throughout the country will cause employers to think twice before letting down the bars for more radicals to enter the United States."

This clear-cut statement not only sets forth one of the many reasons why the present laws must not be weakened; it also justifies the necessity for the speedy

enactment into law of the deportation bill, which failed to get before the Senate at its last session. These Sacco-Vanzetti disturbances have verified the soundness of the startling facts brought to light by recent investigations concerning the number of undesirable aliens in this country. We need to pass this bill that we may more adequately protect ourselves against the alien gunmen, alien dealers in narcotics, alien violators of the prohibition law, smuggled aliens, and deserting seamen. We need to close various loopholes in the present laws, such as the vague "moral turpitude" clause, and to lengthen the time limit for certain crimes for which deportation may result.

Aliens are being deported at the average rate of 1,000 each month. During the past fiscal year 5,464 were deported for entry without proper visas. Nine hundred and fifty-three criminals, 708 illiterates, 594 insane, and 569 likely to become a public charge were likewise deported. How inadequate this is is evident from a recent report of the Department of Labor which stated that 44,692 aliens were listed at penitentiaries, jails, etc.; 36,785 at insane asylums; 14,204 at hospitals and sanitariums; and 15,992 at poorhouses. Three districts were not included in the report! The existence of such a situation would certainly seem to justify the passage of the deportation bill and the appropriation of sufficient money to make it effective. Thus only can we secure the full benefits of our restrictive policy.

Virtually all authorities on the subject of immigration are now agreed that we must extend the quota system to Mexico and to the countries of Central and South America. The number of Mexican immigrants admitted in 1914 was only 14,614. The annual immigra-

tion, now about 60,000, is larger than that from any other country except Canada, notwithstanding the fact that it is highly undesirable. It is largely composed of Indians or persons of a mixed race, who are rapidly developing a new race problem. Not only is this Mexican immigration unassimilable, but it lowers our standards of living and already is beginning to flood our penal and charitable institutions. We did not limit immigration from Europe in order to substitute other races impossibly alien in character and tradition, nor can we raise our standards of living and citizenship by that process. We must continue our progressive policy of capitalistic methods of production through the use of labor-saving machinery and a better co-ordination of industrial units. To do otherwise would be fatal to our present industrial prosperity. Furthermore, as the *San Francisco Chronicle* has put it, to "shut down on Anglo-Saxons and to continue to admit peons from Mexico is ridiculous."

The national-origins clause, the deportation bill, and the restriction of Mexican immigration are phases of the immigration problem that the next Congress must legislate on. It has been said recently at Washington that organized minorities with a foreign viewpoint have already greatly influenced Congress and that the American-minded majority is politically impotent. If we would successfully reduce immigration and, in the language of President Coolidge, "Keep America American," we must press these matters on Congress and secure the legislation that the American people desire thereon; as well as resist all the direct and indirect efforts that will be made by the opponents of restriction to weaken the present immigration laws.



Distinguished-Service Cross

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

The first of a group of high lights of the war seen through a perspective of ten years. Such well-known writers as James Boyd, Laurence Stallings, and Elliott White Springs will contribute, as will several new writers. Captain Thomason, the author of "Fix Bayonets!" and "Red Pants," is now on duty in Washington.

WE spoke of remembered things, and the marine officer said that he had never seen a yellow Jew. "They get afraid, of course. I think everybody does. Some folks can hide it, and some don't try to hide it; Jews don't. They make pictures in their heads, and they're not reticent. But they're not yellow."

"Havin' been among those present in all the battles of the 2d Division, I am highly educated in fear. I know every kind of fear there is. You should on no account confuse it with cowardice. Why, I remember once—but I was goin' to tell you about Moe Fischer."

"Moe Fischer was a private in my company of the Fifth Marines. He came in the service about 1914—why, I don't know, for his people are infrequently attracted to the profession of arms, and he certainly had no aptitude for soldierin', besides bein' frankly apprehensive about most things. He always turned up after fights, when better men didn't, and we liked havin' him around, because he furnished comic relief. One clown in each outfit is desirable, and ought to be provided for by regulations. In rest billets, I recall, he spent most of his time diggin' latrines, never being able to keep himself and rifle clean long enough to pass inspection."

"He was with us when we went up into the Champagne, in October, to take Blanc Mont Ridge. Gouraud's Fourth Army had stormed Navarin Farm, where the monument is now, and turned Heine out of Somme-Py, as you go toward the Ridge, and Heine was hangin' on just north of there, with the greatest earnestness, for if he lost Blanc Mont he'd lose the whole sector. The outfit my people relieved in the line had been attackin', and I've never seen men so exhausted. I had my dope from a sous-lieutenant, the senior officer of a battalion, an' he went to sleep while he was talkin' to me. My French is terrible, and he had no English, but he managed to impart the more unpleasant an' disturbin' details of the situation before they led him out, dead on his feet, leavin' me to stew in my own juice."

"The last thing the French chap mentioned was that they looked for a counter-attack at dawn. And the more I considered the layout, the less I liked it. I'd put two platoons in line, to left and right of the road that ran north from Somme-Py. We were in the old German front line, which the French had taken the day before. Their guns had pounded it a lot, and afterward Heine kept knockin' it about with the big 280 minenwerfer shells. He was doin' it

then. He was just eighty yards away, in the Essen trench. His old communication trenches zigzagged out to it; and these were barricaded, both parties lyin' close behind the barricades and exchangin' grenades freely. We'd never seen the place by day, and this was the hell of a dark night. My folks had gone in where the French were, but while the Frogs are grand soldiers, we found that frequently we were unable to use their methods. I went around to see what I could see.

"The position was nothing but shell-holes, connected by hasty diggin'. My right platoon was not so bad. You could still trace the line over there, and I thought we could hold it. Sniffin' around the far barricade, I lost my orderly in one of the grenade-throwin' episodes, and went on back to the left by myself. Crossin' the road, a flare caught me, an' a bright-eyed machine-gunner came so near gettin' me that I was a little upset. After some search I found the platoon leader, sittin' in a hole with a few of his braves, far from certain what it was all about. I asked him if he had contact with the enemy, and he said no, thank God. This was so exactly the way I'd have felt myself that I was obliged to reprimand him for his lack of the spirit of the offensive; but, really, you couldn't blame him much. Where he was, there had quit bein' any line. It was just shelled into nothing. It further developed that the company on his right hadn't connected up, and altogether it was right annoyin'. You know, Heine was a great fellow to find a soft spot and filter through it—and I was sure that if he came he'd come this way.

"I told young—forget his name—nice boy—killed next day—to find the 67th, on his flank, and I grabbed the nearest man in the dark, and crawled

out in front to see what was up. Incidentally, this was not my pigeon. I should have sent the lieutenant, an' put my slightly higher-rankin' carcass in the deepest hole I could find. But followin' my first combat experience, where a number of distressin' things happened for which I've always felt responsible, I made me a principle—never send anybody where you wouldn't go yourself. This was that kind of a place, and I didn't have the guts to order him out. But I should have been careful about pickin' the man to go with me. As I said, I was a little upset—

"We crawled out among the shell-holes and the dead Frenchmen, like a couple of dry-land terrapins, an' very soon my escort pulled my coat-tail and crawled alongside. He said, very anguished: 'Sir! Sir! We better not go out there—we'll get killed—' For it was none other than Moe. I was right mad, but I had only myself to blame for him bein' there. We went on, an' the next time I stopped he repeated his warnin', with tears. I asked him what he thought he was there for, and we proceeded. But the third time he breathed his apprehensions against the back of my neck I lost my temper, and asked him if he knew the way back. He said he did. I then ordered him to return immediately, and I slunk on my way. A minute later he caught up, in disobedience of orders, sweatin' and shiverin', an' we played dead in the midst of a chaut-chaut team, deceased, for we heard something. It was to the right and behind us. People scrabbled in the dirt; one fellow grunted and another swore, and a voice snarled an order, and I heard the word '*granaten*' several times. Turnin' my head—they were behind us—I could catch the shadow of



We stopped to let another detail pass.

From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.



movement against the sky when our gun-flashes, away back, lighted it up a little. This was why Heine had quit putting up his flares. He was working people forward in the shell-holes—at least a section in this one lot.

“Movin’ when they moved, we got clear, and proceeded parallel with the Essen trench, meanin’ to cut back toward home as soon as we were far enough past. We rested in a shell-crater, Moe havin’ violent rigors against me, and we crawled out again, just in time to meet a file of them that came up from the left and very nearly stepped on my head. They went by, and spread out a little farther on. They set up a machine-gun—I could hear the retainin’-pins clink, and the water in her jacket gurgle as they shifted her. One of them was hummin’ a tune, which I could give you now, though I have no ear for music. Another Boche wandered back over us, rummagin’ the musettes of the dead Frenchmen lying around.

“We went a little way, and stopped to let another detail pass, moving toward my right. They halted for a minute, an’ I think they were very tired, because the nearest one, who was carryin’ machine-gun ammunition, maybe, shifted his load and gave a sort of little moan. Just about then, with the old Boche all around us, I heard the most appallin’ clatterin’ and snappin’. It was ’long near three o’clock and things had quieted down on the front. This noise was like castanets. It sounded loud enough to wake up a battalion sector. I never heard anything so loud. Presently it dawned on me that it was Moe’s teeth chatterin’—and neither of us was cold. I shoved my face into his and told him to shut up. He says: ‘Sir, I cccan’t.

I’m sccccared!’ I considered that it wouldn’t be practicable to strangle him—too noisy; I smoked Bull in those days, an’ I had my last sack in my gas-mask. I fished it out and rammed it between his teeth, an’ the clangin’ stopped.

“I’d found out all I wanted to know, an’ desired no further information, except how to get back. They were manning the shell-holes, as close up as they could get to us; at dawn we’d get a shower of potato-masher grenades around our ears, an’ they’d jump us. It’s a very sound stunt if you’re not expectin’ it. I needed to get back an’ take steps. And the worst scared I’ve ever been in my life was then. We crawled around, an’ got quite lost in the dark, an’ wound up by fallin’ in a hole on top of a lone Heine. Like a fool I reached for his hands, but Moe had better sense. He got hold of his throat, and Heine never gave but one squawk, which was more like a sneeze, for it attracted no attention, an’ I kept his legs still, so he didn’t thrash around. Then we took a chance on the way the man’s rifle was pointin’—it lay clear, on the lip of the hole, an’ guidin’ on it, we just slithered through them, some way—I don’t know how.

“We came in close to the road, toward the centre, and one of my marines missed us at ten feet. Before he could fire again Moe spit out my tobacco-sack an’ called him such names that he knew we were friends. When we were inside, Moe sat down an’ had hysterics or something—they tell me his sergeant had to sit on his head. But I got him a D. S. C. for it. He rated it. Any man that can be that scared an’ keep on comin’—”



Honolulu the Peacemaker

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

The President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching points out the possibilities and weaknesses of informal international gatherings in general and the Institute of Pacific Relations in particular.

THE past summer has seen an unusual number of unofficial gatherings engaged in the discussion of world questions. The Institute of Politics at Williamstown, the World Federation of Educational Associations at Toronto, the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation at Lausanne, and the World Conference on Faith and Order are examples of such meetings. Fully as interesting as any of these was the Institute of Pacific Relations which held its second session at Honolulu during the two weeks beginning July 15. Admirably situated as Honolulu is for a gathering-place of the peoples about the Pacific, cablegrams to the rest of the world are expensive. Perhaps for this reason the proceedings of the Institute of Pacific Relations were less fully recorded in the press of the United States than those at Williamstown and Lausanne.

These conferences are not entirely due to a wide-spread desire for world peace. No doubt many other motives enter. Since the debacle of the war there has grown up a sentiment in the world in favor of what Mr. Wilson called "open covenants openly arrived at." To some extent also the movement that has brought about these international meetings rests upon the desire to give greater

opportunity to the spoken word. There is a wide-spread feeling that mankind tends to believe a thing simply because it is in print; while, as a matter of fact, the written untruths probably exceed the spoken ones. It is easier to misrepresent in the printed page than when speaking face to face. The men who have most profoundly influenced mankind were not writers. Furthermore the printed page accessible to the majority of readers is the daily newspaper, the production of an anonymous, and oftentimes irresponsible, authorship. This is true even of the editorials in the daily press.

All these considerations have worked to bring about meetings of international groups whose members, through face-to-face conference, hope to understand better the motives and ideals of each other. In our present-day international difficulties, complex beyond those of any period of history, this desire to discuss controversial matters openly, face to face, is an encouraging sign of the times.

To understand the significance of the Institute of Pacific Relations it is necessary to know something of the importance of Hawaii in the Pacific, and of the influence of Honolulu in international relations. Dwellers on the mainland of the United States, unless they

have been in touch with this development, have little conception of the international place which Honolulu fills. The Institute of Pacific Relations is its child.

Present-day Hawaii and its chief city are due to the intelligence, enterprise, and foresight of a small group of Americans, mainly the sons and grandsons of the missionaries who went to the islands a hundred years ago to save the souls of the natives. Its chief business is the raising of sugar-cane and pineapples and, to a less extent, of coffee. A limited number of families own these business interests. They constitute a benevolent aristocracy. With their notable success as business men they still cherish the missionary spirit of their ancestors. Honolulu presents a remarkable union of the commercial and the missionary spirit.

At the beginning of sugar-cane cultivation, long before Hawaii became a Territory of the United States, it became clear that to grow sugar-cane, pineapple, and coffee there must be a continuous supply of unskilled labor willing to carry on the routine work of the plantations. White men will not do such work in the tropics. The native Hawaiian has little inclination for hard and monotonous labor. Accordingly, fifty years ago there began the importation of foreign laborers, first from China, then from Portugal (mainly from the islands), then from Japan and Korea, and, in recent years, from the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. The result is that, out of a population of 328,000 in 1926, 40 per cent were Japanese, 17 per cent Filipino, 14 per cent either Hawaiian or part Hawaiian, and only 11 per cent Caucasians. The Chinese compose 8 per cent and the Koreans and Porto Ricans account for

most of the remainder. Honolulu and Hawaii contain in microcosm the racial problems of the Pacific.

These racial groups have learned to live peaceably together and to co-operate in the commercial and industrial development of the islands. This has not come about to any great extent through race-amalgamation. Native Hawaiians have intermarried with the whites and with the Chinese, but, in the main, the racial groups remain intact. It has been accomplished by somewhat the same process which is employed in the international conferences. By friendly contact, one with another; by endeavor to understand the point of view of the Filipino, of the Japanese, of the Korean, of the Porto Rican, those who have developed Hawaii have brought about inter-racial co-operation. Citizens of the islands who are racially Chinese or Japanese are, in the majority of cases, American citizens. In another quarter of a century all the Chinese and Japanese inhabitants of Hawaii will be Americans. Filipinos, Hawaiians, and Porto Ricans are already within that pale. Daily papers in Japanese and Chinese are published in Honolulu; a weekly paper is published in Hawaiian. The leading Japanese paper—the *Nippu Jiji*—prints part of its pages in English. This paper's account of the proceedings of the Institute was intelligent and friendly.

In obtaining their supply of labor from many countries, the leading men of Honolulu found it necessary to make many contacts in the Orient. Twenty years ago they organized for this purpose the Pan-Pacific Union. Branches of the Union were founded all around the Pacific, including the countries of South America. Many conferences under the leadership of the Union have been held at Honolulu in which non-

controversial subjects were studied, such as conservation, fisheries, the promotion of forestry, the improvement of hygiene, and the prevention of plant diseases. The Union has shrewdly drawn its members not only from the intellectual classes but from the workers of the nations from which its groups are formed. Its membership extends from those of high title to peasants on the soil.

Finally, Honolulu has been in large measure the centre of an active effort to spread Christianity throughout the Pacific. The grandsons of the missionaries have never lost the missionary spirit. In 1923, through the machinery of the Young Men's Christian Association, a plan was developed to hold a conference in Honolulu in which the future of the Pacific peoples might be considered from a Christian standpoint. The theme upon which the conference was to deliberate was stated: "How can Christianity become the religion of the Pacific countries, and what part can the Young Men's Christian Association play in this programme of Christian progress?"

As a result of discussion and correspondence by a committee in Honolulu, a meeting was held in Atlantic City in 1924 to consider this project. Out of this meeting, and a subsequent one held in Europe, the character of the proposed conference was modified. Instead of being drawn entirely from the Young Men's Christian Association, its membership was widened and its programme of study modified so as to include such matters as immigration and emigration, tariffs and concessions, and other difficult questions which in recent years have affected the political and commercial relations of the peoples of the Pacific Ocean. The Y. M. C. A.

movement, begun at Honolulu, was thus transformed into the Institute of Pacific Relations, whose first meeting was held in July, 1925, at Honolulu. The delegates were lodged, as they were at the second conference just ended, in the dormitories of Punahou College, and during their stay were the guests of Hawaii.

It was in this way that the Institute of Pacific Relations came about. It arose out of the efforts of high-minded and able men in the city of Honolulu, and it has been made possible in the main by their generosity and hospitality. They have carried a large part of the expense. In recognition of this, the membership of the Institute contained a group representing Hawaii in addition to those who came from the mainland of the States.

The membership of the Institute present at the Honolulu meeting included 138 persons, of whom 115 were men and 23 were women. The countries represented and the number of members in the respective groups were: Australia, 6; Canada, 16; China, 14; Great Britain, 13; Hawaii, 16; Japan, 19; New Zealand, 4; Korea, 3; Philippines, 3; and continental United States, 44.

While the nations represented by these delegates constitute a large proportion of the peoples dwelling about the Pacific, there were some notable and regrettable absences. From Mexico and the whole of Central and South America there were no delegates. This was not due to a lack of invitation to the Hispanic-American countries. For various reasons these countries have not yet taken part in the proceedings of the Institute. It is hoped that by the time of the next biennial meeting delegations from Mexico and the South American

countries, at least from Chile and Peru, may be present.

The French in Cochin-China were not present, nor were there representatives of the Dutch in Java. The latter are reported to have intimated that, as they had no international troubles of their own, there seemed no need for them to participate in a convention to discuss other people's troubles!

Practically the gathering represented the English-speaking commonwealths—Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States—plus Japan and China. From the governmental point of view there was an additional distinction to be made. The members from the English-speaking commonwealths and Japan, while they came in no governmental capacity, were from nations in which there were stable governments commanding the loyal support of their people. The rôle of China was that of the sick man of Asia.

The purpose of the Institute is to afford opportunity to study the conditions of the peoples around the Pacific—economic, political, and social—and by friendly conference and discussion to open the way for better understanding and more sympathetic co-operation. Its organization provides for national units. Each participating country has a national council. The Institute as a whole is directed by a Pacific Council made up of one member appointed by each national council.

The method of procedure in the meetings was that which has become common in such conferences—round-table discussions, a forum in the evening, and public lectures. The executive committee prepared in advance a daily programme and assigned the members to the various round tables. English was the sole language used.

The day opened with a fifteen minutes' period of meditation on some topic suggested in advance by one of the members. At nine o'clock the round-table deliberations began. This hour was made possible by the fact that the delegates were housed in the dormitories of the Punahou School as guests of Honolulu, an arrangement which made constant interchanges of views easy. A round table included between thirty-five and forty persons drawn from all the national groups. Each round table was presided over by a chairman who guided the deliberations and discussions. The afternoon was given to meetings of committees and to occasional visits to institutions in Honolulu or to the homes of its hospitable citizens. The evenings were given to a forum in which all round tables met. This régime was pursued industriously and steadily from the beginning of the conference on the 15th until its adjournment on the 29th of July.

The matters taken up for discussion had to do wholly with international relations in the Pacific and mainly in respect to those questions which have become controversial. The central theme was China. The first three days, both in the round tables and in the forum, were devoted entirely to China and its problems. The discussions dealt with tariffs, extraterritoriality (the word "extrality" was suggested as an abbreviation), foreign concessions, and China's demand for complete sovereignty.

In similar fashion other questions of immediate interest to the peoples of the Pacific were discussed. Tariffs, Oriental immigration and emigration, population and food-supply in Japan, the influence of missionaries in Oriental countries as related to political and social progress, the demand of certain

Filipino leaders for independence, the relations of Korea and Japan, the condition of the natives in the part of Samoa under American control, the possibility of a reconsideration of the present immigration law of the United States so far as Japan is concerned—these and similar questions were the themes discussed. The meetings were not open to the public or to reporters. As a matter of fact, however, all discussions of great interest were described in the Honolulu papers.

The spirit of the conference was serious. The meeting consisted of men and women of liberal and sympathetic type who sincerely desired both to obtain information with respect to the questions discussed and to see their respective countries act in accordance with a just conception of international relations. The contacts established between the different groups and the opportunities to apprehend the divergence of view as between Western and Oriental peoples were most helpful. Such association makes for better understanding, and, in so far as the members of a group can convey to their respective countries an appreciation of the point of view of the foreigner and can assist in creating a sympathetic attitude toward his aspirations and desires, such meetings and discussions make for international understanding. How far this influence goes, and to what extent it affects public opinion in the respective countries, is a matter hard to appraise.

The membership of the Institute still reflects to a considerable extent its origin. It is made up mainly of representatives of the Y. M. C. A. and of college professors. Such men and women form admirable members of an international body, but each national group might well include a larger proportion of rep-

resentatives from business and from other professions. In particular there was need of the advice and of the point of view of men of large experience in the conduct of business and of government. This was illustrated in the presentation of the desires of China. The Chinese members of the conference were adherents of the National Chinese party, with Western education, of great intelligence, and of patriotic spirit, but reflecting in only partial degree the views of the business community or of the great mass of the population of their country. Indeed, as one listens to such discussions, he wonders whether any group of men can speak for China at the present time. Certainly there does not exist to-day a government that can speak for all the people of China. Eighty per cent of their four hundred and thirty millions (more or less) are peasants on the soil, sustaining life with great difficulty and a prey to economic disasters of famine and flood that levy heavy toll in human lives. This vast population has lived for centuries in an attitude of mind toward government which makes it impossible that they should understand the loyalty which, for example, the Japanese gives to his government. Behind all the discussions at Honolulu as to tariffs and sovereignty, and with the utmost good-will on the part of all representative groups who were present, there loomed the fundamental conviction that before China can discharge her international obligations she must first set her own house in order. Her people must learn loyalty to the nation and have faith in its government. How long a period this will require among a people that has for centuries known governmental power as an evil to be placated by bribery and evasion no one can foretell. Earnestly

as one hopes for the advancement of China as a nation, he must be impressed with the fact that this can come only through patient and gradual education of the Chinese people.

New wine has been poured into old bottles in the Far East in unprecedented quantities. No one can tell whether the bottles will burst or not. It is the clear duty of all nations to meet China in the most sympathetic spirit in her struggle. But the realities cannot be escaped. If she is to become a united nation with a common purpose, with a respect for orderly government and a sincere programme of development, this must in the end be wrought by the Chinese themselves. However hopeful one may be of the ultimate outcome, there is the possibility of a long period of tumult and disorder, that may bring disaster not to China alone but to all the world. The Institute of Pacific Relations judged rightly in considering China and its problems the chief topic of a Pacific Conference, but at the end of all the discussions one had found little more than a great hope on the one side and a friendly desire to help on the other.

The methods of the international conferences which centre around round-table sessions have their weaknesses as well as their strong points. Where the members of a round table have a background of facts with respect to the questions discussed, there is a practical starting-point from which fruitful discussion begins. On the other hand, if the round table consists in large part of persons whose acquaintance with the topic under consideration is limited or fragmentary, the sessions tend to resolve themselves into desultory discussions in which those who like to talk occupy the time. The presentation of some fair

statement of the facts, as an introduction to the questions to be discussed, is most necessary. This was illustrated in the round table that dealt with the problem of population and food-supply in Japan. The meeting began with admirable papers by Japanese and Americans. The resulting discussion was informing, interesting, and led somewhere.

The secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations has been most energetic in its effort to meet this situation. Its publications in advance of the meeting were numerous. Some of these were of great interest and formed an excellent background for the discussion of the questions brought before the groups. The studies of Professor Adams, of the University of Hawaii, on the racial groups in that Territory were notable for their care, and for the caution in generalizing from assembled facts. It was evident, however, that a considerable proportion of those who attended the meetings had not found time to read the literature which the secretariat had placed at their disposal.

Underlying all the discussions of the Institute were two tendencies which were never debated but lay always near the surface.

One was the natural inclination of any such international group to take a hand in world politics. The other was the attitude toward newspaper publicity. These two matters are related, the one to the other.

It has been the rule of the Institute, during the brief period of its existence, to discuss questions with frankness but to pass no formal resolutions, although such resolutions are sometimes drawn up by subcommittees. When matters that are controversial as between governments—such as the questions of ex-

tratorritoriality and of foreign concessions in China, of Philippine independence, of the relations between Japan and Korea—are discussed, there is a very human desire to cast the opinion of the majority into a resolution or a formula. When one is part of an international group drawn from the ends of the earth, it would be strange if he did not take himself fairly seriously and feel that his formula not only points to the right path but that it interprets

the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to
come.

Sometimes in the Honolulu meeting there were occasions when the Institute was disposed to take itself a little too seriously, but on such occasions the sound judgment of the chairman always came to the rescue.

The tendency toward political thinking was likewise apparent in the constant condemnation of "the old diplomacy" and of diplomats in general, with the implication that unofficial gatherings like that of the Institute could take the place of negotiations conducted by the representatives of government. It requires only brief consideration to show that, however fruitful gatherings such as that of the Institute of Pacific Relations may be, they cannot take the place of the careful, laborious, and searching work of a joint commission representing two governments, where the facts are brought to light as they cannot possibly be brought in an informal gathering. It is important that such gatherings keep in mind the distinctions between these responsibilities.

So far as the United States is concerned, the matters which have brought irritation in the Pacific have arisen not through the action of governmental

diplomats but through the acts of citizens of a State or of politicians who were ready to play local politics with international issues. The just irritation of the Japanese over the Exclusion Act is not due to the action either of the executives or of the diplomatic representatives of our national government. The President and the secretary of state sought to bring about a cessation of Japanese immigration, which both Americans and Japanese recognized as inevitable, by a straightforward arrangement which accomplished that object, while it did not affront a great and friendly neighbor. Their efforts were defeated by a few politicians, of whom those from the State of California were the most active. An energetic protest against this brand of politics, by friends of international good-will in California, will go farther toward securing a friendly understanding in the Orient than pious words in praise of peace.

The group representing Japan at the Honolulu conference, a body of distinguished men and women, voiced the hope that in time the United States would remove by some appropriate action what seemed to them an unnecessary reflection upon their people contained in the Exclusion Act. To Americans who value the friendship of Japan, no less than to Japanese themselves, this action remains as one of those regrettable occasions when a great question was handled on the basis of small politics. Everybody realized that emigration from Japan to the United States must cease if another difficult racial problem in our country was to be avoided. It is difficult to forgive the politicians, least of all the then chairman of the foreign affairs committee, for the method by which the recommendations of President Coolidge and Secretary

Hughes were defeated. For the present, the matter is *res adjudicata*. Nothing can be gained by a discussion of it in the next decade. But Americans who love their country's honor hope that in time the occasion may come when a gracious act of our government may remove this cause of irritation, and that in the meantime the government and the people of the United States may be able to extend to Japan such acts of international appreciation and good-will as may remind them of the fact that the manner of the Exclusion Act was due neither to the government nor to the people of the United States, but was the outcome of petty politics.

There is also another side to this matter. It may well be hoped that the people of Japan will cease to look upon this incident as an unforgettable insult. To do this is to magnify it out of all due proportion. In this careless world neither an individual nor a nation can wear its heart on its sleeve, and international manners are not always a true index of international friendship. In the long vista of the years Japan will find its best friend among the nations of the earth in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that our international manners have not always been of the best.

In "De Senectute" Cicero relates that on one occasion, when one of the great tragedies was being performed in Athens, a venerable man came into the theatre and went about looking for a seat. No one offered him one until he came to the section occupied by the Spartan ambassadors, who rose as one man and presented him their seats. This act of courtesy so pleased the Athenian audience that they indicated their approval in tremendous applause; which caused one of the Spartans to remark that while the Athenians did not practise po-

liteness themselves they admired it in others. The dignity, courtesy, and patience with which the Japanese Government has dealt with the discourtesy of the United States Senate commands the admiration of every American citizen who is conversant with the facts.

In the conduct of international institutes the relations with the daily press are not an entirely simple matter. Opinion is divided between the desire to maintain complete freedom of discussion and to obtain, at the same time, publicity for the views and conclusions that may be expressed. At the meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations representatives of the press were excluded from the round tables and from the forum, but fairly complete press reports were given to the public.

How far the dissemination in the daily press of the discussions of an unofficial international body, like the Institute of Pacific Relations, serves the cause of international friendship is not entirely clear. At these meetings controversial questions arise and statements are made on both sides. The news which the public receives comes usually in the form of the individual pronouncement of one or another speaker. The effect of such newspaper publicity sometimes serves rather to advertise the organization before which the discussions were held than to make clear a knowledge of the complicated relations between nations. A newspaper account may cut two ways. It may spread abroad arguments which make for better understanding, but with equal facility it may lend itself to the propagation of intemperate statements, particularly when these have a sensational trend. It may well be doubted whether reports of such speeches make for better understanding between nations. For example: it is cer-

tainly questionable whether the newspaper accounts of the somewhat acrimonious discussion before the Williams-town Institute concerning the policy of the United States toward Latin America helped the cause of friendship between nations of the two continents. The type of international conference now popular has possibilities for creating international distrust as well as for promoting international appreciation. The significant accomplishment of such a conference does not lie in newspaper publicity, but arises rather from the contacts established between the groups of intelligent and thoughtful people of many nationalities, meeting face to face, discussing questions of common interest, and going back to their homes to spread in their respective countries an understanding of and respect for the aspirations and points of view of their neighbors. Newspaper publicity should be subordinated to this fundamental purpose, and it should be so conducted as not to give to the man with a bitter tongue an audience he could never secure as an individual. Americans are more prone than the nationals of other countries to sweeping condemnation of the foreign policy of their government, and such pronouncements make good head-lines.

Can agencies like the Institute of Pacific Relations exert an appreciable influence for good-will between nations? This is the question which arises in the mind of every thoughtful student who has attended such gatherings. In time these agencies must stand or fall according to the answer which public opinion reaches with respect to this question.

The unofficial international bodies that meet at stated intervals to discuss international relations are still in the experimental stage. It is generally agreed

that their essential *metier* lies in the contacts formed between the nationals of the various countries who return to their homes and interpret the views and aspirations of other peoples. However desirable newspaper publicity may be, it is not the chief agency through which such international bodies operate. Mere advertising will have no real function in promoting the fundamental aims for which they exist. An unwise publicity may easily harm the cause of international good-will. As Bismarck shrewdly remarked, a country pays in the long run for the window-panes that its press breaks in another country. Breaking window-panes is still a favorite occupation with some journals.

If this is a fair estimate of the field of activity of such conferences, their capacity for usefulness will depend directly on the qualities of those who make up their meetings. A mere academic discussion by a group of high-minded men and women all of whom are hospitable to the cause of international friendship may be an interesting experience for those who attend, but it is like preaching to the converted. If progress is to be accomplished through these gatherings and the discussions which they hold, it must be effected by influencing the opinion of those in various countries who are indifferent or who are prejudiced. This will be brought about mainly in any given country by the actions of their own nationals who are able to interpret the views of other peoples. Such international gatherings will, therefore, have influence in proportion as they are made up of persons who represent many fields of public opinion and who have the ability and the knowledge to express to their countrymen the ideals of international co-operation. The continued usefulness of such international

gatherings will depend in the long run on securing as members able men and women who represent a fair sweep of intelligent public opinion and who have the character, the ability, and the desire to spread the spirit of international confidence and good-will. Only by such a process can these international gatherings expect to become fruitful factors in the life of the world. Their influence for good-will depends primarily neither

on the publicity they may secure in the daily press nor on the number and variety of their own publications, but rather on the quality of those who compose the conference and on their capacity to interpret in their respective countries a hospitable, friendly, and co-operative spirit. This may be a slow process as compared with the claims of modern propaganda, but along this path peace is, in the end, to be found.



Nineteen Twenty-Eight

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

"The immense Age waits—
Veiled are the faces of the Fates."
—*Fawcett*.

A VOLUME with the pages yet uncut,
And silence nestling within the leaves.
Immovable, mysterious, closely shut,
Here Fate the future marvellously weaves.

Here power and progress now await their birth,
And evil forces frame their subtle plans
To vanquish aspirations of high worth
And throttle protests in unhappy lands.

What will transpire no mortal man can know,—
What welcome changes, or what things to fear;
What this sealed book contains of joy and woe,
At the grim outpost of the dying year.

We can but hope that destinies unborn
Breed less of murder, tyranny, and lust;
Strong to resist each lacerating thorn,
Buttressed by Honesty—handmaid to Trust.



A Silent Wooing

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," etc.

ON the 1st of February, 1924, Jon Forsyte, convalescing from the 'flu, was sitting in the lounge of a hotel at Camden, S. C., with his bright hair slowly rising on his scalp. He was reading about a lynching.

A voice behind him said:

"Will you join our picnic over at those old-time mounds to-day?"

Looking up he saw a young acquaintance called Francis Wilmot, who came from farther south.

"Very glad to. Who's going?"

"Why, just Mr. and Mrs. Pulmore Harrison, and that English novelist Gurdon Minho, and the Blair girls and their friends, and my sister Anne and I. You could ride over horseback, if you want exercise."

"All right; they've got some new horses in this morning from Columbia."

"Why, that's fine! My sister and I'll ride horseback too, and some of the Blair girls. The Harrisons can tote the others."

"Tote," said Jon. "Good word, that. I say, this is a pretty bad case of lynching."

The young man to whom he spoke leaned in the window. Jon admired his face, as of ivory, with dark hair and eyes, and narrow nose and lips, and his lissome free attitude.

"All you Britishers go off the deep-end when you read of a lynching. You haven't got the negro problem up

where you are at Southern Pines. They don't have it any to speak of, in North Carolina."

"No, and I don't profess to understand it. But I can't see why negroes shouldn't be tried the same as white men. There may be cases where you've got to shoot at sight; but I don't see how you can defend mob law. Once you catch a man, he ought to be tried properly."

"We're not taking any chances with that particular kind of trouble."

"But if a man isn't tried, how can you tell he's guilty?"

"Well, we'd sooner do without an innocent darky now and again, than risk our women."

"I should have thought killing a man for a thing he hadn't done was worse than anything."

"Maybe, in Europe. But not here. Things are in the large, still."

"What do they think about lynching in the North?"

"They squeal a bit, but they've no call to. If we've got negroes, they've got the Reds, and they surely have a whole-sale way with them."

Jon Forsyte tilted back his rocking-chair, with a puzzled frown.

"I reckon there's too much space in this country, still," said Francis Wilmot; "a man has all the chances to get off. So where we feel strong about a thing, we take the law into our own hands."

"Well, every country to its own fash-

ions. What are these mounds we're going to?"

"Old Indian remains that go 'way back thousands of years, they say. You haven't met my sister? She only came last night."

"No. What time do we start?"

"Noon; it's about an hour's ride by the woods."

At noon then, in riding-kit, Jon came out to the five horses, for more than one of the Blair girls had elected to ride. He started between them, Francis Wilmot going ahead with his sister.

The Blair girls were young and pretty with a medium-colored, short-faced, well-complexioned, American prettiness, of a type to which he had become accustomed during the two and a half years he had spent in the United States. They were at first extremely silent, and then extremely vocal. They rode astride, and very well. Jon learned that they, as well as the givers of the picnic, Mr. and Mrs. Pulmore Harrison, abode in Long Island. They asked him many questions about England, to which Jon, who had left it at the age of nineteen, invented many answers. He began to look longingly between his horse's ears at Francis Wilmot and his sister, cantering ahead in a silence that, from a distance, seemed extremely restful. Their way led through pine woods—of trees spindly and sparse, and over a rather sandy soil; the sunlight was clear and warm, the air still crisp. Jon rode a single-footing bay horse, and felt as one feels on the first day of recovered health.

The Blair girls wished to know what he thought of the English novelist—they were dying to see a real highbrow. Jon had read only one of his books, and of the characters therein could only remember a cat. The Blair girls had read

none; but they had heard that his cats were just too cunning.

Francis Wilmot, reining up in front, pointed at a large mound which certainly seemed to be unnaturally formed. They all reined up, looked at it for two minutes in silence, judged it was 'very interesting,' and rode on. In a hollow the occupants of two cars were disembarking food. Jon led the horses away to tether them alongside the horses of Wilmot and his sister.

"My sister," said Francis Wilmot.

"Mr. Forsyte."

She looked at Jon, and Jon looked at her. She was slim but distinctly firm, in a long dark-brown coat and breeches and boots; her hair was bobbed and dark under a soft brown felt hat. Her face was pale, rather browned, and had a sort of restrained eagerness—the brow broad and clear, the nose straight and slightly sudden, the mouth unreddened, rather wide and pretty. But what struck Jon were her eyes, which were exactly his idea of a water-nymph's. They slanted a little, and were steady and brown and enticing; whether there was ever such a slight squint in them he could not tell, but if there were it was an improvement. He felt shy. Neither of them spoke.

Francis Wilmot remarked: "I reckon I'm hungry." And they walked side by side toward the eatables.

Jon said suddenly to the sister:

"You've just come, then, Miss Wilmot?"

"Yes, Mr. Forsyte."

"Where from?"

"From Naseby. It's 'way down between Charleston and Savannah."

"Oh! Charleston; I liked Charleston."

"Anne likes Savannah best," said Francis Wilmot.

Anne nodded. She was not talkative, it seemed, though her voice had sounded pleasant in small quantities.

"It's kind of lonely where we live," said Francis. "Mostly darkies. Anne's never seen an Englishman to speak to."

Anne smiled. Jon also smiled. Neither pursued the subject. They arrived at the eatables, spread in a manner calculated to give the maximum of muscular and digestive exertion. Mrs. Pulmore Harrison, a lady of forty or so and defined features, was seated with her feet turned up; next to her, Gurdon Minho, the English novelist, had his legs in a more reserved position; and then came quantities of seated girls, all with pretty unreserved legs; Mr. Pulmore Harrison, somewhat apart, was pursing a small mouth over the cork of a large bottle. Jon and the Wilmots also sat down. The picnic had begun.

Jon soon realized that everybody was expecting Gurdon Minho to say something beyond "Yes," "Really!" "Ah!" "Quite!" This did not occur. The celebrated novelist was at first almost painfully attentive to what everybody else said, and then seemed to go into a coma. Jon felt a patriotic disappointment, for he himself was, if anything, even more silent. He could see that, among the three Blair girls and their two girl friends, a sort of conspiracy was brewing, to quiz the silent English in the privacy of the future. Francis Wilmot's speechless sister was a comfort to him; he felt that she would neither be entitled nor inclined to join that conspiracy. He took refuge in handing victuals and was glad when the period of eating on constricted stomachs was over. Picnics were like Christmas Day, better in the future and the past than in the present. After the normal period of separation into genders, the baskets

were repacked, and all resorted to their vehicles. The two cars departed for another mound said to be two miles off. Francis Wilmot and the two Blair girls judged they would get back and watch the polo. Jon asked Anne Wilmot which she wished to do. She elected to see the other mound.

They mounted and pursued a track through the woods in silence. At last Jon said:

"Do you like picnics?"

"I certainly do not."

"Nor do I. But riding?"

"I just adore it more than anything in the world."

"More than dancing?"

"Surely. Riding and swimming."

"Ah! I thought—" And he was silent.

"What did you think?"

"Well, I thought somehow you were a good swimmer."

"Why?"

Jon said with embarrassment: "By your eyes—"

"What! Are they fishy?"

Jon laughed. "Not exactly. They're like a water-nymph's."

"I don't just know if that's a compliment."

"Of course it is."

"I thought nymphs weren't respectable."

"Oh! *Water-nymphs*—very! Shy, of course."

"Do you have many in England?"

"No. As a matter of fact I've never seen one before."

"Then how do you know?"

"Just a general sense of what's fitting."

"I suppose you had a classical education. Don't you all have that in England?"

"Far from it."

"And how do you like America, Mr. Forsyte?"

"Very much. I get homesick sometimes."

"I'd love to travel."

"You never have?"

She shook her head. "I just stay at home and look after things. But I reckon we'll have to sell the old home—cotton doesn't pay any more."

"I grow peaches near Southern Pines, you know, up in North Carolina; that's paying at present."

"D'you live there alone?"

"No; with my mother."

"Is she English?"

"Yes."

"Have you a father?"

"He died four years ago."

"Francis and I have been orphans ten years."

"I wish you'd both come and stay with us some day; my mother would be awfully glad."

"Is she like you?"

Jon laughed. "No. She's beautiful."

The eyes regarded him gravely, the lips smiled faintly.

"I'd just love to come, but Francis and I can't ever be away together."

"But," said Jon, "you're both here."

"We go back to-morrow; I wanted to see Camden." The eyes resumed their steady consideration of Jon's face. "Won't you come back with us and see our home—it's old. Francis would like to have you come."

"Do you always know what your brother would like?"

"Surely."

"That must be jolly. But do you really mean you want me to come?"

"I certainly do."

"I'd enjoy it awfully; I hate hotels. I mean—well, you know—" But as *he* didn't, he was not so sure that she did.

She touched her horse, and that single-footing animal broke into a canter.

Along the alleys of the eternal pine wood the sun was in their eyes; a warmed scent rose from pine-needles, gum, and herbs; the going was sandy and soft; the horses in good mood. Jon felt happy. This girl had strange eyes, enticing; and she rode better even than the Blair girls.

"I suppose all the English ride well?" she said.

"Most do, when they ride at all; but we don't ride much nowadays."

"I'd love to see England; our folk came from England in 1700—Worcestershire. Where is that?"

"It's our Middle West," said Jon. "But as unlike as ever you can imagine. It's a fruit-growing county—very pretty; white timbered houses, pastures, orchards, woods, green hills. I went there walking one holiday with a school friend."

"It sounds just lovely. Our ancestors were Roman Catholics. They had a place called Naseby; that's why we call ours Naseby. But my grandmother was French Creole, from Louisiana. Is it true that in England they think Creoles have negro blood in them?"

"We're very ignorant," said Jon. "I know the Creoles are the old French and Spanish families. You both look as if you had French blood."

"Francis does. Do you think we've passed that mound? We've come all of four miles, and I thought it was only two."

"Does it matter? The other mound was rather overrated."

The lips smiled; she didn't ever quite laugh, it seemed.

"What Indians hereabouts?" asked Jon.

"I'm not too sure; Seminoles, if any,

I think. But Francis says these mounds would be from 'way back before the present tribes. What made you come to America, Mr. Forsyte?"

Jon bit his lip. To give the reason—family feud—broken love-affair—was not exactly possible.

"I went first to British Columbia; but I didn't get on too well. Then I heard of peaches in North Carolina."

"But why did you leave England?"

"I suppose I just wanted to see the world."

"Yes," she said. It was a very quiet but comprehending sound; Jon was the more gratified, because she had not comprehended. The image of his first love did not often haunt him now—had not for a year or more. He had been so busy with his peaches. Besides, Holly had written that Fleur had a boy. He said, suddenly: "I think we ought to turn. Look at the sun." The sun, indeed, was well down behind the trees.

"My—yes!"

Jon turned his steed. "Let's gallop, it'll be down in half an hour; and there's no moon till late."

They galloped back along the track. The sun went down even faster than he had thought, the air grew cold, the light gray. Jon reined up suddenly.

"I'm awfully sorry; I don't believe we're on the track we came by from the picnic. I feel we've gone off to the right. The tracks are all alike, and these horses only came in from Columbia yesterday; they don't know the country any more than we do."

The girl laughed. "We'll be lost."

"M'm! That'll be no joke in these woods. Don't they ever end?"

"I reckon not, in these parts. It's an adventure."

"Yes; but you'll catch cold. It's jolly cold at night."

"And you've had 'flu!"

"Oh! That's all right. Here's a track to the left. Shall we go on, or shall we take it?"

"Take it."

They cantered on. It was too dark now for galloping, and soon too dark for cantering. And the track wound on and on.

"This is a pretty business," said Jon; "I *am* sorry." He peered toward her riding beside him, and could just see her smile.

"Why! It's lots of fun."

He was glad she thought so, but he could not see it.

"I *have* been an ass. Your brother'll be pretty sick with me."

"He'll know I'm with you."

"If we only had a compass. We may be out all night at this rate. Here's another fork! Gosh, it *is* going to be dark."

And almost as he spoke the last of the light failed; he could barely see her five yards away. He came up close alongside, and she touched his sleeve.

"Don't worry," she said; "that spoils it."

Shifting his reins, he gave her hand a squeeze.

"You're splendid, Miss Wilmot."

"Oh! do call me Anne. Surnames seem kind of chilly when you're lost."

"Thank you very much. My name's Jon. Without an h, you know—short for Jolyon."

"Jolyon—Jon; I like it."

"Anne's always been my favorite name. Shall we stop till the moon rises, or ride on?"

"When will the moon rise?"

"About ten, I think, judging from last night. And it'll be nearly full. But it's hardly six yet."

"Let's ride on and leave it to the horses."

"Right! Only, if they make for anywhere I'm pretty sure it'll be toward Columbia, which must be miles and miles."

They pursued the narrow track at a foot's pace. It was really dark now.

Jon said: "Are you cold? You'd be warmer walking. I'll go ahead; stick close enough to see me."

He went ahead, and soon dismounted, feeling cold himself; there was utter silence among unending trees, and no light. It was weird.

"I'm cold now," said the voice of Anne. "I'll get off, too."

They had trailed on perhaps half an hour like this, leading their horses, and almost feeling their way when Jon said:

"Look! There's some sort of a clearing here! And what's that blackness on the left?"

"It's a mound."

"Which mound, I wonder? The one we saw, or the other, or neither?"

"I reckon we'd better stop here till the moon rises, then maybe we'll see which it is, and know our way."

"You're right. There'll be swamps, I expect. I'll tether the horses to leeward, and we'll try and find a nook. It is cold."

He tethered the horses out of the wind, and, turning back, found her beside him.

"It's creepy."

"We'll find a snug place, and sit down."

He put his hand through her arm, and they moved round the foot of the mound.

"Here," said Jon, suddenly; "they've been digging. This'll be sheltered." He felt the ground—dry enough: "Let's squat here and talk."

Side by side, with their backs to the wall of the excavated hollow, they lighted cigarettes, and sat listening to the silence. But for a snuffle or soft stamp now and then from the horses, there wasn't a sound. Trees and wind, both, were too sparse for melody, and nothing but their two selves and their horses seemed alive. A sprinkle of stars in a very dark sky, and the deeper blackness of the pine stems, was all they could see. Ah! and the glowing tips of their cigarettes, and each other's faces vaguely illumined, now and then, thereby.

"I don't expect you'll ever forgive me for this," said Jon, gloomily.

"Why! I'm just loving it."

"Very sweet of you to say so; but you must be awfully cold. Look here—have my coat!"

He had begun to take it off when she said:

"If you do that I'll run out into the woods and get really lost."

Jon resumed his coat.

"It might have been one of those Blair girls," he said.

"Would you rather?"

"For your sake of course. Not for my own—no, indeed!"

They were looking round at each other so that the tips of their cigarettes were almost touching. Just able to see her eyes, he had a very distinct impulse to put his arm round her. It seemed the natural and proper thing to do, but of course it was not 'done'!

"Have some chocolate," she said.

Jon ate a very little. The chocolate should be reserved for her!

"This is a real adventure. It *is* black. I'd have been scared alone—seems kind of spooky here."

"Spirits of the old Indians," muttered Jon. "Only I don't believe in spirits."

"You would if you'd had a colored mammy."

"Did you have one?"

"Surely, with a voice as soft as mush-melon. We have one old darky still, who was a slave as a boy. He's the best of all the negroes round—nearly eighty, with quite white wool."

"Your father couldn't have been in the Civil War, could he?"

"No; my two grandfathers, and my great-grandfather."

"And how old are you, Anne?"

"Nineteen."

"I'm twenty-three."

"Tell me about your home in England."

"I haven't one now." He began an expurgated edition of his youth, and it seemed to him that she listened beautifully. Then he asked for her story in return; and, while she told it, he wondered whether he liked her voice or not. It dwelled and it slurred, but it was soft and had great flavor. When she had finished her simple tale, for she had hardly been away from home, there was silence, till Jon said:

"It's half past seven only. I'll go and see that the horses are all right, then perhaps you could get a snooze."

He moved round the foot of the mound till he came to the horses, and stayed a little talking to them and stroking their noses. A feeling warm and protective stirred within him. This was a nice child, and a brave one, and a face to remember, with lots behind it. Suddenly, he heard her voice, low and as if pretending not to call: "Jon, oh! Jon!" He felt his way back through the darkness. Her hands were stretched out.

"It is spooky! That funny rustling! I've got creeps down my back!"

"The wind's got up a bit. Let's sit back to back—it'll keep you warm. Or,

look here, I'll sit against the wall, if you lean up against me you could go to sleep. It's only two hours now—we can ride on by moonlight."

They took up the suggested postures, her back against his side, and her head in the hollow of his arm and shoulder.

"Comfy?"

"Surely. It stops the creeps. Aren't I too heavy, though?"

"Not a bit," said Jon.

They smoked and talked a little more. The stars were brighter now, and their eyes more accustomed to the darkness. And they were grateful for each other's warmth. Jon enjoyed the scent, as of hay, that rose from her hair not far below his nose. Then came a long silence, while the warm protective feeling grew and grew within him. He would have liked to slip his arms round and hold her closer. But, of course, he did not. It was, however, as much as he could do to remain a piece of warmth impersonal enough for her to recline against. This was the very first time since he left England that he had felt an inclination to put his arms round any one, so badly burnt had he been in that old affair. The wind rose, talked in the trees, died away again; the stillness was greater than ever. He was very wide-awake, and it seemed curious to him that she should sleep, for, surely, she was asleep—so still. The stars twinkled, and he gazed up at them. His limbs began to ache and twitch, and suddenly he realized that she was no more asleep than he. She slowly turned her head till he could see her eyes, grave, enticing.

"I'm too heavy," she said, and raised herself; but his arm restored her.

"Not a bit; so long as you're warm and comfy."

Her head settled in again; and the

vigil was resumed. They talked a little now, of nothing important, and he thought: 'It's queer—one could live months knowing people and not know them half so well as we shall know each other now.'

Again a long silence fell; but this time his arm was round her, it was more comfortable so, for both of them. And Jon began to have the feeling that it would be inadvisable for the moon to rise. Had she that feeling too? He wondered. But if she had, the moon in its courses paid no attention. For suddenly he became conscious that it was there, behind the trees somewhere lurking, a curious kind of stilly glimmer creeping about the air, along the ground, in and out of the tree-stems.

"The moon!" he said. She did not stir, and his heart beat rather fast. So! She did not want the moon to rise, any more than he! And slowly the creeping glimmer became light, and, between the tree-stems, stole, invading their bodies till they were visible. And still they sat, unstirring, as if afraid to break a spell. The moon gained power and a cold glory, and rose above the trees; the world was alive once more. Jon thought: 'Could I kiss her?' And at once recoiled. As if she would want! But as though she divined his thought, she turned her head, and her eyes looked into his. Then Jon said:

"I'm in charge of you!"

Her answer was a little sigh, and she got up. They stood, stretching, gazing into the whitened mysterious wood.

"Look, Anne! It is the mound. There's the path down to the hollow where we had the picnic. Now we can find the way all right."

"Yes," a sound he could not interpret. But they went toward the horses, untethered them, and mounted. Be-

tween them, they would remember the way now; and they set forth. They rode side by side.

Jon said:

"Well, that'll be something to remember."

"Yes, I shall always remember it."

They said no more, except to consult about the way, but this was soon clear, and they cantered. They came out on the polo ground close to the hotel.

"You go in and relieve your brother's mind. I'll take the horses round, and then come on."

When he entered the hotel lounge Francis Wilmot, still in riding-clothes, was alone. His expression was peculiar, not exactly hostile, but certainly not friendly.

"Anne's gone up," he said. "I reckon you haven't much bump of locality. You surely had me scared."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jon humbly; "I forgot the horses were new to the country."

"Well!" said Francis Wilmot, and shrugged his shoulders. Jon looked at the young man steadily.

"You don't think that I got bushed on purpose? Because you look as if you did."

Again Francis Wilmot shrugged his shoulders.

"Forgive me," said Jon; "but aren't you forgetting that your sister's a lady, and that one doesn't behave like a cad with a lady?"

Francis Wilmot did not answer; he went to a window and stood looking out. Jon felt very angry. He sat down on the arm of a long chair, feeling suddenly extremely tired. He sat there looking at the ground, frowning heavily. Damn the fellow! Had he been bullying Anne? If he had—! A voice behind him said: "I reckon I didn't

mean it. I certainly am sorry. It was just the scare. Shake hands!"

Jon stretched out his own impulsively, and they shook hands, looking straight into each other's eyes.

"You must be about through," said Francis Wilmot. "Come on to my room; I've gotten a flask. I've given Anne a dram."

They went up. Jon sat in the only chair, Francis Wilmot on the bed.

"Anne tells me she's asked you to come home with us to-morrow. I surely hope you will."

"I should simply love to."

"That's fine!"

They drank, talked a little, smoked.

"Good night!" said Jon, suddenly, "or I shall go to sleep here."

They shook hands again, and Jon staggered to his room. He fell asleep at once.

They travelled next day, all three, through Columbia and Charleston, to the Wilmots' place. It stood in the bend of a red river, with cotton-fields around, and swampy ground where live-oaks grew, melancholy, festooned with Florida moss. The old slave quarters, disused except as kennels, were still standing; the two-storied house had flights of wooden steps running up on each side, on to the wide wisteriaed porch, and wanted a coat of paint; and, within, rooms ran one into the other, hung with old portraits of dead Wilmots and de Frevilles; and darkies wandered around and talked their soft drawled speech.

Jon was happier than he had been since he landed in the New World three and a half years ago. In the mornings he sauntered with the dogs in the sunlight or tried to write poetry—for the two young Wilmots were busy. After the midday meal he rode with them

or with Anne alone. In the evening he learned from her to play the ukulele before a wood fire lighted at sundown, or heard about cotton culture from Francis, with whom, since that moment of animosity, he was on the best of terms.

Between Anne and himself there was little talk; they had, as it were, resumed the silence which had fallen when they sat in the dark under the old Indian mound. But he watched her; indeed, he was always trying to catch the grave enticing look in her dark eyes. She more and more seemed to him unlike any girl he had ever known, quicker, more silent, and with more 'sand.' The days went on, in warm sun, and the nightly scent of wood smoke; and his holiday drew to an end. He could play the ukulele now, and they sang to it—negro spirituals, songs from "Rose Marie," and other immortal works. The last day came, and dismay descended on Jon. To-morrow, early, he was going back to his peaches at Southern Pines! That afternoon, riding with her for the last time, the silence was almost unnatural, and she did not even look at him. Jon went up to change, with panic in his heart. He knew now that he wanted to take her back with him, and he thought he knew that she did not want to come. How he would miss watching for those eyes to be fixed on him! He was thirsty with the wish to kiss her. He went down moodily, and sat in a long chair before the wood fire, pulling a spaniel's ears and watching the room darken. Perhaps she wouldn't even come for a last singsong. Perhaps there would be nothing more but dinner and an evening *à trois*; not even a chance to say he loved her and be told that she didn't love him. And he thought, miserably: 'It's my fault—I'm a silent fool; I've missed all my chance.'

The room darkened till there was nothing but firelight, and the spaniel went to sleep. Jon, too, closed his eyes. It was as if he could wait better, thus—for the worst. When he opened them she was standing in front of him with the ukuleles in her hands.

"Do you want to play, Jon?"

"Yes," said Jon, "let's play. It's the last time"; and he took his ukulele.

She sat down on the rug before the fire, and began to tune hers. Jon slipped down beside the spaniel and began to tune his. The spaniel got up and went away.

"What shall we sing?"

"I don't want to sing, Anne. You sing; I'll just accompany."

She didn't look at him! She would not look at him! It was all up! What a fool he'd been!

Anne sang. She sang a crooning phrase—the call over the mountains, from "Rose Marie." Jon plucked his strings, and the tune plucked his heart. She sang it through. She sang it again, and her eyes slid round. God! She *was* looking at him. She mustn't see that he knew she was! It was too good—that long dark look over the ukulele. Between him and her were her ukulele and his own. He dropped the beastly thing. And, suddenly shifting along the floor, he put his arm round her. Without a word she drooped her head down against his shoulder, as when they sat under the Indian mound. He bent his cheek down to her hair. It smelled, as it had then, of hay. Then, just as she had screwed her face round in the moonlight, she turned it to him now. This time Jon kissed her lips.



Garden Valedictory

BY EDITH WHARTON

I WILL not say that you are dead, but only
Scattered like seed upon the autumn breeze,
Renewing life where all seemed locked and lonely,
Stored in shut buds and inarticulate trees,

So that this earth, this meaningless earth, may yet
Regain some sense for me, because a word
You spoke in passing trembles in the jet
Of the frail fountain in my garden-close,
Because you stopped one day before this rose,
Or I can hear you in the migrant bird
Throating goodbye along the lime-tree aisle,
And feel your hand in mine, and breathe awhile.



We Southerners

BY GROVER C. HALL

The editor of the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser* predicts that the South will soon become as gay in public as it is now in private.

WE Southerners are almost in a good humor again. It is now sixty-two years since all was lost to us save pride and ambition, and even the crows went hungry. It is fifty years since Hayes ended the period of occupation and thereby reconciled us Democrats to the downfall of the mighty Tilden. It is fifty-nine years since Thad Stevens went away Somewhere, and thirty-four years since "Beast" Butler went down to comfort him. It is twenty-nine years since little Joe Wheeler sweated manfully under the weight of his blue uniform in tropic Cuba. It is nine years since Robert Lee Bullard and Alvin York looked east toward Berlin, and five years since 2300 S Street, Washington, was the foremost private residence on earth. And to-day General Charles P. Summerall, of Florida, is chief of staff of the United States Army, and Admiral Henry Ariosto Wiley, son of Alabama and Texas, is commander of the United States fleet. Why shouldn't we be in a good humor?

But still other factors have worked for our peace of mind, though they involved us in an exercise of give-and-take which, truth to say, was good for us. Thus, if we have lived to accept Old Abe as a great and good man, we have had the incredibly immense satisfaction of seeing the world accept at our own rather high valuation the quality of the

Confederate soldier; and it is now not more than once a year that some son-of-a-sea-cook calls Jefferson Davis a traitor—and thereby reminds us of something which we are fast forgetting, the War Between the States. We long since ceased to whisper it about that Davis and Lincoln were half-brothers. Not one in a million of our children now under sixteen will ever hear that one. But I'll say it used to be a good story down our way. We had it that secret papers in the archives at Nashville showed that Jeff's father was also the father—but the purpose of this paper is not to rehash old scandals.

Where editors and writers but a few years ago were picking on us and occasionally goading us into frenzies of indignation, they now puff us with such frequency that we have come to expect it from all sources.

Not only have we almost run out of something to get mad about, but we have grown prosperous and "pleasure-mad." To-day our minds are occupied largely with such subjects as the following in the order named: money, amusement, education, good roads, health, politics, and religion.

Sixty-two years after Lee embarrassed Grant by appearing the more neatly and appropriately dressed of the two That Day we are prosperous, and apparently about to become extremely

prosperous; we are healthy, and about to become quite healthy indeed; we are well fed, well clothed, well housed, and are about to become more so. All the prophets and students of prophecy will agree that these things are so. We are booming.

We have made popular education a fetich. We spend about all we can afford to spend for schools, and in some instances probably a good deal more than we can afford to spend. In regard to this matter of public education we are running true to the conventional American form—that is to say, we are wasting inevitably a great deal of money, time, and energy on a large number of hopelessly deficient youngsters in order to make sure that we shall provide opportunity to those who can profit by it. But the process broadens the outlook of thousands of youngsters every year, and so is worth the price. We have built a stupendous public-education system, a stupendous mileage of good roads, erected better and more attractive business houses and offices as well as very much handsomer homes. All architects and landscape-gardeners worthy the name and some who are not that live down here are busy and prosperous. We have built country clubs in country towns and carried town conveniences to country homes. We know all about all the automobiles, and as one voice we said "Amen!" when Henry announced his desire to make amends to the American people by calling off his "Tin Lizzie" dogs, for, like everybody else, we long since got tired of hearing and looking at Fo'ds—

"Oh, this is all very well, it is admitted," some one, weary of this oration, interrupts me to say. "But tell me—what about the Southern mind? What about the fundamentalist obsession of

the Southern people? What about Ku Kluxism? What about the 'messianic delusion'? While I grant, before you remind me of it, that Southerners are hospitable to social guests, can you tell me whether the South is hospitable to ideas? Has the South any genuine interest in anything except prosperity and antique moral conceptions? What is the South doing to attract and hold its free spirits?"

Well, now, about that, you see it's this way: the Klan is a mere temporary convenience to shady politicians, rascally adventurers, and third-rate preachers, and is already cracking. Fundamentalism is not a permanent problem with us; in fact, it is by no means as serious a problem right now as it may appear on the surface. We are not half so religious, anyway, as reported. Prosperous folks never are. If we as a people had much genuine religious passion, we would conduct ourselves accordingly. For one thing, we would attend preaching services on Sunday night. As it is, I know, as an example, one church with 1,800 members, yet one rarely finds over 50 or 60 people, including beaux with their best girls (who, of course, shouldn't count), in its pews on Sunday nights. Taking the population as a whole, not more than a tenth of one per cent of us make a practice of attending Sunday-night preaching services. Even fewer of us attend Wednesday-night prayer-meetings. We not only have too good a time elsewhere and are bored too stiff in the pews for many of us to put in more than a half-day's work for the Lord on his day, but we don't even regret the situation, I am sure. Our want of religious fervor is the reason. The same cause accounts also for the passing of formal family prayer, now heard of only occasionally, and

even the decline of the custom of returning thanks at meal-time.

To be sure, the preachers usually have very good houses on Sunday mornings and the Sunday-schools are rather well attended—by children especially; but probably a majority of those who attend these morning exercises of the spirit render mere lip-service to the church. They are without real passion. Custom, and a vague feeling that somehow it is their duty to turn out, fetches them. In most churchgoing families it will be found that one person is the leader of the pack. He or she has what is said to be grace, but—what is far more important—he or she is a resolute person accustomed to ruling with an iron hand. Let that person go away to heaven and those left leaderless behind become strangely indifferent to the church militant, and straightaway backslide. In my whole life I don't believe I have ever personally known a family of, say, five persons a majority of whom had any religious zeal. But for public opinion or the influence of a resolute individual in the family the others might have left the church to languish and disintegrate through neglect and indifference. They "believe," perhaps, but do not tremble. Two-thirds of the people at church on Sunday mornings, whether they are conscious of it or not, are there under pressure—from influences other than the power of the spirit within them—some influence besides the love of God and fear of the devil. It is from this class that go-getting evangelists draw their ninety-day recruits. It seems to me that, so far as we Southerners are concerned, it is simply impossible for more than a small percentage of us to be genuinely religious very long at the time. If the devil had half the genius and generalship with which he

is commonly credited, he would have completely paganized the South long ago. As it is, this lumbering mediocrity is making amazing progress against the parsons. For instance, he has never permitted their churches to be rid of financial worries of a more or less serious nature, but the parsons have managed to keep their plants going, notwithstanding such disasters as the success of the devil's scheme to put a stop to tithing. The parsons put over prohibition, but the devil has kept us supplied with liquor and kept us wanting it. They put over the machinery for and sustained the custom of attending Sunday-school and preaching service, but, as I have already hinted, the devil has seen to it that most of the participants in these rites were bored while participating, and he has kept a large section of the population from attending at all—in the cities certainly a majority of the white people habitually absent themselves from the pews.

The parsons charge that the campus is making the boys and girls laugh indecorously at Genesis and doff their hats to Darwin and Huxley. This is true, but the parsons are powerless to correct the situation; hence the alarm which has moved the fundamentalist old guard to call the police to lay the ghost of anthropoid ancestors. Nevertheless, the pastors are able partially to outwit the devil and establish various and sundry sectarian colleges. But the devil has a way of joining those whom he cannot fight successfully in the open, and so it comes about that at the three church colleges in my State, Alabama, for instance, biology, geology, and astronomy are honestly, if circumspectly, taught. I refer to the Methodist Woman's College at Montgomery, Birmingham Southern (Methodist) at Bir-

mingham, and Howard College (Baptist) at Birmingham. These subjects not only are taught the corn-fed Methodists and Baptists of Alabama at these three colleges, but they are taught without political interference at each of the important State-supported institutions, namely: the University of Alabama, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and Alabama College (for women). And presumably also at the five normal schools, and certainly in the high schools of the State.

But this is in Alabama, in which, although the sun is for the moment totally eclipsed by the fiery cross (by virtue of 29 per cent of the total vote) no sheriff is permitted to edit text-books on science. The Bryan scheme was but recently offered in the Alabama legislature, only to be smothered to death in committee.

It is true that a number of other Southern States do not feel so cocky as Alabama does, for the reason that their students are obliged to get their biology from bootleggers. But that is because the John Roach Straton gang got the drop on the liberals and put over this curious legislation. Anti-evolution aggression has come from a minority of shrewd agitators and leaders, even as the counter-offensive of the liberals represented the effort of a minority—the common run of people apparently not caring a dern about the matter one way or another. There has been no popular excitement about evolution down our way, and will not be. The fight has been between the fundamentalist fanatics on the one hand and the “civilized minority” on the other, each seeking to strengthen their ranks by levies wooed from the plurality of all the citizens, whom we shall grade, for want of a better term, as average people. To be

sure, there's the fun—this sport of seeking recruits from that large, quiet, unperturbed, preoccupied group which is not likely to follow the fanatics on a wild-goose chase nor yet side actively with the more advanced minority—until another generation of high-school and college graduates shall come onto the scene. Watch that next generation!

This intellectual middle class likes Coolidge and reads *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is not militantly liberal, but it is amiably tolerant. This is shown by the increasing boldness of newspapers. To-day our newspapers, if we may except such illustrious almanacs as a majority of the dailies in Tennessee and the *Charlotte Observer* in North Carolina, and a few others, generally defend the principle of evolution and howl for freedom of conscience whenever the question comes to a show-down, whereas but a few years ago practically all newspapers avoided religious controversy as carefully as a moonshiner avoids poison-oak. Even the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily News* has denounced the Mississippi law against the freedom of the schoolroom. In confessing the faith that is in them, it is significant that the newspaper editors are none too apologetic to the clergymen before whom they once stood in awe. Even in Tennessee the Chattanooga *Times* gallantly challenges the parsons on all proper occasions, of which there are many.

An Alabama editor of my acquaintance makes quite a point of combating obscurantism in one way or another. When he instituted this policy he says that he anticipated something of an outcry of protest, but received only applause instead, except from a few scattered hecklers in the audience, most of them the pastors of second and third

rate churches. He reports no remonstrances or complaints from leading clergymen. He prints communications from readers representing all points of view—fundamentalist, modernist, and agnostic. He permits them to debate philosophic biology and the validity of the Holy Scriptures. The communicants quarrel hotly with one another, but not with this editor for his open-forum policy. On the contrary, he says that both sides have applauded him for his "fairness."

It would seem that the people either relish or are indifferent to editorial pan-nings administered to clerics. Plainly the latter are losing their authority and they begin to realize it—and to adapt themselves to new conditions. In fact, we observe a remarkable cooling of apostolic fires down South. Our pulpit to-day is very much less of a furnace and more of a sun-parlor than ever before. In the older and more dignified communities in the South the parsons of the leading churches are mild-mannered, enlightened men, fond of good cigars, and some of them indeed are not averse to cigarettes. (And by the by, as the virtuous would say, pride of section impels me to report this: an Alabama Methodist evangelist who preaches in the North and the South quit smoking cigars, not because they injured his health, but because of criticism of his Northern Methodist friends, although he could smoke with impunity in the South.) Thus in Montgomery, first capital of the Confederacy, there is not a pastor of a church of the first rank who is not an urbane, cultured gentleman. I think of the two Presbyterian ministers, three Episcopal rectors, the pastors of the principal Methodist and principal Baptist church. All but one have decided modernist leanings; all

are men of broad sympathies and interests. All of them are buyers and readers of books many of which are not sold by the Alabama Bible Society. They are, in short, quite sophisticated and genteel, as is the president of the Methodist Woman's College at Montgomery, who, though not a pastor, is an ordained minister. All but two attend the theatre—and these two, so reckless gossips say and I believe the tale, are movie fans. It is unthinkable that the congregation of either of these men would tolerate a pastor of the Straton type. One of them, a rector, has appeared more than once in the pulpit of the chief Jewish synagogue of Montgomery, and has twice had its rabbi—a scholar and a freethinker and once a host to Clarence Darrow—speak in his own church. Once his bishop put this rector to trial for letting the rabbi speak in his church, but the rector was quickly vindicated.

But, then, Montgomery is a little different from many other cities in these parts. For example, it is an open town on Sunday, Mobile being the only other town in Alabama with Sunday amusements. Birmingham, the most priest-ridden (*i.e.*, Protestant) city of importance in the Southern States, is closed on Sunday by order of a majority of the votes cast in a referendum election called to settle the question which for years before had kept that community in a stew. Birmingham possesses a quite civilized minority, but the pastors of the "little Bethels" and the kleagles of the big klaverns have nevertheless sacked the city.

Unquestionably the big dogs of the Christian church in the South tend more and more to expound ethics and to ignore miracles. Even some of the small fry seem to be switching. And as for the

big ones, Bishop Warren A. Candler of Georgia is the chief of the fundamentalist die-hards. But he grows old and one day will be gathered to his fathers. I will wager a rubber-rimmed fruit-jar against a brownish-hued two-quart jug that his successor will be a dapper chap who can confirm Genesis by the evolutionary hypothesis instead of confirming the e. h. by reference to Genesis. Public opinion will see to that. Mark the prediction. We are getting so, down here, that we can harmonize Moses and Chas. Darwin without batting an eye (anti-evolution laws to the contrary notwithstanding), and a surprisingly large number of people have gone farther and said they are not even interested in reconciling the two. Say they don't believe it can be done, nor do they think it makes any difference, although most of them admit that talk of reconciliation may be, and probably is, just the apple-sauce that should be fed to tender souls who are trying to come safely through the gosling period of their intellectual growth. For that reason they do not object to the tepid modernism of the fashionable pulpiti-ers. They say that fundamentalism is making its last stand in the South and predict that—there it goes again!—the next generation will find the atmosphere cleared and all minds down this way capable of cogitation will be prepared to think rationally and to view their environment realistically. Those who lack the faculty of cogitation will be out of luck, as usual, but less dangerous than now for the reason that their leadership will have been captured by the devil's forces. Without leadership they cannot seize and hold control of schools, colleges, legislative halls, and editorial sanctums.

And, while this prophetic mood is on

me, let me observe that the more urbane the evangelical clergy becomes the more its manner and outlook are tempered by the dignified traditions of the Episcopal church. This is already quite obvious to any discerning seer, whether one observes the oratory of the pastor or the embryonic æstheticism in the general atmosphere of his church—the latter being an entirely new phenomenon in Baptist and Methodist temples, though not so new in Presbyterian houses. Churchmen who formerly regarded works of art as the possible works of the devil have at last discovered what Catholics and Episcopalians have always known, that a note of gentle charm in the atmosphere of the holy temple may be restful and inviting to weary souls. That, to be sure, applies to the more prosperous temples of the cities. It is still true that but for the belfry one could not tell the average country or village evangelical church from a spacious barn. Its exterior is ugly, coarse, and cheap. Its interior is carpenter-made, bare, unstimulating, uninviting. The people who fill it are suspicious of beauty. There is absolutely no suggestion of Old World traditions in the architecture, the decoration, and the spirit of a country or village church, if we exclude the Catholic and Episcopal structures which now and then one sees in the way places of the South—except in Louisiana, where they are commoner. But the city buildings steadily grow in respectability and charm.

Take the Salvation Army spirit out of the Methodist and Baptist scheme of redemption and they will no longer be objectionable to the neo-Darwin *bloc*. That gone, their—that is, our—architectural and other æsthetic crimes will presently be atoned for. We will assume a new dignity. We will talk more about

ethics Here and less about a doubtful salvation There. That prospect already is everywhere apparent. Within twenty-five years union services between Baptist and Jewish congregations will not be uncommon in the more advanced communities of the South. Methodists will have ceased to fear the pope politically, spiritually, and physically; they will no longer shudder when they see a nun talking to a child in the streets. They will content themselves with laughing at the pope's theology, as they now laugh at Christian Science and Holy Rollerism.

If the urbanite Methodists and Baptists as a class ever get themselves into such a state of mind as I have suggested, and to me no prospect seems more certain, the whole color of Southern life will change, for by that time our cities will dominate the country politically and culturally.

We shall once again become a gay people in public even as we are now in private. Gaiety, in simple truth, is a temperamental characteristic of our people, for all our efforts to repress the trait. In an earlier day, before the fierce New England theology of Jonathan Edwards fastened itself upon large groups of Southerners—a victory won over them by default, a fact which I must sorrowfully ascribe to the phlegmatic and unenterprising nature of the Episcopalians on the one hand, and to our congenital antipathy for Rome on the other—gaiety was not regarded as necessarily the mark of a dissolute and godless people. We danced; we were fond of fox-hunting and cock-fighting. We loved racing horses with a passion that surely softened the asperities of our nature. Could a congenital Puritan reconcile such tastes with the hope of salvation? This warm climate was and is rather more hostile than friendly to

dourness of spirit; nevertheless, the evangelical sects outtalked us and frightened us into a state of indecision regarding the difference between honest pleasure and sin. In the end we grew tired of resisting without support, and capitulated. We let the dour boys sack our land of song, of cotton-blossoms, and magnolia-trees. But we have never been wholly reconciled to the occupation. We have been bewildered, and puzzled to know what to do. However, lately we have been feeling a strange new strength, a new independence. Our common sense has asserted itself—at least, it has begun to assert itself. We have found that the hell-fire alarmists, while well-meaning enough, were and are ignorant humbugs. The public is no longer deceived. We have been going to school more and travelling more, and reading a great deal more—and, as previously remarked, we are again prosperous. We have grown definitely tired of being bulldozed and frightened by clay-footed pulpiteers and their lay footmen—the deacons, stewards, and elders.

But for the inexplicable turn of fortune which gave the evangelical tradition a foothold in the fabulous land of Washington and Jefferson and Old Hickory—libertarians all—we would, I ween, have been from the beginning until now a people relatively free of all inhibitions save only those quite sufficient ones which always make the gentleman a man apart.

To-day nothing seems more obvious to me than that the evangelical tradition is fighting a losing fight in the Southern States. That victory won, as it will be definitely won in another generation, every other civilized interest can take care of itself, and the questions of my interrupter—intended to be embarrassing—will be answered.

Contest

BY MARK VAN DOREN

THE east wind I worked in,
And endless black rain—
Working with a wet axe
As long as there was wood—
The rain, the wind, and I
Argued which should die.

The chopper never looked up,
Behind him or around;
Only at the wet log
His blade fell and warmed—
Hoping heat would spread
Until the dark was dead.

The wind never looked away,
But, always coming on,
Drove the rainy knife edge
Deeper in and in.
It was the day that died
With blue in its side.



Portrait of a Potential Authoress

BY FRANCES WARFIELD

Author of "Sweet Girl Graduate"

WHEREVER she hails from, New York is her Mecca. She may come in, fresh-cheeked and husky, from Oregon's bleak reaches. She may arrive all sun-kissed from the red-hot plains of Kansas. She may be whisked through a tube from malarial New Jersey. Whatever her birthplace, she scorns it. She cannot rest until she has left it behind.

She is her mother's daughter. Poor daddy is a little unsympathetic. Folks used to say that mother would be a great author some day. Every one said so when mother won the high-school essay contest. That was before she went away to teach school and met dad. Met

her finish, as she puts it with a smile and a sigh. Dad was just getting started with his law practice, and pretty soon she had other things to think about besides writing.

But mother never let fall the torch. All through little Mary's infancy she kept it glowing, that Mary might bear it on and up—might be an authoress in her stead.

Mary gets the right start. What a precocious child she is! And so smart with her blocks—easy to tell she is going to be literary. At five years, she holds visitors enthralled.

"Now, darling, spell ignoramus."
The blocks click neatly into place.

"Does she know what it means?" some one inquires.

"It means something she is never going to be." Her mother's voice crackles with resolution.

She is a spoiled child. In starched white dress, with a spanking pink-ribbon bow astride each shoulder, she mounts the platform at Sunday-school entertainments, and pipes, singsong, through her piece:

"Lives of great men all remind us—"

or, perhaps:

"Up into a cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?"

Never a mistake. Mothers of children who forget their pieces agree that Mary doesn't seem very strong. It doesn't do to push a child too fast. She doesn't. It doesn't.

From the moment she enters grammar-school the potential authoress tows triumph in her wake. She spells down all her classmates like so many tenpins. She does extra home work. A constellation of laudatory stars illumines her name on the honor-roll. Before she reaches eighth grade she has written original stories and poems which her transported mother keeps in a box in the attic. The verses go something like this:

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT

"Ah, tiny blossom,
Thou'rt a bit of heaven's blue
Which long ago the angels cut
To let the stars shine through."

High school follows—four more years of glory. In the classroom the potential authoress discovers the classics—"Ivanhoe" and "The Lady of the Lake." In the public library she pants along the more flowery byways of lit-

erature—E. P. Roe, Grace Richmond, Myrtle Reed, Jeffrey Farnol. Her mathematics and history are somewhat ir-resolute, but she takes all the prizes in English. The real literary mind, says mother.

Dad doubts it. He likes history, himself, and thinks a girl ought to learn arithmetic—ought to get to know the value of money. Besides, the child looks peaked, and no wonder, stooped over all the time with her nose in a story-book. Mother silences him with a glance. Dad came between her and her career, but she'll be darned if he's going to interfere with her daughter. Only the other day the English teacher told mother that Mary had a very large vocabulary.

Mary marches on. She is going to college, of course—to a women's college the size and location of which depend on the extent of dad's practice. Dear old dad, patient and willing, but more befuddled every year by his literary daughter.

Even now she is taking him to task at meals for saying "these kind" and "like I do." Makes him kinda nervous. He sort of wishes Mary would forget her books awhile and fix up pretty like Jim Taylor's girl. But dad sits proudly in the front row at the high-school commencement exercises, when Mary delivers the valedictorian address. Afterward he notices that most of the girls stay for the commencement dance, while the potential authoress goes home with her parents.

Mary slips confidently into college, but finds, alas, that intellectual competition is keener here and that the faculty is not easily impressed. She finds, too, that her breezy classmates hold high thinking in somewhat lower estimate than broad jumping.

She is tall and thin, rather sallow. She is pernickety about her food; wretched during the required hour of gymnasium. Her sports clothes are limp, flat failures; her sweaters curve in helplessly at the waist. She is more at home in her afternoon frocks, inconspicuous grays, greens, or mauves, with something fluttery about the wrists. Her primly spent youth has left her timid and self-conscious; a wan, abstracted air conceals her terror of her rouged and heavily dated or bluff and athletic classmates. Except for sitting on the porch steps at home with the boy next door who stutters a little and doesn't get on with girls, Mary has never had a date. She has no interest in athletics, except that she is fond of taking long walks alone. She likes to sit under trees and read. She does sit under trees, finding it hard to concentrate and easy to contract colds in the head.

Out of ear-shot of maternal adulation and home-town eulogies, she is negative and inconspicuous. But pride rushes in to console her for her obscurity. She becomes introspective. She learns to think of herself as high-strung and thoughtful, a person of more than ordinary depth, a person set apart from her conventional classmates.

Her first theme starts with an imaginative whoop:

"I would like to have a bird for a friend—that he might tell me of his soaring—"

A butcher of a professor maims and scars it with corrections in red ink.

Grieved but tolerant, she waylays him after class. Some of her favorite authors, she intimates, are verbose. She doesn't really think that's a very serious fault. And even Charlotte Brontë dangles her participles.

"I love to write," she confides. "It

always came easy to me. In high school I got all A's in English."

"Yes?" inquires the man without a soul.

In the course of time Mary contributes short stories and essays to the college monthly—sketches about little old ladies or a day in the woods. Though her name appears in the magazine, no one is quite sure who she is except those girls who sit next to her in class or have rooms on her corridor.

Her room is bare of decoration except for a potted plant on the windowsill. Her book-shelves record the stages of her soul's high quest—from David Grayson to Christopher Morley to Barrie to Donn Byrne to "Elizabeth" to Saint Francis of Assisi. Now she has become the delight of the women among her literature professors. She has, they say, a true sense of the beautiful, and no one is more conscientious about doing the required reading. She has read every word of the assignments, muffing the genuinely distinguished paragraphs, deprecating the realistic, memorizing the sweet. Youth's scented manuscripts—her themes—are in neat bundles tied with ribbon on her closet shelf. There is relatively little red ink on the later ones—some of them, Mary is emboldened to think, might even be suitable for publication.

So Mary is graduated and turns a rapt visage to New York. Why does she not go home? Go home? Why, there are no authors at home; there are no publishing-houses at home; there are no magazines at home. New York is the city for publishing-houses and magazines; ergo, New York is the city for authors. It is a common American fallacy: that New York has inspiration in its air, bay wreaths at all its bus-stops, editors around every res-

taurant-table. Mary is not alone in her belief.

But Mary must earn a living. Her college curriculum included no tips on bread-winning and daddy isn't any too well off. She studies typewriting and shorthand and gets a job at twenty-five dollars a week with a New York publishing-house or advertising company. It's only incidental, of course, only a stop-gap. She will do her writing at home, after work, in the evenings.

Gratefully, at first, she nestles beneath the solicitous wing of the Y. W. C. A. But she will never get any writing done with ukulele-playing and chatter all around her. Besides, the table is too wobbly and the light is wrong. When a friendly stenographer at the office suggests that she move down-town and live with her, Mary gladly consents. Her new roommate has been in New York several years and is a seasoned Greenwich Villager—cigarette-holder, smock, *béret*—all complete. The apartment-house, on a darling little side street, has bright-red doors and window-boxes. Awfully cheap, too.

Cheap as it is, it is more expensive than the Y. W. Plainly there is need of economy. A can of Campbell's tomato soup, bought on the way home from the office in the evening, will have to serve the purpose of a square meal. Thank goodness, her poverty will soon be over; she will soon be selling articles to the magazines.

Mary makes ready to receive the muse. She buys a second-hand typewriter and fits out one corner of the tiny room as her workshop. She unearths one of her college themes, marked with a big red A and decorated with professorial commendation. A little polishing, a little revision here and there, is called for. She goes at it determinedly.

The going is rough. The day at the office has tired her and revision languishes. When her restless roommate suggests that they walk over to the lending library, Mary abandons literature until next Sunday, when she will have all day free.

Her blasé roommate and the Village life are working lamentable changes in Mary. Then, too, in the insidious lending library she has discovered the light novelists—Nancy Hoyt, John Erskine, and Miss Loos. She reads them omnivorously and forgets her Irish folk-lore. Tut, tut—she is even tackling the over-sexed books her roommate carries home unblushingly under her arm!

The college themes go unrevised, unpolished. Poor literature is put off from Sunday to Sunday. Mary has tasted the joys of sleeping until noon on the Sabbath day. She likes to lie snugly in bed while her roommate unscrews the curling-iron from the electric-light socket and plugs in the grill to cook breakfast. Before they have finished eating the girl next door drops in, bringing the Sunday papers. Then there are stockings to be washed. In the evening the girls have their one square meal for the week at an arty tea-room near by—three steps down off the street; guttering candles on the table; open fireplace; atmosphere galore; table d'hôte, one dollar.

But now look at our Mary. Where are the afternoon frocks, the inconspicuous grays, greens, and mauves? Is this the girl who wore them, this girl who now goes in for dresses in the hand-smocked peasant style, who combs her hair straight back off her ears, adding earrings and a felt *béret*, who rouges her lips, just a little at first, then more, then thoroughly?

A five-dollar raise in salary, and Mary can afford to go out more, as she

puts it. She kicks up her still sensible heels. After all, one can't be a writer until one knows life. That's what her roommate always says, and Mary is inclined to believe it.

A music student from her home town persuades her to attend a Sunday-afternoon concert at Mecca Auditorium. During the intermission she meets a blanched young man with a soiled necktie and nice eyes. He is, as he creates opportunity to confess, an artist. There is one of his paintings at the Whitney Club members' show right now. He takes Mary to see the exhibition and, sure enough, there is his name in the catalogue. Mary writes home about art.

Her mother, thrilling loyally from afar, writes back that Mary is getting to be a real New Yorker.

"How is your own writing coming?" she asks. "For I know you are writing all the time, but are too modest ever to mention it or let any one see what you are doing!"

Mary starts guiltily. A year has passed since she came to New York and she has never revised that theme. She does not even know where it is—under the pile of magazines on the table, perhaps. She promises herself that she will get to work that evening. Instead, she goes walking with the young artist.

But stop. There was another paragraph in mother's letter which she hardly noticed at first reading.

"Do you," her mother questioned, "remember Alcott Jones—your old beau who used to live next door? He is doing awfully well as a claim-adjuster and his company is sending him to New York. He hardly stutters at all now. I gave him your address."

Enter Alcott Jones, out of the West. He is a nice, dependable young man,

for whom the twilight in New York marks a daily end to the adjustment of claims and a daily renewal of his suit for Mary's hand. Mary begins to waver. The young artist with the soiled tie, after a few Sunday-morning breakfasts at her expense, has returned to his art. Alcott takes her to dine at the Brevoort. She is sick of delicatessen dinners, sick of the effort to keep herself clothed, fed, and amused on thirty dollars a week; Alcott takes her to the theatre, which she has seldom been able to afford, and afterward to an up-town cabaret. Mary's roommate, whose clothes she borrows, is frankly envious. Alcott is Babbitty, but Mary gives in.

"Alcott," she writes home to her mother, "won't hear of my working after we are married, so I am giving up my job. Now I shall have all the time I need for my writing."

Oh, Mary, Mary!

Given all the time there is, she would never have time for her writing. Because writing is hard work and Mary has never guessed it; because it is a complicated craft which, even at its worst, demands skill of no mean order; finally, and in two words, because Mary has nothing to say.

She has nothing to say and she will never know it. When she and Alcott move out to the suburbs to get better air for the baby, she will hint that at last she hopes to have a great deal of time to write. Her baby is a girl and—would you believe it?—even as an infant she is showing signs of being literary. Even Alcott says so.

Marriage has improved Mary. It has made of her a contented, not unattractive woman. She will live to make a creditable fourth at bridge, to join in a sun-parlor discussion of high prices, and keep her husband's buttons sound-

ly in their places. She will have sick headaches and an operation for appendicitis. She will golf, travel, take rest cures, and prosper in the degree to which mankind has need of Alcott in the adjustment of its claims. She will never be without the paraphernalia of the potential authoress—a typewriter, a table full of magazines, and friends to sustain her in her belief that it was al-

most too bad she married when she did—she really should have gone on with her writing.

“Oh, well,” she will say with a smile at her little daughter, building her blocks on the floor. “Here’s Marianna—she’ll do the writing for both of us. Look how smart she is with her blocks; easy to tell she’s going to be literary.

“Now, darling, spell ignoramus.”



A Fir-Tree Prays

BY ANNE PAGE JOHNS

DEAR GOD, I am not wise, I'd rather be
For one bright day of shining ecstasy
A Christmas Tree,
Than left forever on this quiet hill
With naught but sun and starlight to fulfil
My destiny.

I am not wise, dear God, for I would wear
A thousand tapers lit to make me fair,
And in that radiance bear
Rejoicing—one frail harvest of delight,
My robe of tinsel marvellously white,
Bright toys and glittering angels bending me,
A Christmas Tree.

Lord God, forgiveness!—Yet I ask to be
This fragile thing of mortal revelry,
For merriment and laughing children's glee—
To lose the gracious heritage I know,
The strength of winds, the gentle ways of snow,
Rain-scent, and robins, and the stir of dawn,
Æons of solemn loveliness foregone,
My birthright lost, please God—a Christmas Tree!
And only death for immortality.



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes. . . .
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time."

SHAKESPEARE never said anything more true than that; and yet, and yet—although the twentieth century has devoured many shining reputations, and although the veneer of gilt on thousands of new books outglows the gold that is dusted with time, one of the most striking phenomena of our day is the colossal and ever-growing prestige of Dickens. I wonder if all of my older readers realize how amazing this is. Forty years ago, if any one had the temerity to announce that he preferred Dickens to Thackeray, he was looked upon as quite outside the pale of the intelligentsia; from 1850 to 1910, although Dickens never lacked either readers or popularity, he was not regarded by the majority of men of taste and intelligence as in the same class with his great rival. When "Vanity Fair" appeared, Mrs. Carlyle said: "He beats Dickens out of the world." And Thomas Carlyle—I hope by this time God has forgiven him for it—always spoke of Dickens with tolerant condescension, not dreaming that he was in reality talking about his superior. The late Professor Beers, whose judgment in most bookish things was all but im-

peccable, said that when he first read Thackeray the new man drove Dickens out of his head as one nail drives out another. Nor did he ever change that opinion.

Well, to-day no one need be ashamed of a whole-hearted enthusiasm for Dickens, or be afraid of rating him too highly among the world's novelists. There has been a tremendous rise in Dickens stock during the last fifteen years. Not only is he the best-selling English novelist of the nineteenth century—he is acclaimed by professional critics as never before. At this moment he stands far above Thackeray.

When three critics of such different temperament and view-points as George Gissing, G. K. Chesterton, and George Santayana have expressed themselves in glowing terms about the most beloved of all novelists, it is worth while to look back for a moment at the skyline of nineteenth-century literature. And now comes along one of the first-class professionals of our day, John Galsworthy, who in his latest collection of essays—"Castles in Spain"—declares that Dickens is "beyond dispute the greatest English novelist, and the greatest example in the annals of all novel-writing of the triumph of sheer exuberant genius."

Of course I believe that, and rejoice to hear Mr. Galsworthy say it; but few would have dared to say it in 1880, 1890, or 1900.

To find out which in your own mind

is the greatest English novelist, all you have to do is to ask yourself which one you would keep, if you could have only one? The uniqueness of Dickens then becomes clear.

Both Dickens and his admirer Galsworthy are at this moment on the New York stage. "Pickwick" is one of the successes of the year, and "Escape," which opened this week, received the best press of anything since Winthrop Ames's revival of "The Mikado." Mr. Galsworthy has announced that "Escape" is his last play, but I hope he will change his mind. The play has just been published in a separate volume.

It was a happy idea of Roger Burlingame's to issue in one portly tome the best short stories by Richard Harding Davis. The book opens magnificently with "Gallegher," a masterpiece; that and "The Bar Sinister" are my favorite Davis tales. There are forty in this collection. Mr. Davis was always more popular with readers than with other journalists. There's a reason—in fact, there are two.

Professor Charles T. Copeland, whose "Reader" I praised in this column, has now issued an anthology in five volumes, called "Copeland's Treasury for Booklovers"; it is "a panorama of English and American poetry and prose from the earliest times to the present." I may add that it is excellently well printed, the pedro of anthologies. As an example of reverse English in every sense of the word, take "The American Caravan."

A book eagerly awaited and that will be devoured with delight is the second volume in Mark Sullivan's "Our Times. The United States, 1900-1925." The author names this "America Finding Herself." Harry Hansen calls it a scrap-book, and so it is; yet

there are many pungent opinions expressed by the collector. The author's wide knowledge, sense of news values, good judgment, good taste, and instinct for drama, which qualities marked the first volume, are again fully in evidence. McGuffey's Readers are justly praised, for they played a large part in the manufacture of American opinion, ideals, and character. I wish I had studied McGuffey—the only "Readers" I can remember are Hilliard's and Monroe's. Monroe's "Sixth Reader" was magnificent. I remember, when I was ten years old, reciting at school Browning's "Hervé Riel" before it had been published in the poet's works. Browning had printed it in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and Monroe had included it in his Reader.

Other chapters in Mark Sullivan's irresistible book deal with Spencerian Penmanship and the Fancy Birds, Religion and Elocution in Public Schools, Recreation and Diversion, Rockefeller and Standard Oil, Roosevelt, Hanna, and McKinley, Trusts and Trust-Busters, Popular Songs, Wall Street, Pure Food, and Airplanes. Chase Osborn's comments on the younger generation are illuminating.

I have never been able to discover the origin of the expression "The Big Four." I first heard it in 1881, when the Detroit baseball club bought the Buffalo infield (Brouthers, Richardson, Rowe, and White) and called them the Big Four. Not far from that date the Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad called itself the Big Four, and used that appellation on its stationery. I wrote to the management, to find out when they first used this name, but they did not know. I have heard that in the gold days of California there were magnates who were later

known as the Big Four, but what was the date of their christening?

It is surprising how often in the history of the world's men of genius one is able to name a Big Four who stand in a class by themselves. This is certainly true of music and of poetry. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner are the Big Four in music; to attempt to name a fifth would bring on a pretty quarrel. Likewise, in poetry we have Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe; there is no fifth writer in that class. In military history four generals stand out: Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon.

But now appears a book written by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the bold title of which is intended to be not only a statement of fact but a challenge. This is "A Greater than Napoleon. Scipio Africanus." The book is illustrated with maps, which make the plans of the battles clear to the lay reader.

That Captain Hart's claims for his hero are both original and novel will appear from his preface, in which he informs us that the only biography previously written in English of Scipio came in 1817, and was by a country clergyman, who did not discuss Scipio's military campaigns. Thus Captain Hart attempts to establish the prestige of Scipio's name in military history; also to show the political importance of wars, in contradistinction to many of our contemporary historical works, which minimize both fights and fighters.

Yet the fame of Scipio as a general is in a certain sense a compliment to Hannibal, as the popularity of Wellington was a compliment to Napoleon. Both men are famous because they beat the foremost military genius of their times. Now if a reputation is based on a triumph over a certain opponent, to whom does the laurel finally belong?

Captain Hart evidently feels this, because he shows that Scipio was *always* a great tactician, a master of strategy; that his decisive victory at Zama was not a fluke, but the crowning event of a successful career. And, indeed, unprejudiced writers have given almost unstinted praise to Scipio. In Doctor William Smith's "Smaller History of Rome," published over fifty years ago, he calls Scipio "perhaps the greatest man that Rome ever produced, with the exception of Julius Cæsar."

Whatever may be thought of the claims in the title of this book—I think Napoleon's position is secure—Scipio was not only a great general, he was a great statesman, with a noble and enlightened intellect. He was far in advance of his age. He loved Greek literature and had a hospitable mind, ever open to new ideas. Furthermore, although he was his country's saviour, for without him it is probable that Carthage would have triumphed, he was surprisingly free from narrow patriotism and from the spirit of revenge. He showed no rancor to the defeated Hannibal nor to the city of Carthage; his attitude toward the foe which had threatened his country's existence was in conspicuous contrast to that held by many on the side of the victors after 1918. Indeed, as Captain Hart tells us that all soldiers of to-day can learn valuable lessons from Scipio's military tactics, so may we all study with profit the admirable temper of his mind and heart.

The only blot on his career was his pretense of making peace after first landing in Africa, while his purpose was to discover the secrets of the enemy. Captain Hart says: "He undoubtedly went as close to the border between strategical ruse and deliberate craft as was possible without overstepping it."

I have never been able to understand the stupidity of the Carthaginians in permitting Scipio to land his forces in Africa without a struggle. Such a maritime power should have been on the lookout.

There are many *obiter dicta* in Captain Hart's book which should give rise to serious reflection, applicable as they are meant to be to modern conditions. What shall we say when an English military officer writes as follows, of the slaughter of the civilians in Cartagena by Scipio's troops?

"If the massacre of the townspeople is revolting to modern ideas, it was the normal custom then and for many centuries thereafter, and with the Romans was a deliberate policy aimed at the moral factor rather than mere insensate slaughter. The direct blow at the civil population, who are the seat of the hostile will, may indeed be revived by the potentialities of aircraft, which can jump, halmawise, over the armed 'men' who form the shield of the enemy nation. Such a course, if militarily practicable, is the logical one, and ruthless logic usually overcomes the humaner sentiments in a life and death struggle." (P. 37.)

Is he thinking of Belgium? Again, in saying that sensible chivalry should not be confounded with quixotism, which is "merely stupid"—

"so also is the traditional tendency to regard the use of a new weapon as 'hitting below the belt,' regardless of whether it is inhuman or not in comparison with existing weapons. So the Germans called the use of tanks an atrocity, and so did we term gas—so also the mediæval knight spoke of firearms when they came to interfere with his safe slaughter of unarmoured peasants." (P. 161.)

Such general remarks are particularly interesting in a book which is interesting from start to finish; if we take part in another World War, we certainly know what to expect.

Synchronously with Captain Hart's serious book on Hannibal and Scipio

appears Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's spoof-play on the same theme, "The Road to Rome," which is one of the outstanding successes of 1927. In the published version Mr. Sherwood has a sparkling preface, in which he speaks of his boyish idolatry of Hannibal and his lifelong interest in the Punic Wars. Well, as a boy I had that same hero-worship for Hannibal; I knew that it was probably best for civilization that Rome should triumph, but my heart was always with the great Carthaginian. I was pro-Carthage in that struggle, as I have always been pro-Troy. Mr. Sherwood's play is both clever and diverting; it is a pity that it is also unnecessarily and gratuitously something else.

Even as Captain Hart and Robert Sherwood appear simultaneously as masque and anti-masque, the same phenomenon is observable with reference to Ben Jonson. At the same moment the third volume in the new Oxford Jonson is published, and a jocose "O Rare Ben Jonson," by Byron Steel, a twenty-year-old Columbia student. Mr. Steel's book is highly amusing, an up-to-date biography, but one would never imagine in reading it that Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and other contemporaries bore the least resemblance to the men who wrote "Volpone," "Othello," and other interesting works. It is a comic life, like Bill Nye's "History of the United States."

The accomplished novelist, Anzia Yezierska, who writes with sad sincerity, has produced her best story in "Arrogant Beggar," which gives a new, impressive, and convincing account of the relations between rich and poor in New York. She might have chosen as her text, "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The

accent is on *me*. Miss Yeziarska is sorry for the rich, and makes out a good case.

It is a pleasure to welcome the first book of a young novelist, especially when it is such an excellent work as "Purse Strings" by Mrs. Edith M. Stern, of New York. I cannot detect any sign of immaturity in this novel. The story is well wrought and straightforward; it is interesting and the characters are astonishingly real.

Here are some thrillers that I will guarantee: "The Big Four," by Agatha Christie, author of that hair-raiser, "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd"; "The Dalehouse Murder," by Francis Everton; "The Crook's Shadow," by J. J. Farjeon; "The Master Mind," by Cleveland Moffett; "The Phantom Passenger," by Mansfield Scott.

I have read W. J. Locke's latest novel, "The Kingdom of Theophilus," with mingled emotions. It is fairly interesting, but if he should ever open "Septimus," he might well say with Swift: "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"

With reference to astronomical originalities, the eminent pathologist, Doctor Francis Carter Wood, writes me:

I have just found another astronomical gem to add to your collection: Miss Barbara Young, poetess, writes (in the *New York Times*, Oct. 13) concerning the "New Moon above Mount Tom."

"Look, in the wide, sweet sky,
There in the East—
A dim gray thread," etc.

How is your golf game?

Well, doctor, I hope with all my heart to have a match with you in Augusta this winter.

The mayor of Seattle is a woman, Bertha K. Landes. Her secretary is a research scholar in English literature,

Matthew O'Connor. From the sacred precincts of her outer office he writes that he read the entire "Faery Queene" while successfully pursuing an M.A. degree at the University of Washington, under the tutelage of Professor F. M. Padelford. He says that his literary adventures in this thicket of romance were as exhilarating as Professor Lowes's exploits on the trail of Coleridge.

Mrs. John Hendricks, of Powell, Wyo., has not only read the *F. Q.*, but everything else of Spenser's. She associates the music of his verse with the flavor of oatmeal, which she ate in her youth while reading the faery poem. "The older the memory grows, the richer they both taste."

Alexander S. Thompson, of Claremont, Calif., read the whole of the *F. Q.* last winter, and was inspired by that to read James Thomson's eighteenth-century Spenserian poem, "The Castle of Indolence." I first read that in the British Museum, when I was beginning work on my doctor's thesis. The early chapters of my thesis I wrote with ink, the last ones in blood—a common experience.

R. T. Bond, of New York, joins the Faery Queene Club, having read it underground. "During my graduate work in Columbia, just before the war, I read the *F. Q.* through in the New York subways, between Flatbush Avenue, in Brooklyn, and 116th Street, in Manhattan." He thoroughly enjoyed reading it in that magician's grotto.

Agnes Kent Carruth, of Concord, Mass., read the poem with such zest that she hopes many will do likewise. Amen.

Miss Frances Isabel Ormiston, of Bernardsville, N. J., read the poem through twice. She also nominates for the Ignoble Prize "persons who refer to a bitch as a 'female dog,' with possibly

a special medal for editors of country newspapers who use this evasion." It is rather curious that we have no word for female cat, either in English or in German; and the French seldom use "la chatte," though it is a word in good standing.

Frank M. Pearson, writing from Columbus, Ohio, informs me that in a public address he announced that any one could commit the "Faery Queene" to memory in one year. He received a letter from Philip E. Brodt, of Dansville, N. Y., who says that in three days after hearing the lecture, he had learned by heart 3,000 lines and was "going strong."

John L. Heaton, of the *New York World*, brings against me a true bill:

One of my nominations for the Ignoble Prize is the locution "would have liked to have had," meaning presumably "would have liked to have." This offending construction, common in Sir Walter Scott, is attributed by a flagitiously errant proof-reader to William Lyon Phelps, in the *New York Evening Post*, August 20. The offending passage is: "Both Meredith and James would have liked to have had a million readers."

Alas, father, it was my hatchet.

Alexander Craig, of La Mesa, Calif., nominates "somebody's else," instead of the correct form; I remember George Ade, in that great fable about Gabby Will, made "daughter" say "somebody's else" after she had returned from an Eastern finishing school.

Theodore H. Kenworth, of Brooklyn, commenting on the superfluous "very," neatly suggests one instance where it is essential: "The Very Reverend," meaning a dean of a cathedral. He asks, "Do you suppose there are other such uses?" Well, I can think of only one—the poet, Jones Very.

Carolyn Cushing informs me that at

the International Meeting at Williamstown this summer nine-tenths of the speakers mispronounced the words "forest," "foreign," "origin," in every instance giving the first syllable an "aw" sound. I agree that this is detestable. I hate it also in words like "office" and "mock" which I have often heard called "awfice" and "mawk."

The Reverend Francis M. Bacon, of Hanna, Wyo., hates the expression "by and large." It is, however, convenient, meaning "in its length and breadth," "from every point of view." It is also the title of a book of poems by F. P. A.

A distinguished physician sends me the following advertisement he saw in a shop-window at Woods Hole, Mass.:

Enter Please,
Go out Pleased.

In Hollywood, N. J., he saw a sign:

Go slow and see our town.
Go fast and see our jail.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo., makes the following observation:

Whene'er you take your walks abroad through the city's busy streets, did you ever note the individuals who habitually wear their lips in a pucker, as though whistling? They are not numerous, but may always be found in the passing throng. Whether they really whistle, or only carry the appearance of it, matters not; but the connotation of the expression they bear is significant and clear. "Behold in me," it says, "the supremely sophisticated, placid, self-poised. Nothing can surprise me nor disturb my calm. I observe your weaknesses, my fellow man, and am tolerant of them; but such are apart from me. I know no fear nor worry; but carefree and unruffled, I go my serene way."

Here is an excellent letter from George L. Bradlee of Providence, R. I.:

In the September "Scribner's" you said, "Nearly all publications have typographical errors except the Authorized Version of the Bible and railway time-tables."

As illustrations of your statement I quote two additions to my Wrong Word collection, which, when completed, will be dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Malaprop's husband, whose sufferings will thus be properly commemorated.

In the "Christian Science Sentinel" for Nov. 1926, the editor states that Mrs. Eddy was "protected by her *overweening* sense of the divine presence." This somewhat disconcerting sentence, with its un-Eddy-fying word, seems to have escaped censorship, for the entire editorial is reprinted *verbatim* in the "Herald of Christian Science" for May 1927.

When on Cape Cod, this summer, I found in the Cape Playhouse Program, week of Aug. 8, the following alleged quotation from a "Boston Herald" article on Shelley and Byron.

"In due time Jane (Clairmont) was to become the mother of Byron's beloved, beautiful, and short-lived *algebra*."

Although Landor was unkind enough to say that there were things in Byron "as strong as poison and as original as sin," I can recall no critic hardened enough to accuse "Glorious Apollo" of being the Father of mathematics,—even if Jane Clairmont, the mother of Allegra *was* a calculating female.

With reference to the new word "Clairaudition," which I mentioned in

the October SCRIBNER's as coined by Mr. Rosenfeld, I have some information from Doctor L. D. Broughton, of Brooklyn:

I note the new (?) word coined by Mr. Rosenfeld, mentioned in the October *Scribner*: Clairaudition. My Dictionary gives Clairaudience: the supposed power of hearing in a trance sounds otherwise inaudible. Rather hard on Beethoven, who was almost totally deaf. Many years ago one of my women friends who was a student of esoteric philosophy spoke of a fellow student as clairvoyant, clairaudient and clairsentient. It might be a warning to Mr. Rosenfeld to know that this woman is now an inmate of Kings Park, L. I. asylum.

And as though this were not a sufficient rebuke to me, here comes a letter from Lawrence Gilman, the brilliant music critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*:

Beloved and azygous Billy:

Tut tut! Jim Hunecker used "Clairaudient" (if not "clairaudition") years ago, and repeatedly. Mr. Jay C. Rosenfeld should ponder that sobering sentence of Geo. Meredith's: "Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms."



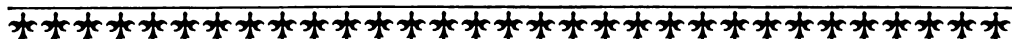
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THE FIELD OF ART

The International Exhibition at Pittsburgh

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



THE International Exhibitions held annually at Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh, have long served a peculiarly useful purpose. They enable the observer of contemporary painting to see at a glance just what its most characteristic traits are. As in a microcosm, he perceives what is going on in the studios on both sides of the Atlantic. Of course not every one of them is represented, but the men chosen to stand for this or that country are fairly typical specimens and from their work one may catch a truly illuminating gleam. They are men who, if not exactly in the forefront—from the point of view of intrinsic merit—are at all events significant of what is newest in the air at a given moment. The Pittsburgh galleries constitute a kind of laboratory in which the director, Mr. Homer Saint Gaudens, regardless of his own "likes or dislikes," assembles the current evidence on which an estimate of progress—or its opposite—may be based.

Section after section, year after year, has hitherto had a rather miscellaneous aspect. The different countries have been represented by as generous a group as space permitted. For the twenty-sixth exhibition, in full swing as I write and destined to be visible, so far as the foreign pictures are concerned, at the Brooklyn Museum in January, a somewhat different policy has been adopted. Only about a third of the usual number

of artists is represented, but these men have three or four pictures each on the walls and in some instances as many as five canvases are hung by the individual. It is as though a miniature "one-man show" occurred over and over again within the ensemble. The effect is to emphasize the specific type. Next year, I may note in passing, another contingent of the same numerical force will hold the fort and a year later still another will be organized. The present group, responsible for about four hundred pictures, well hung in rooms given to different nationalities, ushers in the new system in a manner admirably provocative of discussion. It is about evenly divided between exemplars of the old and the new, conservatism and radicalism. The revival of an ancient conflict is piquantly illustrated.



My first experience of that conflict dates back to the crisis between the two bodies in Paris, the Salon of the Champs Elysées and the Salon of the Champs de Mars. I saw something of the same upheaval when Franz Stuck and the other leaders of the Munich Secession came into view. There had been historic quarrels before that, when romanticists like Gericault and Delacroix had rebelled against the tradition of David, when the Barbizon school had pitted naturalism against convention, and when Monet and the rest of the Im-



Mlle. Orosoff.

From the painting by Abram Poole.



Brown-eyed Boy.

From the painting by Robert Henri.



The Hermit.

From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga.



Motherhood.

From the painting by Anto Carte—Awarded Second Prize.



Still Life.

From the painting by Henri Matisse—Awarded First Prize.



Carnival.

From the painting by Antonio Donghi.



The Fish, the Bottle, and the Boy.
From the painting by Charles W. Hawthorne

pressionists had struggled for their place in the sun. Over here we also have had our revolutionary episodes, notably when the Society of American Artists entered into rivalry with the National Academy. Revolution, as such, may spring from two sources. It may originate in the creative ardor of one or two men. A genius paints in his predestined way because he cannot help himself. No matter how external influences may have urged him, Gericault was bound to paint *The Raft of the Medusa*. Delacroix would have been Delacroix in spite of the antithetical presence of Ingres upon the scene. Change does not come from a "noble discontent" alone; it sometimes spontaneously arises. Consider Whistler. He got into the *Salon des Refusés* as the result of conditions outside himself, but he is an instance of self-determination if ever there was one. The nocturnes which constitute his most precious invention, giving him his singularity, sprang from his innermost being and not from any dissatisfaction with the *Salon* or the Royal Academy. Nevertheless, revolution often develops out of nothing more nor less than resentment against a predominant mode. It was so, I think, in the old battle of the *Salons* to which I have alluded. It was so at Munich in the nineties and it has been so, again, in the United States. And yet the distinction which I would draw is not always as simple as it might seem. There remains, inevitably, the play of personal temperament and faculty, the quality of the man with whom you have sometimes to reckon in the midst of consideration of "movements."

With the due reservations to be made which I have indicated, I would still be inclined to ascribe the state of affairs reflected at Pittsburgh to discontent rath-

er than to the pressure of individual initiative. Conservatism, which has its inalienable virtues, has also its inalienable perils. For one thing it occasionally makes for routine, which is to say complacency and atrophy. I can well remember one justification that the rebels had in Paris thirty years ago. It resided in the huge *machin* of which the big men were so fond, the historical or mythological canvas in which great academic skill was wreaked upon banality. Individual distinction, where it existed at all, was swallowed up in a lifeless immensity. To what expedients were artists driven in order that they too might "make a hole in the wall" and play an effective part in the great game of attracting attention! M. Pelez, as I recall, was even moved to paint a full-length of a vitriol-thrower, lurking behind a corner with a bowl of the baleful liquid in her hand and waiting, poised like a snake, for the passing of her recalcitrant lover. Sensationalism ranged itself against the rule of thumb. Well, the revolution was worked out, happily, on other lines. In the *Salon* of the Champs de Mars you saw men who essayed to solve the problem in the only way—by painting better. Some of them, Besnard, for example, were, as it happened, extraordinarily gifted. But the general gesture was one of disgust, directed at an outworn mode. To a certain extent that is what is at the bottom of the newer impulses to-day.



France, which has so often been the battle-ground, is once more the country in which experimentation is carried on with peculiar fervor, and after a preliminary survey of the Pittsburgh show as a whole it is interesting to turn to the French section. A passage in the pref-

ace to it in the catalogue is apposite to the present inquiry:

The march toward abstraction becomes more obvious, as our own senses become more acute, until we find ourselves in company with those creators who feel that the most interesting thing to do in painting is not to appeal to the world at large, but to excite the refined emotions of a few persons, who, possessed of intense sympathy with modern social existence, have sought to tune their visual reactions to the most sensitive possible combinations of form and color.

The question at once arises—what, precisely, are the men doing who are trying to “excite the refined emotions of a few persons”? I found Maurice Denis painting religious subjects with all the dignity of the old régime but with an engagingly modern touch. He has beaten out a style of his own without sacrificing any of the elements in technique which have contented his predecessors. Not so with Henri Matisse and the men of his new generation, such men as Maurice Utrillo, Othon Friesz, Henry de Waroquier, and Kees van Dongen. They suggest that they have come to a legitimate reaction against old Salon conventions without substituting for them anything in itself fine and beautiful. The Matisse legend is a very curious phenomenon. All sorts of potentialities are assigned to it, and we are told, for example, that he can draw like Ingres, but when you encounter a specimen of his art, like *The Spaniard*, at Pittsburgh, you discover simply a sketchy and mannered full-length of a woman that has a measure of animation but is in no wise beautiful. You would judge from it, too, that the old French tradition of painting as a craft had been lost. That is the broad impression left upon me by the French section in the International. The modernists have a zest which is better than the

dead-alive mood of the Salon—but they are inadequate painters.

It amused me to compare them with some of the “old hands.” They seemed crude not only beside Salonnières like Le Sidaner and René Menard, but beside an innovator like Claude Monet. Just once Matisse, in the vivid flower-piece to which the first prize was awarded, seemed to come within hailing distance of a beguiling conception and to cause it to vibrate at least with the charm of color. But his other compositions left me cold. I could not find in them any particularly “sensitive combinations of form and color.” To put it quite frankly, he doesn’t seem to me the powerful personality who, with great creative originality, is to lead us away from the sedater qualities of conservatism.



It is, indeed, a crucial point. As I have ventured to point out more than once in these pages before, it is the artist who counts before the art, the man “with the mark of the gods upon him,” as Whistler said, who comes bringing a new vision and a magical hand to the recording of his ideas. And when he arrives, I may add, he touches not only “the refined emotions of a few persons” but makes a successful appeal “to the world at large.” The strength of the British section resides altogether in the company of really distinguished painters there represented. I may cite the studies of form by Augustus John, the beautiful landscapes of Sir D. Y. Cameron—who is achieving a power with the brush quite in harmony with that which he has shown in etching—and the not quite full-rounded yet unquestionably original and alluring portraiture of the late Ambrose McEvoy.

There were some modernists present in this section, but on the whole they sank into the background. The British, in so far as the testimony of this exhibit may be followed, are on the side of conservatism. Sir William Orpen's rather hard but undeniably strong portraits, and those painted out of a kindred academic hypothesis by Maurice Greiffenhagen, are more decisively "in the current" than anything else on the walls. And the stimulating thing about this current in Great Britain is that it *is* a current, that there is no hint of stagnation in the prevailing fidelity to old canons of thoroughgoing workmanship.



The American section, like those already traversed, was so framed as to give both sides a hearing. It held one hundred and twenty pictures in which old and new ideas were about equally balanced. The ideals of workmanship nurtured by European training during the last twenty-five or thirty years appeared in the portraits painted by Gari Melchers, Abram Poole, and Leopold Seyffert. Charles W. Hawthorne's pictures stood for the same more or less traditional standard. You saw it tintured by a more specifically "modern" feeling in the work of Arthur B. Davies, Leon Kroll, Kenneth Hayes Miller, and divers others. The note of Manet was revived with his usual adroitness and force by Robert Henri. The modernistic accent pure and simple, disclosed by a leader like Maurice Sterne, was borne also by Bernard Karfiol, Henry L. McFee, and Andrew Dasburg. The mere freakishness of modernism was absent. There were no cubistic fantasies on the walls. But there was abundant illustration of the "new" tendency. It did not seem to me to em-

brace as efficient a technique as the conservatives could claim, and I felt even more a drop in what I may call the purely æsthetic phase of the matter. The object of the artist, which is to say the production of a work of art, seems among the modernists to have been modified into something of a slightly different nature. Though realism in the photographic sense is rightly in abeyance, the realism which is to the fore instead seems, on the whole, somewhat stodgy. A certain heaviness broods over the painter's sense of form and over his touch, and in color he is inclined to be drab. What is especially missing? Inspiration, I should say. Not anything high-erected and imaginative that is ordinarily connoted by the phrase, but the inspiration of a really new and enkindling personal gift. In the United States, as elsewhere, contemporary painting is suffering from the slenderness of the crop of unique talents.



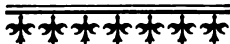
The transitional movements, to which some reference was made at the outset, owed a good deal to dynamic individuality. It is always rare, and there is, perhaps, nothing to be surprised at in its rarity to-day, when science is so emphatically in the saddle. In the search after personality in the International, I found nowhere a nation portentously rich in this blessing of the gods. There was a trace of it in the Belgian section, made really strong by one of the two exhibitors, Anto Carte. He is an early Fleming born again, with a modern twist to his traditional impulse. He paints interesting pictures, partly naturalistic, partly symbolical, and paints them well. He had a good colleague on this occasion in Isadore Opsomer, a landscapist and portrait-painter.

Holland registered no progress at all. Germany and Austria proved as arid, with modernism rampant and doing nothing to raise a hopeful surmise. Amongst the other nations one had to be content with occasional flashes of a modest cleverness, as in the case of the portrait-painter Ludomir Slendzinski, in Poland, and that of Eustache Stoenesco in Roumania. Russia had three interesting representatives in Alexander Jakovlev, Vasili Shukaeiv, and Boris Grigoriev, especially the first-named. Bolshevism hasn't killed out the Russian flair for draftsmanship, though it has, apparently, encouraged a kind of violence in respect to color. Out of that vast cosmos important things are surely ultimately coming. The Hungarians and Scandinavians seemed to me negligible, not even excepting the much-vaunted Norwegian modernist Edvard Munch, and there was little to arrest the eye in Czechoslovakia. Down in the south the Spaniards and Italians gave a fairly encouraging account of themselves, though Spain has men to make next year's display more ingratiating

than this one. A wholesome nationalism is evidently sustaining Spanish art. In Italy the same source of strength is at odds with a flowing tide of modernistic straining after effect. In both countries there are figures of consequence: in Italy not only the veteran Mancini but younger men of ability, like Italico Brass, Ferruccio Ferrazzi, and Antonio Donghi; in Spain, not only Zuloaga but various capable disciples of his more racy strain.



It was a useful show, this twenty-sixth International. Modernism was given every chance to affirm itself alongside the conservative types which it would discredit. In the long run it demonstrated the truth to which I have often returned in the analysis of this subject, the truth that the burden of proof rests not upon the propagandists but directly upon the shoulders of the artists themselves. And on this occasion the proof that they have in their possession the secret of true renovators of art was not forthcoming.



A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.

The Greene Murder Case

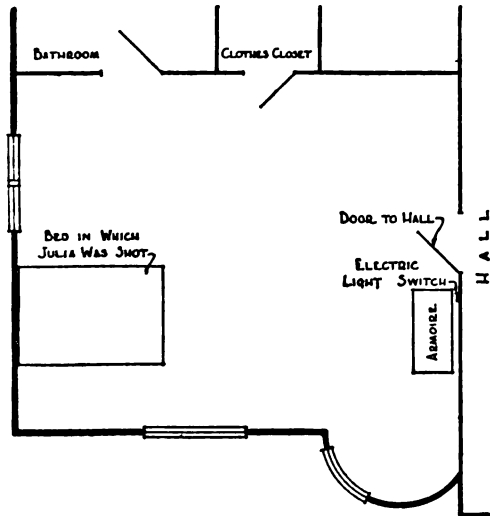
(Continued from page 16 of this number)

small balustraded stone porch with a narrow flight of stairs, set against the house, leading to the lawn below. French doors opened upon this porch from both Ada's and Mrs. Greene's room.

On the opposite side of the hall were the three rooms occupied by Julia, Chester, and Sibella, Julia's room being at the front of the house, Sibella's at the rear, and Chester's in the centre. None of these rooms communicated with the other. It might also be noted that the doors to Sibella's and Mrs. Greene's rooms were just behind the main staircase, whereas Chester's and Ada's were directly at the head of the stairs, and Julia's and Rex's farther toward the front of the house. There was a small linen closet between Ada's room and Mrs. Greene's; and at the rear of the hall were the servants' stairs.

Chester Greene explained this arrangement to us briefly, and then walked up the hall to Julia's room.

"You'll want to look in here first, I imagine," he said, throwing open the door. "Nothing's been touched—police orders. But



Plan of Julia's Bedroom.

I can't see what good all that stained bed-linen is to any one. It's a frightful mess."

The room was large and richly furnished

with sage-green satin-upholstered furniture of the Marie Antoinette period. Opposite to the door was a canopied bedstead on a dais; and several dark blotches on the embroidered linen gave mute evidence of the tragedy that had been enacted there the night before.

Vance, after noting the disposition of the furniture, turned his gaze upon the old-fashioned crystal chandelier.

"Were those the lights that were on when you found your sister last night, Mr. Greene?" he asked casually.

The other nodded with surly annoyance.

"And where, may I ask, is the switch?"

"Behind the end of that cabinet." Greene indifferently indicated a highly elaborated *armoire* near the door.

"Invisible—eh, what?" Vance strolled to the *armoire* and looked behind it. "An amazin' burglar!" Then he went up to Markham and spoke to him in a low voice.

After a moment Markham nodded.

"Greene," he said, "I wish you'd go to your room and lie down on the bed just as you were last night when you heard the shot. Then, when I tap on the wall, get up and do everything you did last night—in just the way you did it. I want to time you."

The man stiffened, and gave Markham a look of resentful protestation.

"Oh, I say—I" he began. But almost at once he shrugged compliance and swaggered from the room, closing the door behind him.

Vance took out his watch, and Markham, giving Greene time to reach his room, rapped on the wall. For what seemed an interminable time we waited. Then the door opened slightly, and Greene peered round the casing. Slowly his eyes swept the room; he swung the door further ajar, stepped inside hesitantly, and moved to the bed.

"Three minutes and twenty seconds," announced Vance. "Most disquietin'. . . . What do you imagine, Sergeant, the intruder was doing in the interim of the two shots?"

"How do I know?" retorted Heath. "Probably groping round the hall outside looking for the stairs."

"If he'd groped that length of time he'd have fallen down 'em."

Markham interrupted this discussion with a suggestion that we take a look at the servants' stairway down which the butler had come after hearing the first shot.

"We needn't inspect the other bedrooms just yet," he added, "though we'll want to see Miss Ada's room as soon as the doctor thinks it's advisable. When, by the way, will you know his decision, Greene?"

"He said he'd be here at three. And he's a punctual beggar—a regular fiend for efficiency. He sent a nurse over early this morning, and she's looking after Ada and the Mater now."

"I say, Mr. Greene," interposed Vance, "was your sister Julia in the habit of leaving her door unlocked at night?"

Greene's jaw dropped a little, and his eyes opened wider.

"By Jove—no! Now that you mention it . . . she always locked herself in."

Vance nodded absently, and we passed out into the hall. A thin, swinging baize door hid the servants' stairwell at the rear, and Markham pushed it open.

"Nothing much here to deaden the sound," he observed.

"No," agreed Greene. "And old Sproot's room is right at the head of the steps. He's got good ears, too—too damned good sometimes."

We were about to turn back when a high-pitched querulous voice issued from the partly open door on our right.

"Is that you, Chester? What's all this disturbance? Haven't I had enough distraction and worry——?"

Greene had gone to his mother's door and put his head inside.

"It's all right, Mater," he said irritably. "It's only the police nosing around."

"The police?" Her voice was contemptuous. "What do they want? Didn't they upset me enough last night? Why don't they go and look for the villain instead of congregating outside my door and annoying me?—So, it's the police." Her tone became vindictive. "Bring them in here at once, and let *me* talk to them. The police, indeed!"

Greene looked helplessly at Markham, who merely nodded; and we entered the invalid's room. It was a spacious chamber, with windows on three sides, furnished elaborately with all manner of conflicting objects. My

first glance took in an East Indian rug, a buhl cabinet, an enormous gilded Buddha, several massive Chinese chairs of carved teak-wood, a faded Persian tapestry, two wrought-iron standard lamps, and a red-and-gold lacquered high-boy. I looked quickly at Vance, and surprised an expression of puzzled interest in his eyes.

In an enormous bed, with neither head-piece nor foot-posts, reclined the mistress of the house, propped up in a semirecumbent attitude on a sprawling pile of varicolored silken pillows. She must have been between sixty-five and seventy, but her hair was almost black. Her long, chevaline face, though yellowed and wrinkled like ancient parchment, still radiated an amazing vigor: it reminded me of the portraits I had seen of George Eliot. About her shoulders was drawn an embroidered Oriental shawl; and the picture she presented in the setting of that unusual and diversified room was exotic in the extreme. At her side sat a rosy-cheeked imperturbable nurse in a stiff white uniform, making a singular contrast to the woman on the bed.

Chester Greene presented Markham, and let his mother take the rest of us for granted. At first she did not acknowledge the introduction, but, after appraising Markham for a moment, she gave him a nod of resentful forbearance and held out to him a long bony hand.

"I suppose there's no way to avoid having my home overrun in this fashion," she said wearily, assuming an air of great toleration. "I was just endeavoring to get a little rest. My back pains me so much to-day, after all the excitement last night. But what do I matter—an old paralyzed woman like me? No one considers me anyway, Mr. Markham. But they're perfectly right. We invalids are of no use in the world, are we?"

Markham muttered some polite protestation, to which Mrs. Greene paid not the slightest attention. She had turned, with seemingly great difficulty, to the nurse.

"Fix my pillows, Miss Craven," she ordered impatiently, and then added, in a whining tone: "Even you don't give a thought to my comfort." The nurse complied without a word. "Now, you can go in and sit with Ada until Doctor Von Blon comes.—How is the dear child?" Suddenly her voice had assumed a note of simulated solicitude.

"She's much better, Mrs. Greene." The

nurse spoke in a colorless, matter-of-fact tone, and passed quietly into the dressing-room.

The woman on the bed turned complaining eyes upon Markham.

"It's a terrible thing to be a cripple, unable to walk or even stand alone. Both my legs have been hopelessly paralyzed for ten years. Think of it, Mr. Markham: I've spent ten years in this bed and that chair"—she pointed to an invalid's chair in the alcove—"and I can't even move from one to the other unless I'm lifted bodily. But I console myself with the thought that I'm not long for this world; and I try to be patient. It wouldn't be so bad, though, if my children were only more considerate. But I suppose I expect too much. Youth and health give little thought to the old and feeble—it's the way of the world. And so I make the best of it. It's my fate to be a burden to every one."

She sighed and drew the shawl more closely about her.

"You want to ask me some questions perhaps? I don't see what I can tell you that will be of any help, but I'm only too glad to do whatever I can. I haven't slept a wink, and my back has been paining me terribly as a result of all this commotion. But I'm not complaining."

Markham had stood looking at the old lady sympathetically. Indeed, she was a pitiful figure. Her long invalidism and solitude had warped what had probably been a brilliant and generous mind; and she had now become a kind of introspective martyr, with an exaggerated sensitiveness to her affliction. I could see that Markham's instinct was to leave her immediately with a few consoling words; but his sense of duty directed him to remain and learn what he could.

"I don't wish to annoy you more than is absolutely necessary, madam," he said in a kindly voice. "But it might help considerably if you permitted me to put one or two questions."

"What's a little annoyance, more or less?" she asked. "I've long since become used to it. Ask me anything you choose."

Markham bowed with Old World courtesy. "You are very kind, madam." Then, after a moment's pause: "Mr. Greene tells me you did not hear the shot that was fired in your oldest daughter's room, but that the shot in Miss Ada's room awakened you."

"That is so." She nodded slowly. "Julia's room is a considerable distance away—across

the hall. But Ada always leaves the doors open between her room and mine in case I should need anything in the night. Naturally the shot in her room awakened me. . . . Let me see. I must have just fallen to sleep. My back was giving me a great deal of trouble last night; I had suffered all day with it, though I of course didn't tell any of the children about it. Little they care how their paralyzed old mother suffers. . . . And then, just as I had managed to doze off, there came the report, and I was wide-awake again—lying here helpless, unable to move, and wondering what awful thing might be going to happen to me. And no one came to see if I was all right; no one thought of me, alone and defenseless. But then, no one ever thinks of me."

"I'm sure it wasn't any lack of consideration, Mrs. Greene," Markham assured her earnestly. "The situation probably drove everything momentarily from their minds except the two victims of the shooting.—Tell me this: did you hear any other sounds in Miss Ada's room after the shot awakened you?"

"I heard the poor girl fall—at least, it sounded like that."

"But no other noises of any kind? No footsteps, for instance?"

"Footsteps?" She seemed to make an effort to recall her impressions. "No; no footsteps."

"Did you hear the door into the hall open or close, madam?" It was Vance who put the question.

The woman turned her eyes sharply and glared at him.

"No, I heard no door open or close."

"That's rather queer, too, don't you think?" pursued Vance. "The intruder must have left the room."

"I suppose he must have, if he's not there now," she replied acidly, turning again to the District Attorney. "Is there anything else you'd care to know?"

Markham evidently had perceived the impossibility of eliciting any vital information from her.

"I think not," he answered; then added: "You of course heard the butler and your son here enter Miss Ada's room?"

"Oh, yes. They made enough noise doing it—they didn't consider my feelings in the least. That fuss-budget, Sproot, actually cried out for Chester like a hysterical woman; and,

from the way he raised his voice over the telephone, one would have thought Doctor Von Blon was deaf. Then Chester had to rouse the whole house for some unknown reason. Oh, there was no peace or rest for me last night, I can tell you! And the police tramped around the house for hours like a drove of wild cattle. It was positively disgraceful. And here was I—a helpless old woman—entirely neglected and forgotten, suffering agonies with my spine.”

After a few commiserating banalities Markham thanked her for her assistance, and withdrew. As we passed out and walked toward the stairs I could hear her calling out angrily: “Nurse! Nurse! Can’t you hear me? Come at once and arrange my pillows. What do you mean by neglecting me this way . . . ?” The voice trailed off mercifully as we descended to the main hall.

IV

THE MISSING REVOLVER

(Tuesday, November 9; 3 p. m.)

“The Mater’s a crabbed old soul,” Greene apologized offhandedly when we were again in the drawing-room. “Always grouching about her doting offspring.—Well, where do we go from here?”

Markham seemed lost in thought, and it was Vance who answered.

“Let us take a peep at the servants and hearken to their tale: Sproot for a starter.”

Markham roused himself and nodded, and Greene rose and pulled a silken bell-cord near the archway. A minute later the butler appeared and stood at obsequious attention just inside the room. Markham had appeared somewhat at sea and even disinterested during the investigation, and Vance assumed command.

“Sit down, Sproot, and tell us as briefly as possible just what occurred last night.”

Sproot came forward slowly, his eyes on the floor, but remained standing before the centre-table.

“I was reading Martial, sir, in my room,” he began, lifting his gaze submissively, “when I thought I heard a muffled shot. I wasn’t quite sure, for the automobiles in the street back-fire quite loud at times; but at last I said to myself I’d better investigate. I was in negligé, if you understand what I mean, sir; so I slipped on my bath-robe and came down.

I didn’t know just where the noise had come from; but when I was half-way down the steps, I heard another shot, and this time it sounded like it came from Miss Ada’s room. So I went there at once, and tried the door. It was unlocked, and when I looked in I saw Miss Ada lying on the floor—a very distressing sight, sir. I called to Mr. Chester, and we lifted the poor young lady to the bed. Then I telephoned to Doctor Von Blon.”

Vance scrutinized him.

“You were very courageous, Sproot, to brave a dark hall looking for the source of a shot in the middle of the night.”

“Thank you, sir,” the man answered, with great humility. “I always try to do my duty by the Greene family. I’ve been with them —”

“We know all that, Sproot.” Vance cut him short. “The light was on in Miss Ada’s room, I understand, when you opened the door.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you saw no one, or heard no noise? No door closing, for instance?”

“No, sir.”

“And yet the person who fired the shot must have been somewhere in the hall at the same time you were there.”

“I suppose so, sir.”

“And he might well have taken a shot at you, too.”

“Quite so, sir.” Sproot seemed wholly indifferent to the danger he had escaped. “But what will be, will be, sir—if you’ll pardon my saying so. And I’m an old man——”

“Tut, tut! You’ll probably live a considerable time yet—just how long I can’t, of course, say.”

“No, sir.” Sproot’s eyes gazed blankly ahead. “No one understands the mysteries of life and death.”

“You’re somewhat philosophic, I see,” drily commented Vance. Then: “When you phoned to Doctor Von Blon, was he in?”

“No, sir; but the night nurse told me he’d be back any minute, and that she’d send him over. He arrived in less than half an hour.”

Vance nodded. “That will be all, thank you, Sproot.—And now please send me *die gnädige Frau Köchin*.”

“Yes, sir.” And the old butler shuffled from the room.

Vance’s eyes followed him thoughtfully.

“An inveiglin’ character,” he murmured.

Greene snorted. "You don't have to live with him. He'd have said 'Yes sir,' if you'd spoken to him in Walloon or Volapük. A sweet little playmate to have snooping round the house twenty-four hours a day!"

The cook, a portly, phlegmatic German woman of about forty-five, named Gertrude Mannheim, came in and seated herself on the edge of a chair near the entrance. Vance, after a moment's keen inspection of her, asked: "Were you born in this country, Frau Mannheim?"

"I was born in Baden," she answered, in flat, rather guttural tones. "I came to America when I was twelve."

"You have not always been a cook, I take it." Vance's voice had a slightly different intonation from that which he had used with Sproot.

At first the woman did not answer.

"No, sir," she said finally. "Only since the death of my husband."

"How did you happen to come to the Greens?"

Again she hesitated. "I had met Mr. Tobias Greene: he knew my husband. When my husband died there wasn't any money. And I remembered Mr. Greene, and I thought——"

"I understand." Vance paused, his eyes in space. "You heard nothing of what happened here last night?"

"No, sir. Not until Mr. Chester called up the stairs and said for us to get dressed and come down."

Vance rose and turned to the window overlooking the East River.

"That's all, Frau Mannheim. Be so good as to tell the senior maid—Hemming, isn't she?—to come here."

Without a word the cook left us, and her place was presently taken by a tall, slatternly woman, with a sharp, prudish face and severely combed hair. She wore a black, one-piece dress, and heelless vici-kid shoes; and her severity of mien was emphasized by a pair of thick-lensed spectacles.

"I understand, Hemming," began Vance, reseating himself before the fireplace, "that you heard neither shot last night, and learned of the tragedy only when called by Mr. Greene."

The woman nodded with a jerky, emphatic movement.

"I was spared," she said, in a rasping voice. "But the tragedy, as you call it, had to come

sooner or later. It was an act of God, if you ask me."

"Well, we're not asking you, Hemming; but we're delighted to have your opinion.—So God had a hand in the shooting, eh?"

"He did that!" The woman spoke with religious fervor. "The Greens are an ungodly, wicked family." She leered defiantly at Chester Greene, who laughed uneasily. "For I shall rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts—the name, the remnant, and son, and daughter, and nephew—only there ain't no nephew—'and I will sweep them with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord.'"

Vance regarded her musingly.

"I see you have misread Isaiah. And have you any celestial information as to who was chosen by the Lord to personify the besom?"

The woman compressed her lips. "Who knows?"

"Ah! Who, indeed? . . . But to descend to temporal things: I assume you weren't surprised at what happened last night?"

"I'm never surprised at the mysterious workin's of the Almighty."

Vance sighed. "You may return to your Scriptural perusings, Hemming. Only, I wish you'd pause *en route* and tell Barton we crave her presence here."

The woman rose stiffly and passed from the room like an animated ramrod.

Barton came in, obviously frightened. But her fear was insufficient to banish completely her instinctive coquetry. A certain coyness showed through the alarmed glance she gave us, and one hand automatically smoothed back the chestnut hair over her ear. Vance adjusted his monocle.

"You really should wear Alice blue, Barton," he advised her seriously. "Much more becoming than cerise to your olive complexion."

The girl's apprehensiveness relaxed, and she gave Vance a puzzled, kittenish look.

"But what I particularly wanted you to come here for," he went on, "was to ask you if Mr. Greene has ever kissed you."

"Which—Mr. Greene?" she stammered, completely disconcerted.

Chester had, at Vance's question, jerked himself erect in his chair and started to splutter an irate objection. But articulation failed him, and he turned to Markham with speechless indignation.

The corners of Vance's mouth twitched. "It really doesn't matter, Barton," he said quickly.

"Aren't you going to ask me any questions about—what happened last night?" the girl asked, with obvious disappointment.

"Oh! Do you know anything about what happened?"

"Why, no," she admitted. "I was asleep——"

"Exactly. Therefore, I sha'n't bother you with questions." He dismissed her good-naturedly.

"Damn it, Markham, I protest!" cried Greene, when Barton had left us. "I call this—this gentleman's levity rotten-bad taste—damme if I don't!"

Markham, too, was annoyed at the frivolous line of interrogation Vance had taken.

"I can't see what's to be gained by such futile inquiries," he said, striving to control his irritation.

"That's because you're still holding to the burglar theory," Vance replied. "But if, as Mr. Greene thinks, there is another explanation of last night's crime, then it's essential to acquaint ourselves with the conditions existing here. And it's equally essential not to rouse the suspicions of the servants. Hence, my apparent irrelevancies. I'm trying to size up the various human factors we have to deal with; and I think I've done uncommonly well. Several rather interesting possibilities have developed."

Before Markham could reply Sproot passed the archway and opened the front door to some one whom he greeted respectfully. Greene immediately went into the hall.

"Hallo, doc," we heard him say. "Thought you'd be along pretty soon. The District Attorney and his *entourage* are here, and they'd like to talk to Ada. I told 'em you said it might be all right this afternoon."

"I'll know better when I've seen Ada," the doctor replied. He passed on hurriedly, and we heard him ascending the stairs.

"It's Von Blon," announced Greene, returning to the drawing-room. "He'll let us know anon how Ada's coming along." There was a callous note in his voice, which, at the time, puzzled me.

"How long have you known Doctor Von Blon?" asked Vance.

"How long?" Greene looked surprised. "Why, all my life. Went to the old Beckman

Public School with him. His father—old Doctor Veranus Von Blon—brought all the later Greens into the world; family physician, spiritual adviser, and all that sort of thing, from time immemorial. When Von Blon, senior, died we embraced the son as a matter of course. And young Arthur's a shrewd lad, too. Knows his pharmacopœia. Trained by the old man, and topped off his medical education in Germany."

Vance nodded negligently.

"While we're waiting for Doctor Von Blon, suppose we have a chat with Miss Sibella and Mr. Rex. Your brother first, let us say."

Greene looked to Markham for confirmation; then rang for Sproot.

Rex Greene came immediately upon being summoned.

"Well, what do you want now?" he asked, scanning our faces with nervous intensity. His voice was peevish, almost whining, and there were certain overtones in it which recalled the fretful complaining voice of Mrs. Greene.

"We merely want to question you about last night," answered Vance soothingly. "We thought it possible you could help us."

"What help can I give you?" Rex asked sullenly, slumping into a chair. He gave his brother a sneering look. "Chester's the only one round here who seems to have been awake."

Rex Greene was a short, sallow youth with narrow, stooping shoulders and an abnormally large head set on a neck which appeared almost emaciated. A shock of straight hair hung down over his bulging forehead, and he had a habit of tossing it back with a jerky movement of the head. His small, shifty eyes, shielded by enormous tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, seemed never to be at rest; and his thin lips were constantly twitching as with a *tic douloureux*. His chin was small and pointed, and he held it drawn in, emphasizing its lack of prominence. He was not a pleasant spectacle, and yet there was something in the man—an overdeveloped studiousness, perhaps—that gave the impression of unusual potentialities. I once saw a juvenile chess wizard who had the same cranial formations and general facial cast.

Vance appeared introspective, but I knew he was absorbing every detail of the man's appearance. At length he laid down his cig-

arette, and focussed his eyes languidly on the desk-lamp.

"You say you slept throughout the tragedy last night. How do you account for that remarkable fact, inasmuch as one of the shots was fired in the room next to yours?"

Rex hitched himself forward to the edge of his chair, and turned his head from side to side, carefully avoiding our eyes.

"I haven't tried to account for it," he returned, with angry resentment; but withal he seemed unstrung and on the defensive. Then he hurried on: "The walls in this house are pretty thick anyway, and there are always noises in the street. . . . Maybe my head was buried under the covers."

"You'd certainly have buried your head under the covers if you'd heard the shot," commented Chester, with no attempt to disguise his contempt for his brother.

Rex swung round, and would have retorted to the accusation had not Vance put his next question immediately.

"What's your theory of the crime, Mr. Greene? You've heard all the details and you know the situation."

"I thought the police had settled on a burglar." The youth's eyes rested shrewdly on Heath. "Wasn't that your conclusion?"

"It was, and it is," declared the Sergeant, who, until now, had preserved a bored silence. "But your brother here seems to think otherwise."

"So Chester thinks otherwise." Rex turned to his brother with an expression of feline dislike. "Maybe Chester knows all about it." There was no mistaking the implication in his words.

Vance once more stepped into the breach. "Your brother has told us all he knows. Just at present we're concerned with how much *you* know." The severity of his manner caused Rex to shrink back in his chair. His lips twitched more violently, and he began fidgeting with the braided frog of his smoking-jacket. I noticed then for the first time that he had short rachitic hands with bowed and thickened phalanges.

"You are sure you heard no shot?" continued Vance ominously.

"I've told you a dozen times I didn't!" His voice rose to a falsetto, and he gripped the arms of his chair with both hands.

"Keep calm, Rex," admonished Chester. "You'll be having another of your spells."

"To hell with you!" the youth shouted. "How many times have I got to tell them I don't know anything about it?"

"We merely want to make doubly sure on all points," Vance told him pacifyingly. "And you certainly wouldn't want your sister's death to go unavenged through any lack of perseverance on our part."

Rex relaxed slightly, and took a deep inspiration.

"Oh, I'd tell you anything I knew," he said, running his tongue over his dry lips. "But I always get blamed for everything that happens in this house—that is, Ada and I do. And as for avenging Julia's death: that doesn't appeal to me nearly so much as punishing the dog that shot Ada. She has a hard enough time of it here under normal conditions. Mother keeps her in the house waiting on her as if she were a servant."

Vance nodded understandingly. Then he rose and placed his hand sympathetically on Rex's shoulder. This gesture was so unlike him I was completely astonished; for, despite his deep-seated humanism, Vance seemed always ashamed of any outward show of feeling, and sought constantly to repress his emotions.

"Don't let this tragedy upset you too much, Mr. Greene," he said reassuringly. "And you may be certain that we'll do everything in our power to find and punish the person who shot Miss Ada.—We won't bother you any more now."

Rex got up almost eagerly and drew himself together.

"Oh, that's all right." And with a covertly triumphant glance at his brother, he left the room.

"Rex is a queer bird," Chester remarked, after a short silence. "He spends most of his time reading and working out abstruse problems in mathematics and astronomy. Wanted to stick a telescope through the attic roof, but the Mater drew the line. He's an unhealthy beggar, too. I tell him he doesn't get enough fresh air, but you see his attitude toward me. Thinks I'm weak-minded because I play golf."

"What were the spells you spoke about?" asked Vance. "Your brother looks as if he might be epileptic."

"Oh, no; nothing like that; though I've seen him have convulsive seizures when he got in a specially violent tantrum. He gets

excited easily and flies off the handle. Von Blon says it's hyperneurasthenia—whatever that is. He goes ghastly pale when he's worked up, and has a kind of trembling fit. Says things he's sorry for afterward. Nothing serious, though. What he needs is exercise—a year on a ranch roughing it, without his infernal books and compasses and T-squares."

"I suppose he's more or less a favorite with your mother." (Vance's remark recalled a curious similarity of temperament between the two I had felt vaguely as Rex talked.)

"More or less." Chester nodded ponderously. "He's the pet in so far as the Mater's capable of petting any one but herself. Anyway, she's never ragged Rex as much as the rest of us."

Again Vance went to the great window above the East River, and stood looking out. Suddenly he turned.

"By the by, Mr. Greene, did you find your revolver?" His tone had changed; his ruminative mood had gone.

Chester gave a start, and cast a swift glance at Heath, who had now become attentive.

"No, by Gad, I haven't," he admitted, fumbling in his pocket for his cigarette-holder. "Funny thing about that gun, too. Always kept it in my desk drawer—though, as I told this gentleman when he mentioned it"—he pointed his holder at Heath as if the other had been an inanimate object—"I don't remember actually having seen it for years. But, even so, where the devil could it have gone? Damme, it's mysterious. Nobody round here would touch it. The maids don't go in the drawers when they're cleaning the room—I'm lucky if they make the bed and dust the top of the furniture. Damned funny what became of it."

"Did you take a good look for it to-day, like you said?" asked Heath, thrusting his head forward belligerently. Why, since he held to the burglar theory, he should assume a bulldozing manner, I couldn't imagine. But whenever Heath was troubled, he was aggressive; and any loose end in an investigation troubled him deeply.

"Certainly, I looked for it," Chester replied, haughtily indignant. "I went through every room and closet and drawer in the house. But it's completely disappeared. . . . Probably got thrown out by mistake in one of the annual house-cleanings."

"That's possible," agreed Vance. "What sort of a revolver was it?"

"An old Smith and Wesson .32," Chester appeared to be trying to refresh his memory. "Mother-of-pearl handle: some scroll-engraving on the barrel—I don't recall exactly. I bought it fifteen years ago—maybe longer—when I went camping one summer in the Adirondacks. Used it for target practice. Then I got tired of it, and stuck it away in a drawer behind a lot of old cancelled checks."

"Was it in good working order then?"

"As far as I know. Fact is, it worked stiff when I got it, and I had the sear filed down, so it was practically a hair-trigger affair. The slightest touch sent it off. Better for shooting targets that way."

"Do you recall if it was loaded when you put it away?"

"Couldn't say. Might have been. It's been so long——"

"Were there any cartridges for it in your desk?"

"Now, that I can answer you positively. There wasn't a loose cartridge in the place."

Vance reseated himself.

"Well, Mr. Greene, if you happen to run across the revolver you will, of course, let Mr. Markham or Sergeant Heath know."

"Oh, certainly. With pleasure." Chester's assurance was expressed with an air of magnanimity.

Vance glanced at his watch.

"And now, seeing that Doctor Von Blon is still with his patient, I wonder if we could see Miss Sibella for a moment."

Chester got up, obviously relieved that the subject of the revolver had been disposed of, and went to the bell-cord beside the archway. But he arrested his hand in the act of reaching for it.

"I'll fetch her myself," he said, and hurried from the room.

Markham turned to Vance with a smile.

"Your prophecy about the non-reappearance of the gun has, I note, been temporarily verified."

"And I'm afraid that fancy weapon with the hair-trigger never will appear—at least, not until this miserable business is cleaned up." Vance was unwontedly sober; his customary levity had for the moment deserted him. But before long he lifted his eyebrows mockingly, and gave Heath a chaffing look.

"Perchance the Sergeant's predacious neophyte made off with the revolver—became fascinated with the scrollwork, or entranced with the pearl handle."

"It's quite possible the revolver disappeared in the way Greene said it did," Markham submitted. "In any event, I think you unduly emphasized the matter."

"Sure he did, Mr. Markham," growled Heath. "And, what's more, I can't see that all this repartee with the family is getting us anywhere. I had 'em all on the carpet last night when the shooting was hot; and I'm telling you they don't know nothing about it. This Ada Greene is the only person round here I want to talk to. There's a chance she can give us a tip. If her lights were on when the burglar got in her room, she maybe got a good look at him."

"Sergeant," said Vance, shaking his head sadly, "you're getting positively morbid on the subject of that mythical burglar."

Markham inspected the end of his cigar thoughtfully.

"No, Vance. I'm inclined to agree with the Sergeant. It appears to me that you're the one with the morbid imagination. I let you inveigle me into this inquiry too easily. That's why I've kept in the background and left the floor to you. Ada Greene's our only hope of help here."

"Oh, for your trusting, forthright mind!" Vance sighed and shifted his position restlessly. "I say, our psychic Chester is taking a dashed long time to fetch Sibella."

At that moment there came a sound of footsteps on the marble stairs, and a few seconds later Sibella Greene, accompanied by Chester, appeared in the archway.

V

HOMICIDAL POSSIBILITIES

(Tuesday, September 9; 3.30 p. m.)

Sibella entered with a firm, swinging gait, her head held high, her eyes sweeping the assemblage with bold interrogation. She was tall and of slender, athletic build, and, though she was not pretty, there was a cold, chiselled attractiveness in her lineaments that held one's attention. Her face was at once vivid and intense; and there was a hauteur in her expression amounting almost to arrogance. Her dark, crisp hair was bobbed but not waved, and the severity of its lines accentu-

ated the overdecisive cast of her features. Her hazel eyes were wide-spaced beneath heavy, almost horizontal eyebrows; her nose was straight and slightly prominent, and her mouth was large and firm, with a suggestion of cruelty in its thin lips. She was dressed simply, in a dark sport suit cut extremely short, silk-wool stockings of a heather mixture, and low-heeled mannish Oxfords.

Chester presented the District Attorney to her as an old acquaintance, and permitted Markham to make the other introductions.

"I suppose you know, Mr. Markham, why Chet likes you," she said, in a peculiarly plangent voice. "You're one of the few persons at the Marylebone Club that he can beat at golf."

She seated herself before the centre-table, and crossed her knees comfortably.

"I wish you'd get me a cigarette, Chet." Her tone made the request an imperative.

Vance rose at once and held out his case. "Do try one of these *Régies*, Miss Greene," he urged in his best drawing-room manner. "If you say you don't like them, I shall immediately change my brand."

"Rash man!" Sibella took a cigarette and permitted Vance to light it for her. Then she settled back in her chair and gave Markham a quizzical look. "Quite a wild party we pulled here last night, wasn't it? We've never had so much commotion in the old mansion. And it was just my luck to sleep soundly through it all." She made an aggrieved *moue*. "Chet didn't call me till it was all over. Just like him—he has a nasty disposition."

Somehow her flippancy did not shock me as it might have done in a different type of person. But Sibella struck me as a girl who, though she might feel things keenly, would not permit any misfortune to get the better of her; and I put her apparent callousness down to a dogged, if perverted, courageousness.

Markham, however, resented her attitude. "One cannot blame Mr. Greene for not taking the matter lightly," he reproved her. "The brutal murder of a defenseless woman and the attempted murder of a young girl hardly come under the head of diversion."

Sibella looked at him reproachfully. "You know, Mr. Markham, you sound exactly like the Mother Superior of the stuffy convent I was confined in for two years." She became

suddenly grave. "Why draw a long face over something that's happened and can't be helped? Anyway, Julia never sought to brighten her little corner. She was always crabbed and faultfinding, and her good deeds wouldn't fill a book. It may be unsisterly to say it, but she's not going to be missed so dreadfully. Chet and I are certainly not going to pine away."

"And what about the brutal shooting of your other sister?" Markham was with difficulty controlling his indignation.

Sibella's eyelids narrowed perceptibly, and the lines of her face became set. But she erased the expression almost at once.

"Well, Ada's going to recover, isn't she?" Despite her effort, she was unable to keep a certain hardness out of her voice. "She'll have a nice long rest, and a nurse to wait on her. Am I expected to weep copiously because of baby sister's escape?"

Vance, who had been closely watching this clash between Sibella and Markham, now took a hand in the conversation.

"My dear Markham, I can't see what Miss Greene's sentiments have to do with the matter. Her attitude may not be strictly in accord with the prescribed conduct for young ladies on such occasions, but I feel sure she has excellent reasons for her point of view. Let us give over moralizing, and seek Miss Greene's assistance instead."

The girl darted him an amused, appreciative glance; and Markham made a gesture of indifferent acquiescence. It was plain that he regarded the present inquiry as of little importance.

Vance gave the girl an engaging smile.

"It's really my fault, Miss Greene, that we are intruding here," he apologized. "It was I, d' ye see, that urged Mr. Markham to look into the case after your brother had expressed his disbelief in the burglar theory."

She nodded understandingly. "Oh, Chet sometimes has excellent hunches. It's one of his very few merits."

"You, too, I gather, are sceptical in regard to the burglar?"

"Sceptical?" She gave a short laugh. "I'm downright suspicious. I don't know any burglars, though I'd dearly love to meet one; but I simply can't bring my flighty brain to picture them going about their fascinating occupation the way our little entertainer did last night."

"You positively thrill me," declared Vance. "Y' see, our minority ideas coincide perfectly."

"Did Chet give you any intelligible explanation for his opinion?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not. He was inclined to lay his feelings to metaphysical causes. His conviction was due, I took it, to some kind of psychic visitation. He knew, but could not explain: he was sure, but had no proof. It was most indefinite—a bit esoteric, in fact."

"I'd never suspect Chet of spiritualistic leanings." She shot her brother a tantalizing look. "He's really deadly commonplace, when you get to know him."

"Oh, cut it, Sib," objected Chester irritably. "You yourself had a spasm this morning when I told you the police were hot-footing it after a burglar."

Sibella made no answer. With a slight toss of the head she leaned over and threw her cigarette into the grate.

"By the by, Miss Greene"—Vance spoke casually—"there has been considerable mystery about the disappearance of your brother's revolver. It has completely vanished from his desk drawer. I wonder if you have seen it about the house anywhere."

At his mention of the gun Sibella stiffened slightly. Her eyes took on an expression of intentness, and the corners of her mouth lifted into a faintly ironical smile.

"Chet's revolver has gone, has it?" She put the question colorlessly, as if her thoughts were elsewhere. "No . . . I haven't seen it." Then, after a momentary pause: "But it was in Chet's desk last week."

Chester heaved himself forward angrily.

"What were you doing in my desk last week?" he demanded.

"Don't wax apoplectic," the girl said carelessly. "I wasn't looking for love missives. I simply couldn't imagine you in love, Chet. . . ." The idea seemed to amuse her. "I was only looking for that old emerald stick-pin you borrowed and never returned."

"It's at the club," he explained sulkily.

"Is it, really! Well, I didn't find it anyway; but I did see the revolver.—Are you quite sure it's gone?"

"Don't be absurd," the man growled. "I've searched everywhere for it. . . . Including your room," he added vengefully.

"Oh, you would! But why did you admit having it in the first place?" Her tone was

scornful. "Why involve yourself unnecessarily?"

Chester shifted uneasily.

"This gentleman"—he again pointed impersonally to Heath—"asked me if I owned a revolver, and I told him 'yes.' If I hadn't, some of the servants or one of my loving family would have told him. And I thought the truth was best."

Sibella smiled satirically.

"My older brother, you observe, is a model of all the old-fashioned virtues," she remarked to Vance. But she was obviously *dis-traité*. The revolver episode had somewhat shaken her self-assurance.

"You say, Miss Greene, that the burglar idea does not appeal to you." Vance was smoking languidly with half-closed eyes. "Can you think of any other explanation for the tragedy?"

The girl raised her head and regarded him calculatingly.

"Because I don't happen to believe in burglars that shoot women and sneak away without taking anything, it doesn't mean that I can suggest alternatives. I'm not a policewoman—though I've often thought it would be jolly good sport—and I had a vague idea it was the business of the police to run down criminals.—You don't believe in the burglar either, Mr. Vance, or you wouldn't have followed up Chet's hunch. Who do *you* think ran amuck here last night?"

"My dear girl!" Vance raised a protesting hand. "If I had the foggiest idea I wouldn't be annoying you with impertinent questions. I'm plodding with leaden feet in a veritable bog of ignorance."

He spoke negligently, but Sibella's eyes were clouded with suspicion. Presently, however, she laughed gaily and held out her hand.

"Another *Régie, monsieur*. I was on the verge of becoming serious; and I simply mustn't become serious. It's so frightfully boring. Besides, it gives one wrinkles. And I'm much too young for wrinkles."

"Like Ninon de L'Enclos, you'll always be too young for wrinkles," rejoined Vance, holding a match to her cigarette. "But perhaps you can suggest, without becoming too serious, some one who might have had a reason for wanting to kill your two sisters."

"Oh, as for that, I'd say we'd all come under suspicion. We're not an ideal home circle,

by any means. In fact, the Greenses are a queer collection. We don't love one another the way a perfectly nice and proper family should. We're always at each other's throats, bickering and fighting about something or other. It's rather a mess—this ménage. It's a wonder to me murder hasn't been done long before. And we've all got to live here until 1932, or go it on our own; and, of course, none of us could make a decent living. A sweet paternal heritage!"*

She smoked moodily for a few moments.

"Yes, any one of us had ample reason to be murderously inclined toward all the others. Chet there would strangle me now if he didn't think the nervous aftermath of the act would spoil his golf—wouldn't you, Chet dear? Rex regards us all as inferiors, and probably considers himself highly indulgent and altruistic not to have murdered us all long ago. And the only reason mother hasn't killed us is that she's paralyzed and can't manage it. Julia, too, for that matter, could have seen us all boiled in oil without turning a hair. And as for Ada"—her brows contracted and an extraordinary ferocity crept into her eyes—"she'd dearly love to see us all exterminated. She's not really one of us, and she hates us. Nor would I myself have any scruples about doing away with the rest of my fond family. I've thought of it often, but I could never decide on a nice thorough method." She flicked her cigarette ash on the floor. "So there you are. If you're looking for possibilities you have them galore. There's no one under this ancestral roof who couldn't qualify."

Though her words were meant to be satirical, I could not help feeling that a sombre, terrible truth underlay them. Vance, though apparently listening with amusement, had, I knew, been absorbing every inflection of her voice and play of expression, in an effort to relate the details of her sweeping indictment to the problem in hand.

"At any rate," he remarked offhandedly, "you are an amazingly frank young woman. However, I shan't recommend your arrest just yet. I haven't a particle of evidence against you, don't y' know. Annoyin', ain't it?"

*Sibella was here referring to Tobias Greene's will, which stipulated not only that the Greene mansion should be maintained intact for twenty-five years, but that the legatees should live on the estate during that time or become disinherited.

"Oh, well," sighed the girl, in mock disappointment, "you may pick up a clew later on. There'll probably be another death or two around here before long. I'd hate to think the murderer would give up the job with so little really accomplished."

At this point Doctor Von Blon entered the drawing-room. Chester rose to greet him, and the formalities of introduction were quickly over. Von Blon bowed with reserved cordiality; but I noted that his manner to Sibella, while pleasant, was casual in the extreme. I wondered a little about this, but I recalled that he was an old friend of the family and probably took many of the social amenities for granted.

"What have you to report, doctor?" asked Markham. "Will we be able to question the young lady this afternoon?"

"I hardly think there'd be any harm in it," Von Blon returned, seating himself beside Chester. "Ada has only a little reaction fever now, though she's suffering from shock, and is pretty weak from loss of blood."

Doctor Von Blon was a suave, smooth-faced man of forty, with small, almost feminine features and an air of unwavering amiability. His urbanity struck me as too artificial—"professional" is perhaps the word—and there was something of the ambitious egoist about him. But I was far more attracted than repelled by him.

Vance watched him attentively as he spoke. He was more anxious even than Heath, I think, to question the girl.

"It was not a particularly serious wound, then?" Markham asked.

"No, not serious," the doctor assured him; "though it barely missed being fatal. Had the shot gone an inch deeper it would have torn across the lung. It was a very narrow escape."

"As I understand it," interposed Vance, "the bullet travelled transversely over the left scapular region."

Von Blon inclined his head in agreement.

"The shot was obviously aimed at the heart from the rear," he explained, in his soft, modulated voice. "But Ada must have turned slightly to the right just as the revolver exploded; and the bullet, instead of going directly into her body, ploughed along the shoulder-blade at the level of the third dorsal vertebra, tore the capsular ligament, and lodged in the deltoid." He indicated the location of the deltoid on his own left arm.

"She had," suggested Vance, "apparently turned her back on her assailant and attempted to run away; and he had followed her and placed the revolver almost against her back.—Is that your interpretation of it, doctor?"

"Yes, that would seem to be the situation. And, as I said, at the crucial moment she veered a little, and thus saved her life."

"Would she have fallen immediately to the floor, despite the actual superficiality of the wound?"

"It's not unlikely. Not only would the pain have been considerable, but the shock must be taken into account. Ada—or, for that matter, any woman—might have fainted at once."

"And it's a reasonable presumption," pursued Vance, "that her assailant would have taken it for granted that the shot had been fatal."

"We may readily assume that to be the case."

Vance smoked a moment, his eyes averted.

"Yes," he agreed, "I think we may assume that.—And another point suggests itself. Since Miss Ada was in front of the dressing-table, a considerable distance from the bed, and since the weapon was held practically against her, the encounter would seem to take on the nature of a deliberate attack, rather than a haphazard shot fired by some one in a panic."

Von Blon looked shrewdly at Vance, and then turned a questioning gaze upon Heath. For a moment he was silent, as if weighing his reply, and when he spoke it was with guarded reserve.

"Of course, one might interpret the situation that way. Indeed, the facts would seem to indicate such a conclusion. But, on the other hand, the intruder might have been very close to Ada; and the fact that the bullet entered her left shoulder at a particularly vital point may have been the purest accident."

"Quite true," conceded Vance. "However, if the idea of premeditation is to be abrogated, we must account for the fact that the lights were on in the room when the butler entered immediately after the shooting."

Von Blon showed the keenest astonishment at this statement.

"The lights were on? That's most remarkable!" His brow crinkled into a perplexed frown, and he appeared to be assimilating

Vance's information. "Still," he argued, "that very fact may account for the shooting. If the intruder had entered a lighted room he may have fired at the occupant lest his description be given to the police later."

"Oh, quite!" murmured Vance. "Anyway, let us hope we'll learn the explanation when we've seen and spoken to Miss Ada."

"Well, why don't we get to it?" grumbled Heath, whose ordinarily inexhaustible store of patience had begun to run low.

"You're so hasty, Sergeant," Vance chided him. "Doctor Von Blon has just told us that Miss Ada is very weak; and anything we can learn beforehand will spare her just so many questions."

"All I want to find out," expostulated Heath, "is if she got a look at the bird that shot her and can give me a description of him."

"That being the case, Sergeant, I fear you are doomed to have your ardent hopes dashed to the ground."

Heath chewed viciously on his cigar; and Vance turned again to Von Blon.

"There's one other question I'd like to ask, doctor. How long was it after Miss Ada had been wounded before you examined her?"

"The butler's already told us, Mr. Vance," interposed Heath impatiently. "The doctor got here in half an hour."

"Yes, that's about right." Von Blon's tone was smooth and matter-of-fact. "I was unfortunately out on a call when Sproot phoned, but I returned about fifteen minutes later, and hurried right over. Luckily I live near here—in East 48th Street."

"And was Miss Ada still unconscious when you arrived?"

"Yes. She had lost considerable blood. The cook, however, had put a towel-compress on the wound, which of course helped."

Vance thanked him and rose.

"And now, if you'll be good enough to take us to your patient, we'll be very grateful."

"As little excitement as possible, you understand," admonished Von Blon, as he got up and led the way up-stairs.

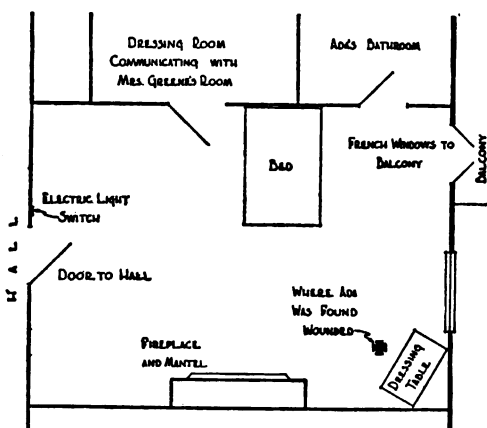
Sibella and Chester seemed undecided about accompanying us; but as I turned into the hall I saw a look of interrogation flash between them, and a moment later they too joined us in the upper hall.

VI

AN ACCUSATION

(Tuesday, November 9; 4 p. m.)

Ada Greene's room was simply, almost severely, furnished; but there was a neatness about it, combined with little touches of feminine decoration, that reflected the care its occupant had bestowed upon it. To the left, near the door that led into the dressing-room communicating with Mrs. Greene's chamber, was a single mahogany bed of simple design; and beyond it was the door that opened upon the stone balcony. To the right, beside the window, stood the dressing-table; and on the amber-colored Chinese rug before it there showed a large irregular brown stain where



Plan of Ada's Bedroom.

the wounded girl had lain. In the centre of the right wall was an old Tudor fireplace with a high oak-panelled mantel.

As we entered, the girl in the bed looked at us inquisitively, and a slight flush colored her pale cheeks. She lay on her right side, facing the door, her bandaged shoulder supported by pillows, and her left hand, slim and white, resting upon the blue-figured coverlet. A remnant of her fear of the night before seemed still to linger in her blue eyes.

Doctor Von Blon went to her and, sitting down on the edge of the bed, placed his hand on hers. His manner was at once protective and impersonal.

"These gentlemen want to ask you a few questions, Ada," he explained, with a reassuring smile; "and as you were so much stronger this afternoon I brought them up. Do you feel equal to it?"

She nodded her head wearily, her eyes on the doctor.

Vance, who had paused by the mantel to inspect the hand-carving of the quadræ, now turned and approached the bed.

"Sergeant," he said, "if you don't mind, let me talk to Miss Greene first."

Heath realized, I think, that the situation called for tact and delicacy; and it was typical of the man's fundamental bigness that he at once stepped aside.

"Miss Greene," said Vance, in a quiet, genial voice, drawing up a small chair beside the bed, "we're very anxious to clear up the mystery about last night's tragedy; and, as you are the only person who is in a position to help us, we want you to recall for us, as nearly as you can, just what happened."

The girl took a deep breath.

"It—it was awful," she said weakly, looking straight ahead. "After I had gone to sleep—I don't know just what time—something woke me up. I can't tell you what it was; but all of a sudden I was wide awake, and the strangest feeling came over me. . . ." She closed her eyes, and an involuntary shudder swept her body. "It was as though some one were in the room, threatening me. . . ." Her voice faded away into an awed silence.

"Was the room dark?" Vance asked gently.

"Pitch-dark." Slowly she turned her eyes to him. "That's why I was so frightened. I couldn't see anything, and I imagined there was a ghost—or evil spirit—near me. I tried to call out, but I couldn't make a sound. My throat felt dry and—and stiff."

"Typical constriction due to fright, Ada," explained Von Blon. "Many people can't speak when they're frightened.—Then what happened?"

"I lay trembling for a few minutes, but not a sound came from anywhere in the room. Yet I knew—I *knew*—somebody, or something, that meant to harm me was here. . . . At last I forced myself to get up—very quietly. I wanted to turn on the lights—the darkness frightened me so. And after a while I was standing up beside the bed here. Then, for the first time, I could see the dim light of the window; and it made things seem more real somehow. So I began to grope my way toward the electric switch there by the door. I had only gone a little way when . . . a hand . . . touched me. . . ."

Her lips were trembling, and a look of horror came into her wide-open eyes.

"I—I was so stunned," she struggled on, "I hardly know what I did. Again I tried to scream, but I couldn't even open my lips. And then I turned and ran away from the—the thing—toward the window. I had almost reached it when I heard some one coming after me—a queer, shuffling sound—and I knew it was the end. . . . There was an awful noise, and something hot struck the back of my shoulder. I was suddenly nauseated; the light of the window disappeared, and I felt myself sinking down—deep. . . ."

When she ceased speaking a tense silence fell on the room. Her account, for all its simplicity, had been tremendously graphic. Like a great actress she had managed to convey to her listeners the very emotional essence of her story.

Vance waited several moments before speaking.

"It was a frightful experience!" he murmured sympathetically. "I wish it wasn't necessary to worry you about details, but there are several points I'd like to go over with you."

She smiled faintly in appreciation of his considerateness, and waited.

"If you tried hard, do you think you could recall what awakened you?" he asked.

"No—there wasn't any sound that I can remember."

"Did you leave your door unlocked last night?"

"I think so. I don't generally lock it."

"And you heard no door open or close—anywhere?"

"No; none. Everything in the house was perfectly still."

"And yet you knew that some one was in the room. How was that?" Vance's voice, though gentle, was persistent.

"I—don't know . . . and yet there must have been something that told me."

"Exactly! Now try to think." Vance bent a little nearer to the troubled girl. "A soft breathing, perhaps—a slight gust of air as the person moved by your bed—a faint odor of perfume . . . ?"

She frowned painfully, as if trying to recall the elusive cause of her dread.

"I can't think—I can't remember." Her voice was scarcely audible. "I was so terribly frightened."

"If only we could trace the source!" Vance glanced at the doctor, who nodded understandingly, and said:

"Obviously some association whose stimulus went unrecognized."

"Did you feel, Miss Greene, that you knew the person who was here?" continued Vance. "That is to say, was it a familiar presence?"

"I don't know exactly. I only know I was afraid of it."

"But you heard it move toward you after you had risen and fled toward the window. Was there any familiarity in the sound?"

"No!" For the first time she spoke with emphasis. "It was just footsteps—soft, sliding footsteps."

"Of course, any one might have walked that way in the dark, or a person in bedroom slippers. . . ."

"It was only a few steps—and then came the awful noise and burning."

Vance waited a moment.

"Try very hard to recall those steps—rather your impression of them. Would you say they were the steps of a man or a woman?"

An added pallor overspread the girl's face; and her frightened eyes ran over all the occupants of the room. Her breathing, I noticed, had quickened; and twice she parted her lips as if to speak, but checked herself each time. At last she said in a low tremulous voice:

"I don't know—I haven't the slightest idea."

A short, high-strung laugh, bitter and sneering, burst from Sibella; and all eyes were turned in amazed attention in her direction. She stood rigidly at the foot of the bed, her face flushed, her hands tightly clinched at her side.

"Why don't you tell them you recognized my footsteps?" she demanded of her sister in biting tones. "You had every intention of doing so. Haven't you got courage enough left to lie—you sobbing little cat?"

Ada caught her breath and seemed to draw herself nearer to the doctor, who gave Sibella a stern, admonitory look.

"Oh, I say, Sib! Hold your tongue." It was Chester who broke the startled silence that followed the outbreak.

Sibella shrugged her shoulders and walked to the window; and Vance again turned his attention to the girl on the bed, continuing his questioning as if nothing had happened.

"There's one more point, Miss Greene." His tone was even gentler than before. "When you groped your way across the room toward the switch, at what point did you come in contact with the unseen person?"

"About half-way to the door—just beyond that centre-table."

"You say a hand touched you. But how did it touch you? Did it shove you, or try to take hold of you?"

She shook her head vaguely.

"Not exactly. I don't know how to explain it, but I seemed to walk into the hand, as though it were outstretched—reaching for me."

"Would you say it was a large hand or a small one? Did you, for instance, get the impression of strength?"

There was another silence. Again the girl's respiration quickened, and she cast a frightened glance at Sibella, who stood staring out into the black, swinging branches of the trees in the side yard.

"I don't know—oh, I don't know!" Her words were like a stifled cry of anguish. "I didn't notice. It was all so sudden—so horrible."

"But try to think," urged Vance's low, insistent voice. "Surely you got some impression. Was it a man's hand, or a woman's?"

Sibella now came swiftly to the bed, her cheeks very pale, her eyes blazing. For a moment she glared at the stricken girl; then she turned resolutely to Vance.

"You asked me down-stairs if I had any idea as to who might have done the shooting. I didn't answer you then, but I'll answer you now. I'll tell you who's guilty!" She jerked her head toward the bed, and pointed a quivering finger at the still figure lying there. "There's the guilty one—that snivelling little outsider, that sweet angelic little snake in the grass!"

So incredible, so unexpected, was this accusation that for a time no one in the room spoke. A groan burst from Ada's lips, and she clutched at the doctor's hand with a spasmodic movement of despair.

"Oh, Sibella—how could you!" she breathed.

Von Blon had stiffened, and an angry light came into his eyes. But before he could speak Sibella was rushing on with her illogical, astounding indictment.

"Oh, she's the one who did it! And she's deceiving you just as she's always tried to deceive the rest of us. She hates us—she's hated us ever since father brought her into this house. She resents us—the things we have, the very blood in our veins. Heaven knows what blood's in hers. She hates us because she isn't our equal. She'd gladly see us all murdered. She killed Julia first, because Julia ran the house and saw to it that she did something to earn her livelihood. She despises us; and she planned to get rid of us."

The girl on the bed looked piteously from one to the other of us. There was no resentment in her eyes; she appeared stunned and unbelieving, as if she doubted the reality of what she had heard.

"Most interestin'," drawled Vance. It was his ironic tone, more than the words themselves, that focussed all eyes on him. He had been watching Sibella during her tirade, and his gaze was still on her.

"You seriously accuse your sister of doing the shooting?" He spoke now in a pleasant, almost friendly, voice.

"I do!" she declared brazenly. "She hates us all."

"As far as that goes," smiled Vance, "I haven't noticed a superabundance of love and affection in any of the Greene family." His tone was without offense. "And do you base your accusation on anything specific, Miss Greene?"

"Isn't it specific enough that she wants us all out of the way, that she thinks she would have everything—ease, luxury, freedom—if there wasn't any one else to inherit the Greene money?"

"Hardly specific enough to warrant a direct accusation of so heinous a character.—And by the by, Miss Greene, just how would you explain the method of the crime if called as a witness in a court of law? You couldn't altogether ignore the fact that Miss Ada herself was shot in the back, don't y' know?"

For the first time the sheer impossibility of the accusation seemed to strike Sibella. She became sullen; and her mouth settled into a contour of angry bafflement.

"As I told you once before, I'm not a policewoman," she retorted. "Crime isn't my specialty."

"Nor logic either apparently." A whimsical note crept into Vance's voice. "But perhaps I misinterpret your accusation. Did you

mean to imply that Miss Ada shot your sister Julia, and that some one else—party or parties unknown, I believe the phrase is—shot Miss Ada immediately afterward—in a spirit of vengeance, perhaps? A crime à quatre mains, so to speak?"

Sibella's confusion was obvious, but her stubborn wrath had in no wise abated.

"Well, if that was the way it happened," she countered malevolently, "it's a rotten shame they didn't do the job better."

"The blunder may at least prove unfortunate for somebody," suggested Vance pointedly. "Still, I hardly think we can seriously entertain the double-culprit theory. Both of your sisters, d' ye see, were shot with the same gun—a .32 revolver—within a few minutes of each other. I'm afraid that we'll have to be content with one guilty person."

Sibella's manner suddenly became sly and calculating.

"What kind of a gun was yours, Chet?" she asked her brother.

"Oh, it was a .32, all right—an old Smith and Wesson revolver." Chester was painfully ill at ease.

"Was it, indeed? Well, that's that." She turned her back on us and went again to the window.

The tension in the room slackened, and Von Blon leaned solicitously over the wounded girl and rearranged the pillows.

"Every one's upset, Ada," he said soothingly. "You mustn't worry about what's happened. Sibella'll be sorry to-morrow and make amends. This affair has got on everybody's nerves."

The girl gave him a grateful glance, and seemed to relax under his administrations.

After a moment he straightened up and looked at Markham.

"I hope you gentlemen are through—for to-day, at least."

Both Vance and Markham had risen, and Heath and I had followed suit; but at that moment Sibella strode toward us again.

"Wait!" she commanded imperiously. "I've just thought of something. Chet's revolver! I know where it went.—*She* took it." Again she pointed accusingly at Ada. "I saw her in Chet's room the other day, and I wondered then why she was snooping about there." She gave Vance a triumphant leer. "That's specific, isn't it?"

"What day was this, Miss Greene?" As

before, his calmness seemed to counteract the effect of her venom.

"What day? I don't remember exactly. Last week some time."

"The day you were looking for your emerald pin, perhaps?"

Sibella hesitated; then said angrily: "I don't recall. Why should I remember the exact time? All I know is that, as I was passing down the hall, I glanced into Chet's room—the door was half open—and I saw *her* in there . . . by the desk."

"And was it so unusual to see Miss Ada in your brother's room?" Vance spoke without any particular interest.

"She never goes into any of our rooms," declared Sibella. "Except Rex's, sometimes. Julia told her long ago to keep out of them."

Ada gave her sister a look of infinite entreaty.

"Oh, Sibella," she moaned; "what have I ever done to make you dislike me so?"

"What have you done!" The other's voice was harsh and strident, and a look almost demoniacal smouldered in her levelled eyes. "Everything! Nothing! Oh, you're clever—with your quiet, sneaky ways, and your patient, hangdog look, and your goody-goody manner. But you don't pull the wool over my eyes. You've been hating all of us ever since you came here. And you've been waiting for the chance to kill us, planning and scheming—you vile little——"

"Sibella!" It was Von Blon's voice that, like the lash of a whip, cut in on this unreasoned tirade. "That will be enough!" He moved forward, and glanced menacingly into the girl's eyes. I was almost as astonished at his attitude as I had been at her wild words. There was a curious intimacy in his manner—an implication of familiarity which struck me as unusual even for a family physician of his long and friendly standing. Vance noticed it too, for his eyebrows went up slightly and he watched the scene with intense interest.

"You've become hysterical," Von Blon said, without lowering his minatory gaze. "You don't realize what you've been saying."

I felt he would have expressed himself far more forcibly if strangers had not been present. But his words had their effect. Sibella dropped her eyes, and a sudden change came over her. She covered her face with her hands, and her whole body shook with sobs.

"I'm—sorry. I was mad—and silly—to say such things."

"You'd better take Sibella to her room, Chester." Von Blon had resumed his professional tone. "This business has been too much for her."

The girl turned without another word and went out, followed by Chester.

"These modern women—all nerves," Von Blon commented laconically. Then he placed his hand on Ada's forehead. "Now, young lady, I'm going to give you something to make you sleep after all this excitement."

He had scarcely opened his medicine-case to prepare the draught when a shrill, complaining voice drifted clearly to us from the next room; and for the first time I noticed that the door of the little dressing-room which communicated with Mrs. Greene's quarters was slightly ajar.

"What's all the trouble now? Hasn't there been enough disturbance already without these noisy scenes in my very ear? But it doesn't matter, of course, how much I suffer. . . . Nurse! Shut those doors into Ada's room. You had no business to leave them open when you knew I was trying to get a little rest. You did it on purpose to annoy me. . . . And nurse! Tell the doctor I must see him before he goes. I have those stabbing pains in my spine again. But who thinks about me, lying here paralyzed——?"

The doors were closed softly, and the fretful voice was cut off from us.

"She could have had the doors closed a long time ago if she'd really wanted them closed," said Ada wearily, a look of distress on her drawn white face. "Why, Doctor Von, does she always pretend that every one deliberately makes her suffer?"

Von Blon sighed. "I've told you, Ada, that you mustn't take your mother's tantrums too seriously. Her irritability and complaining are part of her disease."

We bade the girl good-by, and the doctor walked with us into the hall.

"I'm afraid you didn't learn much," he remarked, almost apologetically. "It's most unfortunate Ada didn't get a look at her assailant." He addressed himself to Heath. "Did you, by the way, look in the dining-room wall-safe to make sure nothing was missing? You know, there's one there behind the big niello over the mantel."

"One of the first places we inspected." The

Sergeant's voice was a bit disdainful. "And that reminds me, doc: I want to send a man up in the morning to look for finger-prints in Miss Ada's room."

Von Blon agreed amiably, and held out his hand to Markham.

"And if there's any way I can be of service to you or the police," he added pleasantly, "please call on me. I'll be only too glad to help. I don't see just what I can do, but one never knows."

Markham thanked him, and we descended to the lower hall. Sproot was waiting to help us with our coats, and a moment later we were in the District Attorney's car ploughing our way through the snow-drifts.

VII

VANCE ARGUES THE CASE

(Tuesday, November 9; 5 p. m.)

It was nearly five o'clock when we reached the Criminal Courts Building. Swacker had lit the old bronze-and-china chandelier of Markham's private office, and an atmosphere of eerie gloom pervaded the room.

"Not a nice family, Markham old dear," sighed Vance, lying back in one of the deep, leather-upholstered chairs. "Decidedly not a nice family. A family run to seed, its old vigour vitiated. If the heredit'ry sires of the contempor'ry Greenses could rise from their sepulchres and look in upon their present progeny, my word! what a jolly good shock they'd have! . . . Funny thing how these old families degenerate under the environment of ease and idleness. There are the Wittelsbachs, and the Romanoffs, and the Julian-Claudian house, and the Abbasside dynasty—all examples of phyletic disintegration. . . . And it's the same with nations, don't y' know. Luxury and unrestrained indulgence are corruptin' influences. Look at Rome under the soldier emperors, and Assyria under Sardapalus, and Egypt under the later Ramessids, and the Vandal African empire under Gelimor. It's very distressin'."

"Your erudite observations might be highly absorbing to the social historian," grumbled Markham, with an undisguised show of irritability; "but I can't say they're particularly edifying, or even relevant, in the present circumstances."

"I wouldn't be too positive on that point," Vance returned easily. "In fact, I submit, for

your earnest and profound consideration, the temperaments and internal relationships of the Greene clan, as pointers upon the dark road of the present investigation. . . . Really, y' know"—he assumed a humorous tone—"it's most unfortunate that you and the Sergeant are so obsessed with the idea of social justice and that sort of thing; for society would be much better off if such families as the Greenses were exterminated. Still, it's a fascinatin' problem—most fascinatin'."

"I regret I can't share your enthusiasm for it," Markham spoke with asperity. "The crime strikes me as sordid and commonplace. And if it hadn't been for your interference I'd have sent Chester Greene on his way this morning with some tactful platitudes. But you had to intercede, with your cryptic innuendoes and mysterious head-waggings; and I foolishly let myself be drawn into it. Well, I trust you had an enjoyable afternoon. As for myself, I have three hours' accumulated work before me."

His complaint was an obvious suggestion that we take ourselves off; but Vance showed no intention of going.

"Oh, I sha'n't depart just yet," he announced, with a bantering smile. "I couldn't bring myself to leave you in your present state of grievous error. You need guidance, Markham; and I've quite made up my mind to pour out my flutterin' heart to you and the Sergeant."

Markham frowned. He understood Vance so well that he knew the other's levity was only superficial—that, indeed, it cloaked some particularly serious purpose. And the experience of a long, intimate friendship had taught him that Vance's actions—however unreasonable they might appear—were never the result of an idle whim.

"Very well," he acquiesced. "But I'd be grateful for an economy of words."

Vance sighed mournfully.

"Your attitude is so typical of the spirit of breathless speed existing in this restless day." He fixed an inquisitive gaze on Heath. "Tell me, Sergeant: you saw the body of Julia Greene, didn't you?"

"Sure, I saw it."

"Was her position in the bed a natural one?"

"How do I know how she generally laid in bed?" Heath was restive and in bad humor. "She was half sitting up, with a coupla pil-

lows under her shoulders, and the covers pulled up."

"Nothing unusual about her attitude?"

"Not that I could see. There hadn't been a struggle, if that's what you mean."

"And her hands: were they outside or under the covers?"

Heath looked up, mildly astonished.

"They were outside. And, now that you mention it, they had a tight hold on the spread."

"Clutching it, in fact?"

"Well, yes."

Vance leaned forward quickly.

"And her face, Sergeant? Had she been shot in her sleep?"

"It didn't look that way. Her eyes were wide open, staring straight ahead."

"Her eyes were open and staring," repeated Vance, a note of eagerness coming into his voice. "What would you say her expression indicated? Fear? Horror? Surprise?"

Heath regarded Vance shrewdly. "Well, it mighta been any one of 'em. Her mouth was open, like as if she was surprised at something."

"And she was clutching the spread with both hands." Vance's look drifted into space. Then slowly he rose and walked the length of the office and back, his head down. He halted in front of the District Attorney's desk, and leaned over, resting both hands on the back of a chair.

"Listen, Markham. There's something terrible and unthinkable going on in that house. No haphazard unknown assassin came in by the front door last night and shot down those two women. The crime was planned—thought out. Some one lay in wait—some one who knew his way about, knew where the light-switches were, knew when every one was asleep, knew when the servants had retired—knew just when and how to strike the blow. Some deep, awful motive lies behind that crime. There are depths beneath depths in what happened last night—obscure fetid chambers of the human soul. Black hatreds, unnatural desires, hideous impulses, obscene ambitions are at the bottom of it; and you are only playing into the murderer's hands when you sit back and refuse to see its significance."

His voice had a curious hushed quality, and it was difficult to believe that this was the habitually debonair and cynical Vance.

"That house is polluted, Markham. It's

crumbling in decay—not material decay, perhaps, but a putrefaction far more terrible. The very heart and essence of that old house is rotting away. And all the inmates are rotting with it, disintegrating in spirit and mind and character. They've been polluted by the very atmosphere they've created. This crime, which you take so lightly, was inevitable in such a setting. I only wonder it was not more terrible, more vile. It marked one of the tertiary stages of the general dissolution of that abnormal establishment."

He paused, and extended his hand in a hopeless gesture.

"Think of the situation. That old, lonely, spacious house, exuding the musty atmosphere of dead generations, faded inside and out, run down, dingy, filled with ghosts of another day, standing there in its ill-kept grounds, lapped by the dirty waters of the river. . . . And then think of those six ill-sorted, restless, unhealthy beings compelled to live there in daily contact for a quarter of a century—such was old Tobias Greene's perverted idealism. And they've lived there, day in and day out, in that mouldy miasma of antiquity—unfit to meet the conditions of any alternative, too weak or too cowardly to strike out alone; held by an undermining security and a corrupting ease; growing to hate the very sight of one another, becoming bitter, spiteful, jealous, vicious; wearing down each other's nerves to the raw; consumed with resentment, aflame with hate, thinking evil—complaining, fighting, snarling. . . . Then, at last, the breaking-point—the logical, ineluctable figuration of all this self-feeding, ingrowing hatred."

"All of that is easy to understand," agreed Markham. "But, after all, your conclusion is wholly theoretic, not to say literary.—By what tangible links do you connect last night's shooting with the admittedly abnormal situation at the Greene mansion?"

"There are no tangible links—that's the horror of it. But the joinders are there, however shadowy. I began to sense them the minute I entered the house; and all this afternoon I was reaching for them blindly. But they eluded me at every turn. It was like a house of mazes and false passages and trap-doors and reeking oubliettes: nothing normal, nothing sane—a house in a nightmare, peopled by strange, abnormal creatures, each reflecting the subtle, monstrous horror that broke

forth last night and went prowling about the old hallways. Didn't you sense it? Didn't you see the vague shape of this abomination continually flash out and disappear as we talked to these people and watched them battling against their own hideous thoughts and suspicions?"

Markham moved uneasily and straightened a pile of papers before him. Vance's unwanted gravity had affected him.

"I understand perfectly what you mean," he said. "But I don't see that your impressions bring us any nearer to a new theory of the crime. The Greene mansion is unhealthy—that's granted—and so, no doubt, are the people in it. But I'm afraid you've been oversusceptible to its atmosphere. You talk as if last night's crime were comparable to the poisoning orgies of the Borgias, or the Marquise de Brinvilliers affair, or the murder of Drusus and Germanicus, or the suffocation of the York princes in the Tower. I'll admit the setting is consonant with that sort of stealthy, romantic crime; but, after all, housebreakers and bandits are shooting people senselessly every week throughout the country, in very much the same way the two Greene women were shot."

"You're shutting your eyes to the facts, Markham," Vance declared earnestly. "You're overlooking several strange features of last night's crime—the horrified, astounded attitude of Julia at the moment of death; the illogical interval between the two shots; the fact that the lights were on in both rooms; Ada's story of that hand reaching for her; the absence of any signs of a forced entry——"

"What about those footprints in the snow?" interrupted Heath's matter-of-fact voice.

"What about them, indeed?" Vance wheeled about. "They're as incomprehensible as the rest of this hideous business. Some one walked to and from the house within a half-hour of the crime; but it was some one who knew he could get in quietly and without disturbing any one."

"There's nothing mysterious about that," asserted the practical Sergeant. "There are four servants in the house, and any one of 'em could've been in on the job."

Vance smiled ironically.

"And this accomplice in the house, who so generously opened the front door at a specified hour, failed to inform the intruder where

the loot was, and omitted to acquaint him with the arrangement of the house; with the result that, once he was inside, he went astray, overlooked the dining-room, wandered up-stairs, went groping about the hall, got lost in the various bedrooms, had a seizure of panic, shot two women, turned on the lights by switches hidden behind the furniture, made his way down-stairs without a sound when Sproot was within a few feet of him, and walked out the front door to freedom! . . . A strange burglar, Sergeant. And an even stranger inside accomplice.—No; your explanation won't do—decidedly it won't do." He turned back to Markham. "And the only way you'll ever find the true explanation for those shootings is by understanding the unnatural situation that exists in the house itself."

"But we know the situation, Vance," Markham argued patiently. "I'll admit it's an unusual one. But it's not necessarily criminal. Antagonistic human elements are often thrown together; and a mutual hate is generated as a result. But mere hate is rarely a motive for murder; and it certainly does not constitute evidence of criminal activity."

"Perhaps not. But hatred and enforced propinquity may breed all manner of abnormalities—outrageous passions, abominable evils, devilish intrigues. And in the present case there are any number of curious and sinister facts that need explaining——"

"Ah! Now you're becoming more tangible. Just what are these facts that call for explanation?"

Vance lit a cigarette and sat down on the edge of the table.

"For instance, why did Chester Greene come here in the first place and solicit your help? Because of the disappearance of the gun? Maybe; but I doubt if it is the whole explanation. And what about the gun itself? Did it disappear? Or did Chester secrete it? Deuced queer about that gun. And Sibella said she saw it last week. But did she see it? We'll know a lot more about the case when we can trace the peregrinations of that revolver.—And why did Chester hear the first shot so readily, when Rex, in the next room to Ada's, says he failed to hear the second shot?—And that long interval between the two reports will need some explaining.—And there's Sproot—the multilingual butler who happened to be reading Martial—Martial, by all

that's holy!—when the grim business took place, and came directly to the scene without meeting or hearing any one.—And just what significance attaches to the pious Hemming's oracular pronouncements about the Lord of hosts smiting the Greenes as he did the children of Babylon? She has some obscure religious notion in her head—which, after all, may not be so obscure.—And the German cook: there's a woman with, as we euphemistically say, a past. Despite her phlegmatic appearance, she's not of the servant class; yet she's been feeding the Greenes dutifully for over a dozen years. You recall her explanation of how she came to the Greenes? Her husband was a friend of old Tobias's; and Tobias gave orders she was to remain as cook as long as she desired. She needs explaining, Markham—and a dashed lot of it.—And Rex, with his projecting parietals and his wambly body and his periodic fits. Why did he get so excited when we questioned him? He certainly didn't act like an innocent and uncomprehending spectator of an attempted burglary.—And again I mention the lights. Who turned them on, and why? And in both rooms! In Julia's room *before* the shot was fired, for she evidently saw the assassin and understood his purpose; and in Ada's room, *after* the shooting! Those are facts which fairly shriek for explanation; for without an explanation they're mad, irrational, utterly incredible.—And why wasn't Von Blon at home in the middle of the night when Sproot phoned him? And how did it happen he nevertheless arrived so promptly? Coincidence? . . . And, by the by, Sergeant: was that double set of footprints like the single spoor of the doctor's?"

"There wasn't any way of telling. The snow was too flaky."

"They probably don't matter particularly, anyhow." Vance again faced Markham and resumed his recapitulation. "And then there are the points of difference in these two attacks. Julia was shot from the front when she was in bed, whereas Ada was shot in the back after she had risen from bed, although the murderer had ample time to go to her and take aim while she was still lying down. Why did he wait silently until the girl got up and approached him? How did he dare wait at all after he had killed Julia and alarmed the house? Does that strike you as panic? Or as cool-headedness?—And how

did Julia's door come to be unlocked at that particular time? That's something I especially want clarified.—And perhaps you noticed, Markham, that Chester himself went to summon Sibella to the interview in the drawing-room, and that he remained with her a considerable time. Why, now, did he send Sproot for Rex, and fetch Sibella personally? And why the delay? I yearn for an explanation of what passed between them before they eventually appeared.—And why was Sibella so definite that there wasn't a burglar, and yet so evasive when we asked her to suggest a counter-theory? What underlay her satirical frankness when she held up each member of the Greene household, including herself, as a possible suspect?—And then there are the details of Ada's story. Some of them are amazing, incomprehensible, almost fabulous. There was no apparent sound in the room; yet she was conscious of a menacing presence. And that outstretched hand and the shuffling footsteps—we simply must have an explanation of those things. And her hesitancy about saying whether she thought it was a man or a woman; and Sibella's evident belief that the girl thought it was she. That wants explaining, Markham.—And Sibella's hysterical accusation against Ada. What lay behind that?—And don't forget that curious scene between Sibella and Von Blon when he reproached her for her outburst. That was devilish odd. There's some intimacy there—*ça saute aux yeux*. You noticed how she obeyed him. And you doubtless observed, too, that Ada is rather fond of the doctor: snuggled up to him figuratively during the performance, opened her eyes on him wistfully, looked to him for protection. Oh, our little Ada has flutterings in his direction. And yet he adopts the hovering professional-bedside manner of a high-priced medico toward her, whereas he treats Sibella very much as Chester might if he had the courage."

Vance inhaled deeply on his cigarette.

"Yes, Markham, there are many things that must be satisfactorily accounted for before I can believe in your hypothetical burglar."

Markham sat for a while, engrossed in his thoughts.

"I've listened to your Homeric catalogue, Vance," he said at length, "but I can't say that it inflames me. You've suggested a number of interesting possibilities, and raised sev-

eral points that might bear looking into. However, the only potential weight of your argument lies in an accumulation of items which, taken separately, are not particularly impressive. A plausible answer might be found for each one of them. The trouble is, the integers of your summary are without a connecting thread, and consequently must be regarded as separate units."

"That legal mind of yours!" Vance rose and paced up and down. "An accumulation of queer and unexplained facts centring about a crime is no more impressive than each separate item in the total! Well, well! I give up. I renounce all reason. I fold up my tent like the Arabs and as silently steal away." He took up his coat. "I leave you to your fantastic, delirious burglar, who walks without keys into a house and steals nothing, who knows where electric switches are hidden but can't find a staircase, who shoots women and then turns up the lights. When you find him, my dear Lycurgus, you should, in all humaneness, send him to the psychopathic ward. He's quite unaccountable, I assure you."

Markham, despite his opposition, had not been unimpressed. Vance unquestionably had undermined to some extent his belief in a housebreaker. But I could readily understand why he was reluctant to abandon this theory until it had been thoroughly tested. His next words, in fact, explained his attitude.

"I'm not denying the remote possibility that this affair may go deeper than appears. But there's too little to go on at present to warrant an investigation along other than routine lines. We can't very well stir up an ungodly scandal by raking the members of a prominent family over the coals, when there's not a scintilla of evidence against any one of

them. It's too unjust and dangerous a proceeding. We must at least wait until the police have finished their investigation. Then, if nothing develops, we can again take inventory and decide how to proceed. . . . How long, Sergeant, do you figure on being busy?"

Heath took his cigar from his mouth and regarded it thoughtfully.

"That's hard to say, sir. Dubois'll finish up his finger-printing to-morrow, and we're checking up on the regulars as fast as we can. Also, I've got two men digging up the records of the Greene servants. It may take a lot of time, and it may go quick. Depends on the breaks we get."

Vance sighed.

"And it was such a neat, fascinatin' crime! I've rather been looking forward to it, don't y' know, and now you talk of prying into the early amours of serving-maids and that sort of thing. It's most disheartenin'."

He buttoned his ulster about him and walked to the door.

"Ah, well, there's nothing for me to do while you Jasons are launched on your quaint quest. I think I'll retire and resume my translation of Delacroix's 'Journal.'"

But Vance was not destined then to finish this task he had had in mind so long. Three days later the front pages of the country's press carried glaring head-lines telling of a second grim and unaccountable tragedy at the old Greene mansion, which altered the entire character of the case and immediately lifted it into the realm of the foremost *causes célèbres* of modern times. After this second blow had fallen all ideas of a casual burglar were banished. There could no longer be any doubt that a hidden death-dealing horror stalked through the dim corridors of that fated house.

(To be continued.)





President Lincoln in 1864.

From a photograph by Brady.

—See "A Southerner Views Lincoln," page 204.



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The Faith of the Fathers

BY ERNEST MARTIN HOPKINS

The President of Dartmouth College defends youth in our colleges and defines the function of education as seeking truth rather than conserving faith.

CATCH-PHRASES, like catch-words, easily degenerate into shibboleths. Consequently it behooves intelligence from time to time to consider such of these as are in general use. The more persuasive one proves to be, the more carefully it should be analyzed to understand its exact significance.

"Faith of the fathers" is a phrase for conjuring. It awakens latent instincts of loyalty. It connotes humility in the light of experience. It suggests respect for authority.

The validity of its influence, however, is contingent upon the interpretation put upon it. Here, as in so many other cases, the spirit maketh alive but the letter killeth.

If we crave freedom for the mind and opportunity for self-expression of the soul of man, we do ill to ignore the forgetfulness of self, the courage, and the consecration with which the forefathers struggled for like ends. If we desire order and constructive effort, we have inspiring examples in the past of men

who abnegated self, subordinated opinion, and forewent the rewards of leadership in the interest of co-operation for the common good.

It would be presumptuous to suppose that men inherently greater, bolder, or better disposed toward their fellows would be found in the future than in the past. By so much as we value the memories and enhance the reputations of these men of times gone who have lived and worked and wrought greatly, by so much do we offer incentive for men again so to do. The past is a treasure-house of lessons derived from efforts and accomplishments and from experimentation by the method of trial and error in the affairs of men.

Across the span of the ages which we call the past there stand out significant and important figures of men who greatly influenced their times, and others more important who personified the cumulative effects of their periods and interpreted and transmitted these to future generations for their under-

standing. Of these we can never know too much.

All in all, however, it is more important to know how such men felt than it is to know what they did. Action is always subject to coercions and restrictions to which thought is far less susceptible. It is for this reason that philosophy, when it records what men have thought, is more important than history, when it records only what men have done.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, said the apostle. Obviously the attainment of an objective puts an end to faith. Faith deals with things distant, hardly to be understood, and reasonably to be sought in devious ways.

It is in regard to the vision of the fathers, then, that we ought to know, if we would know their faith; not primarily of the action they took in attempt to materialize the vision. Many a man, had he been given longer life and greater experience, would have sought the realization of his aspirations by paths quite opposite to and by methods quite different from those to which he actually committed himself.

It is as idle to speculate on what men wished by giving attention solely to procedures by which they sought their ends as it would be to attempt to define the destination of a man by the ship on which he might be found. The transatlantic liner from New York may be the chosen medium for reaching either the Orient or South America. Certainly Hamilton and Jefferson had little in common in their desires for what government should be and do. Yet each accepted the Constitutional Convention as a desirable agent for accomplishing his purpose.

Again, accepting the phrase without too much effort at definition, what

faiths and what fathers are we to look to for authoritative guidance?

It was the faith of the fathers which forced the hemlock to the lips of Socrates and crucified Jesus on the cross. It was the faith of the fathers which denied Roger Bacon the opportunity to advance by centuries the pursuit of scientific learning and compelled Galileo to deny what he knew to be true. It was the faith of the fathers which fought the growing spirit of nationalism when this began to oppose church domination. Again, now, the faith of the fathers is invoked to enhance nationalism, and to defend isolationism and the opportunities for self-aggrandizement against development of a spirit of rational good-will among the peoples of the earth.

II

Again and again, in one form or another, the charge is levelled at the American college that it is not properly responsive to the demand that it conserve the faith of the fathers.

Is this true?

In the sense in which the question is usually asked, the answer undoubtedly must be that the assertion is true. In the sense, however, that the question must be asked, if we are to assume an advantage to mankind in education, the answer is an emphatic and categorical "No."

In view of the wide-spread interest in the American college, it would be well if there were a larger knowledge of what its function is and if there were a greater comprehension of the theory on which it works.

Education is mental enlargement. Its possibilities of development are in awakened minds. Its stages are by imitation, first; then by the effect of verbal



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From a painting by Charles Hopkinson.

precept and admonition; then by acquisition of knowledge through the printed word; and later by correlation of knowledge leading out toward abstract thinking.

The ultimate purpose of the so-called cultural college is aroused thoughtfulness—that is, the cultivation and expansion of the minds of its students to the limits of their possibilities in the realms of abstract thinking. Premising its work by the cultivation of some sense of cultural values, and bulwarking it by an elementary store of indispensable knowledge, the primary interest of the college is in the possible capacity of its men to deal with abstractions and to apply these to solving problems of our social adjustments in our common life.

Not all men who are accepted into membership in the college can become productive thinkers. But amongst the host who cannot, in many a one a sense of respect can be cultivated for this kind of thought, as can a sense of its proportionate worth as compared with the motivation of utilitarian thought directed to purely material ends.

Extending out beyond the results of all our scientific research and accumulation of new knowledge, out beyond our command of physical reserves and the enormous increase of power available to the human race—out beyond, indeed, but particularly because of these—lie the impending, threatening, but as yet intangible problems of social adjustment.

Never was the maxim of Marcus Aurelius more to the point: "Men are created one for another: either, then, teach them better, or bear with them." And to this might be added the reflection of Doctor Arnold: "It is clear that in whatever it is our duty to act, these matters also it is our duty to study."

Day by day we are crowded into a smaller world, wherein the impact of individual upon individual and of group upon group is more frequent and more violent. On the one hand, a theory of untempered individualism makes for anarchy. On the other hand, collectivism means standardization of opportunity, mediocrity in attainment, and stupidity in environment.

Are these remote alternatives?

In our own day we have seen the attempt in one great state to establish as a working political practice a proletariat of the workers. Now we are told of the contemplation in another great state of a plan for setting up an oligarchy of the selected sons of Fascism.

Wherein but in intelligent thinking are the solutions to be found which shall restrain individual desire for the public good or protect the genius or talent of the individual against the paralyzing coercion of the crowd? Wherein but in abstract reasoning are the definitions to be established as to what constitutes service to society and as to what constitutes disservice?

Certainly maximum contribution is not to be made in acceptance bodily of a mass of principles adopted for other times. Nor yet is it to be made in rejection *en masse* of practices heretofore valuable, because some no longer work. The task calls for discriminating minds acquainted, on the one hand, with the habit of speculative thought and having knowledge, on the other hand, of how the validity of evidence upon a given point is to be determined.

The greatest problem, then, of our time is how we are to adjust ourselves with the necessary promptness to the rapidly changing conditions of life. It is obviously vital that we shall not without due consideration overthrow the

structures which have been laboriously erected. It is essential, as well, that we shall properly utilize new principles which need to be taken into account, whether to remodel the structures already built or to replace edifices about to be condemned.

In this connection also it is requisite that we should comprehend that social structures do not invariably have to be proved valueless before argument logically may be made for their replacement. Their real values depend not on any absolute appraisal, but on their relative worths compared with the probable value of creations which might take their places. It is as though in the realm of civic improvements a highly desirable city block should be foregone to preserve the inconsequential profit of a ramshackle tenement.

The success of American industrial life more than upon any other principle has been founded on the flexibility of the American business man's mind, by which he has been willing to demolish his factory, to junk his mechanical equipment, or to redevise his complicated processes of manufacture, when by so doing he could replace these more efficiently.

Yet the analogy seems to be lost upon us when one attempts to persuade us to apply the principle to social usages, political organization, educational procedures, or religious objectives. At once appeal is made for holding to the faith of the fathers. Not only is an immediate attempt made to marshal public opinion to restrain action, but propaganda is promptly organized to discredit philosophical speculation. All of the forces of censorship, repression, and prohibition are set in motion to preserve the theory that "whatever is" is better than anything that might conceivably be.

Hence the rise and prestige of the so-called patriotic societies in their multi-form organizations, to deny the possibilities of benefit in social change; the spread and power of the Ku Klux Klan and kindred organizations to preserve the antipathies and antagonisms which blight our capacity for scientific analysis of our social state; the strength of the forces of political reaction which hold that all capacity for wisdom in political thought was exhausted in the Constitutional Convention of 1787; and the wide-spread vogue of the fundamentalists in religion who, viewing the great good which accrued to mankind nineteen hundred years ago by new concepts which adapted religion to the needs of that day, nevertheless would now deny to us the right to interpret religion into terms applicable to the dire need of our own times.

It is hard doctrine for many a man to accept that what Moses or Isaiah or Jesus said of religion in their respective times or what Washington or Jefferson or Hamilton said of politics in theirs, is far less important than what these great leaders, with their courage and intelligence and idealism, would respectively say to-day in a time so different from the times whose thoughts they so much defied and so largely moulded.

However, it is with such doctrines as these that true education must concern itself. The usefulness to society of the college will eventually be reckoned on the basis of the preparation given to men of a given era to live their lives understandingly of conditions about them, and serviceably to society in decades yet before them.

This is peculiarly important in a period of such rapid change as is our own. Circumstances of life and habits of thought change more in a ten-year span

now than oftentimes before they have changed in a century. Such is the situation which implies the necessity as never before that such institutions of higher learning as are free to do it—such, for instance, as the colleges—shall strive for the form of mental enlargement in their men which we call the capacity for abstract thought.

Herein lies the necessity for constant re-examination of the content of the curriculum and the technic of instruction, that subjects stimulating to the thinking of the undergraduate may be offered, and that the value of his effort may be determined by the conclusions he reaches through his own thought, rather than by the accuracy with which he reproduces the thoughts of others.

I do not ignore herein the necessity for courses requiring mental discipline, in which shall be learned by example the methods essential to productive thought and the rigorous processes of combination and elimination respectively of essential and non-essential data before a conclusion can be accepted.

Still, when all is said and done along these lines, it is the spirit of the aspiration and not the letter of the particular method which counts. It is the spirit which is important. Better the wrong method with the right spirit than the right method uninspired. An attitude of confidence in the student's ability to cultivate the power of thought will have truer educational value, I believe, than any process unassociated with such an attitude.

It is one of the fallacies of commonly accepted educational theory that the interest in research and the disposition to undertake individual problems looking toward discoveries of one's own are by nature exclusively within the confines of the graduate school's work.

If the college could make its procedures more adapted to cultivating this instinct, even if not in a large number of its men, and if it could give special encouragement to students who showed incipient talent for this work, the college course could be made a far more fruitful period for many an undergraduate.

The college would thereby benefit by the greater zest which would attach to much of its work. The graduate school would benefit by the increased number of men who would gain interest in continuing the days of formal education over into the graduate-school period. Most important of all, society would benefit by the increased interest in analytical thinking which would be aroused in the three-quarters of the college graduates for whom the college course is the last stage of formal education—an education too frequently devised without taking into consideration at all the undergraduate's capacity for cultivating an interest in purposeful and self-devised thought.

Does some one say I overestimate the serious interest which can be aroused in undergraduates of this day, or that I exaggerate in such statements the intelligent purpose which may be found in college students of this generation?

If so, I wish to say a word in defense of the youth of the American colleges.

The vital point at which this generation of college men is to be drastically criticised is that it has no understanding of the imperative necessity of self-discipline. Moreover, in the large, these men are impervious to attempts to give them comprehension that without this neither intellectual sinew nor moral stamina can be developed except by later struggle. I admit the grave seriousness

of this problem. Unless it is met and solved, all else may fail.

However, what of the faith of the immediate fathers at this point? Whose fault is this ignorance of the value of Spartanism in self-development except the fault of us who are the elders of this generation of youth? In this country of unprecedented economic surplus, where life has become easy and soft for the great mass of our population, and where rigid self-denial is little needed and little known, do we of older generations set any standards of self-discipline? In our great American delusion that to be busy is to be useful, do we exalt any idea of self-denying service? In our political philosophy of devoting exclusive attention to prosperity, is there any incentive to high thinking? In our avoidance of the responsibilities of maintaining homes and in our increasing tendencies instead to establish simply lodgings, in the transition from the residence to the apartment, is there any influence to strengthen family ties?

There was something deeper than idle jest in the newspaper quip that one reason why the young people run around nights is that they are afraid to stay at home alone.

Even our present-day conception of religion tends to degenerate—I quote Professor Whitehead—"into a decent formula wherewith to embellish a comfortable life," whereas, he continues later, "the worship of God is not a rule of safety—it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable."

Our college youth confront a world of bewildering perplexities undreamed of in any previous generation, and face it unafraid. Unsupported by any considerable reason for respect for the generations immediately preceding them, possessed of abundant argument for

doubting the validity of old loyalties which men have eloquently declared and then persistently ignored, repelled by the interpretations of religion which pander to bigotry and intolerance, they revolt from the tawdriness and futility of it all.

In search for better ways they commit new follies. They defy conventions, they shock sensibilities, and, too often and most serious, they inflict cruel hurt upon themselves. But in the main this generation of youth is an indomitable one, seeking to be captains of their own souls and promising to succeed. In straightforwardness, in unhypocritical honesty, in cleanness of thought and integrity of action, in aspiration and idealism, their like has not been seen before.

The question is not more logically to be asked whether the colleges can find men worthy of their advantages than it is whether this oncoming generation of youth can find colleges qualified to understand them and competent to inspire them!

III

Will not the interest of youth itself, nevertheless, as well as that of the world at large be best served by insistence on the part of the college that there are boundaries beyond which the search for knowledge must not go?

I do not believe so. The maiden who was given consent to swim but forbidden to go near the water was in small dilemma compared with the student who is told to cultivate the habit of thought but is denied the privilege of thinking on those things most vital to him.

The caustic cynic Voltaire, writing doubtless with his tongue in his cheek, illustrated perfectly how this sort of theory would work out, in his discus-

sion of "Faith" in the "Philosophical Dictionary." Writing of the Christians, he says: "The faith which they have for things which they do not understand is founded upon that which they do understand; they have grounds of credibility. Jesus Christ performed miracles in Galilee; we ought, therefore, to believe all that he said. In order to know what he said we must consult the church. The church has declared the books which announce Jesus Christ to us to be authentic. We ought, therefore, to believe those books. Those books inform us that he who will not listen to the church shall be considered as a tax-gatherer or a pagan; we ought, therefore, to listen to the church that we may not be disgraced and hated like the farmers-general. We ought to submit our reason to it, not with infantile and blind credulity, but with a docile faith, such as reason itself would authorize. Such is Christian faith, particularly the Roman faith, which is '*the faith*' par excellence. The Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Anglican faith is a wicked faith."

The student's attitude must rather be that enunciated by Francis Bacon: "It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him, for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity."

Herein we are forced to recognize the limitations upon the faith of the fathers to be serviceable to the sons. The distillation of truth from error gives continuously a more refined product. Thus the truth of one generation not only may but often does become superstition in the next. This is true of science or religion or statecraft. Who then shall be given authority to say when ultimate truth has been defined at any point!

One of the most difficult of the responsibilities which have to be undertaken by the college is that of disassociating the minds of its men from acceptance, without examination, of the thinking of generations which have preceded their own. All experience demonstrates that Froude's comment is more true now even than in the decades past: "So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health; to cease to change is to lose place in the great race; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it, is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist."

The consequences involved in acceptance of these statements as facts and in operating on the basis of the logical deductions to be made from them are not to be undertaken carelessly or in any cavalier spirit. They involve results bound to be distressing to many of that latest of earlier generations. The faith of these fathers in many cases has been shaped by the thinking of a generation whose conclusions cannot, in all cases, be accepted by the men of generations yet to be.

The responsibility of the college is not to the fathers but to the sons. The college cannot for a moment place any other interest above the advantage of the undergraduates committed to its care. But the process of undertaking to stimulate their thinking and of encouraging search for their own conclusions is bound to be taken reluctantly, even though necessarily, by the college possessed in reasonable degree of the understanding heart. It cannot be other than true that the results will occasion anxiety to many a one who has not thought this proposition through.

However, there is no attribute of mankind more definitely divine than the power to think. Likewise, there is no power given to man which he has less inclination to use. The world was never so busy as now, not only in representing error to be truth but in making quasi-truths over into pernicious error, either by the adding to truth of a modicum of untruth or in subtracting from truth some of the factors necessary to make it complete.

We hold opinions, some of us with great intensity and most of us with great tenacity. But to what extent are these the product of thought? Whence do they come? How are they derived? On what basis do we judge their worth? How sincere are we in our eagerness to possess only those of genuine value? We crave authority for opinions which, by accident, have become ours. We give little heed to how valid opinions best may be acquired.

Most of us probably are in agreement that truth is the ideal of the college. But here it is to be remembered that the assertion that a contention is true does not give it sanctity. If man is not free to question truth, he is not free authoritatively to affirm it.

Once we give to any group or to any generation the final authority to define truth, we are on our way, almost inevitably, to the perpetuation of error. The college therefore must be ever watchful that it stands sincerely and genuinely for freedom of thought and, incidentally, that which is essential to freedom of thought—namely, freedom of speech.

If a college accepts this point of view and is willing to be committed to it, it ought, by all means, to be active and not passive in its attitude. It is essential to keep clearly in mind the inherent dis-

tinctions between a training-school and an educational institution.

Truth has nothing to fear from error if truth be untrammelled at all times and if error be denied the sanctity conferred upon it by persecution or concealment. The method of the educational institution in its search for truth calls for diversity in points of view and emphasis upon all capable of stimulating the student's thought. The great obligation of the college is to inspire men to think rather than to tell them what to think. The worth-while student's mind is a workshop, not a storehouse.

It is not to be forgotten in this connection that, as in the medical school one learns that health cannot be understood without understanding disease, so in any discussion of social welfare it is necessary likewise to understand those factors which work against the social and spiritual health of a people.

It is from a background of such belief that our best colleges aspire not only to give their men the guidance of sincere and competent scholars and to make their students acquainted with those processes by which the intellectual wealth of the world has been acquired, but also to recognize the fact that their men need experience in hearing the arguments of the extremists and of weighing these. If a point of view, unusual to the social groups from which the student body comes, shows itself to have an appeal that is attracting large groups of men to an extent that is likely to be significant to the state or to the civilization of the time, there is no better period in a man's life in which to become acquainted with this, and to appraise its value, than in the days of undergraduate life.

Outside opinion to the contrary, the

American college undergraduate is as competent to determine between reality and fallacy, between truth and error, between sincerity and hypocrisy, as he will be at any later time. Whatever temporary pose he may purport to take, it is nevertheless during this period of adolescence that the technic of acquiring belief is established and that there is offered the most ample opportunity for that reflective thinking which is necessary for soundness of belief.

The story is told in the English papers of a new discovery, called the diving-spear, utilized by the companies undertaking to salvage treasure from ships sunk in the North Sea during the War. The diver, going to great depths and working in the shadows of the silent deep with spear in hand, thrusts here and there where curiosity impels or mystery attracts. When precious metal be found, no matter in what unattractive or even foul exterior encased, this spear, through the galvanometer attached, indicates the worth of that which has been touched.

May we not assume this to be the function of the college of to-day working among the problems, the contentions, and the establishments of the society of the time?

Much that is valueless and some that is harmful will be found. This is but incidental. The criterion of value of the college influence will be in the purpose-

fulness with which its men seek that which is gold, and the definiteness with which they recognize this when they come into contact with it.

Then can the "faith of the fathers" be sought in full confidence of finding and recognizing therein principles of eternal value for the guidance of man, as in the sermon of John Robinson to his congregation of Pilgrims, just before they sailed for America in 1620: ". . . if God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am very confident that the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word.

"I bewail the condition of the reformed churches who are come to a period in religion and will go no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will has been imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, as you see, stick where Calvin left them. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though Luther and Calvin were precious shining lights in their times, yet God did not reveal his whole will to them; and were they living now they would be as ready and willing to embrace further light as that that they had received."





The Dry West

BY STRUTHERS BURT

The West is again "full of open spaces and hell," due to the failure of the dry farmer and the dry law, asserts a keen observer of the American scene, author of "The Interpreter's House" and "The Delectable Mountains."

IT was wet all last summer in the Rocky Mountains. During the month of August, if I remember correctly, we had only two days of complete sunshine. It was wringing wet; you awoke to ghostly peaks wrapped in clouds and went to bed to the patter of rain on ranch-house roofs. After a while you got used to the wetness and came to look upon it as a normal part of life. But at first it was astonishing. I had not been in the West for three years, having been living in the perpetually damp but more temperate climate of France, and the tradition still lingered with me that August and September with us were always dry—blue and dry and constant. Which shows what tradition will do, for if it hadn't been for that belief I would have settled down contentedly to the deluge long before I did. Man can adjust himself to anything. But then, it wasn't only the rain that astonished me. Other things astonished me. And I came to the conclusion, as I often have before, that nature has a mysterious sense of poetic fitness. Frequently it seems to make of itself an appropriate background for human action. The pathetic fallacy is not always fallacious. If this is so, the West will never be dry again. For the West was wet in more ways than one.

Now it is an ancient psychological truth that the man who has the first

say, right or wrong, makes the deepest impression. All newspaper men know this to be so, and many innocent men have been ruined because of it. If you call a man a liar and do it with sufficient publicity, no matter how little of a liar he is and how clearly he proves subsequently that he is not a liar, about him to the end of his days will cling subtly the aroma of untruth. And this applies to any statement, abstract or concrete. It is, moreover, a further psychological truth that if you repeat something often enough, loudly enough, and blandly enough, 80 per cent of the world will believe it, no matter how absurdly false it may be—four out of every five to borrow from a well-known advertisement. For instance, and I will mention no names, there is a certain section of the country which boasts of the finest climate in existence, and the inhabitants of this section have repeated this so doggedly, both to themselves and others, that a multitude of people actually think it to be so. There is no summer there and no winter; instead perpetual sunshine and balmy breezes. Yes, and fog up until ten o'clock in the morning, and cold after the sun sinks, and an ocean for swimming never warm enough to be satisfactory or sharp enough to be exhilarating. As for myself, I have never found anywhere a perfect climate. Life is a

struggle and man was intended to make the best of it. Perfection comes only in gusts. Neither in climate nor anything else does it blow like a trade-wind.

But it is in the moral and political fields that the repeated statement carries the most deadly weight. There it is that the slogan is the most effective, so simply effective that if you put up enough signs merely saying, "Vote for Jones! Vote for Jones!" lots of people will. This is so, I suppose, because man is not naturally a moral creature—he is struggling to be, but he hasn't got there, by any manner of means—and, in a lesser degree, because he is not naturally a political creature; no, not even if he happens to be an Anglo-Saxon. What he is really interested in is food, smiling at ladies, personal success, and sport. He likes to delegate his moral and political responsibilities. As a result, the people delegated fall into the habit of telling the ordinary man what to think. They go even farther, they tell him what he is thinking when he isn't thinking it at all.

As a rough-and-ready rule, if you want to find out just what the ordinary man is not thinking politically, ask his duly elected representatives, and if you want to find out what he is not thinking morally, ask his minister. That is, ask them, and then reverse exactly what they say.

But this process of delusion does not end there. It is more subtle. It is circular, also vicious, and like the famous hoop-snake swallows its tail. Having told the ordinary man what he is thinking, when he isn't thinking it at all, the political and moral delegates, elected or self-appointed, proceed to fool themselves. By repeating to each other this purely fictitious point of view of the ordinary man, and assuring each other

of its validity, they come at length to believe firmly in it themselves, and, since they claim to be servants of the people, their whole course of action is determined by a chimera. They serve a master who does not exist. Europe, for example, is told that there can be no further consideration of the debt question because the American people will not permit it. Permit what? Until something is tried no one knows what the American people will permit or won't permit, and they are seldom allowed to register their permission, or lack of it, by means of the vote. Democracy has grown to be almost a synonym for a simple method of preventing political issues from becoming clear-cut. No man knows anything definite about the American public, or any other public, except that it likes its taxes reduced. What has really happened in the European debt question is this: the Administration has told the American public not only what it is to think but what it is thinking, and the American public, entirely unconsulted, is then made the stalking-horse for the wishes of the Administration.

The mills of the gods are famous for their slowness, but they are express-trains compared with the speed with which the ordinary man makes known his real desires. In every country there arises from time to time a man who is known as "a man of destiny." He is hailed as a genius. He is not, as a rule, a genius, merely that rare creature—a public man who, instead of telling the people what they want, actually finds out what it is they do want.

All of which leads us to this:

In the dim, happy, historic days when that great moral revolution, prohibition, marched out of the Middle West, the astute pragmatists who were

back of it anticipated the cigarette in their knowledge of slogans, and one of the first slogans they used was: "The West is dry!" They are still using it; they will continue to use it. It is one of the best slogans they have.

"The West is dry," they said, "bone-dry. Do what you want about it, you will never alter that fact." And then they proceeded to amplify this slogan, but never in a way to detract from the force and simplicity of the original statement. Being the wisest if not the most honest of psychologists, they knew that a good lie, roundly enough stated, is, in practical matters, worth any amount of truth, hampered, as the truth must be, by necessary shadings and qualifications. A falsehood, to be effective, should be classic in its outlines.

The West not only was dry, but it was the real America and the most important segment of America, if not in population, then in size, potential values, and as keeper of the American tradition. The East was so overpoweringly wet merely because of the large foreign element. All this despite Scandinavian Minnesota and the Dakotas, German Wisconsin and Missouri, and Spanish New Mexico. Not to dwell for any length of time upon the Italian winegrowers of the Pacific coast, who, in the early days of prohibition, swung the State of California sixty thousand against it, only to discover later on that wine grapes in bulk were worth more than wine grapes in bottles, a discovery which, in many instances, changed their morals completely. The fact is that, of the twenty-five so-called Western States, there are only eight where the native-born white American population, having both parents American-born, is in the proportion of from 66 to 90 per

cent, while in five of these States the native-born white American population, having both parents American-born, represents less than 50 per cent of the total—a condition shared only in the rest of the thoroughly wet Eastern States, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Jersey.

But these figures did not bother the statisticians of the prohibition movement, nor have they bothered them to date. The point was to make those opposed to prohibition feel that they were helpless midgets waving their arms in the face of an immense tidal wave pouring out of the heart of America; that they were Mrs. Partingtons endeavoring to sweep back the ocean with a broom. Obviously their opposition was hopeless, unpatriotic, and reactionary—the last, since the West has always been the land of progress; although, in truth, for the past thirty years, it has been by far the most conservative portion of the country.

Hopeless, unpatriotic, reactionary. Those are hard words to get around. If you were against the great uprising, engineered almost entirely by people not in war work, you were against the majority of your own countrymen by blood and were allying yourself with such un-American elements as the Italians, the Greeks, the Levantines, and the Germans, thousands of whom at the moment were fighting magnificently in the American army.

We have recovered from the spell of the last two allegations. As time has gone on, brave souls in greater and greater numbers have stuck their heads above the deluge and, wiping the water from their eyes, have announced that to be against prohibition is not unpatriotic in the least—indeed, that before long it

may become the duty of all patriotic Americans to abolish it—that is, if they are intelligent. And some of these brave souls, gifted with acumen and also a political and historical education, have gone even farther and stated that for the life of them they cannot see why, *ipso facto*, prohibition has anything to do with either progress or retrogression. Simply that a thing is new proves nothing. There was a time when the Spanish inquisition was new; a cyclone is new the moment after it happens, so is a blow on the head, so is the kick of a mule. The subsidiary clauses of the slogan are losing their force, but the main part of it, the backbone of it, the statement that the West is dry, has held through thick and thin, rain or shine, despite figures, elections, and personal observations. If you don't believe this, ask any casual acquaintance.

There is no use fighting this amendment, you will be told—there is the solid West, the solid South. The best you can do is to try to find some way to get around it—to pile, in other words, a lie upon a lie. There is no use trying to nominate or elect a presidential candidate on this score, for, in the first place, he can't be nominated; in the second place, if nominated he can't be elected, and in the third place—and most disingenuous, or mistaken, statement of all—if elected he can't do anything. Perhaps not, but let some candidate be elected on an antiprohibition platform and see how long it takes the majority of politicians to change their minds. There is such a thing as a moral vote, and in a democracy it is the most powerful vote there is and, as a general rule, the only time the ordinary citizen registers an opinion. There is another factor to be considered. There are very few realists in America and most of

them are in the Anti-Saloon League. For the most part Americans are rather childishly idealistic. That is the reason they take so many statements at their face value. It is a fairly safe bet, when you see a statement that to elect a President on this issue means nothing, to assume that the statement actually means that those making it know that to elect a President on this issue would be a death-blow to their cause; it is a fairly safe bet when you see statements to the effect that this issue is closed and that it is not a political issue anyway, and therefore can have no place in a party plank, to assume that those making such statements know the issue is the liveliest one there is and that only through political action can anything be done about it.

The American people are given to landslides. The Eighteenth Amendment was passed in no time at all; it will be rescinded in the same way. We woke up one morning to find ourselves dry, we will wake up another morning to find ourselves—not wet, I hope, but temperate; not saloon-keepers, but honest citizens.

But to return to the immediate practical consideration. Can a candidate be elected if clearly he is against prohibition? It is the only way he can be elected unless he happens to be a Republican. No Democrat can ever win a national election save by the aid of dissatisfied Republican votes. But what about the solid South, "the dry West"? Exactly. What of them? And it is a brave man who will make any definite statement on the subject without saying, altogether clearly, that what he says is merely his personal opinion and personal observation. Mr. Edwin T. Meredith, of Iowa, President Wilson's secretary of agriculture, is courageous. The

Philadelphia *Record* quotes him as saying: "To win in 1928 the Democratic party needs the West. No wet can win the West. The West is not the seat of any fanatical dry sentiment based on moral grounds. Prohibition has been found good not only for the fireside but for the factory and for the farm. The proof of the prohibition pudding, as the West has experienced it, is the economic eating. Any Democrat who does not stand four-square for prohibition—not only for law-enforcement—must abandon hope of capturing those States in the Mississippi valley and beyond, without which our cause next year will be hopeless."

A large statement. I am neither an ex-secretary of agriculture nor even a Democrat, merely a Republican—one of thousands who will vote the Democratic ticket at the next national election if the Democratic candidate does not tread too softly. But, despite my limitations, I should like to refer Mr. Meredith to the well-known records of the Middle Western States of Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and, very recently, Colorado. If they are confirmed dry, then President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University is an officer of the Anti-Cigarette League.

It seems to me the confusion arises from the use of terms too embracing. There is a solid South made so by a great tragedy shared in common, and Will Rogers has said the last word on prohibition in that section when he said that "the South will vote dry if it's sober enough to get to the polls," but, as between voting for prohibition and voting for the Democratic ticket, the South will vote the Democratic ticket willy-nilly, and will for the next twenty years. There are just two things that are breaking the solid South, the automobile and disgust with fundamental-

ism. But the process has just started. There is, however, no such thing as "the West." There never has been and there never will be. The term "the West" is a boggy used to frighten Easterners. For twenty years I have been a citizen of a Far Western State, and if Mr. Meredith can point out one thing that my State and his, Iowa, have in common, save that both are west of the Mississippi River, I should like to hear it. My State hasn't any factories, comparatively few farms, and its firesides are frequented by independent folk who think sardonically and hard. I am not saying that the two States may not vote alike; I am merely saying that in the past they have frequently not voted alike and that there is nothing in their previous history or present condition to make them do so.

There is no "West." There is the Middle West, and after that the Far West, and after that the Pacific West. But when you have written that, you have just begun your category and have merely stated the West in its broadest terms.

The Far West is divided into the Northwest and the Southwest and the tier of States that looks toward the Pacific; the Pacific West is divided both horizontally and perpendicularly. So much so that every now and then the talk of dividing California, Oregon, and Washington into six States comes to the fore. The coast mountains divide Oregon and Washington into two totally different spheres of interests, climate, and civilization. California is divided by a line that runs east and west somewhere south of San Francisco. On the prohibition question, for instance, northern California is fiercely wet, southern California fiercely dry; western Oregon and Washington, if not as yet publicly wet, are potentially very much so. In the

Rocky Mountain States—although I hasten to add that what I am saying is merely personal observation, a necessary qualification, as I have stated—one could make, it seems to me, this division.

Montana, Nevada, Wyoming, and New Mexico are wet; Colorado is beginning to hesitate; while Idaho, Utah, and Arizona are dry—the first two assuredly so, the last probably. There is not space in which to bring proof of my belief, but I think that most open-minded men, if they will study the histories of these States and travel through them, will agree with me. Montana and Nevada have already registered their opinions by an actual vote, and this despite Senator Walsh from the former State. But Senator Walsh is a man of great personal popularity and a convinced and honest prohibitionist, and in this case I am sure he is confusing personal popularity with the will of his constituents. He belongs to that little group of admirable men who vote dry and live dry.

As to the Middle West, I know little about it except that it is utterly different from the Far West and even the Pacific West, but what little I do know, and a tendency toward realism, would make me question how much such States as Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin, with their vast urban populations, have to do with such States as Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas. By nature all but Missouri are Republican, but even Republicans can be goaded beyond endurance.

So much then for political prognostications, worth about as much as most political prognostications, and in making them I have omitted one very important factor where the Far West and the Pacific West are concerned, a factor I haven't time to go into now. I will

merely say that the Far West and the Pacific West still like a brave man and a forthright talker. Most of Mr. McAdoo's popularity in southern California comes from the fact that, right or wrong, he at least gives the appearance of saying what he thinks. Some call this spellbinding, but as a matter of fact the great spellbinders are invariably men of personality and usually men of open convictions. The Far West, the Pacific West like open convictions. The one thing in the world they detest is a pussy-footer. As in the case of Will Rogers, to quote him again, large sections of that country have about lost their interest in politics since Roosevelt died. At the present moment any honest and forthright man, given the gift of oratory, will be sure to win several Western States. But he will have to be forthright.

In one case I am thinking about, he would do well to suppress too many pre-nomination explanations on the part of Judge Olvany and Franklin Roosevelt, necessary as they may be—that is, necessary as pre-nomination, not post-nomination explanations—and simply say: "Friends, if elected President I am bound to uphold the laws and there is little I can do directly, but my personal opinions are this and that, firm and unalterable, and if you elect me it will not be what I can do but your vote which will change things."

But I have fallen into theorizing when what I really started out to do was to describe what, last summer, I actually saw. To those who still think the Far West dry, personally as well as politically, the description may prove of value. I had been away from the Far West, as I say, for three years. My eye was fresh, if not unprejudiced.

Now, to understand fully what has

happened to the Far West, you must remember that until recently it was a man's country, at least the rural parts of it were. Its vices and its virtues were masculine. When the rancher and cow-puncher and sheep-herder, and so on, got drunk, as a rule they got drunk in male company. In the old days, when the country was completely womanless, except for imported talent, there were, to be sure, certain junction-points, shipping towns, railway towns, mining towns, where hard-boiled ladies, sometimes known as "dancing girls," congregated, but as the country grew gentler this blatant form of vice disappeared and the Far Westerner, when he turned loose at all, turned loose in a comparatively harmless fashion—that is, in his own locality anyway. He rode into town, poured a number of drinks into himself, played poker until he couldn't see the cards any more, and, if he was feeling exceptionally vigorous, shot his gun off a couple of times. Sometimes he got arrested, sometimes he didn't. But it was all very friendly. The tradition was to wait until the end of the month and pay-day, and then to go to the nearest centre of population, usually a place of about two hundred inhabitants, and stay there until the month's wages were spent. This customarily required a week-end of effort. After that you went back to the ranch and didn't drink again for twenty-eight days. The average ranch had one quart of whiskey on it and that was used for medicine.

I am not saying that this was a gracious or civilized way of drinking, and it was so uncivilized that when prohibition first came to the fore many Far Western States were in favor of it. There is no doubt that whiskey, consumed in this fashion, is provocative of untold trouble and unnecessary tragedy. There are lots of dead men who would

still be alive if they hadn't gone into a barroom. And all sensible Far Westerners, remembering what they have seen, hate a drunken man like a snake. To the mind of the average untravelled Far Westerner drink meant only one thing—getting drunk. There was no knowledge of wine as a fine, genial amelioration, of beer and whiskey, properly used, as aids to a man's digestion and disposition. But if the average Far Westerner does not yet know the real meaning of alcohol, he is beginning, at any rate, to find out that the proper way to control its use is not prohibition.

Not long ago I wrote a prohibition friend—I have a few of them left—that the Far West was "once more filled with open spaces and hell." The open spaces are due to the failure of the dry farmer, the hell is due to the failure of the dry law. As a writer this is not without its advantages—there is a recurrence, after thirty years, of color; but as a citizen I am bound to deprecate it. When next you go to a movie and see a picture of the old West with a dance-hall scene in it, don't come to the conclusion, which five or six years ago would have been correct, that you are seeing a bit of history—you are seeing the present plus a few changes in costume and custom. The Far West, thanks to the automobile and the Volstead Act, has sneaked up on the motion-pictures and drawn level. The skirts are just as short, cheeks and lips just as much rouged, but the dance-hall girls, instead of being imported, are all too often the daughters of your neighbors or dude-girls. Don't misunderstand me. This is no attack on the freedom of the present generation. I am entirely in favor of that freedom. Most of these girls are sensible girls, most of their escorts are nice fellows. It is extraordinary how sensible and nice the

majority of people inevitably remain. But the minority, not nice and sensible, and it is a fairly large minority, are certainly not helped, nor are the sensible majority helped, by the fact that two or three times a week both minority and majority can ride twenty or forty miles to some place, totally unsupervised, in the middle of a forest or up a canyon, drink all the liquor they want, fight, make love, and roll home somewhere around dawn. Drinking, as everywhere else in these United States, has become a competitive sport, but an outlawed sport without rules, umpires, or any sort of control.

This summer we had to send back to their families three young girls—nice young girls, too—who were working for us. One was about fifteen, one about seventeen, and one about eighteen. We could no longer be responsible for them, since they had fallen into the habit of being brought back to the ranch, every now and then, laid out like corpses just about the time the horse-wranglers were bringing in the remuda. All over the Far West these dance-halls have sprung up. Most of them are run by bootleggers, or a bootlegger is present. The automobile permits them to be located in the most inaccessible places. The Far Western parent has succumbed, as parents of necessity have succumbed the world over. Children are on trust. Ten years—even five years—ago if a Far Western girl drank, and practically none of them did, public opinion punished her. Now there is no effective public opinion left, not on that subject.

I do not wish, of course, to present an exaggerated picture. It is always difficult not to do so when attempting to describe a condition. I do not want to give the impression that the sage-brush flats of the West are covered with frolicking parties or that its mountains re-

sound to drunken cries. This is not true, and never was true. Drunkenness in any country has always been confined to a minute number, and even then largely to especial occasions. An investigator for the Anti-Saloon League could travel from one end of the Rocky Mountains to the other and never see a drunken man, much less a drunken woman, just as prohibition investigators now travel about New York and Chicago and report the same state of affairs. They start with an exaggerated memory of "the good old days." They forget that drunkenness always has been a crime, and now is doubly so. Besides, few men ever get so drunk that they cannot, in public, more or less conceal their condition. To glory in drunkenness, to advertise it, is symptomatic of either an excessively free spirit or else a complete loss of self-respect. And, after all, one does not see many burglars rolling down the street arm in arm singing burgling songs. The Eighteenth Amendment has made criminals of a lot of us. I know a fourteen-year-old boy whose grandmother is a hardened one—due to her doctor's instruction.

As I have said, this state of things is picaresque and not without its humor—a sorry sort of humor, in reality. They are now running whiskey in by pack-train over the mountain trails, not content with the mountain passes and automobiles. The illicit still is now a feature of mountain scenery, where, at least to my knowledge, until recently it was unknown. The bootlegger, a totally un-Far-Western product, save on Indian reservations, is bringing the gospel of the Indian to the whites. Last summer I witnessed an oddly sardonic spectacle. At a dance in a small town I discovered that the young men were keeping their flasks in their letter-boxes. The post-

office was just across the street, and the box, with its brass United States seal, was an excellent and safe receptacle. It is a serious crime to break open anything bearing the seal of the United States. Mrs. "Wolfmouth" Kernan—that's not, of course, her real name—complained to me that she wasn't going to let her husband run his dance-hall any longer—"too much fightin', roarin', and drinkin'." That is the first time I ever heard the wife of a bootlegger complain because her husband's business was going well. I thought it either a muddled, or else an extraordinarily altruistic point of view. At a dance a cow-puncher from a neighboring ranch knocked down an enemy and, in a jocular mood, stuck his jack-knife through the fleshy part of the prostrate man's nose, saying that he'd "look better with a ring." At the little frontier show we give, it took the combined efforts of all my partners and foremen to prevent gun-play. One cow-puncher had just jumped on another cow-puncher's face with his steel-shod boots. Over the mountain is a little cow-town that has always been picturesque. Now it's more so than ever. Once it boasted of one saloon; to-day, unless I am grossly misinformed, it has at least three. Saturday nights there are full of incident. To begin with, there are the cattle and sheep elements, and to end with, there are a lot of young Easterners, remittance men, sent out for the purpose of keeping them away from drink. Oh, and I forgot—there is also a logging-camp up in the hills.

How does the Far West get its supply? Don't be silly. How does any part of the country get its supply? And in the Far West there are hundreds of miles of open Canadian border, and, besides, the Far West grows wheat.

When prohibition first went into ef-

fect I knew a governor of a Far Western State—not my State—who was actively in favor of it, although he never travelled without a dress-suit case filled with bottles. "I'm in favor of it," he said, "because I'm a cow-man, and I'm tired of having my hands go to town once a month, spend all they've got, and stay drunk for three days."

I saw the governor a couple of years later.

"Well," I said, "how's prohibition working?"

"Not so well."

"No?"

"Well, I'll tell you my experience. It's brought liquor home to the ranch. It used to be that the cow-puncher drank only in town; now he drinks everywhere. Bunk-houses are filled with liquor, and you can't do anything about it."

And that was long ago, when prohibition was still a shining experiment. The Far West may vote solidly for prohibition, although I doubt it, but it will not be because it no longer knows what whiskey tastes like, as some blithe idealists once predicted.

I cannot forbear concluding with the following story—a true one. Speaking of governors made me think of it. You remember the ancient tale of the governors of North and South Carolina? The modern version is different and not so amiable. Last summer a friend of mine, an extremely prominent citizen of North Carolina, usually a most temperate man, was bitten in the finger. He almost lost his finger. He was talking to a South Carolinian—I don't know what else they were doing—and in a rash moment, being a North Carolinian, he said that North Carolina was making better liquor than South Carolina.

Then the trouble started.



Reed of Missouri

BY CHARLES G. ROSS

Read out of his party in 1920, Jim Reed is now one of its outstanding candidates for the presidency. The man is revealed in an effective political portrait by the head of the Washington Bureau of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

ON the bloody but unbowed head of Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, the Democratic State convention of 1920 heaped the political ignominy—as it thought—of denying him a seat among the “big four” delegates to the national convention at San Francisco. By this act the State party organization officially declared the senator a pariah, with whom no good Democrat might hold political commerce without contamination. The verdict was confirmed and emphasized by the refusal of the national convention to honor his credentials as a run-of-mine delegate from his home district of Kansas City. Jim Reed, so it seemed, and so it was proclaimed to the world by the “Rid-Us-of-Reed” clubs which had sprung up in the State, was a man without a party. So it seemed.

“At times in my life,” Reed has said, “I have been licked, but I have never taken it lying down.”

Certainly there was no lying down after his excommunication of 1920. He declined to change his political ways in the slightest. He remained an implacable foe of American participation in the League of Nations, a scorner of the uplift in all its forms, a scorpion-tongued critic of all measures that sought, in his opinion, to invade the Anglo-Saxon “right of castle.” He remained, that is to say, Jim Reed.

If Reed’s fighting blood had not been aroused to fever heat by the enemies within his party, headed by President Wilson, it is more than likely that he would not have been a candidate for re-election to the Senate in 1922. He had told friends that he was tired of the struggle in the Senate, tired of being misunderstood, and wanted with his whole soul to get back to the practice of law in Kansas City. Reed being what he is, it was inevitable, as matters stood, that he should run. To those who didn’t know his campaigning ability his case looked hopeless. His opponent for the nomination was Breckinridge Long, a wealthy man who had been third assistant secretary of state under President Wilson, and back of Long was the full force of the Wilson influence in Missouri. Long had the State organization, Reed was still an outcast. In the course of a hard-hitting career of eleven years in the Senate, notably by his attacks on the Wilson foreign policies and on women’s suffrage, he had raised up a crop of violent enemies. It seemed, indeed, that only by a miracle could he win.

Reed went out to Missouri, took off his coat (literally, on occasion, as well as figuratively), and made a stump-speaking campaign that for vigor and effectiveness has never been equalled in the State. He took back nothing that he

had ever said, and into a good deal of what he had said he injected a new sting. He described his opponent, who had been the official greeter and entertainer of the foreign delegations that visited the United States during the war, as "the Administration valet." Wilson broke the silence of his retirement to brand the Missouri senator a "marplot" and demand his political extinction. Reed replied that whenever the former President had stood on the Constitution of the United States and the principles of the Democratic party he had stood with him—and not otherwise. The League, he asserted, was never an issue in partisan politics. To the charge that he had obstructed the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, the great accomplishment of the first Wilson administration, by demanding hearings and amendments, Reed replied by producing a letter in which the President had thanked him "warmly and sincerely" for his aid in perfecting the measure.

He defended himself, as always, by attacking. Did Missouri want a "rubber stamp" in the United States Senate? Then it would have to look to some one other than himself—to his opponent, for instance. He had voted his convictions on the League of Nations; he would continue so to vote on this and all other issues, whatever the head of the government might decree. To do otherwise would countenance the setting up of a despotism in America. Up and down the State he preached his creed of independence:

"The man who is incapable of thinking for himself is too great a fool to send to Congress.

"The man who is too indolent to think for himself is too lazy to send to Congress.

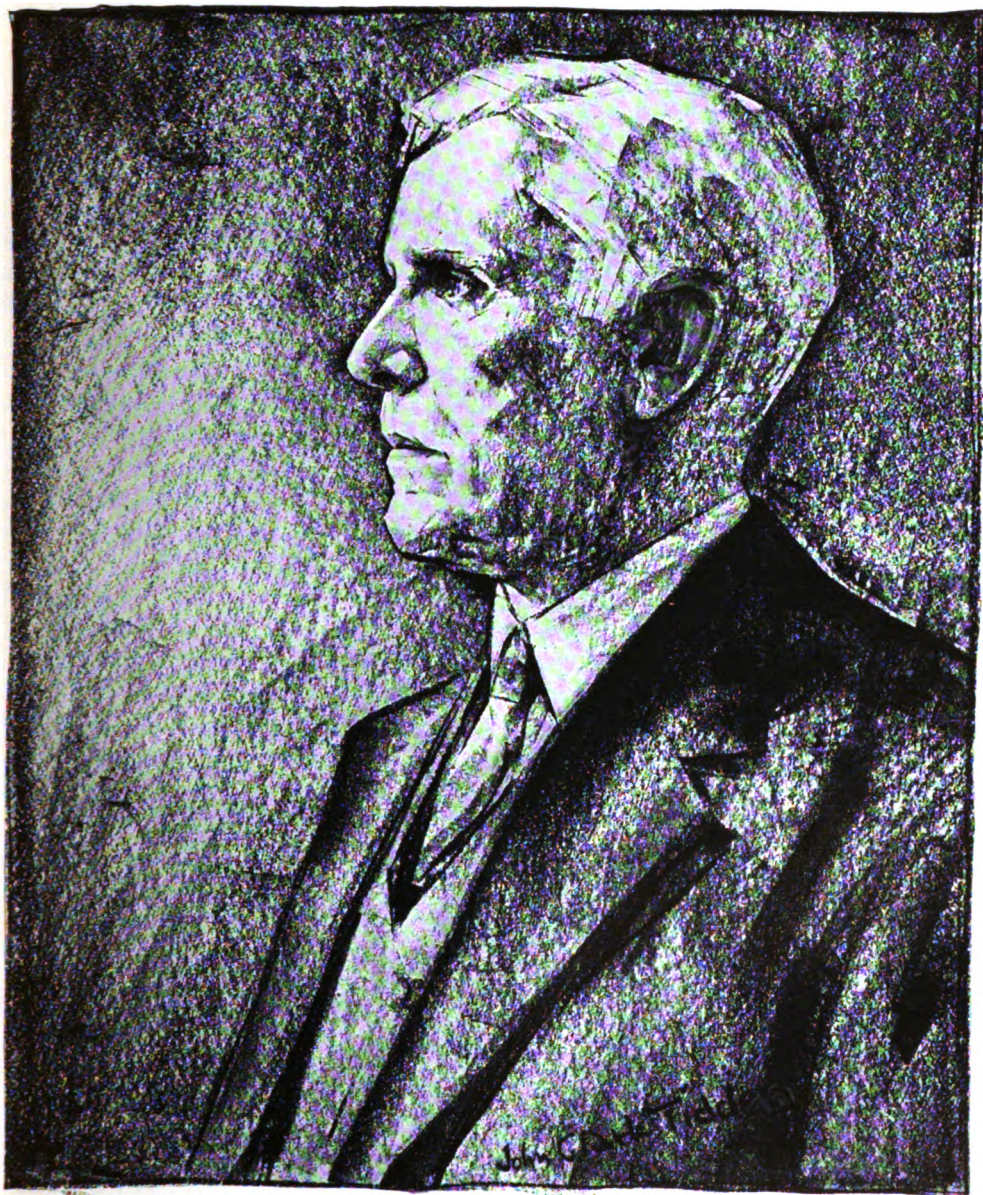
"The man who fears to think for

himself is too cowardly to send to Congress.

"The man who would take the office of congressman upon condition that he should vote according to the dictation of some other man is too contemptible to send to Congress."

He got it across. The anti-League people, of course, were with him from the start. Some who had stood for various things that Reed had opposed said to themselves that, though he might be wrong-headed now and then, his courage and independence made him a useful man in the Senate. The wets were with him. Some were brought over by the sheer power of his oratory: it was no unusual thing in that remarkable campaign for a crowd to be won from sullen hostility to delighted cries of "Hit 'em again, Jim." When the votes were counted it was seen that the miracle had happened. Single-handed, Reed had whipped the organization. It was sour consolation to his opponents to know that this result had been accomplished in part by the entrance of wet and anti-League Republicans of St. Louis, especially Republicans of German descent, into the Democratic primary. The unpalatable fact remained that Jim Reed, who had been read out of the party two years before, was back in power. He was elected in the fall over his Republican opponent by forty-three thousand majority, or eighteen thousand more than he had got six years before. The mountain had come to Mahomet.

Reed's political stature has increased to a point where any list of the half-dozen outstanding Democrats of the country would have to include his name. He was the dominant figure of the Sixty-ninth Congress. To-day he has the unanimous indorsement of the Democratic State Committee as the first choice



Senator James Reed.

From a drawing by John Clark Tidden.

of the party in Missouri for the presidential nomination. Has there ever been, anywhere, such an amazing political comeback?

II

What porridge had Jim Reed? His American ancestry goes back to Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who had settled in Pennsylvania before the Revolution. He was born November 9, 1861, near Mansfield, Ohio, the son of a farmer, John A. Reed, who made a specialty of sheep-growing. Lured by the cheaper land farther west, the Reed family, taking their sheep, moved on to Iowa and settled near Cedar Rapids when James A. Reed was three years old. Prosperity seemed just ahead when a new disease attacked the sheep and killed most of them. John Reed died shortly afterward, leaving a widow, six children, the eldest fourteen and the youngest a baby, and a mortgage on the farm. James A. Reed was then eight years old. He was driving a span of colts to a drag in the field, he recalls, when the word was brought to him that his father was dying.

Mother and children held a council. She put the problem: either she could sell the farm and use the proceeds to pay for their education, or the family could stay on the land and pay off the mortgage, in which case all would have to work. They elected to keep the farm. At fourteen Jim Reed was doing a man's stint in the harvest-field—one can read part of the story to-day in the knots on his long, expressive hands. He worked nine months of the year and went to public school in Cedar Rapids the other three.

The family turned the corner when Reed was eighteen. The news came that

farmers up in Minnesota, as the result of a crop failure, were selling their cattle "for a song." With some money that his mother borrowed at a bank, Reed went north and bought cattle. In a few weeks the family had cleared enough money from the transaction to pay their debts.

Meantime, Reed had been going to high school, and at sixteen had won a State oratorical contest. After taking a special course at Coe College he went into a law office in Cedar Rapids, where he read law for three years. He was then (1885) admitted to the bar, practised in Cedar Rapids for eighteen months, married, and headed in 1887 for the larger and more promising field of Kansas City.

Reed had started making Democratic speeches in Iowa when he was eighteen and had served a term—and elected his ticket—as chairman of the Democratic committee of his county. He continued to make speeches for the party in Kansas City and was soon a power in local politics. In 1896, when he had been in Missouri for less than ten years, he was appointed county counsellor, in which capacity he secured the adoption of the union label on the county printing and ran up a high score of successes in the cases he handled. Two years later he was elected prosecuting attorney of the county, and during his fifteen months in that office obtained convictions in all except two of the two hundred and eighty-seven cases he brought into court.

It is partly on the strength of that astonishing record that Reed has been characterized, sometimes disparagingly, as having a "prosecutor's mind." He has such a mind, undoubtedly, but the bald statistics of his convictions do not tell the whole story. Kansas City, he

has explained, needed cleaning up after a period of rottenness—a period when gamblers did as they pleased and juries were bribed—and he set his hand to the job. He went after the known crooks. He attributes his impressive percentage of victories to his dismissal of “fake” cases and his rule not to indict unless convinced of the defendant’s guilt.

Reed’s work in the prosecutor’s office made him such a conspicuous figure that he was petitioned before the end of his term to run as a “reform” candidate for mayor. Resigning as prosecutor, he entered the race and was nominated and elected. Immediately he plunged into another fight, this time with the traction and other public-utility companies of the city, all of which had been entrenched behind a thirty-year extension of their franchises by a subservient city council just before he took office. With the aid of the new council, in which he had a working majority in the lower house, he set out to wring concessions from the companies and to break the “combines”—a paving combine and others—with which the city was infested. His term expiring at the height of the contest, he ran again and was elected for another two years (1902-4). It is one of the senator’s most satisfying recollections that he smashed the “combines” and through a “peace agreement” with the utility companies compelled them to end certain monopolistic abuses. Street-car service was improved and extended, the company was required to pay a percentage of its gross receipts into the city treasury, and the price of electricity and telephone service was brought down.

In 1904 Reed made the political mistake of starting to oppose Joseph W. Folk, the famous “boodle prosecutor”

of St. Louis, for the Democratic nomination for governor. Folk, who was then at the top of his popularity, had too great a start for him, and Reed allowed himself to fade out of the picture before the nominating convention assembled. He came back in 1910, after six years devoted to his law practice in Kansas City, as a candidate for the Senate. He was nominated at a State-wide primary over David R. Francis, of St. Louis, and was elected.

All the defeats that Reed has suffered in his political career have been at the hands of conventions. He has never been beaten by popular vote.

III

Reed can’t be put into a word: he is not that simple. It is said that he is a fighter, and his whole career, from his boyhood days on his mother’s farm down to the present moment, shows that he is. It is said that he is a destructive force in public life, and that also is eminently true. But it describes Reed inadequately to rest on either of those characterizations.

Reed is not given to talking about himself, but he will tell you, if you suggest to him that his life has been one hard contest after another, that the rôle of fighter has been thrust upon him. He resents any implication that his battling has been inspired by a truculent nature, or, indeed, by anything other than conviction. “Don’t,” he once said to the writer, in all seriousness, “don’t call me a fighter.” A day or so later he was lashing out furiously in a Senate debate. Between the word and the deed there was, in his philosophy, no inconsistency.

The favorite charge of Reed’s enemies is that he is “against everything.”

He took sarcastic notice of this in a Missouri campaign speech: "I have been called a destructive man. It has been charged that all my energy and my 'brilliant ability' have been devoted to obstructing the legislation and tearing down the programmes conceived by others. I have done a lot of that, thank God! My only regret is that I was not given the power to do more of it. Let Congress desist from its assaults upon the Constitution—let these 'constructive' legislators cease, for thirty days, their constant, insidious efforts to undermine the bulwark of our liberties—and maybe I can find time to consider some legislation with some common sense and justice in it."

Prior to the great League of Nations fight, Reed had made a reputation in the Senate and the country as a vigorous, often venomous, oppositionist, but his attacks in the main had not been such as to bring him into serious collision with the majority of his party. He had, it is true, disagreed with President Wilson on a question of Missouri patronage, but that conflict, though a step in the progress of the two toward a final break, was far from sufficient to set Reed out as a rebel. He had antagonized the thick-and-thin supporters of the Administration by his successful demand for hearings on the Federal Reserve bill, in the face of the President's call for immediate passage, but, as we have seen, he had later received a letter from the President commending "the sincere honesty and independence of judgment" he had exercised in that matter and thanking him for his services. He had opposed the President's ardently expressed desire to have Thomas D. Jones, of Chicago, a director of the International Harvester Company, made a member of the newly created Federal

Reserve Board, and had caused the nomination to be withdrawn, but he had later told the President that he would support Jones for any position not dealing with the national finances. He had refused to be guided by the President in the affair of the Panama Canal tolls—a burning issue of 1914—but in that instance he had been able to point for justification to a specific plank in the Democratic national platform. He had bitterly fought war-time food-control and begun his hot attacks upon Herbert Hoover—attacks not abated to this day—but he had supported the declaration of war and the votes of money for its prosecution.

"You can count my serious disagreements with President Wilson on the fingers of one hand," Reed has told the writer. "I am willing to defend my position on each of them before any audience—and you may pick the audience."

In his campaign of 1922 Reed referred to the charge that he had been a chronic opponent of all that Wilson advocated.

"The charge," he said, "is not only untrue, but, as the *Congressional Record* will show, is ridiculous. Its absurdity is illustrated by the fact that during his incumbency the President sent to the Senate more than forty thousand appointments for confirmation and that I voted for all except six or seven. The *Record* proves that, upon questions covered by the Democratic platform upon which we were both elected, there were no differences between the President and myself. Upon questions not covered by the platform I supported the President when I thought him right. Frequently I appeared as his champion when the questions were important and even crucial to his administration."

With the exceptions noted and a few

others of minor importance, the Missouri senator had, indeed, up to the time of his rebellion on the League of Nations issue, been a "regular" Democrat. He had, for example, worked for tariff reduction, the direct election of United States senators, the bill creating the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor, and the ousting of William Lorimer, of Illinois. After the inauguration of Wilson he had taken the leading part in the fruitful "lobby" investigation inspired by the President, had defended Wilson's Mexican policy, had voted for the Federal Farm Loan Act, had worked actively for the passage of the Administration's ship-purchase bill (eulogizing the President in this connection as possessed of "the coolness and deliberation of a Jefferson and the high courage of a Jackson"), had helped to frame the National Defense Act, and in 1916 had stood by the President in the famous fight over the resolution which would have warned American citizens against travelling on armed merchant ships. He had voted for the confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis as a justice of the Supreme Court, had helped to pass the Adamson eight-hour railroad bill urged by the President, and in 1917 had declined to join the "wilful twelve" who stood out against the President's request for authority to arm merchant ships. He had resisted the "war-cabinet" bill, which would have deprived the President of much of his power to conduct the war. He had supported the President's veto of an immigration bill establishing a literacy test and his veto of the Volstead Act.

The list might be extended, for many issues have been before the country in Reed's time and he has expressed himself on them all—a course of action, incidentally, which the people have a right

to expect from a public servant, but which, under our present system of choosing candidates, is not calculated to improve any one's chances for the presidency. Enough of the record has been set down to show that Reed has another side than that stressed by his enemies: he did not oppose everything that President Wilson wanted—far from it—and he is something more than an obstructionist.

The League fight came, and Reed joined the "battalion of death" against the President and the majority of the Democrats in the Senate. Thereupon his critics in the party turned the spotlight on his previous disagreements with the President and gave them an importance not warranted by the record. The impression became fixed in many Democratic minds, as Reed waxed more and more virulent in his assaults on the League, that he was a cross-grained, even dangerous, person who was unable to work in harness with the rest of the party. Newspaper articles deepened the impression by portraying him vividly as a "killer." It was widely said, and believed, that he was opposing the League because of a row with the President over the postmastership at Kansas City. He was anathematized in all orthodox Democratic gatherings as a wrecker of the party. The Democrats in the lower house of the Missouri Legislature adopted resolutions calling upon him to resign, and the State and national conventions of his party, as related, cast him into outer darkness.

IV

Reed's comeback in Missouri, begun in 1922, was interrupted two years later by the success of his enemies, through their control of ward and town-

ship conventions, in keeping him from being indorsed for the presidency. By 1927 he had reached the goal.

The return of Reed to wide-spread favor has been due in part to the gradual submergence of the League of Nations issue and in part to the commanding rôle he has played in the Senate since 1925. It is not too much to say, as the *New York World* has said in an editorial not altogether complimentary to Reed, that "for the last three years he has constituted almost single-handed the effective Democratic opposition in Washington." There are drys who find it possible to forgive his wetness because of his vigilance against corruption in government; there are advocates of international co-operation who are willing to forget his opposition to the League of Nations, the Harding treaties, and the World Court because of his never-ending warfare against the centralization of power at Washington; there are friends of the Mellon debt settlements who think his opposition to these measures counts less against him than his eloquent appeals for religious tolerance count for him; there are liberals who disagree utterly with his economic views, as La Follette did, but who admire his unwavering stand for personal liberty and the rights of minorities. There are some who, when they hear him talk, are ready to forgive him anything.

Reed came to the peak of his powers as an orator and parliamentarian in the Sixty-ninth Congress. He lost his fight against the World Court, a fight in which he took the control away from the nominal leader, Senator Borah, but he gave the Administration such a scare that when the Senate's reservations met with objections abroad Mr. Coolidge allowed the whole enterprise to lapse. In

a speech which long-time reporters in the press gallery declared was one of the most eloquent of his career, he lashed with impartial scorn the regular Republicans and the Democrats who had joined with them to pass the Mellon tax bill of 1926. He taunted his Democratic colleagues savagely: "We talk about Thomas Jefferson, and we repudiate him in every breath. What is our policy to-day? Our policy chiefly is to find out where Andrew W. Mellon is going and then fall in ignominiously at the tail end of the procession. . . . I appeal to Democrats here to awaken to their duty to guard this country, for with a Republican majority in control the Lord God of Hosts knows that it needs constant guarding. We have nothing of that kind to-day. We have no more concert of action or continuity of purpose than a lot of chickens in a barnyard when an owl comes sailing across the sky."

A committee was picked to hold public hearings on the wet and dry bills before Congress, and Reed, the only member with the slightest degree of political wetness, ran away with the show. His cross-examination of dry witnesses kept the committee's sessions in the newspaper head-lines for three weeks. He had a lot of whiskey-making apparatus, including an ordinary steam-cooker, brought into the room, and using his cigar as a pointer demonstrated the ease with which liquor could be distilled at home. It was a superb exhibition of his showmanship. From General Lincoln C. Andrews, then in charge of the federal prohibition forces, he drew the admission that the legalized sale of light beer would assist in prohibition enforcement. Reed's endeavor throughout the hearings was to show that the Volstead Act was being widely and openly flout-

ed and had bred an intolerable condition of official lawlessness and corruption. To the satisfaction of the wets, at least, he proved his point.

What did the most to advertise Reed's growing power to the country was the adoption of his resolution to investigate the senatorial primary and election campaign expenditures of 1926, and the resultant disclosures by a committee under his chairmanship. Without warning, Reed called up his resolution the day after the "golden" Republican primary in Pennsylvania and demanded its immediate passage. The Republican regulars were dazed. To vote for the resolution was to court an exposure of unsavory campaign methods; to vote against it was to risk the charge of concealment. It was a hard alternative, and Reed, in a speech dripping with sarcasm, made the most of it. The resolution went through with only thirteen Republican regulars voting in the negative.

The investigation that followed brought to light, among other disquieting facts, the expenditure of \$3,000,000 in the three-cornered Pennsylvania primary contest which preceded the nomination of William S. Vare, and the lavish use of money by Samuel Insull, the Illinois public-utility magnate, on behalf of Frank L. Smith of that State, while Smith was still chairman of the State commission charged with the regulation of public utilities. In the course of this inquiry Reed made an opportunity to place on the witness-stand the late Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, whom he had often denounced in the Senate as a lobbyist. The clash between these two able fighters was a rare intellectual treat. Reed developed from his antagonist that \$35,000,000 had been

spent by dry organizations in the campaign for the Eighteenth Amendment and that members of Congress had been paid "honorariums" by the Anti-Saloon League to make dry speeches.

As a result of the Pennsylvania and Illinois campaign-fund disclosures, Reed received a tremendous volume of publicity and a demand arose for the exclusion of both Vare and Smith from the Senate. Reed's effort to have the life of his investigating committee extended through the summer recess of 1927 was defeated in the closing hours of the Congress by a filibuster led by David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, but not before the Missouri senator, in a voice that rolled and crashed through the chamber, had reviewed the record and excoriated the "stupid, loathsome tactics" of his opponents in "clamping down the lid on corruption." It was a masterly speech. A hard-boiled reporter in the press gallery was so fascinated by it that he forgot to take notes for the "running" story he was supposed to send to his paper. Reed made the speech at the end of a constant day-and-night vigil of twenty-nine hours.

V

Even the most caustic of Reed's detractors will concede his wizardry in the use of words. A consummate actor, he can put on a menacing front and rake the Senate with a broadside of satire and invective; he can smile and smile, and with silken words lead a victim on the witness-stand to his destruction; he can charm and soothe a Missouri audience with a tribute to motherhood or make it cry out, with him, for the blood of Herbert Hoover and Andrew Mellon. He can move easily and swiftly from a savage manner to one of

the utmost suavity, from an ornate style to the simplest. He seasons his speech, when attacking, with epithets and pungent figures. An opponent in Missouri was "a steam-whistle on a fertilizer-factory"; former Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty was "the vilest insect that ever crawled across the page of time"; those who conducted the filibuster at the end of the last Congress were "senators sitting like coyotes on a hill"; President Coolidge, in the face of the oil scandals, "remained as mum and inactive as a Boston oyster stranded on the beach in August."

His success in the Senate is due in part to the fear he inspires. He thinks fast on his feet. In the rough-and-tumble of debate he expects no quarter and gives none; at times he has not scrupled to overwhelm a better-informed opponent with a torrent of words or by calling down a laugh upon him from the gallery. He has made enemies needlessly by his frequent injection of personalities into the discussion of issues. Others opposed the suffrage amendment, for example, as vigorously as he, but the wrath of the suffragists became focused upon him because of his gibes at the "petticoated lobbyists" of the cause.

The effect of Reed's speeches in the Senate is heightened by his physical appearance. Erect and spare, with ruddy countenance, white hair, and steady blue eyes, he makes an impressive—some would add the handsomest—figure on the floor. He radiates physical and mental competence. His features are mobile and wonderfully expressive. When he smiles they have a quality—one hesitates to say it—almost of sweetness; when the fighting mood is on him they fall into grim, hard lines, with the thin lips pressed close together and pulled down at the corners. No other

man in the Senate can assume such a threatening aspect. It was thus he looked when he advanced with hunched shoulders upon a senator who had criticised his conduct of the campaign-fund investigation. His words matched his manner: "Intimation is the last miserable refuge of a coward. A manly man makes his charge and stands by it; he does not indulge in mincing innuendo, which he half utters and then swallows. I propose now to take every statement which has been made by the senator and to show that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly false, and to show that most of his statements were known by him to be false when he made them."

Reed met with scourging eloquence a proposal that the Senate rules be amended to permit a majority to curtail debate. A brief excerpt will give a taste—but only a taste—of its moving quality:

"Majority rule without limitation, without any brakes upon the particular set of fools who happen to be just then running the machinery of a government! The majority giped and jeered when Columbus said the world was round. The majority threw him into a dungeon for having discovered a new world. The majority said that Galileo must recant or that Galileo must go to prison. The majority cut off the ears of John Pym because he dared advocate the liberty of the press. The majority south of Mason and Dixon line established the horrible thing called slavery, and the majority in the North did the same thing as long as it was profitable. Majority rule!"

Another of Reed's memorable efforts of the same session was his answer to the anti-Catholic speeches of Senator Heflin. Concluding, he said: "If my country means anything to me, sir, it

means that its Constitution is broad enough to protect every man in the right to his faith, every man in the right to his opinion, every man in his liberty of speech, in his right of peaceable assemblage, and in his privilege to print his honest thoughts. If this country is to live, then these fountain springs bearing the pure waters of liberty must not be polluted with the poison of hate, covered with the slime of proscription, or polluted by the spirit of intolerance. Give me the radius of any man's intelligence, and I will describe the circle of his tolerance."

Reed's skill as a cross-examiner has made him one of the foremost inquisitors of the Senate. In the lobby investigation in the first Wilson administration he uncovered the Havemeyer interest in the beet-sugar industry; the evidence then adduced was responsible twelve years later for the Senate's rejection of President Coolidge's nomination of Charles B. Warren for the attorney-generalship. The Kenyon campaign-fund inquiry of 1920, in which Reed played a prominent part, destroyed the chances of Frank O. Lowden and Major-General Leonard Wood for

the Republican presidential nomination of that year. Four years later he spiked the Democratic boom of William G. McAdoo by supplying the "tip" which led the Walsh oil-investigating committee to the discovery that McAdoo, after his retirement from the cabinet, had received \$250,000 in fees from Edward L. Doheny. No other man has such a record as a killer of presidential hopes.

What of Reed's own prospects? Reed is able and fearless. He is the strong man of the Senate. Recent political history suggests that this fact will not take him far on the road to the presidency. The last time a nomination was made from the ranks of the Senate the choice fell on a colorless man, a man who, because he was colorless, had stirred up no antagonisms. He was the very antithesis of Reed. Is Reed, then, likely to be picked? One can only guess. He himself has said, in a discussion of governmental affairs generally, that "the times are ripe, and rotten ripe, for change." One thing is certain: if the Democrats nominate him, the other side will know on election day that it has been in a fight.



Next month we shall present another portrait for our political gallery. Speaker Longworth, ex-Governor Lowden, Charles Evans Hughes will appear in early numbers.

The Midnight Parade

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

"As far as I am concerned, that was the most thrilling moment of the war," wrote Captain Springs, who has become famous as the chronicler of the fighting aviator. He is editor of "War Birds" and author of "Nocturne Militaire."

WHAT was the funniest thing that happened during the War? That's easy to answer. It was the midnight parade at Oxford. Did you ever hear about it? No?

Well, back in September of '17 I was a sergeant in command of a hundred and fifty American cadets quartered at Christ Church, at Oxford. There were sixty other Americans at Queen's College who had come over three weeks before we did. Bim Oliver was their top sergeant. Lieutenant Dwyer had been at Oxford but had been transferred to London, leaving Bim and myself with everything but proper authority.

We didn't have any American officers, but a British colonel was trying to stepmother us.

The first outfit finished their course in military aeronautics with such high marks in the examinations and so delighted the commandant of Queen's College that he gave them all passes to go out to dinner Saturday night. The system at Oxford was that no cadet could leave the college after dinner unless he had a pass signed by the officer in charge of the college. He could have a pass only once a week. The gates were locked at nine every night except on the college's weekly night out. The colonel and his staff had a bad habit of patrolling the town with flash-lights and demanding passes from all the cadets they met. The failure of a cadet to have a

pass meant back to the trenches as a Tommy, so they usually had them or stayed in.

It so happened that this Saturday was also Jake Stanley's twenty-first birthday and, as he came into a couple of hundred dollars, he wanted to give a dinner-party to celebrate it. He was anxious to have it that night because he had some friends in the first outfit that he wanted to have at the party. I told him I thought I could arrange it and accepted his invitation with pleasure.

The afternoon passed off innocently enough, but any one with half an eye could see by the crowd around the bars that the storm-flags were out. I filled out passes for six of us and we gathered at Boul's, where Jake had a private room on the third floor. Jake had invited about ten from the first outfit and one officer from the colonel's staff. The officer wasn't supposed to associate socially with cadets under any circumstances, so came in mufti and asked us to be sure and keep the fact to ourselves. Alan Winslow came along with his brother Paul, who was in the first outfit. Alan was in the French Flying Corps and had just run over to see Paul for a few days, all tricked out in red pants and a sky-blue coat. The rest of the first outfit was down on the second floor led by Bim, in person.

Altogether it was a fine party. Cocktails and champagne flowed freely and

then we were each served with a two-quart pitcher of ale. There was a cake with candles and Jake arose and announced that he was about to "tut the twake." I must have eaten some of it, for the next morning my ears were full of icing. Callahan was playing the piano and some one was pouring beer on the works to lubricate it, when I slipped away and went back to Christ Church to arrange to get them in and get those passes back. I sent the corporal on guard at the gate to bed and took his place myself. It was some time before the others came in, flitting by me like ghosts, leaving not only their passes but everything else that was in their pockets, and I destroyed the only evidence that they had been out. One man came in without the slightest motion. I thought at first that he was coasting on skates. He came up to the window and a hand reached in his pocket and took out his pass. Then he receded slowly, still without any motion. I thought I had the heebie-geebies and nearly fell out of the window. Then I saw him turn and there was another man behind him holding him up doing the locomotion. That was one way to get in without a pass.

I got the full details of the party next morning. As the evening had grown cooler the bunch on the second floor had come up and joined Jake's party and vice versa. A good time was had by all. At eleven they started back for the college and the night was as black as the inside of a derby. They came down the stairs singing, and it so happened that the colonel and Major Adlai were walking up the street about a block away. They saw the figures pouring out of the lighted hallway into the dark street and caught the refrain of "Ballicky Bill, the Sailor."

"My God, Adlai," the colonel ex-

claimed as his worst fears were realized, "the Americans have broken loose!" He grabbed Adlai and they made a dash for Boul's to curb the riot.

There was one man in the outfit who was a bare five feet in height. That night he was more or less having trouble with his legs, which didn't seem to reach the ground at the same time, and it was found that he required assistance. Two men supplied the assistance and it happened that they were both about six feet four. One got on either side and put an arm under his. They started out well, all of them walking in step, but as they came down the long hallway the two taller ones unconsciously began lifting higher and higher. By the time they reached the door, the man in the centre was at least a foot off the floor and yet was taking each step with a concentrated seriousness of purpose. This was the sight that greeted the colonel's outraged eyes.

"Stop!" bellowed the colonel. "Who are you? Where are your passes?"

They came to a halt in the dark street and half a dozen more came out and were stopped by the colonel. It was pitch-dark in the street, as it was against the law to show a light anywhere at night on account of the air-raids, and with the door closed it was impossible to distinguish anything.

"Stop, all of you!" yelled the colonel; "Adlai, give me the flash-light."

As Adlai handed him the flash-light, some one pushed forward and knocked it out of his hand and took to his heels. The colonel saw red and yelled like a stuck pig. He spluttered and foamed at the mouth. The rest of them stood their ground, but the colonel was too mad to question them further and Adlai led him away to compose a telegram to the American ambassador.

Instead of cooling down, the colo-

nel grew madder and madder, and he was seized with the determination to find the guilty man and see that he was properly punished—I think he had decided on beheading as the correct thing. So he gathered his staff together and half an hour later he burst into Queen's College with a battery of flash-lights and demanded a formation of all the first detachment at once.

Most of the men had been poured into bed and were in no condition to parade. Some were only just straggling in. The colonel was clamorous. Each and every one of the detachment must stand before him! Every man must be present.

They tell me that it was the greatest sight that Oxford ever saw, certainly the queerest. A dark night—only a few stars were shining—an ancient and honorable courtyard, hallowed by famous footprints and scholarly traditions, and sixty American cadets in all sorts of uniforms or lack of them, trying to get into line, leaning on each other, drooping on door-steps, and bracing themselves against walls; while an irate colonel and his staff stood off fifty feet and waited for Heaven to strike them down.

A cadet sergeant finally got out in front and attempted to take charge. He was squinting one eye, as he had decided that one eye in focus was better than two out of focus, and he walked as if he were on a tight rope.

"Attenshun!" he commanded, and then got the British and American infantry regulations mixed and shouted: "Stand at ease! Right dress! Who ran where?"

Several men in the rear rank were actively ill.

"Open ranks!" he commanded undismayed. The men obeyed, some at right dress and some with their feet

spread apart and their hands behind their backs in the British manner. One man in the front rank dug his chin in the ground.

"Call the roll," directed the colonel. "Every man must be here!"

The sergeant turned around as if he had seen the colonel for the first time. He rocked backward on his heels and gazed dumbly at the stars. He realized that he needed support and reached out to grab hold of a small tree, but he missed it by a yard. The colonel turned his flash-light on him and he closed his eyes and went over backward into a big lilac-bush. There he lay, unable to move and groaning heavily. Every one tittered except the colonel, who roared like a gored bull.

Another sergeant, who had been put to bed early and had gotten a little sleep, stepped forward and did his best. He got all the men faced in the right direction and had the dead ones carried off. The line swayed backward and forward like a wheat-field in the wind.

Then the colonel started down the front rank interrogating each man. He was satisfied with the answers until he came to Hampton.

"Did you run?" demanded the colonel.

"Sir," says Hampton, "just what do you mean—run?"

"Answer me 'yes' or 'no.' Did you run?" repeated the colonel.

"Must have a definition, sir," says Hampton stubbornly; "you might not mean the same thing I mean when I say 'run.' For instance, if I——"

"Place this man under arrest," shouted the colonel to Adlai; "I'll attend to him later."

Then he came to Mooney.

"Did you run?" the colonel asked him.

"I wasn't on the third floor, sir,"

said Mooney, "I was on the second floor."

"I don't care where you were," snapped the colonel. "What I want to know is whether you are the man that ran or not."

"I wasn't on the third floor, sir," insisted Mooney, "I was on the second floor."

"Answer me at once," bellowed the colonel; "did you, or did you not, run?"

"I wasn't on the third floor, sir," repeated Mooney doggedly; "I stayed on the second floor all evening."

"Arrest this man, too, Adlai," directed the colonel, as he moved on to the next man.

"Did you run?" asked the colonel.

The man simply reached out and threw his arms around the colonel's neck and gently passed away on his bosom. That ended the party, and the colonel went home, swearing that, as God was his witness, he'd have the guilty man before another sun set or he'd stand every American up before a firing-squad. And a merciful darkness hid the scene as the invincible detachment made its way to bed.

That was the tale I got the next morning before I got my tongue loose from the roof of my mouth. The British officer in charge of Christ Church was much upset because he had found out that at least fifty of my men had been out to a dance the night before. What was worrying him was how they got back in with the gate locked. I couldn't help him out on that because I didn't know either. The colonel was quite out of his head and had sent for Dwyer and turned the matter over to him.

It wasn't long before Dwyer sent for me. I went over to Queen's and found a

council of war in progress. Dwyer, Hampton, Bim, Mooney, and the two Winslows were represented. The colonel had threatened to complain about Alan to the French ambassador because he was present. I knew nothing about it and stuck to my story.

"Well," says Dwyer, "there's this about it. Unless we turn the guilty man over to the colonel, you are all going to get into trouble. So it may be well to offer up a scapegoat. Do any of you know who ran?"

"Yes," says Alan Winslow, the one in French uniform, "if you really want to know I'll tell you, but it is strictly unofficial and I'll deny it later. I was with him when he knocked the flash-light out of the colonel's hand. It was the British staff-officer!"

"In that case," says Dwyer, "I guess we'll let the colonel do his damndest. The first detachment leaves this afternoon, anyway."

"But what am I going to do?" I wailed. "We've got to stay here for three weeks more."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Dwyer, "but I can assure you of my sympathy."

And there were times when I needed it. Bim's sixty packed up and left on the afternoon train for Stamford to learn to fly again. The colonel did not go down to the station to see them off, but everybody else in Oxford did.

Then the colonel came down on me like a ton of bricks. He decided to send one of his staff-officers to help me maintain discipline. And whom do you think he sent? The very officer who had pushed him and run. Laugh that off! And Dwyer couldn't say anything, because he didn't want the colonel to find out that he was at Bim's party himself.

[The War's high moment as seen through the eyes of another writer will appear next month.]



On the Ferry.

A Group of Character Drawings

BY CHARLES LOCKE

FOUR LITHOGRAPHS OF NEW YORK TYPES BY THE ARTIST WHO WAS A PUPIL IN
LITHOGRAPHY OF THE LATE JOSEPH PENNELL.

It is said of Daumier, the great French character draftsman: "He looked at the life about him and mirrored it truthfully in his art." The people of the streets, the workers, or his fellow passengers in train or bus were an endless supply of material for his lithographs and paintings. Cosmopolitan New York to-day is filled with types and characters ready at hand for the artist who will take the trouble to observe them.



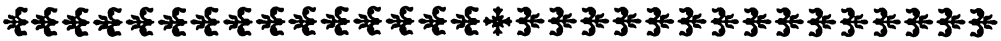
The Third Avenue "El."



Business and Lunch.



The Club.



The Greene Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case" and "The 'Canary' Murder Case"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—In the old Greene mansion on 53d Street, by the East River, live Mrs. Tobias Greene, who is a paralytic, and her five grown children—two daughters (Julia and Sibella), two sons (Chester and Rex), and an adopted daughter (Ada). At half past eleven on the night of November 8 Julia and Ada are shot in their bedrooms. Julia is killed instantly, but Ada, though wounded in the back, recovers. The police investigate, and conclude that the attacks were the work of an amateur housebreaker. Chester, the older son, is dissatisfied with the police theory, and asks Markham, the District Attorney, to look into the case. Markham is accompanied to the house by his intimate friend, Philo Vance, a young social aristocrat who has helped him unofficially in other investigations. After careful inquiries Markham concurs with the police theory of a burglar. But Vance takes issue with his conclusions, and points out various reasons why he thinks the double crime goes deeper than a mere casual raid by an unknown thief.

VIII

THE SECOND TRAGEDY

(Friday, November 12; 8 a. m.)

THE day after we had taken leave of Markham at his office the rigor of the weather suddenly relaxed. The sun came out, and the thermometer rose nearly thirty degrees. Toward night of the second day, however, a fine, damp snow began to fall, spreading a thin white blanket over the city; but around eleven the skies were again clear.

I mention these facts because they had a curious bearing on the second crime at the Greene mansion. Footprints again appeared on the front walk; and, as a result of the clinging softness of the snow, the police also found tracks in the lower hall and on the marble stairs.

Vance had spent Wednesday and Thursday in his library reading desul-

torily and checking Volland's catalogue of Cézanne's water-colors. The three-volume edition of the "Journal de Eugène Delacroix"* lay on his writing-table; but I noticed that he did not so much as open it. He was restless and distracted, and his long silences at dinner (which we ate together in the living-room before the great log fire) told me only too clearly that something was perturbing him. Moreover, he had sent notes cancelling several social engagements, and had given orders to Currie, his valet and domestic factotum, that he was "out" to callers.

As he sat sipping his cognac at the end of dinner on Thursday night, his eyes idly tracing the forms in the Renoir *Beigneuse* above the mantel, he gave voice to his thoughts.

"'Pon my word, Van, I can't shake the atmosphere of that damnable house. Markham is probably right in refusing

* E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie., Paris, 1893.

to take the matter seriously—one can't very well chivy a bereaved family simply because I'm oversensitive. And yet"—he shook himself slightly—"it's most annoyin'. Maybe I'm becoming weak and emotional. What if I should suddenly go in for Whistlers and Böcklins! Could you endure it? *Miserere nostril* . . . No, it won't come to that. But—dash it all!—that Greene murder is haunting my slumbers like a lamia. And the business isn't over yet. There's a horrible incompleteness about what's already occurred. . . ."

It was scarcely eight o'clock on the following morning when Markham brought us the news of the second Greene tragedy. I had risen early, and was having my coffee in the library when Markham came in, brushing past the astonished Currie with only a curt nod.

"Get Vance out right away—will you, Van Dine?" he began, without even a word of greeting. "Something serious has happened."

I hastened to fetch Vance, who grumblingly slipped into a camel's-hair dressing-gown and came leisurely into the library.

"My dear Markham!" he reproached the District Attorney. "Why pay your social calls in the middle of the night?"

"This isn't a social call," Markham told him tartly. "Chester Greene has been murdered."

"Ah!" Vance rang for Currie, and lighted a cigarette. "Coffee for two and clothes for one," he ordered, when the man appeared. Then he sank into a chair before the fire and gave Markham a waggish look. "That same unique burglar, I suppose. A perseverin' lad. Did the family plate disappear this time?"

Markham gave a mirthless laugh.

"No, the plate's intact; and I think

we can now eliminate the burglar theory. I'm afraid your premonitions were correct—damn your uncanny faculty!"

"Pour out your heart-breakin' story." Vance, for all his levity, was extraordinarily interested. His moodiness of the past two days had given way to an almost eager alertness.

"It was Sproot who phoned the news to Headquarters a little before midnight. The operator in the Homicide Bureau caught Heath at home, and the Sergeant was at the Greene house inside of half an hour. He's there now—phoned me at seven this morning. I told him I'd hurry out, so I didn't get many details over the wire. All I know is that Chester Greene was fatally shot last night at almost the exact hour that the former shootings occurred—a little after half past eleven."

"Was he in his own room at the time?" Vance was pouring the coffee which Currie had brought in.

"I believe Heath did mention he was found in his bedroom."

"Shot from the front?"

"Yes; through the heart, at very close range."

"Very interestin'. A duplication of Julia's death, as it were." Vance became reflective. "So the old house has claimed another victim. But why Chester? . . . Who found him, incidentally?"

"Sibella, I think Heath said. Her room, you remember, is next to Chester's, and the shot probably roused her. But we'd better be going."

"Am I invited?"

"I wish you would come." Markham made no effort to hide his desire to have the other accompany him.

"Oh, I had every intention of doing so, don't y' know." And Vance left the room abruptly to get dressed.

It took the District Attorney's car

but a few minutes to reach the Greene mansion from Vance's house in East 38th Street. A patrolman stood guard outside the great iron gates, and a plainclothes man lounged on the front steps beneath the arched doorway.

Heath was in the drawing-room talking earnestly to Inspector Moran, who had just arrived; and two men from the Homicide Bureau stood by the window awaiting orders. The house was peculiarly silent: no member of the family was to be seen.

The Sergeant came forward at once. His usual ruddiness of complexion was gone and his eyes were troubled. He shook hands with Markham, and then gave Vance a look of friendly welcome.

"You had the right dope, Mr. Vance. Somebody's ripping things wide open here; and it isn't swag they're after."

Inspector Moran joined us, and again the hand-shaking ceremony took place.

"This case is going to stir things up considerably," he said. "And we're in for an unholy scandal if we don't clean it up quickly."

The worried look in Markham's eyes deepened.

"The sooner we get to work, then, the better. Are you going to lend a hand, Inspector?"

"There's no need, I think," Moran answered quietly. "I'll leave the police end entirely with Sergeant Heath; and now that you—and Mr. Vance—are here, I'd be of no use." He gave Vance a pleasant smile, and made his adieu. "Keep in touch with me, Sergeant, and use all the men you want."*

* Inspector William M. Moran, who died last summer, had been the commanding officer of the Detective Bureau for eight years. He was a man of rare and unusual qualities, and with his death the New York Police Department lost one of its most efficient and trustworthy officials. He had formerly been a well-known up-State banker who had been forced to close his doors during the 1907 panic.

When he had gone Heath gave us the details of the crime.

At about half past eleven, after the family and the servants had retired, the shot was fired. Sibella was reading in bed at the time and heard it distinctly. She rose immediately and, after listening for several moments, stole up the servants' stairs—the entrance to which was but a few feet from her door. She wakened the butler, and the two of them then went to Chester's room. The door was unlocked, and the lights in the room were burning. Chester Greene was sitting, slightly huddled, in a chair near the desk. Sproot went to him, but saw that he was dead, and immediately left the room, locking the door. He then telephoned to the police and to Doctor Von Blon.

"I got here before Von Blon did," Heath explained. "The doctor was out again when the butler phoned, and didn't get the message till nearly one o'clock. I was damn glad of it, because it gave me a chance to check up on the footprints outside. The minute I turned in at the gate I could see that somebody had come and gone, the same as last time; and I whistled for the man on the beat to guard the entrance until Snitkin arrived. Then I came on in, keeping along the edge of the walk; and the first thing I noticed when the butler opened the door was a little puddle of water on the rug in the hall. Somebody had recently tracked the soft snow in. I found a coupla other puddles in the hall, and there were some wet imprints on the steps leading up-stairs. Five minutes later Snitkin gave me the signal from the street, and I put him to work on the footprints outside. The tracks were plain, and Snitkin was able to get some pretty accurate measurements."

After Snitkin had been put to work on the footprints, the Sergeant, it seem-

ed, went up-stairs to Chester's room and made an examination. But he found nothing unusual, aside from the murdered man in the chair, and after half an hour descended again to the dining-room, where Sibella and Sproot were waiting. He had just begun his questioning of them when Doctor Von Blon arrived.

"I took him up-stairs," said Heath, "and he looked at the body. He seemed to want to stick around, but I told him he'd be in the way. So he talked to Miss Greene out in the hall for five or ten minutes, and then left."

Shortly after Doctor Von Blon's departure two other men from the Homicide Bureau arrived, and the next two hours were spent in interrogating the members of the household. But nobody, except Sibella, admitted even hearing the shot. Mrs. Greene was not questioned. When Miss Craven, the nurse, who slept on the third floor, was sent in to her, she reported that the old lady was sleeping soundly; and the Sergeant decided not to disturb her. Nor was Ada awakened: according to the nurse, the girl had been asleep since nine o'clock.

Rex Greene, however, when interviewed, contributed one vague and, as it seemed, contradictory bit of evidence. He had been lying awake, he said, at the time the snowfall ceased, which was a little after eleven. Then, about ten minutes later, he had imagined he heard a faint shuffling noise in the hall and the sound of a door closing softly. He had thought nothing of it, and only recalled it when pressed by Heath. A quarter of an hour afterward he had looked at his watch. It was then twenty-five minutes past eleven; and very soon after that he had fallen asleep.

"The only queer thing about his

story," commented Heath, "is the time. If he's telling the tale straight, he heard this noise and the door shutting twenty minutes or so before the shot was fired. And nobody in the house was up at that time. I tried to shake him on the question of the exact hour, but he stuck to it like a leech. I compared his watch with mine, and it was O. K. Anyhow, there's nothing much to the story. The wind mighta blown a door shut, or he mighta heard a noise out in the street and thought it was in the hall."

"Nevertheless, Sergeant," put in Vance, "if I were you I'd file Rex's story away for future meditation. Somehow it appeals to me."

Heath looked up sharply and was about to ask a question; but he changed his mind and said merely: "It's filed." Then he finished his report to Markham.

After interrogating the occupants of the house he had gone back to the Bureau, leaving his men on guard, and set the machinery of his office in operation. He had returned to the Greene mansion early that morning, and was now waiting for the Medical Examiner, the finger-print experts, and the official photographer. He had given orders for the servants to remain in their quarters, and had instructed Sproot to serve breakfast to all the members of the family in their own rooms.

"This thing's going to take work, sir," he concluded. "And it's going to be touchy going, too."

Markham nodded gravely, and glanced toward Vance, whose eyes were resting moodily on an old oil-painting of Tobias Greene.

"Does this new development help co-ordinate any of your former impressions?" he asked.

"It at least substantiates the feeling

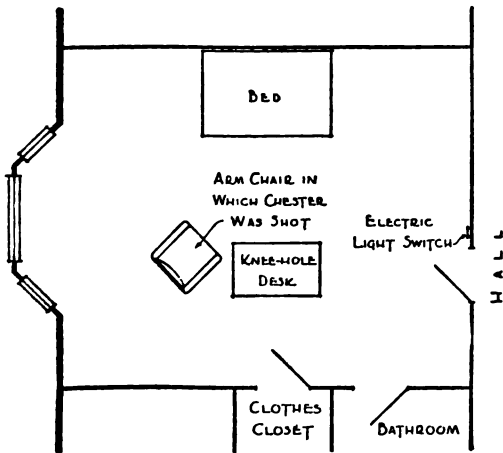
I had that this old house reeks with a deadly poison," Vance replied. "This thing is like a witches' sabbath." He gave Markham a humorous smile. "I'm beginning to think your task is going to take on the nature of exorcising devils."

Markham grunted.

"I'll leave the magic potions to you. . . . Sergeant, suppose we take a look at the body before the Medical Examiner gets here."

Heath led the way without a word. When we reached the head of the stairs he took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door of Chester's room. The electric lights were still burning—sickly yellow disks in the gray daylight which filtered in from the windows above the river.

The room, long and narrow, contained an anachronistic assortment of furniture. It was a typical man's apartment, with an air of comfortable untidiness. Newspapers and sports maga-



Chester's bedroom.

zines cluttered the table and desk; ashtrays were everywhere; an open cellaret stood in one corner; and a collection of golf-clubs lay on the tapestried Chester-

field. The bed, I noticed, had not been slept in.

In the centre of the room, beneath an old-fashioned cut-glass chandelier, was a Chippendale "knee-hole" desk, beside which stood a sleepy-hollow chair. It was in this chair that the body of Chester Greene, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, reclined. He was slumped a little forward, the head turned slightly back and resting against the tufted upholstery. The light from the chandelier cast a spectral illumination on his face; and the sight of it laid a spell of horror on me. The eyes, normally prominent, now seemed to be protruding from their sockets in a stare of unutterable amazement; and the sagging chin and flabby parted lips intensified this look of terrified wonder.

Vance was studying the dead man's features intently.

"Would you say, Sergeant," he asked, without looking up, "that Chester and Julia saw the same thing as they passed from this world?"

Heath coughed uneasily.

"Well," he admitted, "something surprised them, and that's a fact."

"Surprised them! Sergeant, you should thank your Maker that you are not cursed with an imagination. The whole truth of this fiendish business lies in those bulbous eyes and that gaping mouth. Unlike Ada, both Julia and Chester saw the thing that menaced them; and it left them stunned and aghast."

"Well, we can't get any information outa *them*," Heath's practicality as usual was uppermost.

"Not oral information, certainly. But, as Hamlet put it, murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ."

"Come, come, Vance. Be tangible."

Markham spoke with acerbity. "What's in your mind?"

"'Pon my word, I don't know. It's too vague." He leaned over and picked up a small book from the floor just beneath where the dead man's hand hung over the arm of the chair. "Chester apparently was immersed in literature at the time of his taking off." He opened the book casually. "'Hydrotherapy and Constipation.' Yes, Chester was just the kind to worry about his colon. Some one probably told him that intestinal stasis interfered with the proper stance. He's no doubt clearing the asphodel from the Elysian fields at the present moment preparat'ry to laying out a golf-course."

He became suddenly serious.

"You see what this book means, Markham? Chester was sitting here reading when the murderer came in. Yet he did not so much as rise or call out. Furthermore, he let the intruder stand directly in front of him. He did not even lay down his book, but sat back in his chair relaxed. Why? Because the murderer was some one Chester knew—and trusted! And when the gun was suddenly brought forth and pointed at his heart, he was too astounded to move. And in that second of bewilderment and unbelief the trigger was pulled and the bullet entered his heart."

Markham nodded slowly, in deep perplexity, and Heath studied the attitude of the dead man more closely.

"That's a good theory," the Sergeant conceded finally. "Yes, he musta let the bird get right on top of him without suspecting anything. Same like Julia did."

"Exactly, Sergeant. The two murders constitute a most suggestive parallel."

"Still and all, there's one point you're overlooking." Heath's brow was roughened in a troubled frown. "Chester's door mighta been unlocked last night, seeing as he hadn't gone to bed, and so this person coulda walked in without any trouble. But Julia, now, was already undressed and in bed; and she always locked her door at night. Now, how would you say this person with the gun got into Julia's room, Mr. Vance?"

"There's no difficulty about that. Let us say, as a tentative hypothesis, that Julia had disrobed, switched off the lights, and climbed into her queenly bed. Then came a tap on the door—perhaps a tap she recognized. She rose, put on the lights, opened the door, and again repaired to her bed for warmth while she held parley with her visitor. Maybe—who knows?—the visitor sat on the edge of the bed during the call. Then suddenly the visitor produced the revolver and fired, and made a hurried exit, forgetting to switch the lights off. Such a theory—though I don't insist on the details—would square neatly with my idea regarding Chester's caller."

"It may've been like you say," admitted Heath dubiously. "But why all the hocus-pocus when it came to shooting Ada? That job was done in the dark."

"The rationalistic philosophers tell us, Sergeant"—Vance became puckishly pedantic—"that there's a reason for everything, but that the finite mind is woefully restricted. The altered technic of our elusive culprit when dealing with Ada is one of the things that is obscure. But you've touched a vital point. If we could discover the reason for this reversal of our *inconnu's* homicidal tactics, I believe we'd be a lot forrader in our investigation."

Heath made no reply. He stood in

the centre of the room running his eye over the various objects and pieces of furniture. Presently he stepped to the clothes-closet, pulled open the door, and turned on a pendant electric light just inside. As he stood gloomily peering at the closet's contents there was a sound of heavy footsteps in the hall and Snitkin appeared in the open door. Heath turned and, without giving his assistant time to speak, asked gruffly:

"How did you make out with those footprints?"

"Got all the dope here." Snitkin crossed to the Sergeant, and held out a long Manila envelope. "There wasn't no trouble in checking the measurements and cutting the patterns. But they're not going to be a hell of a lot of good, I'm thinking. There's ten million guys more or less in this country who coulda made 'em."

Heath had opened the envelope and drawn forth a thin white cardboard pattern which looked like an inner sole of a shoe.

"It wasn't no pigmy who made this print," he remarked.

"That's the catch in it," explained Snitkin. "The size don't mean nothing much, for it ain't a shoe-track. Those footprints were made by galoshes, and there's no telling how much bigger they were than the guy's foot. They mighta been worn over a shoe anywheres from a size eight to a size ten, and with a width anywheres from an A to a D."

Heath nodded with obvious disappointment.

"You're sure about 'em being galoshes?" He was reluctant to let what promised to be a valuable clew slip away.

"You can't get around it. The rubber tread was distinct in several places, and the shallow, scooped heel stood out

plain as day. Anyhow, I got Jerym* to check up on my findings."

Snitkin's gaze wandered idly to the floor of the clothes-closet.

"Those are the kind of things that made the tracks." He pointed to a pair of high arctics which had been thrown carelessly under a boot-shelf. Then he leaned over and picked up one of them. As his eye rested on it he gave a grunt. "This looks like the size, too." He took the pattern from the Sergeant's hand and laid it on the sole of the overshoe. It fitted as perfectly as if the two had been cut simultaneously.

Heath was startled out of his depression.

"Now, what in hell does that mean!"

Markham had drawn near.

"It might indicate, of course, that Chester went out somewhere last night late."

"But that don't make sense, sir," objected Heath. "If he'd wanted anything at that hour of the night he'd have sent the butler. And, anyway, the shops in this neighborhood were all closed by that time, for the tracks weren't made till after it had stopped snowing at eleven."

"And," supplemented Snitkin, "you can't tell by the tracks whether the guy that made 'em left the house and came back, or came to the house and went away, for there wasn't a single print on top of the other."

Vance was standing at the window looking out.

* Captain Anthony P. Jerym was one of the shrewdest and most painstaking criminologists of the New York Police Department. Though he had begun his career as an expert in the Bertillon system of measurements, he had later specialized in footprints—a subject which he had helped to elevate to an elaborate and complicated science. He had spent several years in Vienna studying Austrian methods, and had developed a means of scientific photography for footprints which gave him rank with such men as Londe, Burais, and Reiss.

"That, now, is a most interestin' point, Sergeant," he commented. "I'd file it away along with Rex's story for prayerful consideration." He sauntered back to the desk and looked at the dead man thoughtfully. "No, Sergeant," he continued; "I can't picture Chester donning gum-shoes and sneaking out into the night on a mysterious errand. I'm afraid we'll have to find another explanation for those footprints."

"It's damn funny, just the same, that they should be the exact size of these galoshes."

"If," submitted Markham, "the footprints were not Chester's, then we're driven to the assumption that the murderer made them."

Vance slowly took out his cigarette-case.

"Yes," he agreed, "I think we may safely assume that."

IX

THE THREE BULLETS

(Friday, November 12; 9 a. m.)

At this moment Doctor Doremus, the Medical Examiner, a brisk, nervous man with a jaunty air, was ushered in by one of the detectives I had seen in the drawing-room. He blinked at the company, threw his hat and coat on a chair, and shook hands with every one.

"What are your friends trying to do, Sergeant?" he asked, eying the inert body in the chair. "Wipe out the whole family?" Without waiting for an answer to his grim pleasantry he went to the windows and threw up the shades with a clatter. "You gentlemen all through viewing the remains? If so, I'll get to work."

"Go to it," said Heath. Chester Greene's body was lifted to the bed and straightened out. "And how about the

bullet, doc? Any chance of getting it before the autopsy?"

"How'm I going to get it without a probe and forceps? I ask you!" Doctor Doremus drew back the matted dressing-gown and inspected the wound. "But I'll see what I can do." Then he straightened up and cocked his eye facetiously at the Sergeant. "Well, I'm waiting for your usual query about the time of death."

"We know it."

"Hah! Wish you always did. This fixing the exact time by looking over a body is all poppycock anyway. The best we fellows can do is to approximate it. *Rigor mortis* works differently in different people. Don't ever take me too seriously, Sergeant, when I set an exact hour for you.—However, let's see. . . ."

He ran his hands over the body on the bed, unflexed the fingers, moved the head, and put his eye close to the coagulated blood about the wound. Then he teetered on his toes, and squinted at the ceiling.

"How about ten hours? Say, between eleven-thirty and midnight. How's that?"

Heath laughed good-naturedly.

"You hit it, doc—right on the head."

"Well, well! Always was a good guesser." Doctor Doremus seemed wholly indifferent.

Vance had followed Markham into the hall.

"An honest fellow, that archiater of yours. And to think he's a public servant of our beneficent government!"

"There are many honest men in public office," Markham reproved him.

"I know," sighed Vance. "Our democracy is still young. Give it time."

Heath joined us, and at the same moment the nurse appeared at Mrs. Greene's door. A querulous dictatorial

voice issued from the depths of the room behind her.

"... And you tell whoever's in charge that I want to see him—right away, do you understand! It's an outrage, all this commotion and excitement, with me lying here in pain trying to get a little rest. Nobody shows me any consideration."

Heath made a grimace and looked toward the stairs; but Vance took Markham's arm.

"Come, let's cheer up the old lady."

As we entered the room Mrs. Greene, propped up as usual in bed with a prismatic assortment of pillows, drew her shawl primly about her.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she greeted us, her expression moderating. "I thought it was those abominable policemen making free with my house again. . . . What's the meaning of all this disturbance, Mr. Markham? Nurse tells me that Chester has been shot. Dear, dear! If people must do such things, why do they have to come to my house and annoy a poor helpless old woman like me? There are plenty of other places they could do their shooting in." She appeared deeply resentful at the fact that the murderer should have been so inconsiderate as to choose the Greene mansion for his depredations. "But I've come to expect this sort of thing. Nobody thinks of *my* feelings. And if my own children see fit to do everything they can to annoy me, why should I expect total strangers to show me any consideration?"

"When one is bent on murder, Mrs. Greene," rejoined Markham, stung by her callousness, "one doesn't stop to think of the mere inconvenience his crime may cause others."

"I suppose not," she murmured self-pityingly. "But it's all the fault of my

children. If they were what children ought to be, people wouldn't be breaking in here trying to murder them."

"And unfortunately succeeding," added Markham coldly.

"Well, that can't be helped." She suddenly became bitter. "It's their punishment for the way they've treated their poor old mother, lying here for ten long years, hopelessly paralyzed. And do you think they try to make it easy for me? No! Here I must stay, day after day, suffering agonies with my spine; and they never give me a thought." A sly look came into her fierce old eyes. "But they think about me sometimes. Oh, yes! They think how nice it would be if I were out of the way. Then they'd get all my money. . . ."

"I understand, madam," Markham put in abruptly, "that you were asleep last night at the time your son met his death."

"Was I? Well, maybe I was. It's a wonder, though, that some one didn't leave my door open just so I'd be disturbed."

"And you know no one who would have any reason to kill your son?"

"How should I know? Nobody tells me anything. I'm a poor neglected, lonely old cripple. . . ."

"Well, we won't bother you any further, Mrs. Greene." Markham's tone held something both of sympathy and consternation.

As we descended the stairs the nurse reopened the door we had just closed after us, and left it ajar, no doubt in response to an order from her patient.

"Not at all a nice old lady," chuckled Vance, as we entered the drawing-room. "For a moment, Markham, I thought you were going to box her ears."

"I admit I felt like it. And yet I couldn't help pitying her. However, such utter self-concentration as hers saves one a lot of mental anguish. She seems to regard this whole damnable business as a plot to upset her."

Sproot appeared obsequiously at the door.

"May I bring you gentlemen some coffee?" No emotion of any kind showed on his graven wrinkled face. The events of the past few days seemed not to have affected him in any degree.

"No, we don't want coffee, Sproot," Markham told him brusquely. "But please be good enough to ask Miss Sibella if she will come here."

"Very good, sir."

The old man shuffled away, and a few minutes later Sibella strolled in, smoking a cigarette, one hand in the pocket of her vivid-green sweater-jacket. Despite her air of nonchalance her face was pale, its whiteness contrasting strongly with the deep crimson rouge on her lips. Her eyes, too, were slightly haggard; and when she spoke her voice sounded forced, as if she were playing a rôle against which her spirit was at odds. She greeted us blithely enough, however.

"Good morning, one and all. Beastly auspices for a social call." She sat down on the arm of a chair and swung one leg restlessly. "Some one certainly has a grudge against us Greenes. Poor old Chet! He didn't even die with his boots on. Felt bedroom slippers! What an end for an outdoor enthusiast!—Well, I suppose I'm invited here to tell my story. Where do I begin?" She rose, and throwing her half-burned cigarette into the grate, seated herself in a straight-backed chair facing Markham, folding her sinewy, tapering hands on the table before her.

Markham studied her for several moments.

"You were awake last night, reading in bed, I understand, when the shot was fired in your brother's room."

"Zola's 'Nana,' to be explicit. Mother told me I shouldn't read it; so I got it at once. It was frightfully disappointing, though."

"And just what did you do after you heard the report?" continued Markham, striving to control his annoyance at the girl's flippancy.

"I put my book down, got up, donned a kimono, and listened for several minutes at the door. Not hearing anything further, I peeked out. The hall was dark, and the silence felt a bit spooky. I knew I ought to go to Chet's room and inquire, in a sisterly fashion, about the explosion; but, to tell you the truth, Mr. Markham, I was rather cowardly. So I went—oh, well, let the truth prevail: I *ran* up the servants' stairs and routed out our Admirable Crichton; and together we investigated. Chet's door was unlocked, and the fearless Sproot opened it. There sat Chet, looking as if he'd seen a ghost; and somehow I knew he was dead. Sproot went in and touched him, while I waited; and then we went down to the dining-room. Sproot did some phoning, and afterward made me some atrocious coffee. A half-hour or so later this gentleman"—she inclined her head toward Heath—"arrived, looking distressingly glum, and very sensibly refused a cup of Sproot's coffee."

"And you heard no sound of any kind before the shot?"

"Not a thing. Everybody had gone to bed early. The last sound I heard in this house was mother's gentle and affectionate voice telling the nurse she was as neglectful as the rest of us, and

to bring her morning tea at nine sharp, and not to slam the door the way she always did. Then peace and quiet reigned until half past eleven when I heard the shot in Chet's room."

"How long was this interregnum of quietude?" asked Vance.

"Well, mother generally ends her daily criticism of the family around ten-thirty; so I'd say the quietude lasted about an hour."

"And during that time you do not recall hearing a slight shuffling sound in the hall? Or a door closing softly?"

The girl shook her head indifferently, and took another cigarette from a small amber case she carried in her sweater-pocket.

"Sorry, but I didn't. That doesn't mean, though, that people couldn't have been shuffling and shutting doors all over the place. My room's at the rear, and the noises on the river and in 52d Street drown out almost anything that's going on in the front of the house."

Vance had gone to her and held a match to her cigarette.

"I say, you don't seem in the least worried."

"Oh, why worry?" She made a gesture of resignation. "If anything is to happen to me, it'll happen, whatever I do. But I don't anticipate an immediate demise. No one has the slightest reason for killing me—unless, of course, it's some of my former bridge partners. But they're all harmless persons who wouldn't be apt to take extreme measures."

"Still"—Vance kept his tone inconsequential—"no one apparently had any reason for harming your two sisters or your brother."

"On that point I couldn't be altogether lucid. We Greenes don't confide

in one another. There's a beastly spirit of distrust in this ancestral domain. We all lie to each other on general principles. And as for secrets! Each member of the family is a kind of Masonic Order in himself. Surely there's some reason for all these shootings. I simply can't imagine any one indulging himself in this fashion for the mere purpose of pistol practice."

She smoked a moment pensively, and went on:

"Yes, there must be a motive back of it all—though for the life of me I can't suggest one. Of course Julia was a vinegary, unpleasant person, but she went out very little, and worked off her various complexes on the family. And yet, she may have been leading a double life for all I know. When these sour old maids break loose from their inhibitions I understand they do the most utterly utter things. But I just can't bring my mind to picture Julia with a bevy of jealous Romeos." She made a comical grimace at the thought. "Ada, on the other hand, is what we used to call in algebra an unknown quantity. No one but dad knew where she came from, and he would never tell. To be sure, she doesn't get much time to run around—mother keeps her too busy. But she's young and good-looking in a common sort of way"—there was a tinge of venom in this remark—"and you can't tell what connections she may have formed outside the sacred portals of the Greene mansion.—As for Chet, no one seemed to love him passionately. I never heard anybody say a good word for him but the golf pro at the club, and that was only because Chet tipped him like a *parvenu*. He had a genius for antagonizing people. Several motives for the shooting might be found in his past."

"I note that you've changed your ideas considerably in regard to the culpability of Miss Ada." Vance spoke inquisitorily.

Sibella looked a little shamefaced.

"I did get a bit excited, didn't I?" Then a defiance came into her voice. "But just the same, she doesn't belong here. And she's a sneaky little cat. She'd dearly love to see us all nicely murdered. The only person that seems to like her is cook; but then, Gertrude's a sentimental German who likes everybody. She feeds half the stray cats and dogs in the neighborhood. Our rear yard is a regular pound in summer."

Vance was silent for a while. Suddenly he looked up.

"I gather from your remarks, Miss Greene, that you now regard the shootings as the acts of some one from the outside."

"Does any one think anything else?" she asked, with startled anxiety. "I understand there were footprints in the snow both times we were visited. Surely they would indicate an outsider."

"Quite true," Vance assured her, a bit overemphatically, obviously striving to allay whatever fears his queries may have aroused in her. "Those footprints undeniably indicate that the intruder entered each time by the front door."

"And you are not to have any uneasiness about the future, Miss Greene," added Markham. "I shall give orders to-day to have a strict guard placed over the house, front and rear, until there is no longer the slightest danger of a recurrence of what has taken place here."

Heath nodded his unqualified approbation.

"I'll arrange for that, sir. There'll be two men guarding this place day and night from now on."

"How positively thrilling!" exclaimed Sibella; but I noticed a strange reservation of apprehension in her eyes.

"We won't detain you any longer, Miss Greene," said Markham, rising. "But I'd greatly appreciate it if you would remain in your room until our inquiries here are over. You may, of course, visit your mother."

"Thanks awf'ly, but I think I'll indulge in a little lost beauty sleep." And she left us with a friendly wave of the hand.

"Who do you want to see next, Mr. Markham?" Heath was on his feet, vigorously relighting his cigar.

But before Markham could answer Vance lifted his hand for silence, and leaned forward in a listening attitude.

"Oh, Sprout!" he called. "Step in here a moment."

The old butler appeared at once, calm and subservient, and waited with a vacuously expectant expression.

"Really, y' know," said Vance, "there's not the slightest need for you to hover solicitously amid the draperies of the hallway while we're busy in here. Most considerate and loyal of you; but if we want you for anything we'll ring."

"As you desire, sir."

Sprout started to go, but Vance halted him.

"Now that you're here you might answer one or two questions."

"Very good, sir."

"First, I want you to think back very carefully, and tell me if you observed anything unusual when you locked up the house last night."

"Nothing, sir," the man answered promptly. "If I had, I would have mentioned it to the police this morning."

"And did you hear any noise or movement of any kind after you had

gone to your room? A door closing, for instance?"

"No, sir. Everything was very quiet."

"And what time did you actually go to sleep?"

"I couldn't say exactly, sir. Perhaps about twenty minutes past eleven, if I may venture to make a guess."

"And were you greatly surprised when Miss Sibella woke you up and told you a shot had been fired in Mr. Chester's room?"

"Well, sir," Sproot admitted, "I was somewhat astonished, though I endeavored to conceal my emotions."

"And doubtless succeeded admirably," said Vance dryly. "But what I meant was this: did you not anticipate something of the kind happening again in this house, after the other shootings?"

He watched the old butler sharply, but the man's lineaments were as arid as a desert and as indecipherable as an expanse of sea.

"If you will pardon me, sir, for saying so, I don't know precisely what you mean," came the colorless answer. "Had I anticipated that Mr. Chester was to be done in, so to speak, I most certainly would have warned him. It would have been my duty, sir."

"Don't evade my question, Sproot." Vance spoke sternly. "I asked you if you had any idea that a second tragedy might follow the first."

"Tragedies very seldom come singly, sir, if I may be permitted to say so. One never knows what will happen next. I try not to anticipate the workings of fate, but I strive to hold myself in readiness——"

"Oh, go away, Sproot—go quite away," said Vance. "When I crave vague rhetoric I'll read Thomas Aquinas."

"Yes, sir." The man bowed with wooden courtesy, and left us.

His footsteps had scarcely died away when Doctor Doremus strode in jauntily.

"There's your bullet, Sergeant." He tossed a tiny cylinder of discolored lead on the drawing-room table. "Nothing but dumb luck. It entered the fifth intercostal space and travelled diagonally across the heart, coming out in the post-axillary fold at the anterior border of the trapezius muscle, where I could feel it under the skin; and I picked it out with my pen-knife."

"All that fancy language don't worry me," grinned Heath, "so long's I got the bullet."

He picked it up and held it in the palm of his hand, his eyes narrowed, his mouth drawn into a straight line. Then, reaching into his waistcoat pocket, he took out two other bullets, and laid them beside the first. Slowly he nodded, and extended the sinister exhibits to Markham.

"There's the three shots that were fired in this house," he said. "They're all .32-revolver bullets—just alike. You can't get away from it, sir: all three people here were shot with the same gun."

X

THE CLOSING OF A DOOR

(Friday, November 12; 9.30 a. m.)

As Heath spoke Sproot passed down the hall and opened the front door admitting Doctor Von Blon.

"Good morning, Sproot," we heard him say in his habitually pleasant voice. "Anything new?"

"No, sir, I think not." The reply was expressionless. "The District Attorney and the police are here.—Let me take your coat, sir."

Von Blon glanced into the drawing-room, and, on seeing us, halted and bowed. Then he caught sight of Doctor Doremus, whom he had met on the night of the first tragedy.

"Ah, good morning, doctor," he said, coming forward. "I'm afraid I didn't thank you for the assistance you gave me with the young lady the other night. Permit me to make amends."

"No thanks needed," Doremus assured him. "How's the patient getting on?"

"The wound's filling in nicely. No sepsis. I'm going up now to have a look at her." He turned inquiringly to the District Attorney. "No objection, I suppose."

"None whatever, doctor," said Markham. Then he rose quickly. "We'll come along, if you don't mind. There are a few questions I'd like to ask Miss Ada, and it might be as well to do it while you're present."

Von Blon gave his consent without hesitation.

"Well, I'll be on my way—work to do," announced Doremus breezily. He lingered long enough, however, to shake hands with all of us; and then the front door closed on him.

"We'd better ascertain if Miss Ada has been told of her brother's death," suggested Vance, as we went up the stairs. "If not, I think that task logically devolves on you, doctor."

The nurse, whom Sproot had no doubt apprised of Von Blon's arrival, met us in the upper hall and informed us that, as far as she knew, Ada was still ignorant of Chester's murder.

We found the girl sitting up in bed, a magazine lying across her knees. Her face was still pale, but a youthful vitality shone from her eyes, which attested to the fact that she was much

stronger. She seemed alarmed at our sudden appearance, but the sight of the doctor tended to reassure her.

"How do you feel this morning, Ada?" he asked with professional geniality. "You remember these gentlemen, don't you?"

She gave us an apprehensive look; then smiled faintly and bowed.

"Yes, I remember them. . . . Have they—found out anything about—Julia's death?"

"I'm afraid not." Von Blon sat down beside her and took her hand. "Something else has happened that you will have to know, Ada." His voice was studiously sympathetic. "Last night Chester met with an accident——"

"An accident—oh!" Her eyes opened wide, and a slight tremor passed over her. "You mean. . . ." Her voice quavered and broke. "I know what you mean! . . . Chester's dead!"

Von Blon cleared his throat and looked away.

"Yes, Ada. You must be brave and not let it—ah—upset you too much. You see——"

"He was shot!" The words burst from her lips, and a look of terror overspread her face. "Just like Julia and me!" Her eyes stared straight ahead, as if fascinated by some horror which she alone could see.

Von Blon was silent, and Vance stepped to the bed.

"We're not going to lie to you, Miss Greene," he said softly. "You have guessed the truth."

"And what about Rex—and Sibella?"

"They're all right," Vance assured her. "But why did you think your brother had met the same fate as Miss Julia and yourself?"

She turned her gaze slowly to him.

"I don't know—I just felt it. Ever since I was a little girl I've imagined horrible things happening in this house. And the other night I felt that the time had come—oh, I don't know how to explain it; but it was like having something happen that you'd been expecting."

Vance nodded understandingly.

"It's an unhealthy old house; it puts all sorts of weird notions in one's head. But, of course," he added lightly, "there's nothing supernatural about it. It's only a coincidence that you should have felt that way and that these disasters should actually have occurred. The police, y' know, think it was a burglar."

The girl did not answer, and Markham leaned forward with a reassuring smile.

"And we are going to have two men guarding the house all the time from now on," he said, "so that no one can get in who hasn't a perfect right to be here."

"So you see, Ada," put in Von Blon, "you have nothing to worry about any more. All you have to do now is to get well."

But her eyes did not leave Markham's face.

"How do you know," she asked, in a tense anxious voice, "that the—the person came in from the outside?"

"We found his footprints both times on the front walk."

"Footprints—are you sure?" She put the question eagerly.

"No doubt about them. They were perfectly plain, and they belonged to the person who came here and tried to shoot you.—Here, Sergeant"—he beckoned to Heath—"show the young lady that pattern."

Heath took the Manila envelope

from his pocket and extracted the cardboard impression Snitkin had made. Ada took it in her hand and studied it, and a little sigh of relief parted her lips.

"And you notice," smiled Vance, "he didn't have very dainty feet."

The girl returned the pattern to the Sergeant. Her fear had left her, and her eyes cleared of the vision that had been haunting them.

"And now, Miss Greene," went on Vance, in a matter-of-fact voice, "we want to ask a few questions. First of all: the nurse said you went to sleep at nine o'clock last night. Is that correct?"

"I pretended to, because nurse was tired and mother was complaining a lot. But I really didn't go to sleep until hours later."

"But you didn't hear the shot in your brother's room?"

"No. I must have been asleep by then."

"Did you hear anything before that?"

"Not after the family had gone to bed and Sproot had locked up."

"Were you awake very long after Sproot retired?"

The girl pondered a moment, frowning.

"Maybe an hour," she ventured finally. "But I don't know."

"It couldn't have been much over an hour," Vance pointed out; "for the shot was fired shortly after half past eleven.—And you heard nothing—no sound of any kind in the hall?"

"Why, no." The look of fright was creeping back into her face. "Why do you ask?"

"Your brother Rex," explained Vance, "said he heard a faint shuffling sound and a door closing a little after eleven."

Her eyelids drooped, and her free

hand tightened over the edge of the magazine she was holding.

"A door closing. . . ." She repeated the words in a voice scarcely audible. "Oh! And Rex heard it?" Suddenly she opened her eyes and her lips fell apart. A startled memory had taken possession of her—a memory which quickened her breathing and filled her with alarm. "I heard that door close, too! I remember it now. . . ."

"What door was it?" asked Vance, with subdued animation. "Could you tell where the sound came from?"

The girl shook her head.

"No—it was so soft. I'd even forgotten it until now. But I heard it! . . . Oh, what did it mean?"

"Nothing probably." Vance assumed an air of inconsequentiality calculated to alleviate her fears. "The wind doubtless."

But when we left her, after a few more questions, I noticed that her face still held an expression of deep anxiety.

Vance was unusually thoughtful as we returned to the drawing-room.

"I'd give a good deal to know what that child knows or suspects," he murmured.

"She's been through a trying experience," returned Markham. "She's frightened, and she sees new dangers in everything. But she couldn't suspect anything, or she'd be only too eager to tell us."

"I wish I were sure of that."

The next hour or so was occupied with interrogating the two maids and the cook. Markham cross-examined them thoroughly not only concerning the immediate events touching upon the two tragedies, but in regard to the general conditions in the Greene household. Numerous family episodes in the past were gone over; and when his in-

quiries were finished he had obtained a fairly good idea of the domestic atmosphere. But nothing that could be even remotely connected with the murders came to light. There had always been, it transpired, an abundance of hatred and ill-feeling and vicious irritability in the Greene mansion. The story that was unfolded by the servants was not a pleasant one; it was a record—scrappy and desultory, but none the less appalling—of daily clashes, complainings, bitter words, sullen silences, jealousies and threats.

Most of the details of this unnatural situation were supplied by Hemming, the older maid. She was less ecstatic than during the first interview, although she interspersed her remarks with Biblical quotations and references to the dire fate which the Lord had seen fit to visit upon her sinful employers. Nevertheless, she painted an arresting, if overcolored and prejudiced, picture of the life that had gone on about her during the past ten years. But when it came to explaining the methods employed by the Almighty in visiting his vengeance upon the unholy Greenes, she became indefinite and obscure. At length Markham let her go after she had assured him that she intended to remain at her post of duty—to be, as she expressed it, "a witness for the Lord" when his work of righteous devastation was complete.

Barton, the younger maid, on the other hand, announced, in no uncertain terms, that she was through with the Greenes forever. The girl was genuinely frightened, and, after Sibella and Sproot had been consulted, she was paid her wages and told she could pack her things. In less than half an hour she had turned in her key and departed with her luggage. Such information as

(Continued on page 245 of this number.)



Family Loyalty—the Chinese Problem

BY HIRAM BINGHAM

The United States Senator from Connecticut, by reason of his early associations, has an understanding of the Chinese which varies considerably from popular feeling on the subject. This article results from a recent trip to the Orient.

My first impressions of the Chinese were gained more than forty years ago, when I was a boy in Honolulu. My father and mother had several warm friends in the Chinese colony. My first photograph-album contains the picture of one of these Chinese friends who endeared himself to me by his habit of making attractive presents to little boys, a not uncommon Chinese trait. Some of the nicest and most valuable presents I treasured in my childhood came from Chinese friends. When I was old enough to celebrate the Chinese New Year by making calls on the Chinese shopkeepers, rice-planters, and vegetable-gardeners of my acquaintance, I was naturally delighted to find them very generous not only with goodies and delicious confections but also with packages of firecrackers, which were usually carefully treasured for use on the succeeding Fourth of July!

The best cooks in Honolulu were Chinese, and I always considered it a privilege to be invited to partake of the delicacies prepared by Ah Sam, Ah Sing, or Ah Fat. Their soups, curries, and gravies were unexcelled. Not until my recent visit to China, however, did I realize that the variety and delicacy of dishes at a family dinner-party in Peking can only be equalled in Paris or in

some great hotel whose chef learned his lessons in France.

As a boy I had known the Chinese as generous, kindly, courteous, and faithful. No prejudice against them was ever expressed by the members of my family. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for the elaborate courtesy shown by conservative Chinese in their own homes to-day. We busy, hurrying Westerners have much to learn about the amenities of life from the true followers of Confucius.

Every visitor to China is familiar with the fact that whenever one calls on a Chinese gentleman one is treated with courtesy and hospitality. It was not, however, until I spent several days in the interior of the province of Shansi and had an opportunity to come into personal contact with conservative gentlemen of the old school that I realized the extent to which Chinese kindness can go in providing for the physical wants of a visitor as well as in making him feel spiritually welcome. The weather was fairly warm, the roads were dusty. One came to appreciate fully, not only the excellent fresh tea which was served continuously, but also the moist, delicately perfumed individual hot towels offered to each guest as soon as he arrived and at refreshing intervals. At first it seemed a little strange

that no dry towels were offered afterward, but actually the evaporation of such fragrant moisture as was left on face and hands proved cooling and delightful.

A pleasant drink and a chance to bathe one's hands, however, are not unusual forms of hospitality all over the world, although nowhere have I ever found it so invariable a custom as in China. In Shansi, however, courtesy went farther. On various occasions I was taken to interior towns and cities to visit temples or to see the private collections of wealthy Chinese connoisseurs. In each case we were met outside the walls by our hosts, who likewise walked back with us through the dusty streets until we reached our motor-cars.

The climax came on the evening in which I had been invited to dine with Governor Yen, an ardent Confucian. The dinner was set for 7.30. Shortly after 6.30, at the end of a long day of dusty travel, while I was in my bath, one of the hotel servants rushed up to my room in a great state of excitement to tell me that Governor Yen's automobile was waiting for me at the door and that I must go to the governor's Yamen at once. Owing to my ignorance of old-fashioned Chinese etiquette I took this message seriously, and was much distressed that I could not possibly go immediately. Slipping on a bath-robe I looked out of the window to see what kind of a car the governor had sent, only to observe it rapidly driving back to the Yamen. This was a relief. Evidently the driver had made a mistake. So I proceeded leisurely with my dressing. Twenty minutes later one of the hotel "boys" again rushed excitedly into the room to tell me that Governor Yen had telephoned his disappointment

at my non-arrival and his desire to have me come at once. It was still half an hour before the time set for the dinner and Governor Yen's English-speaking secretary, who had been with us all day, had definitely promised to come for us in one of the governor's cars at 7.30. We were puzzling over this second message when some one suggested that it was merely the old-fashioned Chinese custom which required the courteous host to send two or three messengers at intervals before the time set for dinner, urging the guest to come immediately, chiefly to assure him that his arrival was eagerly awaited. Of course the well-bred guest would never embarrass his host by really arriving ahead of time. The idea was merely to make him feel that the invitation had not been a cold formality, but that a true welcome awaited him. Surely hospitality could go no farther.

There are Americans in China who treat the Chinese as social equals and have learned that there are no more delightful hosts or dinner-guests than well-bred Chinese. There are others, on the other hand, who never invite them to dinner and who insist that no Chinese gentleman shall cross the threshold of the Shanghai Club. "Old China hands" have threatened to resign from the clubs they founded, if a rule were adopted making Chinese gentlemen eligible for membership, or even eligible to be brought into the clubs by members as luncheon or dinner guests. This snobbish custom seems to have been brought to China by the British from India. It has been copied by those Americans who believe it best to follow in English footsteps. It is deplored by many of both nationalities. It is to be hoped that liberalism will soon prevail.

In dealing with the Chinese it would

seem to be the part of wisdom to follow so far as we can the dictates of courtesy and good breeding according to Chinese standards. The American Club in Shanghai has recently set a good example in this particular.

It is easy for us Westerners to criticise the Chinese because their standards of right and wrong are not our standards. They put family loyalty and private welfare far ahead of patriotism and the public welfare. In fact only an infinitesimal part of the Chinese people appear to have the slightest conception of what is meant by the term "the public welfare." To them whatever will benefit the family and its members is right. Whatever hurts the family is wrong. Consequently the Chinese official who looks after his relatives at the expense of the state is right, while the Chinese official who permits the members of his family to suffer while he serves the state is wrong, wholly wrong, inconceivably wrong.

The same ethical attitude makes it practically impossible for Chinese joint-stock enterprises or business corporations to succeed. It is ethically the duty of the directors to look after their families. Similarly it is the "duty" of the employees to provide for their family needs. Neither directors nor employees have any conception of the Western attitude of loyalty to a corporation. The same thing was true of our own ancestors during the Middle Ages.

This fundamental difference between the orientals and the occidentals of to-day virtually makes it impossible for the Chinese Republic to copy successfully the political institutions of Europe or America. Our government is possible only because good citizens are willing to serve it honestly and faithfully, even when this service re-

quires the subordination of family interests. Since that concept is virtually non-existent in China it is easy to see why the Chinese Republic does not function successfully, has no president, no legislative body, and has not had for several years.

The nations of Europe and America are partly responsible for the present condition of affairs in China. We have introduced Western methods of trade and commerce based on conceptions quite at variance with those of the Chinese. In America there are more jobs than hands to do it with; consequently we have invented labor-saving machinery. China has more hands to do it with than things to do, consequently when labor-saving machinery is introduced it means unemployment, starvation, and disaster to thousands of people.

Furthermore, we have taught visiting Chinese students the art of government based on a wholly different habit of mind and thought from that to which the Chinese have been accustomed for centuries. Their efforts to put our theories into practice have failed.

We have taught them political "science" when politics is really an art, not a science. A science is something which is true in all lands, like the multiplication table or the laws of gravity, while that form of government which works in Connecticut will not necessarily work in Nicaragua or even in North Dakota; and not at all in China.

An able student of Chinese politics who has lived in China for a quarter of a century and who is well conversant with Chinese public opinion and political thought told me that the basic fact in the Chinese political problem is the apathy of at least four hundred million Chinese, who not only are not democratic in their political thinking and

practices but have no conceptions and no conscious interest such as could lead them to become a democracy. At present, and for centuries past, their chief interest, almost their sole interest, has been family and clan welfare. It would seem as though the quickest way to bring the Chinese people up to the point of interest in and fitness for popular government would be for a number of provincial or regional governments to be established, each small enough for its people to see its working and to realize that it is not a vague abstraction but a piece of machinery that works for them and gets results, that improves their farming, their commerce, and their other activities.

I believe that the United States ought to take the initiative in an effort to induce the several warring groups in China mutually to agree to respect certain boundaries and each to form a government within its own boundary and confine its efforts to solidifying that government and to increasing productiveness in its own area. We could offer to place a diplomatic commissioner within each such area, to help with advice and friendly counsel. We might lend the weight of our good offices to those governments that were willing to assume their share of existing national obligations.

It may be objected that any such arrangement is not practicable at the present time. I talked with a number of "old China hands" and their friends who believe that an expeditionary force of one hundred thousand trained Western troops could easily pacify China and by policing railways and rivers bring back the good old days of profitable trade. I do not agree with them. I believe that such an undertaking would greatly promote the growth of that very

anti-foreignism which has been fostered so carefully by Russia and her agents. It would cause wide-spread boycotting of all foreign goods. It would be followed by a period of wide-spread guerrilla warfare. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese soldiers would become bandits. Armed bands of marauders would, if anything, put China in worse chaos than it is in to-day. Furthermore, it would tremendously hamper the efforts of the wisest Chinese bankers and merchants, who wish to bring China back to normal, peaceful conditions.

On the other hand, I have listened to missionaries and students who assured me that the great mass of the Chinese people were as intelligent as the great mass of the American people; that our policy of protecting American lives and property in the treaty ports threatens to forfeit the high regard which the Chinese people had for America; that, while heretofore military leaders have been handling political affairs, "the prospect now is that the people themselves will soon assume control"; that China can easily put her house in order if foreigners would only keep their hands off, get out, and abrogate the special privileges which they have enjoyed under the "unequal treaties." These statements and claims I believe to be just as wrong and unwise as the claims of the "old China hands" that China can be pacified by foreign troops.

The group of Nanking missionaries who issued a statement several weeks after the Nanking outrages of March 24 had a remarkably clear grasp of the situation when they said that "the securing of equal recognition in the family of nations depends more upon the Chinese' own efforts than on the foreign governments . . . foreign nations have taken actual steps in meeting Chi-

nese claims and are agreed to go further. But the Nationalists' government has not kept its promises nor fulfilled its obligations. . . . We have favored the return of concessions to China, but to-day a foreign settlement is our only place of refuge. We have assured our people abroad that the Nationalist movement was not anti-Christian nor anti-foreign, but now we are driven from our homes and dispossessed of our property. . . . Everything we have said in behalf of the Nationalist movement is made to appear false. . . . We know there are many Chinese people who see these events as we do and who sincerely regret them. But regret and good wishes are not sufficient. Those sections of the Chinese people who really disapprove of the conditions we have pointed out should find some way to make their influence and good-will effective."

As a matter of fact, violent anti-foreign agitations have occurred repeatedly and appear to be wide-spread in central and southern China. Christianity and the Christian religion are being persistently and systematically attacked. Their leaders are being maligned and persecuted, their properties are being desecrated, looted, and seized, notwithstanding promises of protection by the Nationalist government.

I do not mean in any way to charge the leaders of the Nationalist government with bad faith. I believe that they sincerely desire to deal honestly and fairly with their foreign friends. On the other hand, it is obvious that their armies are so badly disciplined that they cannot prevent their soldiers from taking possession of foreign property, looting, robbing, and burning. Furthermore, they are in most cases quite helpless in the face of mob violence caused by agitators and demagogues seeking

their own selfishness. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Nationalist movement are chiefly to blame for the nature of the teaching which they have countenanced for the past few years. This has been destructive rather than constructive, charged with hatred rather than brotherly love, marked by envy, jealousy, covetousness, and greed rather than by far-sighted patriotism and altruism.

"Chinese history alternates between good government and anarchy," said the late Doctor Sun Yat Sen, hero of the Nationalist movement, in his famous book, "The Three Principles for the People," "and in times of anarchy there has always been the struggle for imperial power. Foreign countries have always fought battles either for religion or for freedom, but in China, during these thousands of years, the question fought over has always been imperial power." This would seem to be a fairly accurate diagnosis of the present situation. Certainly the greater part of the Chinese generals are to-day fighting not for a principle but for imperial power. The fact that they do not openly so state may be due to the last paragraph of lecture seven in "The Three Principles," where Doctor Sun says: "Each time in Chinese history when the government has changed, those who had great military power contended for the throne; if their armies were smaller they sought to be kings or princes. To-day no one in the army, whether high or low, dares attempt to be even a king or a prince. This is a step forward as far as quarrels in history are concerned." It is said that Chang Tso Lin would like nothing better than to establish a dynasty, particularly as he has an attractive and energetic son and several husky little grandsons. Although some of his

followers have urged him to assume imperial power, he has been content hitherto with gradual promotion from the rank of general to marshal and during this past year from marshal to generalissimo. Rumor has it that the imperial robes of office have been ordered.

Nevertheless, it seems foolish to expect China to become a unified nation, in the Western sense of the term. I am inclined to agree with Doctor John Willis Slaughter when he says in his recently published "East and West in China": "Representative government must make its beginning in the villages, expand to areas not too large for the personal character and influence of the gentry to be lost to view, and then develop into representative provincial government. China must in the end be a federation of provinces on a system of representation which should, for a long time, be as simple as possible. . . . It is natural that China, involved in the circumstances of effecting a change, should imagine that all good things can be made to flow from a wise and powerful central authority. There is no basis in history for this expectation. National achievement rests with a people, and not with a government. No people have proved this in a more impressive manner by their past than have the Chinese.

Some day Chinese leadership may produce a genius who realizes how very little government China needs. At that point she will have mastered the first and greatest of all political lessons."

China has four times as many people as the United States. Her people differ from one another as do the peoples of Europe. Her culture is largely mediæval. Only a small percentage of her people can read. The educated classes of the different countries of Europe in the Middle Ages could read the same language, though they could not understand one another's ordinary conversation. So it is in China to-day. Mediæval Latin was spoken by relatively few people; so with classical Chinese.

Modern China is just about as cohesive as Europe was in the Middle Ages. The Holy Roman Empire crumbled. China appears to be falling apart. Mediæval industry was largely a family affair; so it is in China to-day. It took the people of western Europe several centuries to emerge from the Middle Ages. Yet their culture was not nearly so old and firmly established as is Chinese culture. China is not likely to become Westernized in our day. Family loyalty is not likely to give way suddenly to patriotism.



Spider, Spider

BY CONRAD AIKEN

A new story by one who is cutting an individual pathway in American fiction. He is author of "Your Obituary, Well-Written," in the November SCRIBNER'S, and of the widely discussed novel "Blue Voyage."

JUST as he allowed himself to sink gloomily into the deep brown leather chair by the fireplace, reflecting, "Here I am again, confound it—why do I come here?"—she came swishing into the room, rising, as she always did, curiously high on her toes. She was smiling delightedly, almost voraciously; the silver scarf suited enchantingly her pale Botticelli face.

"How nice of you to come, Harry!" she said.

"How nice of you to ask me, Gertrude!"

"Nice of me? . . . Not a bit of it. Self-indulgent."

"Well——!"

"Well."

She sat down, crossing her knees self-consciously; self-consciously she allowed the scarf to slip half-way down her arms. It was curious, the way she had of looking at him: as if she would like to eat him—curious and disturbing. She reminded him of the wolf grandmother in "Little Red Riding-Hood." She was always smiling at him in this odd, greedy manner—showing her sharp, faultless teeth, her eyes incredibly and hungrily bright. It was her way—wasn't it?—of letting him know that she took an interest, a deep interest, in him. And why on earth shouldn't she, as the widow of his best friend?

"Well," she again repeated, "and

have you seen May lately?" She gave him this time a slower smile, a smile just a little restrained; a smile, as it were, of friendly inquisition. As he hesitated, in the face of this abrupt attack (an attack which was familiar between them, and which he had expected and desired), she added, with obvious insincerity, an insincerity which was candidly conscious: "Not that I want to pry into your personal affairs!"

"Oh, not in the least. . . . I saw her last night."

"Where? At her apartment?"

"How sly you are! . . . Yes, after dinner. We dined at the Raleigh, and had a dance or two. Good Lord, how I hate these fox-trots! . . . Then went back and played the phonograph. She had some new Beethoven. . . . *Lovely* stuff."

"Was it?"

She lowered her lids at him—it was her basilisk expression. As he met it, tentatively smiling, he experienced a glow of pleasure. What a relief it was, to sink comfortably into this intimacy! to submit to this searching, and yet somehow so reassuring, invasion! He knew this was only the beginning, and that she would go on. She would spare nothing. She was determined to get at the bottom of things. She would drag out every detail. And this was precisely what he wanted her to do—it was pre-

cisely for this that he felt a delighted apprehension.

"And I suppose," she continued, "she told you about our lunch together? For of course she tells you everything."

"Not everything, no. But she did mention it. . . . As a matter of fact, she was rather guarded about it. You didn't hurt her feelings in some way—did you?"

There was a pause. The fire gave a muffled sap-explosion, a soft explosion muffled in ashes; and they looked at each other for rather a long time with eyes fixedly and unwaveringly friendly. She smiled again, she smiled still, and began drawing the sheer bright scarf to and fro across her shoulders, slowly and luxuriatingly. She was devilish attractive: but decidedly less attractive than devilish. Or was this to do her an injustice? For she was honest—oh, yes, she was appallingly honest; always so brutally outspoken, and so keenly interested in his welfare.

"If I did, I didn't mean to," she murmured, letting her eyes drop. "Or *did* I mean to? . . . Perhaps I did, Harry."

"I thought perhaps you did. . . . Why did you want to?"

"Why? . . . I don't know. Women *do* these things, you know."

"You don't like her."

Hesitating, she threw back her fair head against her clasped hands.

"I like her," she said slowly, and with an air of deliberation, "but I find it so hard to make out who she *is*, Harry. I wish she weren't so reserved with me. She never tells me *anything*. Not a blessed thing. Heaven knows I've tried hard enough to make a friend of her—haven't I?—but I always feel that she's keeping me at a distance, playing a sort of game with me. I never feel that she's natural with me. Never."

He took out a cigarette, smoothed it between his fingers, and lit it.

"I see," he said. "And what was it you said that could have hurt her?"

"What was it? . . . Oh, I don't know. I suppose it was what I said about her way of *laughing*. I said I thought it was too *controlled*—that if she weren't just playing the part of a polite and innocent young lady she would let herself go. You *know* it's not natural, Harry. And she seemed to think that was my insidious way of accusing her of hypocrisy."

"Which it was."

"Well—was it? . . . Perhaps it was."

"Of course it was. . . . Confound it, Gertrude—what did you want to do that for? You know she's horribly sensitive. And I don't see how you think *that* kind of thing will make her like you!"

He felt himself frowning as he looked at her. She was swinging her crossed knee. She was looking back at him so honestly—oh, so very honestly—her long green eyes so wide open with candor—and yet, as he always did, he couldn't help feeling that she was very deep. She was kind to him, she was forever thinking of his interests, first and foremost; and yet, just the same—

"It was just a moment of exasperation, that was all. . . . Hang it, Harry! It infuriates me to think that she's playing that sort of game with *you*. You're too nice, and too guileless, to have that sort of thing done to you."

Smiling—smiling—smiling. That serpentine Botticelli smile, which had something timid in it, and something wistful, but also something intensely cruel.

"Don't you worry about me."

"But I do worry about you! Why shouldn't I worry about you? . . . Good

Lord! If I didn't, who would? . . . I'm perfectly sure *May* doesn't."

She emphasized this bitter remark by getting up; moving, with that funny long stride of hers (which was somehow so much too long for her length of leg), to the fireplace. She took a cigarette from the filigree silver box on the mantelpiece and lifted it to her mouth. But then she changed her mind and flung the cigarette violently into the fire.

"Hang it," she said, "what do I want a cigarette for? . . . I don't want a cigarette."

She stood with one slipper on the fender, staring downward into the flames. It was odd, the effect she produced upon him: a tangle of obscure feelings in conflict. There were moments, he was sure, when he thoroughly detested her. She had the restlessness of a caged animal—feline, and voluptuous, and merciless. She wanted to protect him, did she, from that "designing" May? But she also, patently, wanted to devour him. Designing May! Good heavens! Think of considering poor May, poor ingenuous May, designing! Could anything be more utterly fantastic? He saw May as he had seen her the night before. She had been angelic—simply angelic. The way she had of looking up at him as if from the very bottom of her soul—while her exquisitely sensitive and gentle face wavered to one side and downward under the earnestness of his own gaze! No, he had never in his life met any one who loved so simply and deeply and all-surrenderingly, or with so little *arrière pensée*. She was as transparent as a child, and as helpless. She gave one her heart as innocently as a child might give one a flower. Gertrude could, and would, torture her unrelentingly. Gertrude would ridicule her—Gertrude would tear her to

pieces—with that special gleaming cruelty which the sophisticated reserve for the unsophisticated. And none the less, as usual, he felt himself to be powerfully and richly attracted and stimulated by Gertrude: by her fierceness, her intensity, the stealthy, wolflike eagerness which animated her every movement. He watched her, and was fascinated. If he gave her the least chance, wouldn't she simply gobble him up, physically and spiritually? Or was he, perhaps, mistaken—and was all this merely a surface appearance, a manner without meaning?

"No, I can't make it out," he said, sighing. He relaxed, with a warm feeling of comfort and happiness, as if a kind of spell, luxurious and narcotic, were being exerted over him. "She isn't at all what you think she is—if you really *do* think she is. . . . She's as simple as a—primrose. And, in spite of her self-centredness, she is fundamentally unselfish in her love of me. I'm convinced of that."

"My *dear* Harry! . . . You know *nothing* about women."

"Don't I?"

"*A primrose!* . . ."

She laughed gently, insinuatingly, lingeringly, derisively, as she looked downward at him from the mantelpiece. She was delighted, and her frank delight charmed him. How she ate up that unfortunate, that highly unfortunate, primrose! She was murderous; but he couldn't help feeling that she made something truly exquisite of murder—as instinctive and graceful as a lyric.

"*A primrose!*" she repeated gaily. "But, of course, I see what you mean. You *are* sweet, Harry. But your beautiful tenderness deserved something better. She has, I know, an engaging naïveté of appearance and manner. But

surely you aren't so innocent as to suppose that it isn't practised? Are you?"

"Yes and no. Of course, what one calls a manner is always, to some extent, practised. But if you mean she is insincere with me, no. She is perfectly sincere. Good heavens, Gertrude, have I got to tell you again that she's in love with me—frightfully in love—as I am with her? One can't fake love, you know. And what on earth would she *want* to fake it for—assuming that she could?"

"That's easy enough. She wants your money. She wants your prestige. She wants your social position—such as it is. She'd give her *eye-teeth* to be married to you, whether she loved you or not."

How sharply she pronounced the word "teeth," and with what a brightening and widening of her incomparable eyes! Really, she ought to be in a zoo. She reminded him of that leopard he had seen the other day, when he had gone with his two little nieces to the Bronx. He had sat there, in his cage, so immobile, so powerful, so still, so burning with energy in his spotted brightness; and then, without the smallest change of expression, he had uttered that indescribably far-away and ethereal little cry of nostalgic yearning, his slit eyes fixed mournfully on Alison. Good heavens—it had curdled his blood! For all its smallness and faintness and gentleness, it had been a sound of magnificent power, a prayer of supernal depth and force. Wasn't Gertrude's magic of exactly the same sort? It was in everything she did. She was not beautiful, precisely—she was too abrupt, too forceful, too sharp, for that. Despite her grace, and the undeniable witch-charm of her face, her intensity gave her whole bearing an odd angularity and feverishness. He even felt, occasionally, that

she might some day, all of a sudden, go quite mad. Stiff, stark, staring mad. Lycanthropy? For certainly it wouldn't surprise one to hear her howl like a wolf. And this animal madness in her spirit was a part of, if not the very base of, her extraordinary power to fascinate. One followed her queer evolutions as if hypnotized. If she entered a room, one looked at no one else. If she left a room, one felt as if one's reason for being there had gone.

"I wish I could make you *see* her properly," he mourned, stretching out his legs toward the fire.

"Go ahead! . . . Try."

"But what's the use? You seem determined—for whatever reasons—*not* to see her."

"Not in the least. I'd *like* to believe you—I'd like nothing better."

"Women will never, never, *never* do justice to those members of their own sex who attract men in the perfectly natural way that May does. Of course she attracts men—and of course she knows it. How could she help it? Can the crocus help it if the sparrow wants to tear her to pieces? It's not a trick or a falsity in her. She's as naturally affectionate, and as guileless in her affections, and as indiscriminating, I might add, as a child of six. And one can see, with a little divination, that she has been painfully hurt, over and over again, by this habit of hers of wearing her heart on her sleeve. She gives her soul away forty times a day, just out of sheer generosity, just because she has such a *capacity* for love; and she is rewarded by a suspicious world with jeers and mud. That's always the way it is. The counterfeit makes its way. And the genuine is spat upon."

"How tactful you are to me!"

"Aren't I!"

"I distrust, profoundly, that ma-

donna type. Really, my dear Harry, it's too easy."

"You couldn't do it!"

"No, thank God, and I don't want to. I'd rather be honest."

They were silent, and in the pause the black marble clock on the mantel struck the half-hour. Gertrude's face had become smooth and enigmatic. Abstractedly, she gazed down at her gray-slipped foot, turning it this way and that to make the diamonded buckle sparkle in the firelight. What was she thinking about? What was she feeling? What waxen puppets was she melting in the powerful heat of her imagination? He waited for her next move with an anticipation which was as pleased as it was blind. One never knew where Gertrude would come up next. But one always felt sure that when she came up she would come up with the sharp knife in her mouth and the fresh pearl in her hand.

"I have the feeling that she wouldn't even be above blackmail. Or a breach-of-promise suit. I hope you don't write her incriminating letters!"

"Oh, *damn!*"

"But go ahead with your charming portrait, your pretty Greuze portrait. I'll really do my best to be credulous."

"My dear Gertrude, if you could have seen her in that wood, last week, looking for Mayflowers under the dead leaves! . . ."

It was hopeless, perfectly hopeless, in the light of that baleful smile! He wanted to shut his eyes. It was like trying to sleep under a spot-light. Was there no refuge for poor May? . . . For it had been enchanting—enchanting. He had never expected again, in this life, to encounter a human spirit of such simplicity and gaiety and radiant innocence. That moment, now forever immortal in his memory, when he had

found a nest of blossom among the brown pine-needles, and she had come galloping — positively galloping — toward him, with a dead oak branch in her hand! And the pure ecstasy of her young delight as she stared at the flowers, bending over and putting one hand lightly on his arm!

Gertrude collapsed into her chair, helpless with amusement; giving herself up to her laughter, she made him feel suddenly ashamed of that remembered delight.

"Oh—oh—oh—oh!" she cried.

"Well!"

"The shy arbutus! . . . Forgive me, Harry, but that's too funny. How old *are* you?"

He flung his cigarette at the back-log and grinned.

"I knew it was no use," he grumbled amiably. "I can't make you see her, and it's no use trying."

"Well—I can see this much. You *are* in love with her. Or you couldn't possibly be such a fool. But it's precisely when you're in love that you need to keep your wits about you. Or the wits of your friends. . . . You *mustn't* marry her, Harry."

"Well—I don't know."

"*No!* . . . It would be ruinous."

"Would it? How can you be so sure?"

"You think, I suppose, that life would be insupportable without her."

"An agony that I can't bear to think of. And to think that some other man —!"

"I know the feeling. I've been in love myself."

"It's pretty bad."

"Of course it is. Every time. But that doesn't prove anything. Not a single thing. That sort of agony is largely imagination. . . . Do you *really* think you'll marry her?"

"Well—I haven't exactly asked her to. But I shouldn't wonder if I would."

It was queer—he felt, and quite definitely, that he had said this to her as if challengingly, as if to see how she would react to it—as if, almost, he hoped to force her to some spectacular action. He smiled lazily to himself, his eyes glazed by the firelight.

She jumped up again, electric, her scarf slipping to the floor.

"Let's have some sherry!" she said. "Would you like to get it?—in the dining-room. You know where it is."

"Good idea."

He stooped to pick up her scarf, accidentally touching her silken instep as he did so. She stood unmoving. Funny—he had the impression that she was shivering. Cold? . . . Excitement? . . . He wondered, idly, as he crossed the library to fetch the sherry decanter; and he came back with the tray, still wondering, but wondering with a pleasant confusedness. He began humming a theme from Opus 115.

"You know, those late Beethoven things are wonderful—wonderful." He put down the tray and removed the stopper from the decanter. "The purity of the absolute. For pure and continuous ecstasy——"

"Purity! . . . You seem to have purity on the brain. . . . Thanks, Harry."

"Here's looking at you. . . . Old times."

"Old times."

They sipped at the lightly held glasses and smiled.

"I wish," she then said, in a tone that struck him as new and a little forced—as if, in fact, she were nerving herself to something—"that you'd do me a favor."

"You bet."

"If I thought there was any way in which I could save you, Harry—any

way at all—I'd do it. Anything. And if ever you feel yourself on the brink of proposing to her—or if anything goes wrong—I mean, if she should let you down in any way, or not turn out what you thought—well, then, I wish you'd propose to me. Propose to me first. . . . Come to Bermuda with me. That's what I mean."

She drew her feet beneath her, in the chair, and smiled at him brightly but nervously.

"Heavens, Gertrude, how you do astonish me!"

"Do I? . . . I've always, in a funny sort of way, been in love with you, you know."

"Well—since you mention it—I've had my moments with *you*."

"Was one of them two years ago in Portsmouth? . . ."

"How did you know?"

"Do you think a woman doesn't guess these things? . . . I not only knew but I also knew that you knew that I knew."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

He sighed, he smiled foolishly, and for the moment he felt that he didn't quite dare to meet her eyes. He remembered that ride in Tommy's old Packard, and how she had so obviously leaned her shoulder against him; and afterward, when they were looking at the etchings in the Palfrey House, how she had kept detaching him from the others, calling to him to come and look at this or that picture, and standing, as he did so, so very close to him. The temptation had been very sharp, very exciting; but nevertheless he had run away from it, precipitately, the next day.

"You do alarm me," he added weakly. "And, in this age of withering candor, I don't see why I shouldn't admit that the idea is frightfully nice. But it hardly seems quite fair to May."

"Oh, bother May! . . . May can per-

fectly well look after herself—don't you worry about May. . . . What I'm thinking of is what is fair to *you*."

"How angelic of you!"

"Not a bit. It's selfish of me. Deeply. Why not be perfectly frank about these things? I don't believe in muddling along with a lot of misunderstandings and misconceptions. . . . It's unfair to May; but what I feel is that it's only by that kind of treachery to May that you can ever escape from her. I don't say you *would* escape from her—but you might. And for your own sake you *should*. . . . Quite incidentally, of course, you'd make *me* very happy."

"If it weren't for May, it would make me very happy too. But you won't mind my saying that this May thing is very different. I'm in love with her in an extraordinary way—a way that I can't find any adequate symbol for. . . . Call it the shy arbutus, if you like."

"Oh, damn you and your shy arbutus!"

She sprang up, flung her scarf angrily into the chair, and went swiftly across the room to the desk. She put down her sherry-glass beside the brass candlestick (made in the likeness of a griffin), revolved it once or twice between thumb and finger, and then picked it up again, turning back toward the fireplace. He twisted himself about in his chair so as to watch her. She stood looking at him, with her fair head flung back and the glass held before her. She was looking at him in an extraordinary manner—as if, in some remote, chemical way, she were assaying him, wondering which catalyzer to try next. Melodrama? Tenderness? Persuasion? Aloofness? . . . She hesitated. He felt sure, for an instant, that she was going to come and perch herself on the arm of his chair, and perhaps even put her arm round his neck. And he wasn't

sure that he would so very much mind it. Mightn't it—even—be the beginning of the end? The notion both horrified and pleased him. Perhaps this was exactly what he had hoped for? It would be very easy—in these circumstances—to forget May. It was positively as if she were being drawn away from him. Gertrude would kiss him; and the kiss would be a spider's kiss; it would numb him into forgetfulness. She would wrap him up in the soft silk of oblivion, paralyze him with the narcotic, insidious poison of her love. And May—what would May be to him then? Nothing. The faintest and farthest off of recollected whispers; a sigh, or the bursting of a bubble, worlds away. Once he had betrayed her, he would be free of her. Good Lord—how horrible! . . . The whole thing became suddenly, with a profound shock, a reality again.

She came back toward him, tentatively, with slow steps, slow and long and lagging, as if, catlike, she were feeling the rug with her claws. She held her head a little on one side and her eyes were narrowed with a kind of doubting affection. When she stood close to his chair she thrust the fingers of her right hand quickly into his hair, gave it a gentle pull, and then, as quickly withdrawing, went to the fender. He smiled at her during this action, but she gave him no smile in answer.

"Shall we turn on the radio"—she said lightly—"and have a little jazz?"

"If you like. . . . No—let's not. This is too interesting."

"Interesting! . . . Ho, ho!"

"Well, it is, Gertrude."

"So, I dare say, is—hell."

"Oh, come now—it isn't as bad as that."

"But what further is there to say? It's finished."

"But is it?"

"That, my dear, dear Harry, is for you to say; and you've as good as said so, haven't you? You've been awfully nice about it."

He felt a little awkward—he felt that in a way she was taking an unfair advantage of him. And yet he couldn't see exactly how. He sat up straight in his chair, with his hands on his knees, frowning and smiling.

"If you could only *like* May!" he murmured. "If you could only see in her what I see in her—her amazing spiritual beauty! Then, I'm sure——"

"Give me some more sherry, Harry—I'm cold. And my scarf."

"Why, you're shivering!"

"Yes, I'm shivering. And my aged teeth are chattering. And my pulse is both high and erratic. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

She smiled at him bitterly and coldly as he picked up the silver scarf from the chair; but the smile became really challenging as he held up the scarf for her turning shoulder. It became brilliant. It became beautiful. He allowed his hands to rest on her shoulders and looked at her intently, feeling for her a sudden wave of tenderness and pity, and of something else as well.

"The sherry!" she said, mocking.

"All right—I'll get it."

"Well—*get* it."

He inclined his face and gave her a quick kiss—and then another—at which she made no protest and no retreat; and then turned away, dropping his hands.

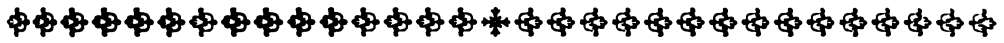
"And now let's have some jazz," she cried, as he filled her glass from the decanter. "I feel like dancing. . . ."

"The devil you do!" he said.

She emptied her glass, and turned her back to put it on the mantelpiece.

She did this quite simply, without any sort of self-consciousness; there was nothing histrionic in the gesture; it was the entire naturalness of the action that made it, somehow, heart-breaking. And instantly he moved to her and touched her arm, just above the elbow, with his hand. She began trembling when she felt his touch, but she did not turn. And as he felt her trembling it was as if, also, he felt in himself the tiny beginning tremor of a great disaster. He was going to embrace her—he was going to give himself up. And May, stooping for arbutus in the wood, became remote, was swept off into the ultimate, into the infinite, into the forgotten. May was at last definitely lost—May was dead. He experienced a pang, as of some small spring broken in his heart, painful but obscure; the dropping of a single white petal; and that—for the moment—was all.

For the moment! . . . He hesitated, looking down at the copper-gold convolutions of Gertrude's hair, and at the fair round neck still so beautifully young. He had the queer feeling that this hair and this neck were expectant. They were waiting, waiting consciously, to be touched. They were waiting for him to perform this act of treachery, they were offering to reward him for it, to reward him with oblivion. But was that oblivion going to be perfect? *Would* May be forgotten? *Could* May be forgotten? . . . Good God—how horrible! He closed his eyes to the chaos and terror of the future; to the spiritual deaths of himself and May; the betrayal and the agony. . . . And then he felt himself beginning to smile; while, with his finger and thumb, he gently tweaked a tiny golden watch-spring of hair which curled against the nape of the white neck.



Nancy Hanks

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

SHE walked with careful footsteps up the slope,
Picking her way across the fresh light snow.
She did not have to look ahead or grope—
Surely this was a way that she should know;
She'd walked it many times, but just to-day
It seemed a slower and more painful way—
She had to stop, and catch her breath, and lean
Her weight against a tree
Only a moment, so as not to be
Breathless when she went in the little door
(Pain made you breathless anyway).

Inside the house she knew what she would meet.
And that was why she stood here
For a moment, in the sweet
Clear winter air that held a touch of spring,
That soft elusive air that wanders blowing
Up from the south on days when everything
Is hushed in winter, and there is no knowing
Why skies should suddenly be gentle. . . .
Where she stood it was as if a wing
Had brushed against her cheek;
And with that slow deep sense of earth,
Which those who seldom speak
But live so much in silences can feel,
She seemed to sense new life in everything
Under the snow, new sap in buried roots
Reaching to some warm depth of earth,
Pushing and groping to another birth.

Inside the house she knew how it would be;
The Granny Woman who would help her, sitting there
Talking of other babies, other pains,
And what they did in other places where
She went; how this one wore
A yellow petticoat to guard against
The rheumatism or the croup,
And this, and that, a string of mountain lore
Passed on by word of mouth

Among that straggling group
 Of lonely proud-necked women.
 The little cabin room,
 Tidied and set against the night,
 Would shine with firelight
 And long fantastic shadows on the walls—
 The walls that soon would press her in so close
 Leaving no room for the escape of pain. . . .

But here under the sky,
 Perhaps for the last time again,
 She could reach out and feel the space;
 That haunting sense of space that seemed to lie
 Beyond the edge of all her thoughts;
 That held the answer to her prayers,
 And all the dark sealed questions of her life.
 There, shadowy and hidden, was the face
 Of God, if only one could reach
 Enough to see. If only one could teach
 The soul to hear,
 There were so many things to learn
 Out of the silence.

She was not afraid
 Of silences, or loneliness, or storms,
 Only of drouth and hunger, and the heavy breath
 Of sickness that could spread a trail of death,
 And bitter sight of graves just newly made.
 Pity would sear her like a burn,
 Pity and aching tenderness.
 But grief would close her lips,
 And pain she learned to press
 Close, close into her silence. But distress
 Of children, and old people, and the dumb
 Distress of beasts would soften her to words,
 Few, short-clipped gentle words that come
 So hard to those who seldom speak.

Sometimes the road across the wilderness—
 That hard-won road
 That bore the endless load
 Of lives that moved, and settled, and moved on—
 Sometimes that road would beckon to her,
 As if it urged her to be gone
 Across the hills, and down the river
 Out into a world

Where there were people everywhere,
People who lived strange, easier lives,
And did not stay,
Facing the same blue line of mountains
And the same unyielding struggle day by day.

But if she let her thoughts go down that road
She never turned her footsteps, and her face
Was set within the compass of the place
Where life had set her feet.
She did not find the way
Always so hard to meet;
And when she went about her tasks by day
Often an old song echoed in her heart,
And made a rhythm for her moving feet.
But when she sat beside the fire, apart
A little in the shadows, in these long
And sombre winter evenings, she had dreamed
Only of one thing passionately, till it seemed
That every thought within her must belong
Only to this,—her happiness, her griefs,
The hopes she held and treasured one by one,
Her deep-felt doubts, and her old firm beliefs
Were centered only on her child . . . her son. . . .

Now where she stood she saw the pale light fade,
And the blue shadows lengthen on the snow.
And so she slowly turned once more to go,
Picking the footprints that her feet had made.
The air was growing colder, and it laid
A chill upon her heart, as if a breath had blown
Out of some desolate way that she must go alone.

How could she know the stars stood watching—
Watching, pressed back against the sky,
Where no stars stood before,
As she walked up the slope
And laid her hand
Upon that cabin door?





A Southerner Views Lincoln

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Injudicious praise has spoiled the fame of Lincoln, says this descendant of a long line of Southerners. Mr. Rutledge received his college education in the North and is now a teacher in Pennsylvania and an author of note. He essays to present a balanced judgment, shorn of hero-worship.

THE figure of Washington towers sublimely for the whole nation; the figure of Lincoln has, for millions of our fellow Americans, not yet emerged. Still is it cloudy, storm-shrouded. The South, generous-hearted but sorrow-stricken, views him with undetermined bright eyes. It is as a Southerner that I should like to attempt to give the view of Lincoln now obtaining below the Mason-Dixon line; and I do this in the hope that thereby the dangerous apotheosis of Lincoln may be somewhat stayed by a more human view.

If the South's opinion can be calmly and considerately given, some good should accrue; and I do not believe that any clear mind of the South to-day would wish to attempt to diminish, even in the slightest degree, the just fame that is Lincoln's. While it is true that, with the stroke of a pen, he destroyed a noble civilization, and established, as far as the race question is concerned, something like a permanent chaos, Lincoln was regarded by many in the South, even during the Civil War, with a good deal of kindness. I shall never forget what my father said to me one day when, as a lad, I had made some derogatory remark about Lincoln, thinking, of course, that a Confederate

colonel who had seen four years of fighting and had lost everything would echo my bitterness. Instead, my father looked at me with eyes in which the mercy lights of memory and reconciliation shone. "Son," he said, "Old Abe had a tough job."

In that simple remark there was an unmistakable sympathy; and, as it came from one whom I revered, it impressed me deeply; and it has ever since helped to determine my attitude toward one of the most tragic figures in American history.

It is my honest hope that the opinion of President Lincoln now to be expressed will, without detracting from his greatness, serve to humanize him.

To understand exactly the question of the relation of President Lincoln to the South, I think that the whole matter of union is one which needs to be examined. No one with any experience in life will deny that union by force—that is, mere physical union—is anything but abhorrent. When human beings are not bound by affection no other tie will long hold them.

It was such a hold that the federal Union had on the South until the South was given palpable reason to understand that the power in Washington might not be the guaranty of her safety.

General Lee said on the subject of the Union, writing from Texas in January, 1861:

"The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and her institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it were intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for perpetual union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government (not a compact) which can only be dissolved by revolution, or by the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and all the other patriots of the Revolution.

"Still, an union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charms for me. I shall mourn for my country, and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the

union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword no more."

The South believes that President Lincoln saved the Union from the peril into which the long years of discord, and perhaps his own radical stand and the policy of his own political party, had thrust it. What first imperilled the Union was the abolitionist; what brought that peril to a crisis was the Republican party; for, though that party disavowed the ideals of the abolitionists, the candid searcher after truth has no difficulty in apprehending that the abolitionists expressed themselves politically in the Republican party; and that President Lincoln, managing to appeal to both the conservative Republicans and the radical abolitionists, won the approval, the confidence, and the votes of each.

There appears no authentic evidence that the South overrated the actual hostility of the party that elected Abraham Lincoln; but it did overrate his own hostility, as it underrated his magnanimity. Yet it seems also that those ach-ing years in the White House developed the humanity of the President, so that, as the clouds deepened, and as shadows of personal grief gathered, he began to emerge, something like a planet from a ragged storm-rack, effulgent with a light from other worlds than ours.

Injudicious praise has rather spoiled the genuine fame of Lincoln. I do not believe that his partisans are wise in attempting to clear him of responsibility in precipitating the Civil War. We must not minimize his share in launching that bloody and dramatic contest. As far as I can discern, and I have tried to examine the whole matter with pains-

taking care, his very position compelled him to accept more responsibility than any other in the matter. It is an error of major magnitude to assume that he was innocent in the matter of starting the war. I do not claim that, from his view-point, he was not right; he himself, as we shall see, was in doubt. But it was wholly in his power to effect war or peace. He chose war.

To decide on war was, under the circumstances, an astonishing thing, for his party hardly represented the moral and political sentiment of the country. Lincoln had been elected because the Democrats had been hopelessly divided. The vote cast for him was 1,866,452; the vote cast against him and the things for which his party stood was 2,823,471. In the North and West alone there were 1,288,611 votes cast against Lincoln. In Oregon and California, sufficiently removed from the heated areas to judge rather impartially, the Democratic vote outnumbered the Republican two to one. In spite of this fact, Lincoln received the votes of the electorate in those States. Had the Democrats not been divided, a Democrat would have been overwhelmingly elected, for the true sense of the voters of 1860 was undoubtedly Democratic.

To be absolutely candid, Lincoln, an apparently cautious man, was elected on a dangerous issue. If beyond the presidency he had a great ambition to free the slaves, was that a legitimate ambition? From the way the people voted, they apparently saw more clearly the peril than the politicians cared to have them see it, recognizing that, in a very real sense, Lincoln was practically committed to a political and social revolution, slow but inevitable. The integrity of their understanding did not welcome the thought of any revolution,

least of all the kind contemplated. They must have felt, too, that Lincoln was reasoning as a politician and not as a statesman when he made no distinction between the lovers of liberty from all lands who thronged voluntarily to our free shores and the unhappy savages who were brought here by compulsion in chains. The American people felt that such reasoning was not of a kind to be trusted.

After the election, though the South was out of the Union, it was peacefully out. The time, it would appear, was a time for conciliation. President Lincoln seemed to be conciliatory, but in reality he was not, for he would consider no concession. He underestimated the spirit and the earnestness of the South. Almost any concession would have been better than the sacrifice of more than a half-million of the bravest Americans. This nation, from the loss of that valiant blood, has never recovered, and never can. Peace was talked, but no peace was offered; and the compromise suggested did not meet with the President's approbation.

Those interested in the life of Lee are fond of discussing what they are pleased to call Lee's great decision; that is, his determination to forego the glory of leading the armies of the Union against his own people for the perilous and almost hopeless task of drawing his sword for the South. It is seldom discerned that, in a sense, Abraham Lincoln made a far greater decision. The current American idea of him—that he was a passive innocent—is not only utterly false, but is unfair. To discover what Lincoln really thought and did we have but to examine his own words. Let it be remembered, however, that, though the dread responsibility of determining war was Lincoln's, I do

not say, and I do not see how any man can fairly say, that the guilt of declaring war was his.

He and the South had come to an almost impossible constitutional difficulty. A way out must be found. As President, Lincoln himself must find it, or at least he so considered. It was imperative that he should choose, for, as he himself declared: "On the territorial question *I* am inflexible." There were millions in the North and in the South who were not inflexible when it came to considering terms of adjustment. If the more powerful of two opposing parties is inflexible, the weaker party not only can never hope for a generous peace but has to choose between war and unconditional surrender.

We find a truly militant note sounded by Lincoln in his "house-divided speech." "With strange discordant elements we gathered from the four winds and formed and fought the battle through [he is referring to the elections of 1850] under the constant hot fire of a disciplined, proud, and pampered *enemy*. Did we brave all then to falter now—now, when the same *enemy* is wavering, dissevered, and belligerent?"

Earlier, when he took occasion to dispute the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, his attitude was hardly that of one who is willing peacefully to abide by the mandates of the highest tribunal in the land. We see therefore that at last, when the crisis had actually come to a decision between peace and war, the politician in Lincoln, who had always been dominant, triumphed. The war fulfilled many of his own predictions; it was the logical result of the theories upon which his political faith was based; indeed, it is not too much to say that the North was

led into war by one who had visioned it afar off.

He says, in the First Inaugural: "*I* hold that, in contemplation of universal law and the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual." Such a view was his own. Again, regarding a policy to be adopted toward the South, he wrote Secretary Seward: "If this must be done, *I* must do it." To the credit of Seward let it be said that as a preliminary to an amicable adjustment he urged that Fort Sumter should be yielded. Lincoln alone decided against this; that is, he alone decided for war. Mr. Seward wrote a friend: "There is but one vote in the cabinet, and that is cast by the President." To the end of the war Lincoln maintained this same absolute control. When he despatched Secretary Seward to meet the Confederate commissioners at the Hampton Roads conference he finished his brief letter with this imperative: "You will not assume to definitely consummate anything."

Lincoln took the initiative in the Civil War. He declared that he had to choose whether the Union with all its benefits should be preserved for posterity or whether it should not. He decided that only by a war could it be preserved. Many think otherwise. That he was honest in his opinion is apparent. But it is likewise apparent that a war was the most costly, the most terrible, and the most inefficient method of preserving the Union.

Even after the attack on Fort Sumter had been provoked—when, according to Nicolay, "the Confederate authorities found themselves face to face with the fatal alternative either to begin war or to allow their rebellion to collapse"—peace was possible. Who had presented that fatal alternative? What could any brave beleaguered people do

save what the people of the South did? Yet, even after that sham battle of Fort Sumter, the President might have called for Congress instead of for an army of volunteers. War was waged against the South for nearly three months ere Congress assembled.

Let us by all means give President Lincoln credit for saving the Union—as it was saved; but it was his own way, and it was, I think, a calamitous one, especially since other ways were possible.

What drove Virginia out of the Union was Lincoln's call for volunteers. The administration, unless it deliberately wanted war, as Senator Douglas had claimed, blundered when it alienated the Old Dominion. A little more patience, a little more diplomacy—and the whole aspect of things would have changed. Lincoln's call for troops to invade the South was an irrevocable mistake. He was doing the very thing that he had declared in his First Inaugural was among "the gravest of crimes."

The present enjoyments of the federal Union we owe to President Lincoln. I am grateful for them, as any true American should be. Yet in my heart I believe they might be even greater had President Lincoln's great decision been for peace instead of war.

In a very real sense President Lincoln was not so much the savior of the old Union as he was the creator of a new Union. Indeed, it is hardly too much to declare that the present Union was conceived and established by him. The old Union was a rope of sand. It provided for disunion. It sanctioned secession. It formed the Disunited States. Perhaps a war was necessary to found a new nation—an indestructible union of States. The Civil War destroyed the old Union and created a new one. The

Republican party of 1860 was, in reality, a military organization. And, during the perilous years that followed, our old Constitution was so racked and strained, and was so amended, that, in effect, it became a new one. The Union Lincoln found was one of discord and hatred; the one he founded is one of mutual esteem and indissoluble affection—still lacking, perhaps, in complete confidence and affection of all the parts for one another, but still a permanent union. The one over which he was called to rule would not, could not, last. He made another. If I really wished signally to honor the memory of President Lincoln, I should cease calling him the Great Emancipator, which, in a very genuine sense, is a term of opprobrium, and I should call him the Founder of the Federal Union.

While it is true that in the Cooper Union speech and in certain of his other pre-election addresses Lincoln said some things about the South that any Southerner of that day could not help resenting, his utterances, in the main, considering the rancor of the times, were singularly mild and fair. He once said, with that strange, sullen pride of a commoner, that he was no gentleman; yet I hardly know another man so long in public life who said so much on malignant subjects and yet said so little that could be called malicious. In public debates he seems to have been singularly forbearing and courteous. After he became President he was even more considerate.

I have searched all of Mr. Lincoln's writings in vain to discover any real rancor against the South, or even any unfairness, at a time when, in his position, to be unfair would have been natural, and—what to an ordinary mortal is far more tempting—politic,

and, from a party view-point, patriotic. Yet there is no difficulty in apprehending that his purposes were political; and in discovering also—what perhaps was to be expected—that he did the South that peculiar injustice that must needs be done by one who does not fully understand.

However, the South believes that the Lincoln of 1865 was a different Lincoln from the same man of 1860. Viewed in any light, his is a sad story. What manner of man he was at the earlier time, few understood; but there seems no doubt that those terrible years deepened his heart, broadened his sympathies, amplified the powers of his humanity. There is no biographer of his who does not dwell on the deep and apparently abiding melancholy of the man. I have come, through reading those biographies, through studying that woful face, through feeling the fearful crisis of those times, to believe that much of Lincoln's secret sorrow and grieving came from a genuine consciousness that the South had been made the pitiful victim of a gigantic and ghastly mistake. Unless I have been unable to take aright the stature of Lincoln's humanity, he could not have failed to include in his sympathies the alienated, the assailed, the devastated, the heroic South. As a lover of true liberty and as a profound student of the sphere of the state, he must have known, for he was too wise not to know, that, in a broad and genuine sense, the South was contending for a principle essentially just and noble—the right of a people to self-determination. I believe he did know; furthermore, I believe that only his official position prevented him from voicing his knowledge.

President Lincoln's determined clem-

ency and liberality toward the South at the close of the war all of us admire. He knew that the South's vain and pitiful struggle was one for which he himself was in part responsible. He therefore was, in a sense, discharging a duty when he was liberal-minded. Of all the great men on the Union side, he alone appeared to discern that the North owed the South the simple justice of compassion. Too long, I think, the opinion has prevailed that the North was the only one who had anything to forgive. Lincoln knew better. He planned to forgive, and he hoped to be forgiven.

There are some things that President Lincoln could have done that the South wishes had been done; for example, probably no ruler in the history of the world who did not himself take command of armies was so intimately in touch with his generals. It seems not altogether in keeping with Lincoln's reputation for mildness and mercy that he sanctioned a march like General Sherman's, and that no restraining word was given to check the wanton devastation. Because of the general's avowed purpose, it was incredible that the President did not know of it; yet we listen in vain for the word of restraint or rebuke. I suppose he thought that the sooner the war could be brought to a close, by any means whatsoever, the better. Yet the nature of General Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas must have been shocking to the President. Many Southern writers have execrated both Sherman and Lincoln; undoubtedly the former was vindictive. Such a charge, however, cannot be clearly made against the President. Yet it is impossible that he was not aware of the spirit of that ruthless campaign of devastation. And these ruined homes and fields were

American, whose owners were rebels in a no more base sense than had been their fathers who had established liberty on this continent.

On December 18, 1864, General Halleck, Chief of Staff to President Lincoln and necessarily in close touch with him, writes to Sherman as follows: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope by some accident the place will be destroyed. And if a little salt can be sown on its site, it may prevent the future growth of nullification and secession." Sherman, on the 24th, answers as follows: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and do not think that 'salt' will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will naturally bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps you will have remarked that they do their work pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance on South Carolina."

It seems a tragic pity also that President Lincoln refused to receive the Confederate commissioners in 1861. Of all men, Lincoln was one of the most effective in accomplishing results by conference. Nothing was to be risked by such a meeting, and everything was to be gained. But the emissaries were condemned without being heard. The South believes that this treatment was caused by one of two things: either the President had already determined upon a course of action, or else for once his native sagacity forsook him. Of the two, the former appears the more probable; for to deny audience to those who are attempting to avert war and who have the power to avert war, is, in effect, to declare war. Not to honor a flag of

truce is to continue hostility. Any man who will make peace only on his own terms is a man of war. The South, generous, proud, impulsive, quick to sense a purpose by an attitude, interpreted President Lincoln's treatment of her commissioners as an insult. But it was worse than that: it was a mistake—unless, indeed—for I would do him full justice—that prophetic and visioning mind, ample in comprehension, had even then determined upon the vast design of war, emancipation, and a new and imperishable Union.

The South has always regretted that Abraham Lincoln never took a more reassuring attitude toward the John Brown affair. On several occasions he referred to it; and, while he never spoke approvingly of it, he never denounced it. He appeared to feel that Brown was a fool to attempt so wild a design; but he did not call him a murderer and a criminal. Lincoln, of course, was campaigning; and he had to hold both the abolitionists and the mild Republicans. By denouncing Brown he would lose the vote of the former. By praising Brown he would lose the vote of the latter. He did neither. Political exigency compelled him to take a middle course; but such a course had in it no reassurance for those people of the nation against whom Brown had bloodily conspired.

In the Fort Sumter affair, surely it was a little paltry to compel the South to defend herself and then to declare to the world, especially to a deluded American public, that the South had wilfully begun the conflict. The South to-day does not know whether to be more amazed over the blindness of the North to this palpable ruse or more amused over the fertility of the President's invention.

Says J. H. Barrett, a staunch Republican, formerly commissioner of patents and author of a life of President Lincoln: "This work"—of the secret military and naval despatches concerning Fort Sumter—"involved nice problems of diplomacy, as well as prudent care to place the *onus* of commencing civil war unequivocally upon the secession leaders. Much of the seeming mystery which enveloped the six weeks preceding the attack on Fort Sumter . . . was due to state secrets, over which the curtain should still rest."

My own opinion is that the American people would now prefer to have the curtain lifted.

After the close of the Civil War, what President Lincoln's attitude toward the South would have been we can surmise with a considerable degree of certainty. I believe it would have been generous. Nicolay says: "He struck slavery its death-blow with the hand of war, but he tendered the slaveholders a golden equivalent with the hand of friendship and peace." Such a statement is only possibly true, for death overtook the President before he had had a chance to reveal his purposes. Yet it would not, I think, have been less generous and manly than that of Grant toward Lee at Appomattox, which really left little to be desired. It is likely, though no man can declare it to be a certainty, that what the South received from the victorious North during those worse-than-war years that succeeded General Lee's surrender she would have been saved from had Lincoln lived.

His death was sincerely lamented by the South; indeed, the true temper of the South can best be shown from the fact that, while many abolitionists and radical Republicans openly rejoiced in his passing, an event which they right-

ly believed removed the chief obstructive force to the designs of their vengeance, the South sorrowed at the death of Lincoln. John G. Nicolay declares: "There was one exception to the general grief too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Among the extreme radicals in Congress Mr. Lincoln's determined clemency and liberality toward the Southern people had made an impression so unfavorable that, though they were shocked at his murder, they did not, among themselves, conceal their gratification that he was no longer in the way. In a political caucus, held a few hours after the President's death, 'the feeling was nearly universal,' to quote the language of one of their most prominent representatives, 'that the accession of Johnson to the presidency would be a godsend to the country.'"

The very spirit manifested then by such radicals existed *before* the Civil War; it was that spirit that the South dreaded; and it was from people capable of such a spirit that the South wished to be politically separated.

Only a few days before his assassination the spirit of the South was shown to him. While Richmond was burning and while General Weitzel's negro soldiers were plundering the helpless place, the President visited the city; and though he walked through throngs of silent and sorrowful-eyed people, who could not in their hearts help regarding him as in a measure the instigator of their woes, no word of malediction was spoken against him, no finger was lifted to do him harm. Indeed, had he at that time visited Charleston, I believe he would have been safe; for, whatever faults the people of the South may have, treachery is not one of them.

As far as I can ascertain, speaking as a Southerner, and speaking with all

sincerity, Lincoln's attitude toward Southern people was what we expect from a man great of heart. If he did not do all that might have been done, the power that limited him was mortal fallibility, not meanness. In the hour of his triumph, while others talked of bloody reprisals, executions, merciless vengeance, President Lincoln would have none of these. Over and over he kept repeating: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

No man, I think, admired the Confederate soldier more than did Lincoln himself. I am sure he must have felt as Charles Francis Adams did when, taunted in England over the brilliant victories of Lee and Jackson, he nobly said: "Sir, the victors are my countrymen." And it is certain that the President must have honestly envied, during the first three years of the war, the superb capacity of the Southern commanders, the unwavering energy and valor of the Confederate soldiers. Of Jackson he said: "He is a brave, honest Presbyterian soldier. What a pity it is that we should have to fight such a gallant fellow!" And on the last day of his life, looking at a portrait of General Lee, he said: "It is the face of a noble brave man. I am glad that the war is over at last."

I for one believe in the sincerity of these utterances. They are healing, reconciling; and I believe that they may be accepted as characteristic of Lincoln's spirit.

Had Lincoln lived, the South believes that he would have been swift to bury every blade forever. He would have relegated hatred to the hell whence it always arises. Of bitterest enemies he would have made friends. Quite incalculable would have been his power to reconcile; he would have made it easy

to obey the law of love. Upon the torn heart of the South I know he would have laid, for blessing and for healing, his gentle, mighty, gnarled, and loving hand. When the war was over, it would have been *done*, had Lincoln lived. Yet, thank God, his spirit survives; and if that spirit cannot make this country, from Canada to the Gulf, and from one ocean to the other, affectionately *one*, I know no other almighty solvent so persuasive, so noble, and so powerful. The South is inhabited, not by fire-eaters and by languorous aristocrats, but by human beings; and when President Lincoln is presented to them authentically, they will accept him. For it is a glory of our common humanity that we cannot escape loving one who is great of heart.

It is generally supposed that the war was precipitated by the hot-blooded behavior of Southern leaders. But history errs which teaches thus. Let any man read Calhoun's last speech in the Senate, and Jefferson Davis's last speech, and he will discover that these are calm, pleading utterances for peace. Among all the leaders on both sides, omitting the irresponsible abolitionists, I do not know one who took a more implacable stand, from first to last, than Lincoln. Looking at the whole matter calmly, and in the full light of impartial history, I can see why the South acted as she did, and I can honor her for so doing; and I can see why President Lincoln pursued steadfastly the course that he considered best for that day, and for what he felicitously called "the vast future."

There were, indeed, details of that plan that might have been improved; yet on the hinge of a mighty revolution who can cover everything? Seward's doctrine of "the irrepressible conflict"

was the true one. Two opposing civilizations collided. Both were, I think, to blame for the catastrophe. But from the dust and chaos of that stupendous conflict certain heroic figures emerge, the serene light of immortal fame resting upon their unsullied glory. For that most sacred hall of fame which is the loving heart of the American people, not the North nor the South but the whole nation, presents to a grateful posterity Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee.

During the summer recently passed I stood on the sea-wall in Charleston and looked across the harbor to where Fort Sumter looms above the sunlit waves. I thought of the tremendous symbolism of that fortress; I thought of the valiant

and the brave, many of them of my own blood, who had fought there and had died there; and I thought of the bitterness of the struggle extended to a hundred sanguinary fields; I thought of that banner of the South which had so long waved over that fort, which now floats over no sea or land but has been folded with tears away; and I thought of the proud hopes and pure ambitions, once alive and beating in gallant hearts—and now in the dust quiescent. Yet I can say, with an honest heart, that a victory for the South could have conferred no loftier heritage than is conferred by the defeated valor of Lee and of Jackson; and that I am glad that out of it all came peace and reunion, and the American nation.



February

BY HELEN SANTMYER

SHE knew that now he never would come here
Again, never forgive the words that she
Had spoken,—cool words uttered casually
While her cool fingers moved the teacups. Fear
Struck at her heart. She let no sign appear,
But, when he rose, said to him easily,
“It is not twilight yet,—the light, you see,
Changes so soon after the turn of year.”

He spoke without ironical intent
His brief farewell, “As February goes
You’ll find the days much longer.” And he went
Away with some trite reference to spring.
The street door closed. The shadows, lengthening,
Deepened the mauve and violet of the snows.



Prophetic Medicine

BY C. WARD CRAMPTON

The physician, as science advances, is coming more and more to be the prompter for us mortals on the hectic stage of life. Doctor Crampton, organizer of an important health-service clinic, tells of a new phase of medicine.

FORESIGHT is one of man's highest qualities.

Jack Hanford, my guide and friend, was inspecting our equipment. We were to leave at sunrise for a thirty-day trip by river and trail into the wilderness.

He knew what was ahead of us. He examined the canoes, blankets, guns, provisions, utensils, clothing, and gear with an eye that saw forward over every mile and every hazard of the journey. At last he was satisfied. Content, we turned in for a good night's rest, eager for the days ahead. Foresight begets confidence and safety.

From the beginning men have sought to know their future. In the past we came to the soothsayers, palmists, crystal-gazers, and their kind. To-day they apply to the physician, for medicine is developing a new phase—prophecy. By means wholly scientific, physicians are able to read the record of the past, assay the evidence of the present, and forecast the future. What is more, the physician is increasingly able to deliver with his prophecy a constructive guide, designed to defeat the dangers and increase the prospects of realizing the brightest possibilities of the future.

As Jack Hanford said: "On our twelfth day out we go down the Saw Tooth Rapids. Wallace broke a leg there and his tenderfoot was drowned.

They are tough, but we are ready for them, you bet, and I'll show you a good time."

Much in the same manner the physician visions the future years, guides his health client through the dangers, and makes the oncoming time the best time that can be shaken from the lap of the gods.

For example, take a similar case of foresight. William Adamson, aged forty, had just been overhauled and his physician had completed the casting of his medical horoscope. He turned to the waiting health client with this verdict: "There is nothing seriously wrong with you. For the present, you may be assured. You have no disease. Your condition, however, is about the average of the city man of the corporation vice-president type. In a few days you will get a six-page record of your tests with my recommendations. Your prospects? You will live, on your present programme, till fifty-two or fifty-three. By good fortune and following very simple instructions, you can probably live and live well to seventy-five or over, and keep your health and vigor reasonably well, of course barring accidents. And perhaps by that time we can do even better for you."

"Now, doctor," replied the health client, "I like what you say, especially about keeping my health and vigor, but

how do you know what my prospects are and how do you speak so confidently that you can prolong my life from fifty-two to seventy-five or more if I do what you say?"

"No! You mistake me," returned the physician; "I can't prolong your life to seventy-five. No doctor can. But, if you follow your guide—and you won't have to become either an ascetic or a hermit—you can—if you weather that critical time around fifty."

"But come back to the point. How do you know?" persisted the client.

So he was told about prophetic medicine somewhat as follows:

There are two parts to prophetic medicine: first, the casting of the vital horoscope; and second, the writing of a chart which will guide between Scylla and Charybdis across pleasant seas toward the Isles of the Blest.

Forecasting, in its crude form, is a familiar task for the doctor. For example, certain muscles are stiff as boards. "You have pain, fever, a leucocytosis, etc."; forecast—your appendix is ruptured; you will probably die in a few days, unless—"Your diastolic pressure is 150, arteries rotten"; forecast—apoplexy, probably in three years, unless—"There is a hard lump here and a few smaller ones there"; forecast—you have a cancer and will die in three to six months, unless—This is simple, every-day danger-meeting and danger-defeating work. The subject has become more subtle, to meet the demands of foresighted folk who do not wish to die of appendicitis, apoplexy, cancer, or any other illness.

Heredity.—First, we must know you—you, completely down to the ground and underground, too, for your ancestors are there. The fruit of the family tree may be an acorn, an apple, a cone,

a nut, or a lemon—depending upon the tree. Lemons perish quickly; a hickory-nut keeps alive for a long time. They have a susceptibility to their own special disease. Pine-rust attacks no acorn stock. Every man has tendencies and resistances which form part of him. The histories of parents, grandsires, uncles, aunts, and older brothers give clues, hints, and, sometimes, smashing thunderclaps of evidence like the following:

A charming society invalid of forty-five, with twelve doctors' diagnoses, agreeing in substance—"nothing wrong, only neurasthenia." Let us go back and examine the fruit of the family tree in previous seasons: father dead at sixty, apoplexy; mother, fifty-four, "dropsy"; uncle, fifty, "blood pressure"; and in grandfathers, one Bright's disease and the other pneumonia at fifty and ninety-four, respectively; three brothers died similarly before fifty-six, one brother living—he's sick—blood pressure, 270! With ten out of twelve dying between fifty and fifty-six from some breakdown in the heart or blood vessels, what would you expect would be the prospects of your attractive matron of forty-five, with "only neurasthenia"?

Therefore, a study of heredity is the first essential in the human survey. It gives orientation. It puts north, east, west, and south on the chart of prophecy and guidance which we have started to make, but it gives no details.

"Do you believe in heredity?" is a common question. The answer is: "Yes, of course." The farmer is seldom surprised with a crop of potatoes when he has planted wheat. He plants wheat; he raises wheat—naturally, if it is not uprooted, trampled upon, burned up, or drowned out. If it lives, it is wheat—

good, bad, standard, or peculiar, but still wheat. Heredity gives us the theme of the life-story; we and the fates control the plot and try to make a long and interesting tale.

With a year's work on the underlying causes of her neurasthenia our society matron has a better chance of reaching a happy seventy than the average, unforeseen woman of her class.

Not always do we have such explicit evidence of heredity as in the case of the lady of the fragile arteries, nor is it as easy of interpretation as this seems to be. Manifestations interchange, alternate, skip, link, or double in a generation. Science is beginning to sense its problem and opportunity. Much is known, but a wealth of crude fact lies underfoot waiting for the digging.

Previous Illness.—"Coming events cast their shadows before." Some of these prophetic shadows are the illnesses of former years. Every illness is a battle. Stress always reveals vital qualities. If your man has been sick, it means, first, that he was open to attack—susceptible to the disease. This susceptibility may remain, or the body may be fortified so that it will be immune to further assault. Immunity is conferred by scarlet fever, smallpox, and the like. The battle, though it ends in victory, may leave the body weakened and open to attack from any enterprising bacillus. Pneumonia may follow influenza, tuberculosis, measles, etc. Weakness and half-cured foci of bacilli may pave the way for the deterioration diseases of the heart, arteries, kidneys, and these, in turn, will let down every organ of the body.

Peculiar, unsuspected relationships between little illnesses in childhood and adolescence and the grave disabilities of later life are commencing to appear

as possibilities and probabilities of various surety. This is a matter of age-long observation and folk-lore. It is on its way to be sifted out scientifically. But no physician voices his suspicions to give substance to man's innate propensity to worry. It is sufficient that every illness gives its evidence to the medical prophet.

May these prophecies increase in number and clarity and may our ability to avert their fulfilment rise above their menace! At present, this is at once one of the youngest and most hopeful fields of research in prophetic medicine.

Life Management. — While facts from the past crowd into the medical forecast, the signs of the present are even more significant. It is important to our purpose to know the manner of living and its method (if any). The middle economic class outlives the proletariat and the aristocrat; the workers, leading lives of more normal load, outlast the drones who bear no loads save of their own making. Some trades are hazardous—stone-grinders, aviators, criminals, actors, and writers have their own special dangers. Physicians are short-lived, due to exposure to disease and worry, and irregularity in sleep and food. Occupations make tendencies toward some variety or group of illnesses which are large factors in the longevity quotient.

Habits make or break a man. Rest, work, play, food, drink, worry, and the customary reaction to the impacts of life are potent for good and evil. They often determine what kind of illness will attack and the manner of its defeat or victory. In some degree they always influence the result, for man's conduct is guided rather by appetite than by forward vision. Yet the wise will more

commonly survive, breed, and bear their kind, and the world moves on.

It is hard to say which kind of case makes the surgeon worry more—the semi-alcoholic good fellow or the over-fed prediabetic. Here is another group of facts of varying proof and worth that add to the rapidly growing mass of data in the human audit. Science is attacking the problem of human-life management and distinguishing facts from proverb and preachment.

Architecture — Human. — Hitherto all our information has been provided by the record of the seeker at the shrine of health. Now it is time to look at the man himself. First, we look at his body structure, for the structure of a man is both historic and prophetic. So in houses. They show infinite variation. They vary in original plan from Gothic to Renaissance, in height from cottage to skyscraper, in quality of material from granite and steel to paper and paste, in distinction from one of a row of "Buy your own" homes to the product of an architect's carte blanche. In short, they differ as the hovel and the lordly modern hotel. And you may be assured there is a similar wide difference in the living within them, for the internal fittings are akin in quality to the exteriors. So with bodies.

Houses bear signs of past experiences. The exterior is discolored here, the shingles are coming off, the porch is "rickety," one side bulges, a window is broken; or, on the contrary, everything is trim and in good repair with scars of wear well hidden. So again in human frames.

Every day a practical builder is asked: "How long will this building last? What must I do to keep it up?" And he can give a good answer, upon which you can place your confidence

and invest your money. His verdict, of course, depends upon how much you wish to spend—there is always an "if." The physician looks upon the human structure in the same way and gives the same kind of answer.

There are a host of fascinating data-explorations in this field. It is a new adaptation of the science of anthropology to the service of the health prophet. For example, here is a shallow Harrison's groove across a manly chest. That did not merely "happen." It was caused by illness in the first two years of life which kept the bones soft, the belly bulging and pushing out the lower ribs, while baby sat like a Buddha. He could not crawl about; he was late in walking, early in talking, and got over his feebleness by dint of cod-liver oil and care, or in spite of soothing syrup. He won, for he is here to-day. But at a cost. Now we know from the Harrison's groove his general class. His genus and species will be determined later.

Add to this one sign eighty to a hundred and sixty more which are commonly to be noted, and a thousand others which can be found by the initiated, and you have a science in itself.

As a part of organized, scientific medicine this is new; as a speculation it is as old as Hippocrates himself. Laycock, Di Giovanni, Kretschmer abroad, Lewellys Barker and George Draper in this country have pushed forward the subject of clinical anthropology toward a field of brilliant usefulness. Draper has found distinct structural differences between those who are susceptible to gastric ulcer on the one hand and gall-bladder disease on the other. A most significant sign is the breadth of the angle made by the lower border of the ribs across the abdomen. One with

a narrow subcostal angle, from 24 to 55 degrees, has an 80 per cent chance of being a member of the ulcer group; with an angle of from 55 to 75 degrees he enters the nephritis or hypertension group, while with a subcostal angle of 75 degrees his chance of pernicious anæmia increases. When we see these angles we see tendencies but not certainties, and we know what to look for and what to guard against.

Endocrines.—Much if not all of human structure, as we find it, has been due to the potent influences of the endocrine glands. Endocrinology is a medical science still in its awkward adolescence. It deals with the newly discovered functions of the pituitary, thyroid, adrenal, and other glands of internal secretion. Good team-work of these glands during development makes a well-balanced human structure.

Seldom, however, are their various balances even. The glands vary in power and leadership. They influence, if they do not direct, growth and development, and determine the type of adult human structure. Lincoln and Wilson, for example, were typical "pituitaries." Most of our outstanding financiers are similar in type, although we also find thyroid or adrenal types who make tremendous successes—in their own thyroid or adrenal fashion. Each type has its weakness, strength, immunities, susceptibilities, as characteristic as its structural appearance.

Endocrinology has implications that run through the destinies of men and nations. It needs (and is getting) exact methods and long-continued research with anthropology, medicine, chemistry, sociology, and education combining to reap the huge rewards that are clearly ahead.

Taking an old pseudoscience and

squeezing out the wine of truth is one of the most productive and fascinating methods of modern research. Even astrology has a basis of truth in the fact that those who are born in the spring, like the young of beasts and birds, have a whole summer to establish themselves to meet the strains of winter.

The country doctor has his perennial battle with the stork family in the early spring. With the improvement in houses, more recent biologically, other months have their birth survivals born out of seasonal rhythm.

Palm-reading is very old and has scant scientific foundation. Yet a book has been written on "The Hand and Disease," which classifies the hand type according to disease potentialities. Here is a real contribution which articulates with recent studies in constitution. Froelich has clearly shown that the pointed conical fingers with little fat dimples at the knuckles reveal a deficiency in pituitary influence which accompanies a peculiar type of body, a laxity of the joints and muscles and a tendency to asthenia and asthma. It is the opposite of the well-knuckled long fingers of the intellectually and physically vigorous. Cheek-bones, eyebrows, the angle of the jaw, skin color, texture, moisture, and temperature provide data for the prophecy and life-guide of the oncoming medical scientist. To keep from being blown away by the gusty winds of speculation, however, he needs firm footing on the sane, solid earth of standard medical knowledge, though he need not be buried alive therein.

The fascinating prophetic data of structure gathered from the dawn of mankind and reaching into the long future are supplemented by tests of your applicant for longevity as a going physiological concern. We have been con-

cerned with the machine; now we wish to test the quality of its operation.

The voices of bodily operation reveal body condition. The heart has a song as varied as speech. It speaks sweet, confident, vigorous regularity, labored weariness, or defective mechanism as clearly as an automobile engine. There are big, booming, strong hearts, quick, fidgety hearts—some stumble, others trip; some are muffled, others are as clear as a flute. The hearts of brothers are often more alike than their noses, but they all tell their story, historical and prophetic. The lungs, also, may slide smoothly, with a rhythmic whisper of serene health, or hoarsely proclaim their hidden discomforts.

The signs and sounds of present illness are familiar to the physician. The preclinical signs of illness and the varying degrees of health and vigor are more subtle, and new methods are required.

Physiological Assay.—One of these is the blood-ptosis test, a readable vital index of physical condition. It tells whether you are well or sick and how sick you really are. It will distinguish between perfect condition and staleness in an athlete, between the beginning and the end of a day's work. It will reveal the descent into sickness and the happy progress of recovery. It has been used by the scientist, the New York State Ventilation Commission, for example, to test the effects of various systems of ventilation on the human body. It is used by athletic trainers in the selection of the personnel of athletic teams, and can give advance evidence of the physical condition of the pugilist. In the argot of science, "it tests the efficiency of the sympathetic control of the blood distribution," the function upon which life itself depends every flying

second of existence. The blood-ptosis test is an example of the new range of physiological tests.

But the most dramatic part of the health audit is the search for the presence or prospect of unnoticed disease.

Heedless Humanity.—The human race is not yet perfect. It exhibits peculiarities in conduct which, when viewed in the pure light of reason, are absurd.

Most of us are like a slightly deaf man walking on a railroad-track. He enjoys the scenery, sunshine, and fresh air. He makes progress over the rather rough going underfoot to which he gives most of his attention. You warn him of the danger of his course. He looks at you with a superior smile and remarks: "I'm all right. I'm getting ahead. I have no pain. Why should I worry? The more trouble you look for, the more you find." Abashed, you slink away. But the rails begin to sing; a train is coming. You shout: "Hey, you fool! Don't you know a train is coming?" He replies with dignity: "Sir! Your news is unwelcome. I have followed this course for some time. I know my own business. There certainly has been no train on the pathway since I have trodden it. You annoy me." And he resumes his perilous path. As the train approaches, it whistles. You try to pull him off the track. Too late! A sickening crunch—! He waited for a pain and he got it.

This happens every day, everywhere. The modern physician is the onlooker. He would shout more loudly and much more effectively if he were not held back by a sense of propriety called "medical ethics." Besides, he is so busy with his regular job of repairing people who have already been damaged by trains of symptoms and disease.

Disease gives forewarning. Chronic

illness grows underground for years before a symptom sprouts. Those who come to the doctor with heart or kidney disease, or high blood pressure, have had the condition for a long time without knowing it. There is no way that he could know that he was on the road to illness. There are no sign-posts, "Twenty miles to Kidney Hollow," "You are entering Cardiac Corners"—at least, none that the traveller himself can see.

Preclinical Signs.—Medicine, however, can see signs of oncoming illness. They are called "preclinical signs." The term is a new one and marks the beginning of an era, but only the beginning.

Some preclinical signs have been already definitely tabulated; not all are clear. Many are in the probable class, but some are sure signs. The few we know, if applied, would increase the expectancy of men a decade and greatly prolong their capacity for the fight and frolic of life. They apply to every age and a hundred fascinating examples could be told.

Fathers and Sons.—Here sits John Robinson, aged forty-four. He had his examination two weeks ago and now, a complete convert, brings his two sons, nineteen and twenty-one. John is a model father, except for his arteries. Three factors, at least—constitution, colon, and focal infection—are responsible for his deterioration, of perhaps 60 per cent. We can hold him there, however, probably for years and keep him a provider for his fine family longer than you would think.

Now we have his sons. They look like the father from the outside—tall, rangy, powerful. Their tissues feel, look, and transmit light as their father's. The heart-sounds are nearer alike than their voices. But their arteries are absurdly, pathetically made out of

the same kind of material. The sons' are 40 and 50 per cent hard, the father's 60 per cent. The father's blood pressure is 200, the sons' the "text-book normal," 120—as yet.

There they sit, the man of forty-four, the sons half his age. We see the father's early years in the sons and confirm the constitutional element in the father's blood pressure. The arterial condition has developed for twenty years. We should have liked to have the father in hand twenty years ago, but we have the sons. We see what is going to happen to them, and we see how we are going to prevent it. Or, at least, we know how to try, for who to-day will claim to soften hard arteries? What time will tell depends upon the success of our research.

We should like to have the records of one hundred thousand clinical fathers and two hundred thousand preclinical sons. We could guarantee big returns to the human race and to every one of the fathers and sons as well. The study of this is only in its infancy.

At present we know no sure preclinical signs of diabetes before the blood sugar content rises. There are a few most promising claimants for the dishonor-roll, however, which go back several years before the appearance of sugar in the kidney output. This is not the place to talk about them, for every one who would read the list would have a tendency to adopt diabetes as a possibility and worry. And worry is one of the chief causes of trouble.

Preclinical signs are the aristocrats of medical diagnosis. They are refined, subtle, and, as yet, as difficult to harness as an unbroken thoroughbred colt, but they must and will be harnessed to the medical chariot.

Evident but unnoticed signs of pres-

ent illness, however, are commonplace, though not always of easy observation. It requires only ordinary medical skill to go over the human frame and distinguish the many varieties of illness which, in our dim ignorance, afflict us.

Any skilful physician can find and recognize the signs of present illness that pass unnoticed because they do not give pain. It requires only time and painstaking care. This is the field usually covered by the common health examination, at present confined merely to a search for signs of disease. This is important, indeed, but only a part of the prophetic medicine.

A Wise Physician.—For example, here is a man of fifty-four, a prominent physician who decided to have a "health" examination. Yes, he had a complaint, the rather common complaint of being tired and sleepy in the afternoon. He had had thirty years' long labor in his profession, rising to an honored position and competence. He had a soft, neglected body. Despite unfailing regularity, an intestinal stasis was present. He had unknowingly allowed himself to poison his body for many years, and his kidneys were showing the first faint signs of protest. In another few years he would be a "case" of chronic nephritis—"Bright's disease." This when well established is incurable. It brings a constant struggle against high blood pressure, swelling abdomen and feet, headaches and malaise. "You are a lucky man," he was told. "Now we are ahead of it all. We can manage our margin to your every advantage. Your weariness will disappear. You will feel ten years younger, and your prospect of living long will be quadrupled."

The Human Ostrich.—There are one hundred thousand men in Amer-

ica over fifty years of age in similar case. They can be saved if they have a good examination and follow instructions.

Perhaps one-third of these men lack knowledge. They have never heard that a health examination is desirable and necessary. They do not know that it saves lives, although newspapers, health-extension institutions, life-insurance companies, and medical societies have spread the gospel.

Another one-third have been convinced that a health examination is a good thing. It certainly ought to be done, and "some time" they will have one, but they never do.

Many know the values of the health examination, who yet refuse to have one. They belong to the human "ostrich" type. They are brave, rather than courageous. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." "If anything is wrong with me, I prefer not to know it." They hide their small heads in the sands of ignorance—their bulky bodies exposed to approaching danger. A hint is not enough; they wait for a kick and they get it.

Of the small remainder who take their health examinations, some will fall into the hands of a busy, hurried physician who has his whole attention on curing disease. He makes a cursory, rapid examination in a crowded office hour, slaps his man on the back and says: "There is absolutely nothing the matter with you. You can get a \$100,000 insurance any day." This may be partly true, but it is woefully misleading.

Some will get a thorough examination and decide that all these precautions are foolishness. They disregard the disagreeable instead of facing it and fighting through.

The wise and fortunate ones who get an expert examination and follow their instructions will enter the zone of serene safety and live longer lives, enjoy maximum happiness, and give ripened service to the world.

Sight and Foresight.—At the present time the world needs more health education, increased general knowledge, a larger confidence in physicians, and a greater number of physicians able and willing to meet the increasing demands of a thorough, painstaking human audit. The ignorant and blind will continue to perish, and the wise and courageous reap their customary reward.

Crude life-saving by discovery of evident or silent disease, while only a part of the prophetic-medicine movement, gives huge rewards. Of six thousand men examined by an insurance company (reported by Dublin and Fisk), there was a decrease of deaths amounting to 28 per cent—surely worth while.

One with a statistical turn of mind may wish to consider the defects found in apparently healthy people, in a group of sixteen thousand—ranging from forty-five to fifty-four years of age:

| | PER CENT |
|------------------------------|----------|
| Faulty posture | 21 |
| Flat feet | 15 |
| 20 per cent overweight | 19 |
| Defective vision | 30 |
| Nasal defects | 58 |
| Infected teeth | 31 |
| Frequent colds | 14 |
| Sugar in urine | 5 |
| Casts in urine | 5 |

PER CENT

| | |
|---|----|
| Teeth suspicious of infection | 44 |
| Cardiac conditions | 20 |
| Arterial thickening | 25 |
| Blood pressure raised | 11 |
| Constipation | 40 |
| Hemorrhoids | 18 |
| Albumin in urine | 17 |
| Use of patent medicines and laxatives ... | 20 |

Every one of these is a preclinical sign of danger; every one as much a handicap as if the feet were shod with lead.

These burdens sap strength and break constitution. Relief will depend upon how long they have been borne and how severe a handicap they are.

For the intelligent, far-sighted, up-standing man of fifty, these facts will be received with acclaim. He will rejoice in knowing how he can increase his vital capital and draw great dividends of health, power, and worthwhile longevity.

The human race, however, as we have suggested, is far from perfect. Foresight is not yet too common a trait. The tenderfoot who started at the beginning of our story had foresight enough to select a good guide and sense enough to follow him, and Jack Hanford himself had foresight and experience in handling many a tenderfoot on his journey through the wilderness.

Where there has been a great human need, science has always striven forward to fill it. To meet the demands of human foresight, there dawns a new development of human science—prophetic medicine.





Blue Jewels

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

I've sometimes thought I'd like to be a pirate,
Cleanlier and friendlier than most pirates be,
And have a treasure-house of many jewels,
Cut in all quaint, strange forms to pleasure me.

There'd be an aviary; there'd be parrots
With emerald wings and topaz tails, and necks
Of moonstone and of opal; and they'd never
Shriek out insulting words, or give you pecks.

There'd be a lovely hermit thrush, an "hour bird,"
Of some brown, dim, rare jewel; and a bright
Golden canary of one giant topaz;
And red-birds flaming out a ruby light.

There'd be a garden; emerald stems and leafage,
And diamond dew on amethystine bloom;
Flowers of all precious stones, and all perennial;
A glory not to die in Autumn gloom.

But most, I think, I'd like a patch of berries
Carved of deep sapphires, frosted with pounded pearl;
A blueberry patch to sparkle up a hillside
With leaves of emerald, ransom for an earl.

And then—I step outside my mountain cabin,
And all around the camp the silver-green
Blueberry bushes dance in light, while heavy
Knobs of blue jewels hang, the leaves between.

And so don't urge me; I won't be a pirate;
I don't like parrots much, the gaudy things;
And what's a hermit thrush without his forest,
And those five longing, liquid notes he sings?

As for blue jewels, on a thousand bushes
Outside my door the frosted sapphires lie
Nodding in sunlight; and a thought comes to me,
From such blue jewels one makes blueberry pie.

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THORNTON WILDER's new novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," has made an impact on the professional reviewers deeper than any novel since "The Constant Nymph." And no wonder. Although I admired "The Constant Nymph" immensely, I think "The Bridge" a better book in every way. The style is better, the philosophy is deeper, the characters more original, the sympathy for human nature more tender. This is a work that no other man could have written. One hesitates to use the word genius, but there is something akin to that mysterious essence in the pages of this novel.

It is my firm conviction that Thornton Wilder is a star of the first magnitude; he will take his place among the leading novelists of our time. Since this is so, a little personal information about him may not be impertinent. His father is Amos Parker Wilder, one of the editors of the *New Haven Journal Courier*. When I was a freshman at Yale, Amos Wilder was a senior. He was one of the ablest and wittiest men in college, a shining light in public speaking. After graduation he was for a time editor of the *New Haven Palladium* and then for some years the editor of a daily paper in Madison, Wis. He took the post of consul-general at Hong Kong and after his return to America had charge of the interests of "Yale in China." But he is a born journalist, and is now in his right place again as a newspaper editor. He is a man of extraordinary men-

tal gifts, both with tongue and typewriter.

Thornton Wilder's mother, to whom he has dedicated "The Bridge," was Miss Isabel Niven of Dobbs Ferry, daughter of the Reverend Doctor Niven, pastor of the Presbyterian church. When I was twenty-three, I was teaching in Westminster School at Dobbs Ferry; one of my duties was to accompany the boys to church every Sunday morning. There were two Protestant churches in the village, and I was assigned to the Episcopal. As soon as the service was over I went to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, where I taught a class of clever young girls, two of whom were the Morton sisters, daughters of the late G. Nash Morton, whose articles I have frequently cited in this column; another was Isabel Niven, who had (and has) a brilliant and highly cultivated mind. She is the wife of Amos Wilder, and the mother of five admirable children, one of whom is Thornton, the author of "Cabala," "The Bridge," and several plays. It will be seen, then, that Thornton Wilder has an inheritance of brains from both father and mother.

He is thirty years old this year. As an undergraduate at Yale he was unusually versatile, original, and clever. He played and composed music, wrote much prose and verse, and stood well in the studies of the course. He was a shining light in the Elizabethan Club and in that small group known as "The

Pundits." He spent two years after graduation in Italy, a year at the graduate school in Princeton, and is now master of a house in Doctor Mather Abbott's great school at Lawrenceville.

I make no apology for these biographical details, for very soon everybody will be talking about Thornton Wilder, and "wanting to know."

An important event in Shakespeareana is the completion of "The Yale Shakespeare," in forty attractive little volumes. There are the thirty-seven plays, the "Sonnets," the "Poems," and "Shakespeare of Stratford," by Tucker Brooke, containing only the known facts of his life, and contemporary documents and references. The last volume to appear was the "Poems," edited by the distinguished scholar Albert Feuillerat, professor of English literature at the University of Rennes. Every play has the text complete, with just enough notes and supplementary matter to aid the average man, without getting in his way. This is the best edition of Shakespeare now on the market, both for students and the general reader.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping, is a good novel, continuously interesting, and, although it is a story of the Great War, the real war is the fight to a finish between two women, a man's mother and his wife. The foundation philosophy of Mr. Deeping's novels, from which they derive their force and significance, might be called Virile Independence. It is time to have done with social conventions that hamper the development of the free spirit; to let nothing cramp or limit a sincere and honest mind. "Kitty" is a charming novel; and I wish I could induce more readers to secure a copy of one of this author's earlier and less-known books, "The House of Adventure," for I feel sure they would enjoy it.

Gamaliel Bradford's "Life of D. L. Moody" is one of the best biographies he has written, which is saying a good deal. There are probably several million persons living who heard Moody and Sankey; and it is safe to say that no one who ever heard them has forgotten the experience. Moody was a mystic endowed with superlative common sense. He appealed to all classes, educated and uneducated; one of the greatest tributes came from the late A. C. Benson, master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Mr. Bradford does not write from the amen corner, but his attitude is quite free from either irony or condescension. One finishes the book with the belief that Moody was a man of genius.

The Reverend R. F. Dixon, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, writes me that he is reading "Peg Woffington" for the third time, and wishes that there might be a revival of interest in Charles Reade. This is an excellent idea. Let all Scribnerians in Canada and in the United States who remember the works of this English novelist with pleasure, unite in giving Charles Reade a prominent place in the membership of the Come Back Club. When I was a boy I read all his novels; and, although I have not opened them for many years, I can remember many scenes and characters. The transfusion of blood in "Griffith Gaunt" and the duel; the shipwreck in "Hard Cash," when the deep voice of Cooper broke the solemn stillness—"Scuttled, by God!"; Peg Woffington in the picture-frame; the English skylark in "It is Never Too Late to Mend"; the opera-singer Klosking breaking the bank in "A Woman Hater"; and, above all, the terrific scene when the two friends killed "the Abbot," in "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is not necessary to make any attempt to revive interest in *that* romance, because it has an imper-

ishable place in English literature. I have often wondered if Charles Reade himself knew how superior this book was to the rest of his work. The other novels are interesting and well written, with good plot and characters; but "The Cloister and the Hearth" is one of the world's favorite romances.

George Macaulay Trevelyan has succeeded in one of the most difficult tasks. He has written a manual, a text-book, and at the same time a work of literary art, full of charm and beauty. His one-volume "History of England" is admirably compact, well adapted for use as a text-book in colleges, and yet it has no smell of the classroom. It is as interesting as a good novel.

I opened Trevelyan's "History" at random, at page 352, and found the following paragraph, which gives a good idea of the style:

As Drake entered Plymouth Sound after nearly three years' absence from Europe, his first question to some passing fishermen was whether the Queen were alive and well. Yes, in spite of all her enemies, she was still alive, and well enough to come next year and knight him on board his ship at Deptford. It was the most important knighthood ever conferred by an English sovereign, for it was a direct challenge to Spain and an appeal to the people of England to look to the sea for their strength. In view of this deed, disapproved by her faithful Cecil, who shall say Elizabeth could never act boldly? Her bold decisions are few and can be numbered, but each of them began an epoch.

To those who are interested in English literature of the seventeenth century I recommend the new edition of the "Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell," in two volumes, edited by H. M. Margoliouth. For the first time a complete critical text of the poems appears, with the text of the "Satires" based on contemporary manuscripts. The second volume contains nearly

four hundred letters by Marvell, most of them printed directly from manuscript. Marvell's best-known poem is perhaps "The Garden," and the best-known lines in it are:

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

In this scholarly series of new and definitive editions there have already appeared Donne, Herrick, Vaughan, and Crashaw.

Mark Van Doren has made an admirable abridged edition of the famous "New England Diary" of Samuel Sewall, in one attractive volume. I have read every word of this book with intense interest. It covers the close of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth; the most picturesque, not to say bizarre, entries are of course those dealing with the old widower's second and third marriages, with the quaint courtships that preceded them. Although I am not a Freudian, there is plenty of Freud stuff here. "For every age love has its tortures," said the wise Turgenev. Apparently neither religion nor scholarship nor public office—in this case all three—can prevent an old man in love from making an ass out of himself. Such is life. Such it really is. Jehovah Jireh!

Professor George C. D. Odell, of Columbia, has produced a veritable *magnum opus* in "Annals of the New York Stage," two big volumes, abundantly illustrated, covering the century from 1721 to 1821. Although this work is the result of years of patient research and necessarily is made up to a large extent of statistics, it is animated throughout by the author's unashamed passion for the theatre; and it is this love of the stage, of the art of acting and presentation, that keeps up, all the long dusty road, the courage of both author

and reader. It is good news that succeeding volumes are already in hand.

Burns Mantle, the drama critic, has produced another volume in his excellent series, "The Best Plays of 1926-1927." This is a complete and invaluable record of the contemporary American stage; and whether one agrees with the "best ten" or not, one must commend Mr. Mantle for his absolute fairness in selecting them.

The amphibious novelist Ben Ames Williams, who has written so many stirring tales of the ocean and of the farm, has made his most ambitious effort in the very long novel "Splendor," which is really an epic of journalism. This is an account of the life and adventures of a newspaper man, beginning with his work as a small boy on a Boston daily paper and carrying on to his development in middle age. I have seldom read a novel that seemed so truthful; one feels that all the characters and incidents are verifiable. There is not a single very good or very bad person, they are all rather betwixt and between; there is not a single extraordinary event. The style is as undistinguished as the material. Yet it is all interesting, because true. Possibly length was essential to the plan; yet I am certain the novel would have more readers if it were shorter by two hundred pages.

There is, however, one new novel that I wish were two hundred or even a thousand pages longer; that is the thrilling story "No Other Tiger," by the reliable A. E. W. Mason. I did not believe that he could write a more exciting yarn than "The House of the Arrow," which I read in 1925. But this is even better. From the first sentence on the first page to the last word on the last page—well, run, not walk, to the nearest book-shop and get a copy.

Young Lindbergh is as genuine and honest in his writing as he is in all his other activities. This boy is almost too good to be true, but he happens to be both good and true. In order to catch the tide, a book had been prepared from notes dictated by him, and when he arrived in New York he was urged to release this book. They told him that if it could be published at the "psychological moment" a million copies would be sold, but that if he waited the sale would not exceed a hundred thousand. He refused. He sat down and wrote many hours a day for some weeks, and produced his own book—"We."

Those who believe that "literary criticism" consists in denunciation should read "Notorious Literary Attacks," by Albert Mordell, who has unearthed in his previous volumes much important and valuable material. Mr. Mordell has collected fifteen reviews of famous writers, which are not only curious because mistaken, but for the light they throw on certain tendencies in nineteenth-century literature, as well as on standards of taste and social morality. Just about the best thing in the book is Mr. Mordell's introduction, which is full of wisdom and as near impartiality as can reasonably be expected from any one.

Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is a beautiful book, beautiful in its setting, in its mellow tone, in its literary style. Only one who combines pictorial imagination with a command of first-rate prose could write such a narrative. It was a book written to please herself, which explains perhaps why it pleases so many readers of good taste. I advise all who enjoy this story to get a copy of that excellent periodical *The Commonweal*, for November 23, and read Willa Cather's illu-

minating letter, written by request. I quote a few sentences—the article is three and a half columns.

My book was a combination of the general and the particular, like most works of the imagination. I had all my life wanted to do something in the style of legend, which is absolutely the reverse of dramatic treatment. Since I first saw the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes of the life of Saint Geneviève in my student days, I have wished that I could try something a little like that in prose; something without accent, with none of the artificial elements of composition. . . . The essence of such writing is not to hold the note, not to use an incident for all there is in it—but to touch and pass on. I felt that such writing would be a delightful kind of discipline in these days when the "situation" is made to count for so much in writing, when the general tendency is to force things up. In this kind of writing the mood is the thing—all the little figures and stories are mere improvisations that come out of it. . . .

Writing this book (the title, by the way, which has caused a good deal of comment, was simply taken from Dürer's Dance of Death) was like a happy vacation from life, a return to childhood, to early memories.

A new novel representing the younger generation is "Rebellion," by Mrs. Mateel Howe Farnham. Mrs. Farnham is a daughter of the famous American novelist and journalist Ed Howe, and this is her first book. I find this story steadily interesting and the conflict between daughter and father dramatic and appealing. In a newspaper review the other day I saw the statement that this book had little to say to the sophisticated reader. I thank God I am not sophisticated. I have only one objection to this book and that is astronomical. As so often happens in modern fiction, the moon refuses to behave scientifically. On page 152 occurs this sentence: "A little timid new moon hung in the East."

Emil Ludwig's biography of Bismarck is a work full of information, insight, and sound judgment. It ought to please nearly everybody except Poulteney Bigelow. An American octogenarian, who spent much time in Berlin in his youth, writes me:

I have finished the Bismarck. It is a great book but I can easily imagine readers finding themselves mired in it. German politics are not of eternal interest. . . . I must say Ludwig explains a lot of things in Germany that had long puzzled me. William James and I years ago in Berlin read the *National Zeitung* and tried hard to make out what it was all about, and the various times I was there later I sought for a light and heard much talk, but German talk is not always illuminating. Ludwig is.

Any reader who likes Ludwig's "Bismarck" or his "Napoleon" is sure to like his book "Genius and Character," consisting of interesting and often profound biographical essays.

Among the new books of poems I especially recommend "The Bright Doom," by John Hall Wheelock. In 1922 Mr. Wheelock published a book of verse called "The Black Panther," which seemed to me original work of a high order. "The Bright Doom" contains the very fine poem "Affirmation," which Mr. Wheelock read before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa at last commencement. What is specially notable throughout this new book is the unashamed ecstasy of living. Mr. Wheelock is not among the deniers of life, but among the affirmers; and, whatever a man's creed or philosophy may be, he should get some inspiration from the spirit displayed in these poems.

The late Walter J. Travis, the first American-trained golfer to win the amateur championship of Great Britain



The Late Walter J. Travis.

The first American-trained golfer to win (in 1904) the amateur championship of Great Britain.

The London *Times* in a recent tribute says: "... that ominous, almost sinister little figure with the black cigar and the Schenectady putter is still familiar to the imagination of all British golfers."

(1904), received a fine tribute in a recent number of the *London Times*.

He never came back again, and among the thousands who watch golf today there are few who saw him play; but that ominous, almost sinister little figure with the black cigar and the Schenectady putter is still familiar to the imagination of all British golfers.

Mr. Travis had a formidable rather than an engaging personality. He kept himself to himself; he played silently and dourly: . . . we were inclined to say that he ought to have been beaten. Yet one solid, uncompromising fact sticks in my head—namely that when Mr. Travis had reached the final, we were afraid, mortally afraid, that Mr. Travis was going to win. . . .

It is his putting that has become legendary, and it was wonderful. . . . I never have seen, however, such utter consternation as was produced by Mr. Travis's putting in that final at Sandwich, nor any putting that had about it such a suggestion of black magic. This was enhanced, no doubt, by the man himself. As he stood there after the stroke, still as a statue, watching the ball with those inscrutable eyes of his pursuing its inexorable course, he seemed a wizard to be burned at the stake. . . . As a game-player he had essential greatness.

As he stood there after the stroke—many players walk right after their putt up to the hole; Mr. Travis knew better than that. Indeed, most golfers would have profited by playing with Mr. Travis, for he believed in adhering rigidly to the rules of the game, not conceding putts, and not allowing other players and caddies to stroll ahead of the man who was to make the next shot.

But, after all, the best thing about Mr. Travis was not his golfing—the best thing was himself, his mind, his character. He had an interesting mind, a great range of information on many subjects, and was one of the best conversationalists I ever knew. I loved the man, and do honor his memory.

With reference to my remark in a previous number of *SCRIBNER'S* that during one summer I played golf ninety-two consecutive days, I take pleasure in printing a letter I received from one of the high-class amateur players of America, a man who has won important championships.

My own practise in Sunday golf does not coincide with yours, though I have no particular quarrel with the Sunday golfer. I cannot recall ever having played golf on Sunday since I began the game as a caddy in 1910; but I have done Sunday caddying when we needed the two dollars or so earned on the ordinary busy Sunday. But I did not play myself. . . . Two years ago I missed playing in an exhibition match scheduled for a Sunday, in which my friend Chick Evans and I were to be paired against Jock Hutchinson and the Marshall, Michigan, "pro." My no-Sunday-Golf resolution I didn't want to break. I would have felt uncomfortable had I played. . . .

Back in 1923 I entered the National Amateur Golf Championship at Flossmoor Country Club, Chicago. The first 18 holes of qualifying, on a Saturday, I finished with an 83; but I "rested the Seventh Day" instead of practising my shaky putts. In fact, I ran as far away from Flossmoor and the whole nerve-racking business as I could—to Wheaton, Illinois, where I listened that morning to a rather dull sermon. On the final 18 holes of qualifying the following day I had a surprising and highly gratifying 74, within one stroke of the lowest score of the day, Francis Ouimet's 73. Doesn't that argue for my case? In 1926, however, playing in the National Amateur held at Baltusrol, New Jersey, it didn't work so well. On Sunday I listened to an eloquent, wise sermon by Dr. Charles R. Brown of Yale, delivered in the St. Nicholas M. E. Church, New York City. The next day in the first qualifying round my total was rather well up in the eighties. Incidentally, Dr. Brown's sermon, "Familiarity and Reverence," contained several pertinent interpretations of the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath Day." . . . I wonder what he would have said on Sunday golf. . . .

As to church attendance, doesn't Dr. Oliver

Wendell Holmes argue about as persuasively as may be for those religious services presided over by an able minister of God: "I have in my breast a plant called reverence; I go to church to have it watered"?

I might have added, though I did not, that on every one of those Sundays in which I played golf, I also preached in the local church. I believe that if more Sunday golfers would go to church and more churchgoers would play Sunday golf, the results would be advantageous. Worship and recreation make a splendid combination for Sunday.

Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work.

An old divine said there was more profanation of the second clause than of the first. "Six days shalt thou labour." Perhaps if this commandment were universally kept, there would be enough food, fuel, and clothing for every one. Every lazy man breaks the commandment oftener than the workers.

Henry Welles Durham writes from Nicaragua, about the happy ending of "Lost Ecstasy":

I claim, with some personal knowledge of open spaces and roughnecks, that the moving-picture ideal union of refinement and vulgarity, would not last many days beyond the discovery of the incompatibility between the ideals of baths every day, and semi-permanent underwear. The gloomy hero of Locksley Hall was right about the relative places of wife, dog and horse after the honeymoon in such a romance. You recall in David Copperfield; "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose" which includes the habits of thought and belief produced by breeding. A thoroughbred mare and a jackass may produce a useful offspring but won't make a good team. The infatuation the author has imagined is quite possible, the happy ending implied puts the tale in the cinema class. . . .

After taking this exception to a judgment of yours, and I enjoy reading them whether or not I agree with them, I come to a more serious grievance, which is against the leading paper in that same September Scribner's. . . .

In thirty years of adult observation I have noticed no material enrichment in the vocabularies, either of the construction camp, the fraternity house, or the gatherings of polite society. Only a short time ago, I was asked by a lady visiting here from one of the great centers of advanced culture in the Mississippi basin, if my wife still felt any ill effect from the recent injury to her limb. But she is in favor of women's riding astride and voting, or rather she takes all that for granted, and would be insulted if called a Victorian. . . .

During H. M. Tomlinson's all-too-short visit in America I had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner at the house of my friends Doctor and Mrs. Henry S. Canby. He is, as might naturally be expected, an extremely interesting man. He told me that not only was "Gallions Reach" the first novel he had published, it was the first he had ever written. He wrote it merely to see if he could; well, he could and did. "Gallions Reach" is an extraordinary book; having a combination of objective description, like the memorable shipwreck, and mental analysis; the diagnosis of the hero's mind and conscience being truly profound. No author likes to be told that he resembles another; I will not say, then, that Mr. Tomlinson's work resembles that of Conrad, but simply that it is worthy of Conrad.

After the dinner we adjourned to the Elizabethan Club, where Mr. Tomlinson read an excellent paper on contemporary literary tendencies, showing that he is an incurable idealist, a believer in truth and beauty.

In the Boston *Sunday Herald* for November 13 there was an interview

with Mr. Tomlinson, written by Mr. Carl Warton. The *Herald* is to be congratulated on having on its staff a journalist of such caliber, for the interview is beautifully written; it is dignified, but full of "news values." Mr. Tomlinson's tribute to the literary and educational value of the Bible is interesting.

Now how does it happen, that one of his vocational training, lacking in organized literary preparation, could become, even in years, so masterful an artist? Mr. Tomlinson thanks the Bible for it.

"It was the custom in our home," he said, "to read a Chapter in the Bible each night. The family gathered around the table and my father read. It was a custom we boys detested and yet, owing to the fact that my father had a good voice, we could not help listening and absorbing the measure and literary beauty the Bible unquestionably has. Moreover there were always good books around us. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Washington Irving. I always enjoyed Irving. It is the same with books as with music. Children who have never heard good music do not appreciate it in later life, as a rule. They do not recognize it. It is so with books. Children who do not come in contact with good books do not appreciate them and do not reflect them. There is no better starting point than the Bible.

"The Bible to me," continued Mr. Tomlinson after a pause, "is a miracle. It could not be done again. Forty men were given that job of translating, and they produced a book. Think what would happen today if 40 scholars should undertake it! They could never agree. The Bible was done by inspired men. The book reads like a personal document."

Good news for ailurians. My colleague, Professor Karl Young, who is spending his sabbatical year in the British Museum, sends me a long editorial from the London *Times* for October 25, headed "Russ." It is the obituary of the famous cat at the lion-house of the Zoo who lived to be sixteen years old. He spent his days and nights in

the company of the lions, and, while they had to eat the meat that others had killed, he caught and ate mice.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb writes from Paris:

I was sent your short comments in, I believe, the last number of Scribners, but instead of hurting me like everything, they pleased me immensely. They proved that my story was read which is the most delightful of all sensations.

In justification of my remarks—but *not* in defense of Iowa of which I know little or nothing—let me point out that with the exception of Holland Porter and the girl Leonie Paulin who were at least largely invented, virtually everybody in the story was based on someone I actually knew in Florence. The teaparty actually took place. There was a lady from Iowa. She was extremely tiresome and ordinary, to use no stronger words. She would have been—having created him, I claim the right to say—and she should have been extremely annoying to Holland Porter.

That much for Iowa, which except for the unfortunate lady in question—name and address not furnished on request, though they are in existence—may be the center of sophistication and refinement of the universe for all I know about it. . . .

I have my own nomination to make for the Ignoble Prize. It is "persist in using." I don't know about Mr. Elcock who shares my glory, but so far I have discussed Iowa for praise or defamation only once. Wouldn't it be more correct to let me "persist in using" before you say I do? Besides that I have a strong suspicion that the phrase is a fairly venerable cliché.

From Miss Mary L. Beech, of Medina, Ohio:

Whenever I have a bright idea which I plan to contribute to your "As I Like It" department, I'm certain to read my "original gem" in the next issue of the magazine. For instance, I despise "humans" and "gesture," but lazily allowed someone else to nominate each for the Ignoble Prize. Then, last August, after the Winchester verger had reverently removed the rug which covers the stone, I

copied Isaac Walton's epitaph, only to find that it was published that very month.

Henceforth the firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand. Consequently I'm sending you an excerpt from a faded old diary belonging to my great-aunt, which I recently found in her Kentucky home. It is so deliciously mid-Victorian that I hope you will like it.

"... Kentucky, July 30, 1857. Sunday Mr. E— accompanied me home from church and renewed his proposal that I should be his. What shall I do with such constant, unwearied love! It was a beautiful night. All nature was quiet and happy around us, with nothing to disturb the profound calm, for it was late! And there on the porch in the bright moonlight of the summer eve, I yielded to his fervent protestations of undying affection and consented to unite my fate with his."

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

From Frederick J. Shepard, of Buffalo:

Society girl, even if it be hard to suggest a substitute; but why is a member of fashionable circles any more a member of society than other human beings? Furthermore, for years I have been trying to get writers to say "woman voters" instead of "women voters." Nobody would say "girls students" or "ten feet rule" . . . even if the Bible does say "menservants" it does not say "maids servants" but "maid servants."

From Elin C. Nordstrom, of Manchester, N. H.:

The newspaper writer, who, in reporting Mr. Chaplin's visit to his wife, in one of the New York Tabloids, this summer, wrote: "The couple hoped each other was feeling well."

From Mrs. J. F. Herrick, of Washington, D. C.:

Has not the abominable and popular "All righty" a place among the Ignoble?

From Miss Ella C. Rowell, of Brooklyn. She quotes from the New York *Times*:

"Genaro, still an optimist, flaunts immigration authorities."

Having noticed this abuse (flaunt for flout) twice in one day in the New York *Times* I am moved to send you still another candidate for your Ignoble Prize.

Archibald Craig, of Jersey City, also vigorously attacks "flaunt" for "flout."

From Mrs. C. E. K. Burnham, of Norwich, Conn.:

The word "home" for "house."

From Clarence R. Lynn, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone:

(a) Yiddish dialect rot. (b) Modern Pepys' diaries.

From Miss Elizabeth R. Shaw, of North Girard, Pa.:

"He-man." Why not "it-baby" or "her-woman"?

Walter McKee, of Detroit, enters the Faery Queene Club. He read the poem through this past summer at the beautiful village of Port Austin, eight and one-half miles from my Michigan house. He agrees that the Thumb summer climate is the best in the world.

Miss Gertrude H. Haight, of Syracuse, N. Y., read the whole poem and tells me so in the rhymed archaic speech of Spenser himself.

On October 28 Mr. and Mrs. Flockhart and Amelia M. Woolrich, all of Somerville, N. J., joined the Fano Club. On October 31 Mrs. Emily T. Howe came in.

On the calendar of a Presbyterian church in Dayton, Ohio, there was printed (Nov. 13): "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my wife." A gentleman in the audience writes me: "My endorsement

comes through living with her for nearly 50 years—and hoping for more.”

In the Boone (Iowa) *Republican*:

LADIES' AID

Following the musical program, Mrs. J. T. Miller read an article on “Personal Devils.” Seventeen were present.

J. M. Lightfoot, of Chesham, N. H., got a packet of matches on a trip to California whereon is printed: “Mail in this Cover and Secure FREE handsome leather tooth pick pocket case.”

ASTRONOMICAL VAGARIES

Edson M. Peck, of Bristol, Conn., writes: “I, myself, once had the pleasure of seeing the full moon gently drop into the ocean in the early evening, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in the second act of ‘La Gioconda.’”

L. Wayland Dowling, professor of mathematics at the University of Wisconsin, writes:

I read with pleasure your quotation from Professor Shapley's book “The Stars” in the November issue of *Scribners*.

This quotation reminded me at once of a statement in Fogazzaro's “Leila” which expresses closely the same idealism.

Signor Marcello and his young friend are standing on the mountainside in the evening and looking down at the lights of the village below, and Marcello remarks:

“Quei lumicini là nel buio, ecco la filosofia. Chi va intorno la notte con un lume così non vede più le stelle.”

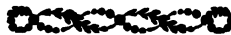
A man from Boston who has been reading Halliburton's books finds that his conceit is trying. His adventure was interesting, and, I think, showed good taste rather

than a surprising amount of boldness. . . . I still wish the poor fellow had not shrieked so much at the top of his voice, it's bad for the voice. Even after this recantation, I call the book the Vainglorious Adventure. . . . To point out Halliburton's exaggeration, take his swimming the Hellespont. My granddaughter did the same thing without any fuss at all. The whole book demands coloured glass and cotton in the ears.

Mrs. E. J. Swasey, of Riverside, Conn., writes that she is collecting the letters of her grandfather, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, for early publication. She will be grateful to persons who will send her any letters of his in their possession; the originals will be copied and promptly returned.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's admirable biography of Goldoni has appeared in an Italian translation by the distinguished scholar Edgardo Maddalena, Lecturer on Italian literature at the University of Vienna and Professor at the Royal Institute of Pedagogy, Florence. This is an honor to American scholarship and letters.

I recommend book-lovers and book-collectors to buy a copy of the first edition of Thornton Wilder's novel “The Bridge of San Luis Rey,” because it is certain to go up in price. Copies of the first edition of Robinson's poem “Tristram” (1927) have already gone up to nearly ten times the original value. Those who wish to know whether they have or have not a copy of the genuine first edition of “Tristram” can find out by looking at page 86, line 2. If it has the typographical error rocks for rooks, it is a copy of the genuine first edition.



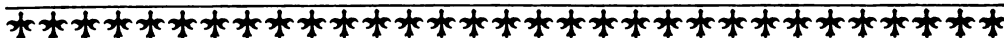
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THE FIELD OF ART

The Sculpture of Edward McCartan— The Winter Academy

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



SOME time before the year is out the people of New York will be looking at one of the most conspicuous sculptural decorations ever erected in the city. It is to take the shape of a gigantic clock, lifted sixty feet above the ground on the north façade of the towering New York Central Building in Park Avenue. The dial will be about thirteen feet high. The reclining figures supporting it, Transportation on one side and Industry on the other, will be nearly four times the size of life. A few symbolical accessories will be introduced into the more or less pyramidal composition, but this aims to be one of simple line and mass. Carved in limestone it will be decorative, but, as I have said, portentously conspicuous. Countless thousands will look up at it every day as they come down the avenue. They will note the hour. Also, I think, they will get an impression of beauty. The model promises that and there is good augury, too, in the previous works of the artist, Edward McCartan. This seems an appropriate moment in which to consider the origins and nature of his art.



He was born in Albany in 1879 and appears to have gravitated toward sculpture from his earliest years. He began to draw, instinctively, in childhood, and by the time he was ten years old he

had modelled in clay the figure of a lion. All through the period of his schooling these preoccupations continued and he was still in his teens when he came down to Brooklyn to embark upon his profession, entering Pratt Institute to study under Herbert Adams. An interlude ensued of brief employment in business, and then followed further training at the hands of George Gray Barnard and Hermon MacNeil, at the Art Students' League, which prepared him for three years in Paris. Injalbert was his master at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, but I gather that his attendance at this institution was of an intermittent character, hardly more important to him than constant visits to the Louvre and contact with antique and Renaissance sculpture. McCartan's French experience coincided with the resounding period in Rodin's vogue, and he shared in the prevailing enthusiasm for that master. He recalls especially the interest with which he observed the development of their patinas upon *Le Penseur* and *Les Bourgeois de Calais*, placed out in the open for the purpose near his own studio. But there is no trace of Rodin's influence in his work.

It was back in Paris, around 1908, that he made the first sketch for *The Kiss*, a marble of a mother and her child that stands in the Albright Gallery at Buffalo. But the modelling of this was not resumed until long after—



Diana.

From the sculpture by Edward McCartan.



The Eugene Field Memorial.

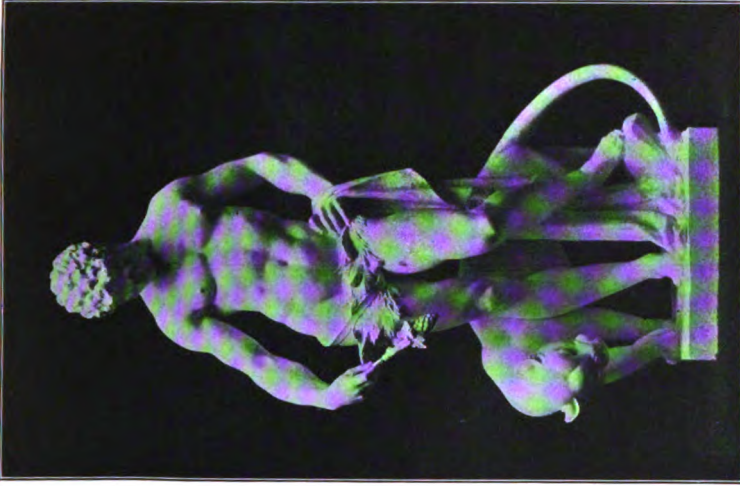


The Spirit of the Woods.

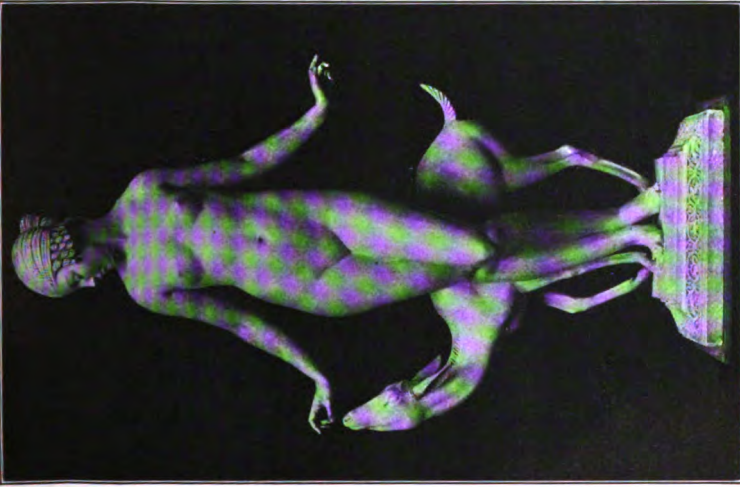


Nymph and Satyr.

From the sculptures by Edward McCartan.



Boy with Panther.



Isoult.
From the sculptures by Edward McCartan.



Girl with Goat.



T. Shardin, Esq.

From the painting by Lilian Westcott Hale in the Winter Academy.



Cypripedia.

From the painting by Sergeant Kendall in the Winter Academy.



The Cloud.

From the painting by Jonas Lie, N. A., in the Winter Academy.

ward, the completion of the thing being postponed to 1924. Indeed, he seems to have proceeded with great deliberation upon his career, designing a few pieces of his own on returning to America but earning a livelihood as helper in more than one studio. None of our sculptors has evolved his art out of a more comprehensive practical experience. Under Karl Bitter he was busily occupied in the big studios at Hoboken where the endless mass of stuff for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo was developed. He spent his time not modelling but "pointing up." Working later for Adams and MacNeil he got deeper into the mysteries of technique. All this made him a seasoned craftsman, so that he can make a cast, chisel stone, do any of the tasks that fall to a sculptor's lot.



In this earlier formative time there slowly ripened in McCartan's imagination the conception of sculpture which had been growing in him from the beginning, fostered by long hours in contemplation of the fountains and other open-air statuary at Versailles. He had arrived then at the conviction that sculpture, as he saw it and felt impelled to make it, would be sculpture enveloped, allied with its background and environment, a thing essentially decorative. He learned to distinguish between the "museum piece," the sculpture standing as it were in a vacuum, and the "garden piece," the sculpture fit to bear the test of close scrutiny but above all things functioning as an episode in a living world. The distinction is important, as every exacting observer of garden sculpture knows. Some bronzes, admirable in themselves as works of modelling, look when placed out-of-

doors as though they really belonged in the house. McCartan struck the right note with a kind of clairvoyant touch. I have not seen his first production, a Pan for a garden at White Plains, but I well remember the Spirit of the Woods, which came next, the dancing nymph balancing a baby in her outstretched hands which has a lovely setting to-day in the Harold Pratt garden at Glen Cove. I came upon it in an exhibition which may or may not have placed some greenery about the statue. I know that it immediately seemed to create its own natural surroundings, to evoke a sense of sylvan beauty, intimate and free. The thing had *élan*. This sculptor, who thinks of form less as the embodiment of an idea than as a decorative pattern, had nevertheless given his figure an animating principle and in its lithe young movement made it the very image of woodland grace and magic.

Chronology carries us not long after the foregoing statue to an interesting parting of the ways. We are confronted by two salient works, a Nymph and Satyr, which takes us from the blithe naturalism of the Spirit of the Woods to a sophisticated, intensely decorative mood akin to that of Clodion, and an essay in pretty sentiment, the Eugene Field Memorial for Lincoln Park, at Chicago. The latter is a considerable monument. The hovering fairy is about seven feet high, looking down upon the children grouped against a granite base. It is clever, picturesque, and, if you like, exactly the right thing in the right place, a conception breathing the sweet airs of childhood, illustrative of Field's genius—a true memorial. But as sculpture it seems to me almost irrelevant in the story of McCartan's progress. All that is characteristic of him in it is the polished workmanship and a certain

lightness of touch. Otherwise it is a conventional performance, and particularly does it disclose in its sentimental aspect a motive outside his real range. The parting of the ways was to prove, for him, a matter of no dubiety whatever. He made his choice and it was on the side of that *métier* which the Nymph and Satyr proclaims. That foreshadowed the specific path he was to take and to which he was to adhere in successive works such as the Girl with Goat, the Boy with Panther, the Diana, the Artemis, and the Isoult, which brings us to the present time, abreast of the new clock.



How is it that the works named just now may be said to prefigure a successful design in the decoration for the New York Central Building? In the first place, through the evidence they afford that McCartan is a thoroughly able and original sculptor. The two merits are peculiarly intertwined in his case. I have spoken of his rigorous discipline in respect to technical research. There has gone with it a singularly penetrating study of form. His figures are organic, realized from within. They are decorative, but they have the vitality of life. And to this genuineness of theirs I would ascribe a good deal of that originality to which I have alluded. McCartan has been too busy interrogating the actualities of form to permit anything like a "derivative" quality to creep into his work. He has profited by the museums. It has aided him to study Greek sculpture and the art of Michael Angelo. Clodion is not the only eighteenth-century Frenchman of whom I think when I look at the American's compositions. I think, in fact, of the whole delightful school, that did so much to implant a light, graceful type of plastic art, in so

many decorative episodes, indoors and out, in the French social scene a century and more ago. Sometimes the atmosphere of Houdon in particular seems revived by McCartan. It is impossible to avoid recollection of it in the presence of the Diana, for example. Yet that very work leaves the sculptor's essential originality unchallenged. It is a matter not of an old formula renewed but of independent expression in a kindred language. I would call McCartan not a conscious disciple of the eighteenth century but one of its spiritual descendants.

He is a child of Houdon, say, simply in that it is natural to him to compose in terms of an animated mundane elegance and to stress in his figures the precious quality of line. The Diana is perhaps his outstanding triumph in this regard. Its contours have a delectably pure and flowing linear distinction. How spare and refined the lovely figure is! It is delightful, as you apprehend it, to reflect upon the artist's escapes during his pupilage in Paris. He had no traffic with either the earthy power of Falguière or the supersensitive virtuosity of Rodin, but went wide of the pitfalls concealed by both. The exquisiteness of feeling which characterizes the Diana is carried over, rather, into some such fine dry light as we associate with the more academic works of Houdon. Just as the spirit of the thing is purged of merely sensuous elements, so the ideal of form set forth, and the technical mode that defines it, are chastened, clarified, given a certain keenness and elevation.



Three factors count in the achievement of this lucid, high-bred effect. There is felicity of design. Observe the pattern made of figure and animal not only in the Diana but in all the other

groups. Then there is the circumstance that these sculptures, though usually modest in scale, have been somehow seen, primarily, "in the large." The Nymph and Satyr was projected as a statue seven feet high, in stone. Go to the Metropolitan Museum, where the Diana stands in bronze, and you will find that it is hardly more than two feet high. But the artist has been putting it into a bronze of nearly seven feet for a Greenwich garden, and, while this has required a rehandling of some of the modulations of form, the design, as such, has submitted easily to the transposition. In composition and in scale he is true to the simple clarity which makes him, to my mind, a faintly Houdonesque sculptor. But the thing that clinches the point is the third of the special ingredients I have in mind, the ingredient of style. I use the word not in the customary sense, implying a specifically personal attribute, but rather in that broad connotation which brings many artists of varying idiosyncrasies into a kind of alliance. That slender, supple, poised Diana, the vivacious Girl with Goat, the serene Isoult, have the style of a *gaillard* carriage, of a distinguished gesture, style as it is manifested in the flourish of a flawless act or in the finish of a perfect epigram.

The Isoult, a six-foot bronze, as the embodiment of an idea sprang from a romantic source. McCartan got his heroine out of Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*. But it is not quite as a romanticist that he has rounded out this work of art. The colorful theme is in some sort sifted through the warm tapestry of the enchanting tale, and, if not precisely de-personalized, is at any rate simplified until it takes on an almost classical reticence. Remark the synthesizing of the maiden's hair, and the

similarly generalizing touch in the treatment of the fawn. Throughout, the sculptor makes you feel his reserve, his selective taste, that same handling of form, I repeat, which belongs to the cool, calculating, fastidious Houdon. It is upon just such refined, rarefied work that the benison of style descends. This distinction of style is what gathers together and validates all of McCartan's traits as a sculptor.

It makes him a beguiling figure in American art. There never can be too warm a welcome for work that, like his, interprets gracious, delicately imaginative motives and envelops them in what I may call the nobility of a great plastic tradition. He is American, yes, but as I have endeavored to show, there functions again in him the urbanely decorative purpose which has adorned not only eighteenth-century France but other places in other times. He makes sculpture, as it has been made in the historic episodes from Tanagra down, small in scale, part and parcel of a choice background, pleasing to the eye, and, even more than that, in a thoroughly sophisticated way lovable. It goes happily into a luxurious *milieu*. I recall one of his pieces raised against a tapestried background in a stately hall. It made a fascinating incident, falling into its place in a truly brilliant manner. But these statues pass, by a kind of predestination, into a garden. There, in a green space, they seem most fittingly to live their life of measured movement and linear beauty. I am told that McCartan finds difficulty in inventing titles for them, as though such poetry as is in his bronzes—and they have poetic charm—were something subordinate to his aim. It is an appropriate anecdote, pointing to the artist in him pure and simple. He is nothing if not

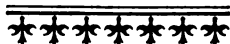
the absorbed weaver of decorative plastic patterns.



The Winter Academy has just opened as I write and it will be gone before these lines appear in print. But I cannot let it go without expressing some appreciation of an uncommonly good exhibition. Last spring the modernists were given a room to themselves, and there we could see "our young lions all at play." It was not the most edifying spectacle in the world and this season the experiment was not repeated. The result was an ensemble illustrating the familiar walk and demeanor of the Academy of Design. That, if we are to believe the modernists who assail this institution in season and out of season, is indicative of only uninspired convention. As a matter of fact, the Academy, with all its faults—and it is not faultless—happens to maintain a principle of high value, the principle of honest, instructed workmanship. It is the Academy's ill fortune—and ours—that the crop of brilliant men of genius is always slender, everywhere. To realize that you have only to go to London, or Paris, or any European capital, and see how a few good painters are swamped in vast companies of duffers. There never was an epoch poorer than our own in resplendent leaders. But how stupid it is to let that circumstance blind us to the really fine work that is nevertheless being done here and there! More of it, I think, might be lured into

the Academy than actually gets there, but I found plenty to admire in the particular exhibition to which I refer.

The full-length by Lillian Westcott Hale abundantly deserved the Altman prize that it received, the highest award which the Academy has to bestow. It proved a spirited, really interesting portrait, and it was especially impressive technically. I saw any number of good portraits on the walls, and while the exhibition was weak in *genre*, as any American exhibition, for some occult reason, is seemingly bound to be, there were several strong figure-pieces by Sergeant Kendall, Philip Hale, Will Foster, and so on. The Carnegie prize was justly given to Jonas Lie for a beautiful coast scene, *The Cloud*, and there were many other delightful open-air studies in the show. American art is nowhere more personal or distinguished than in its landscape-paintings. In every department the Winter Academy struck me as being possessed of inspiring productions numerous enough to counterbalance the usual contingent of negligible pictures. I can understand the hatred of the modernists for these exhibitions. They think, fondly, that Matisse has obliterated everything else. But it is a grave error to browbeat the Academy as though it were a hotbed of mediocrity and nothing more. It is helping to keep alive some standard of technical integrity, the standard which modernism is constantly threatening.



A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.

The Greene Murder Case

(Continued from page 186 of this number)

she left behind her was largely a substantiation of Hemming's outpourings. She, though, did not regard the two murders as the acts of an outraged God. Hers was a more practical and mundane view.

"There's something awful funny going on here," she had said, forgetting for the moment the urge of her coquettish spirits. "The Greenes are queer people. And the servants are queer, too—what with Mr. Sproot reading books in foreign languages, and Hemming preaching about fire and brimstone, and cook going around in a sort of trance muttering to herself and never answering a civil question.—And such a family!" She rolled her eyes. "Mrs. Greene hasn't got any heart. She's a regular old witch, and she looks at you sometimes as though she'd like to strangle you. If I was Miss Ada I'd have gone crazy long ago. But then, Miss Ada's no better than the rest. She acts nice and gentle-like, but I've seen her stamping up and down in her room looking like a very devil; and once she used language to me what was that bad I put my fingers in my ears. And Miss Sibella's a regular icicle—except when she gets mad, and then she'd kill you if she dared, and laugh about it. And there's been something funny about her and Mr. Chester. Ever since Miss Julia and Miss Ada were shot they've been talking to each other in the sneakiest way when they thought no one was looking. And this Doctor Von Blon what comes here so much: he's a deep one. He's been in Miss Sibella's room with the door shut lots of times when she wasn't any more sick than you are. And Mr. Rex, now. He's a queer man, too. I get the creeps every time he comes near me." She shuddered by way of demonstration. "Miss Julia wasn't as queer as the rest. She just hated everybody and was mean."

Barton had rambled on loquaciously with all the thoughtless exaggeration of a gossip who felt herself outraged; and Markham had not interrupted her. He was trying to dredge up some nugget from the mass of her verbal silt; but when at last he sifted it all down there remained nothing but a few shining grains of scandal.

The cook was even less enlightening. Taciturn by nature, she became almost inarticulate when approached on the subject of the crime. Her stolid exterior seemed to cloak a sullen resentment at the fact that she should be questioned at all. In fact, as Markham patiently pressed his examination, the impression grew on me that her lack of responsiveness was deliberately defensive, as if she had steeled herself to reticency. Vance, too, sensed this attitude in her, for, during a pause in the interview, he moved his chair about until he faced her directly.

"Frau Mannheim," he said, "the last time we were here you mentioned the fact that Mr. Tobias Greene knew your husband, and that, because of their acquaintance, you applied for a position here when your husband died."

"And why shouldn't I?" she asked stubbornly. "I was poor, and I didn't have any other friends."

"Ah, friends!" Vance caught up the word. "And since you were once on friendly terms with Mr. Greene, you doubtless know certain things about his past, which may have some bearing on the present situation; for it is not at all impossible, d' ye see, that the crimes committed here during the past few days are connected with matters that took place years ago. We don't know this, of course; but we'd be very much gratified if you would try to help us in this regard."

As he was speaking the woman had drawn herself up. Her hands had tightened as they lay folded in her lap, and the muscles about her mouth had stiffened.

"I don't know anything," was her only answer.

"How," asked Vance evenly, "do you account for the rather remarkable fact that Mr. Greene gave orders that you were to remain here as long as you cared to?"

"Mr. Greene was a very kind and generous man," she asserted, in a flat, combative voice. "Some there were that thought him hard, and accused him of being unjust; but he was always good to me and mine."

"How well did he know Mr. Mannheim?"

There was a pause, and the woman's eyes looked blankly ahead.

"He helped my husband once, when he was in trouble."

"How did he happen to do this?"

There was another pause, and then:

"They were in some deal together—in the old country." She frowned and appeared uneasy.

"When was this?"

"I don't remember. It was before I was married."

"And where did you first meet Mr. Greene?"

"At my home in New Orleans. He was there on business—with my husband."

"And, I take it, he befriended you also."

The woman maintained a stubborn silence.

"A moment ago," pursued Vance, "you used the phrase 'me and mine.'—Have you any children, Mrs. Mannheim?"

For the first time during the interview her face radically changed expression. An angry gleam shone in her eyes.

"No!" The denial was like an ejaculation.

Vance smoked lethargically for several moments.

"You lived in New Orleans until the time of your employment in this house?" he finally asked.

"Yes."

"And your husband died there?"

"Yes."

"That was thirteen years ago, I understand.—How long before that had it been since you had seen Mr. Greene?"

"About a year."

"So that would be fourteen years ago."

An apprehension, bordering on fear, showed through the woman's morose calmness.

"And you came all the way to New York to seek Mr. Greene's help," mused Vance. "Why were you so confident that he would give you employment after your husband's death?"

"Mr. Greene was a very good man," was all she would say.

"He had perhaps," suggested Vance, "done some other favor for you which made you think you could count on his generosity—eh, what?"

"That's neither here nor there." Her mouth closed tightly.

Vance changed the subject.

"What do you think about the crimes that have been committed in this house?"

"I don't think about them," she mumbled; but the anxiety in her voice belied the assertion.

"You surely must hold some opinion, Mrs. Mannheim, having been here so long." Vance's intent gaze did not leave the woman. "Who, do you think, would have had any reason for wanting to harm these people?"

Suddenly her self-control gave way.

"*Du lieber Herr Jesus!* I don't know—I don't know!" It was like a cry of anguish. "Miss Julia and Mr. Chester maybe—*gewiss*, one could understand. They hated everybody; they were hard, unloving. But little Ada—*der süsse Engell* Why should they want to harm her!" She set her face grimly, and slowly her expression of stolidity returned.

"Why, indeed?" A note of sympathy was evident in Vance's voice. After a pause he rose and went to the window. "You may return to your room now, Frau Mannheim," he said, without turning. "We sha'n't let anything further happen to little Ada."

The woman got up heavily and, with an uneasy glance in Vance's direction, left the room.

As soon as she was out of hearing Markham swung about.

"What's the use of raking up all this ancient history?" he demanded irritably. "We're dealing with things that have taken place within the past few days; and you waste valuable time trying to find out why Tobias Greene hired a cook thirteen years ago."

"There's such a thing as cause and effect," offered Vance mildly. "And frequently there's a dashed long interval between the two."

"Granted. But what possible connection can this German cook have with the present murders?"

"Perhaps none." Vance strode back across the room, his eyes on the floor. "But, Markham old dear, nothing appears to have any connection with this *débâcle*. And, on the other hand, everything seems to have a possible relationship. The whole house is steeped in vague meanings. A hundred shadowy hands are pointing to the culprit, and the moment you try to determine the direction the hands disappear. It's a nightmare. Nothing means anything; therefore, anything may have a meaning."

"My dear Vancel You're not yourself."

Markham's tone was one of annoyance and reproach. "Your remarks are worse than the obscure ramblings of the sibyls. What if Tobias Greene did have dealings with one Mannheim in the past? Old Tobias indulged in numerous shady transactions, if the gossip of twenty-five or thirty years ago can be credited.* He was forever scurrying to the ends of the earth on some mysterious mission, and coming home with his pockets lined. And it's common knowledge that he spent considerable time in Germany. If you try to dig up his past for possible explanations for the present business, you'll have your hands full."

"You misconstrue my vagaries," returned Vance, pausing before the old oil-painting of Tobias Greene over the fireplace. "I repudiate all ambition to become the family historian of the Greens. . . . Not a bad head on Tobias," he commented, adjusting his monocle and inspecting the portrait. "An interesting character. Dynamic forehead, with more than a suggestion of the scholar. A rugged, prying nose. Yes, Tobias no doubt fared forth on many an adventurous quest. A cruel mouth, though—rather sinister, in fact. I wish the whiskers permitted one a view of the chin. It was round, with a deep cleft, I'd say—the substance of which Chester's chin was but the simulacrum."

"Very edifying," snorted Markham. "But phrenology leaves me cold this morning.—Tell me, Vance: are you laboring under some melodramatic notion that old Mannheim may have been resurrected and returned to wreak vengeance on the Greene progeny for wrongs done him by Tobias in the dim past? I can't see any other reason for the questions you put to Mrs. Mannheim. Don't overlook the fact, however, that Mannheim's dead."

"I didn't attend the funeral." Vance sank lazily again in his chair.

"Don't be so unutterably futile," snapped Markham. "What's going through your head?"

"An excellent figure of speech! It expresses my mental state perfectly. Numberless things are 'going through my head.' But nothing remains there. My brain's a veritable sieve."

Heath projected himself into the discussion.

"My opinion is, sir, that the Mannheim

* I remember, back in the nineties, when I was a schoolboy, hearing my father allude to certain picturesque tales of Tobias Greene's escapades.

angle of this affair is a washout. We're dealing with the present, and the bird that did this shooting is somewhere around here right now."

"You're probably right, Sergeant," conceded Vance. "But—my word!—it strikes me that every angle of the case—and, for that matter, every cusp, arc, tangent, parabola, sine, radius, and hyperbole—is hopelessly inundated."

XI

A PAINFUL INTERVIEW

(Friday, November 12; 11 a. m.)

Markham glanced impatiently at his watch.

"It's getting late," he complained, "and I have an important appointment at noon. I think I'll have a go at Rex Greene, and then leave matters in your hands for the time being, Sergeant. There's nothing much to be done here now, and your routine work must be gone through with."

Heath got up gloomily.

"Yes; and one of the first things to be done is to go over this house with a fine-tooth comb for that revolver. If we could find that gun we'd be on our way."

"I don't want to damp your ardor, Sergeant," drawled Vance, "but something whispers in my ear that the weapon you yearn for is going to prove dashed elusive."

Heath looked depressed; he was obviously of Vance's opinion.

"A hell of a case this is! Not a lead—nothing to get your teeth in."

He went to the archway and yanked the bell-cord viciously. When Sproot appeared he almost barked his demand that Mr. Rex Greene be produced at once; and he stood looking truculently after the retreating butler as if longing for an excuse to follow up his order with violence.

Rex came in nervously, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from his lips. His eyes were sunken; his cheeks sagged, and his short splay fingers fidgeted with the hem of his smoking-jacket, like those of a man under the influence of hyoscine. He gave us a resentful, half-frightened gaze, and planted himself aggressively before us, refusing to take the seat Markham indicated. Suddenly he demanded fiercely:

"Have you found out yet who killed Julia and Chester?"

"No," Markham admitted; "but we've

taken every precaution against any recurrence. . . ."

"Precaution? What have you done?"

"We've stationed a man both front and rear——"

A cackling laugh cut him short.

"A lot of good that'll do! The person who's after us Greenses has a key. He has a key, I tell you! And he can get in whenever he wants to, and nobody can stop him."

"I think you exaggerate a little," returned Markham mildly. "In any case, we hope to put our hands on him very soon. And that's why I've asked you here again—it's quite possible that you can help us."

"What do I know?" The man's words were defiant, and he took several long inhalations on his cigarette, the ashes of which fell upon his jacket unnoticed.

"You were asleep, I understand, when the shot was fired last night," went on Markham's quiet voice; "but Sergeant Heath tells me you were awake until after eleven and heard noises in the hall. Suppose you tell us just what happened."

"Nothing happened!" Rex blurted. "I went to bed at half past ten, but I was too nervous to sleep. Then, some time later, the moon came out and fell across the foot of the bed; and I got up and pulled down the shade. About ten minutes later I heard a scraping sound in the hall, and directly afterward a door closed softly——"

"Just a moment, Mr. Greene," interrupted Vance. "Can you be a little more definite about that noise? What did it sound like?"

"I didn't pay any attention to it," was the whining reply. "It might have been almost anything. It was like some one laying down a bundle, or dragging something across the floor; or it might have been old Sproot in his bedroom slippers, though it didn't sound like him—that is, I didn't associate him with the sound when I heard it."

"And after that?"

"After that? I lay awake in bed ten or fifteen minutes longer. I was restless and—and expectant; so I turned on the lights to see what time it was, and smoked half a cigarette——"

"It was twenty-five minutes past eleven, I understand."

"That's right. Then a few minutes later I put out the light, and must have gone right to sleep."

There was a pause, and Heath drew himself up aggressively.

"Say, Greene: know anything about firearms?" He shot the question out brutally.

Rex stiffened. His lips sagged open, and his cigarette fell to the floor. The muscles of his thin jowls twitched, and he glared menacingly at the Sergeant.

"What do you mean?" The words were like a snarl; and I noticed that his whole body was quivering.

"Know what became of your brother's revolver?" pursued Heath relentlessly, thrusting out his jaw.

Rex's mouth was working in a paroxysm of fury and fear, but he seemed unable to articulate.

"Where have you got it hidden?" Again Heath's voice sounded harshly.

"Revolver? . . . Hidden? . . ." At last Rex had succeeded in formulating his words. "You—filthy rotter! If you've got any idea that I have the revolver, go up and tear my room apart and look for it—and be damned to you!" His eyes flashed, and his upper lip lifted over his teeth. But there was fright in his attitude as well as rage.

Heath had leaned forward and was about to say something further, when Vance quickly rose and laid a restraining hand on the Sergeant's arm. He was too late, however, to avoid the thing he evidently hoped to forestall. What Heath had already said had proved sufficient stimulus to bring about a terrible reaction in his victim.

"What do I care what that unspeakable swine says?" he shouted, pointing a palsied finger at the Sergeant. Oaths and vituperation welled shrilly from his twitching lips. His insensate wrath seemed to pass all ordinary bounds. His enormous head was thrust forward like a python's; and his face was cyanosed and contorted.

Vance stood poised, watching him alertly; and Markham had instinctively moved back his chair. Even Heath was startled by Rex's inordinate malignity.

What might have happened I don't know, had not Von Blon at that moment stepped swiftly into the room and placed a restraining hand on the youth's shoulder.

"Rex!" he said, in a calm, authoritative voice. "Get a grip on yourself. You're disturbing Ada."

The other ceased speaking abruptly; but

his ferocity of manner did not wholly abate. He shook off the doctor's hand angrily and swung round, facing Von Blon.

"What are you interfering for?" he cried. "You're always meddling in this house, coming here when you're not sent for, and nosing into our affairs. Mother's paralysis is only an excuse. You've said yourself she'll never get well, and yet you keep coming, bringing her medicine and sending bills." He gave the doctor a crafty leer. "Oh, you don't deceive me. I know why you come here! It's Sibella!" Again he thrust out his head and grinned shrewdly. "She'd be a good catch for a doctor, too—wouldn't she? Plenty of money —"

Suddenly he halted. His eyes did not leave Von Blon, but he shrank back and the twitching of his face began once more. A quivering finger went up; and as he spoke his voice rose excitedly.

"But Sibella's money isn't enough. You want ours along with hers. So you're arranging for her to inherit all of it. That's it—that's it! *You're* the one who's been doing all this. . . . Oh, my God! You've got Chester's gun—you took it! And you've got a key to the house—easy enough for you to have one made. That's how you got in."

Von Blon shook his head sadly and smiled with rueful tolerance. It was an embarrassing moment, but he carried it off well.

"Come, Rex," he said quietly, like a person speaking to a refractory child. "You've said enough—"

"Have I!" cried the youth, his eyes gleaming unnaturally. "You knew Chester had the revolver. You went camping with him the summer he got it—he told me so the other day, after Julia was killed." His beady little eyes seemed to stare from his head; a spasm shook his emaciated body; and his fingers again began worrying the hem of his jacket.

Von Blon stepped swiftly forward and, putting a hand on each of his shoulders, shook him.

"That'll do, Rex!" The words were a sharp command. "If you carry on this way, we'll have to lock you up in an institution."

The threat was uttered in what I considered an unnecessarily brutal tone; but it had the desired effect. A haunting fear showed in Rex's eyes. He seemed suddenly to go limp, and he docilely permitted Von Blon to lead him from the room.

"A sweet specimen, that Rex," commented Vance. "Not a person one would choose for a boon companion. Aggravated macrocephalia—cortical irritation. But I say, Sergeant; really, y' know, you shouldn't have prodded the lad so."

Heath grunted.

"You can't tell me that guy don't know something. And you can bet your sweet life I'm going to search his room damn good for that gun."

"It appears to me," rejoined Vance, "he's too flighty to have planned the massacre in this house. He might blow up under pressure and hit somebody with a handy missile; but I doubt if he'd lay any deep schemes and bide his time."

"He's good and scared about something," persisted Heath morosely.

"Hasn't he cause to be? Maybe he thinks the elusive gunman hereabouts will choose him as the next target."

"If there *is* another gunman, he showed damn bad taste not picking Rex out first." It was evident the Sergeant was still smarting under the epithets that had so recently been directed at him.

Von Blon returned to the drawing-room at this moment, looking troubled.

"I've got Rex quieted," he said. "Gave him five grains of luminal. He'll sleep for a few hours and wake up penitent. I've rarely seen him quite as violent as he was to-day. He's supersensitive—cerebral neurasthenia; and he's apt to fly off the handle. But he's never dangerous." He scanned our faces swiftly. "One of you gentlemen must have said something pretty severe."

Heath looked sheepish. "I asked him where he'd hid the gun."

"Ah!" The doctor gave the Sergeant a look of questioning reproach. "Too bad! We have to be careful with Rex. He's all right so long as he isn't opposed too strongly. But I don't just see, sir, what your object could have been in questioning him about the revolver. You surely don't suspect him of having had a hand in these terrible shootings."

"You tell me who did the shootings, doc," retorted Heath pugnaciously, "and then I'll tell you who I *don't* suspect."

"I regret that I am unable to enlighten you." Von Blon's tone exuded its habitual pleasantness. "But I can assure you Rex had

no part in them. They're quite out of keeping with his pathologic state."

"That's the defense of half the high-class killers we get the goods on," countered Heath.

"I see I can't argue with you." Von Blon sighed regretfully, and turned an engaging countenance in Markham's direction. "Rex's absurd accusations puzzled me deeply, but, since this officer admits he practically accused the boy of having the revolver, the situation becomes perfectly clear. A common form of instinctive self-protection, this attempting to shift blame on others. You can see, of course, that Rex was merely trying to turn suspicion upon me so as to free himself. It's unfortunate, for he and I were always good friends. Poor Rex!"

"By the by, doctor," came Vance's indolent voice; "that point about your being with Mr. Chester Greene on the camping-trip when he first secured the gun: was that correct? Or was it merely a fancy engendered by Rex's self-protective instinct?"

Von Blon smiled with faultless urbanity and, putting his head a little on one side, appeared to recall the past.

"It may be correct," he admitted. "I was once with Chester on a camping-trip. Yes, it's quite likely—though, I shouldn't like to state it definitely. It was so long ago."

"Fifteen years, I think, Mr. Greene said. Ah, yes—a long time ago. *Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni*. It's very depressin'. And do you recall, doctor, if Mr. Greene had a revolver along on that particular outing?"

"Since you mention it, I believe I do recall his having one, though again I should choose not to be definite on the subject."

"Perhaps you may recollect if he used it for target practice." Vance's tone was dulcet and uneager. "Popping away at tree-boles and tin cans and what not, don't y' know."

Von Blon nodded reminiscently.

"Ye-es. It's quite possible. . . ."

"And you yourself may have done a bit of desult'ry popping, what?"

"To be sure, I may have." Von Blon spoke musingly, like one recalling childish pranks. "Yes, it's wholly possible."

Vance lapsed into a disinterested silence, and the doctor, after a moment's hesitation, rose.

"I must be going, I'm afraid." And with a

gracious bow he started toward the door. "Oh, by the way," he said, pausing, "I almost forgot that Mrs. Greene told me she desired to see you gentlemen before you went. Forgive me if I suggest that it might be wise to humor her. She's something of a dowager, you know, and her invalidism has made her rather irritable and exacting."

"I'm glad you mentioned Mrs. Greene, doctor." It was Vance who spoke. "I've been intending to ask you about her. What is the nature of her paralysis?"

Von Blon appeared surprised.

"Why, a sort of paraplegia dolorosa—that is, a paralysis of the legs and lower part of the body, accompanied by severe pains due to pressure of the indurations on the spinal cord and nerves. No spasticity of the limbs has supervened, however. Came on very suddenly without any premonitory symptoms about ten years ago—probably the result of transverse myelitis. There's nothing really to be done but to keep her as comfortable as possible with symptomatic treatment, and to tone up the heart action. A sixtieth of strychnine three times a day takes care of the circulation."

"Couldn't by any chance be a hysterical akinesia?"

"Good Lord, no! There's no hysteria." Then his eyes widened in amazement. "Oh, I see! No; there's no possibility of recovery, even partial. It's organic paralysis."

"And atrophy?"

"Oh, yes. Muscular atrophy is now pronounced."

"Thank you very much." Vance lay back with half-closed eyes.

"Oh, not at all.—And remember, Mr. Markham, that I always stand ready to help in any way I can. Please don't hesitate to call on me." He bowed again, and went out.

Markham got up and stretched his legs.

"Come; we've been summoned to appear." His facetiousness was a patent effort to shake off the depressing gloom of the case.

Mrs. Greene received us with almost untutored cordiality.

"I knew you'd grant the request of a poor old useless cripple," she said, with an appealing smile; "though I'm used to being ignored. No one pays any attention to my wishes."

The nurse stood at the head of the bed arranging the pillows beneath the old lady's shoulders.

"Is that comfortable now?" she asked.

Mrs. Greene made a gesture of annoyance.

"A lot you care whether I'm comfortable or not! Why can't you let me alone, nurse? You're always disturbing me. There was nothing wrong with the pillows. And I don't want you in here now anyway. Go and sit with Ada."

The nurse drew a long, patient breath, and went silently from the room, closing the door behind her.

Mrs. Greene reverted to her former ingratiating manner.

"No one understands my needs the way Ada does, Mr. Markham. What a relief it will be when the dear child gets well enough to care for me again! But I mustn't complain. The nurse does the best she knows how, I suppose.—Please sit down, gentlemen . . . yet what wouldn't I give if I could only stand up the way you can. No one realizes what it means to be a helpless paralytic."

Markham did not avail himself of the invitation, but waited until she had finished speaking and then said:

"Please believe that you have my deepest sympathy, madam. . . . You sent for me, Doctor Von Blon said."

"Yes!" She looked at him calculatingly. "I wanted to ask you a favor."

She paused, and Markham bowed but did not answer.

"I wanted to request you to drop this investigation. I've had enough worry and disturbance as it is. But I don't count. It's the family I'm thinking of—the good name of the Greenses." A note of pride came into her voice. "What need is there to drag us through the mire and make us an object of scandalous gossip for the *canaille*? I want peace and quiet, Mr. Markham. I won't be here much longer; and why should my house be overrun with policemen just because Julia and Chester have suffered their just deserts for neglecting me and letting me suffer here alone? I'm an old woman and a cripple, and I'm deserving of a little consideration."

Her face clouded, and her voice became harsh.

"You haven't any right to come here and upset my house and annoy me in this outrageous fashion! I haven't had a minute's rest since all this excitement began, and my spine is paining me so I can hardly breathe." She took several stertorous breaths, and her

eyes flashed indignantly. "I don't expect any better treatment from my children—they're hard and thoughtless. But you, Mr. Markham—an outsider, a stranger: why should you want to torture me with all this commotion? It's outrageous—inhuman!"

"I am sorry if the presence of the officers of the law in your house disturbs you," Markham told her gravely; "but I have no alternative. When a crime has been committed it is my duty to investigate, and to use every means at my disposal to bring the guilty person to justice."

"Justice!" The old lady repeated the word scornfully. "Justice has already been done. I've been avenged for the treatment I've received these many years, lying here helpless."

There was something almost terrifying in the woman's cruel and unrelenting hatred of her children, and in the cold-blooded satisfaction she seemed to take in the fact that two of them had been punished by death. Markham, naturally sympathetic, revolted against her attitude.

"However much gratification you may feel at the murder of your son and daughter, madam," he said coldly, "it does not release me from my duty to find the murderer.—Was there anything else you wished to speak to me about?"

For a while she sat silent, her face working with impotent passion. The gaze she bent on Markham was almost ferocious. But presently the vindictive vigilance of her eyes relaxed, and she drew a deep sigh.

"No; you may go now. I have nothing more to say. And, anyway, who cares about an old helpless woman like me? I should have learned by this time that nobody thinks of my comfort, lying here all alone, unable to help myself—a nuisance to every one. . . ."

Her whining, self-pitying voice followed us as we made our escape.

"Y' know, Markham," said Vance, as we came into the lower hall, "the Empress Dowager is not entirely devoid of reason. Her suggestion is deserving of consideration. The clarion voice of duty may summon you to this quest, but—my word!—whither shall one quest? There's nothing sane in this house—nothing that lends itself to ordin'ry normal reason. Why not take her advice and chuck it? Even if you learn the truth, it's likely to prove a sort of Pyrrhic victory. I'm afraid

it'll be more terrible than the crimes themselves."

Markham did not deign to answer; he was familiar with Vance's heresies, and he also knew that Vance himself would be the last person to throw over an unsolved problem.

"We've got something to go on, Mr. Vance," submitted Heath solemnly, but without enthusiasm. "There's those foot-tracks, for instance; and we've got the missing gun to find. Dubois is up-stairs now taking finger-prints. And the reports on the servants'll be coming along soon. There's no telling what'll turn up in a few days. I'll have a dozen men working on this case before night."

"Such zeal, Sergeant! But it's in the atmosphere of this old house—not in tangible clues—that the truth lies hidden. It's somewhere in these old jumbled rooms; it's peering out from dark corners and from behind doors. It's here—in this very hall perhaps."

His tone was fraught with troubled concern, and Markham looked at him sharply.

"I think you're right, Vance," he muttered. "But how is one to get at it?"

"'Pon my soul, I don't know. How does one get at spectres, anyway? I've never had much intimate intercourse with ghosts, don't y' know."

"You're talking rubbish!" Markham jerked on his overcoat, and turned to Heath. "You go ahead, Sergeant; and keep in touch with me. If nothing develops from your inquiries, we'll discuss the next step."

And he and Vance and I went out to the waiting car.

XII

A MOTOR RIDE

(November 12—November 25)

The inquiry was pushed according to the best traditions of the Police Department. Captain Carl Hagedorn, the firearms expert,* made a minute scientific examination of the bullets. The same revolver, he found, had fired all three shots: the peculiar rifling told him this; and he was able to state that the revolver was an old Smith & Wesson of a style whose manufacture had been discontinued. But, while these findings offered sub-

* Captain Hagedorn was the expert who supplied Vance with the technical data in the Benson murder case, which made it possible for him to establish the height of the murderer.

stantiation to the theory that Chester Greene's missing gun was the one used by the murderer, they added nothing to the facts already established or suspected. Deputy Inspector Conrad Brenner, the burglar-tools expert,† had conducted an exhaustive examination of the scene for evidential signs of a forced entrance, but had found no traces whatever of a housebreaker.

Dubois and his assistant Bellamy—the two leading finger-print authorities of the New York Police Department—went so far as to take finger-prints of every member of the Greene household, including Doctor Von Blon; and these were compared with the impressions found in the hallways and in the rooms where the shootings had occurred. But when this tedious process was over not an unidentified print remained; and all those that had been found and photographed were logically accounted for.

Chester Greene's galoshes were taken to Headquarters and turned over to Captain Jerym, who carefully compared them with the measurements and the patterns made by Snitkin. No new fact concerning them, however, was discovered. The tracks in the snow, Captain Jerym reported, had been made either by the galoshes given him or by another pair of the exact size and last. Beyond this statement he could not, he said, conscientiously go.

It was established that no one in the Greene mansion, with the exception of Chester and Rex, owned galoshes; and Rex's were number seven—three sizes smaller than those found in Chester's clothes-closet. Sprout used only storm-rubbers, size eight; and Doctor Von Blon, who affected gaiters in winter, always wore rubber sandals during stormy weather.

The search for the missing revolver occupied several days. Heath turned the task over to men trained especially in this branch of work, and supplied them with a search-warrant in case they should meet with any opposition. But no obstacle was put in their way. The house was systematically ransacked from basement to attic. Even Mrs. Greene's quarters were subjected to a search. The old lady had at first objected, but finally gave her consent, and even seemed a bit disappointed when the men had finished. The only room

† It was Inspector Brenner who examined and reported on the chiselled jewel-box in the Canary murder case.

that was not gone over was Tobias Greene's library. Owing to the fact that Mrs. Greene had never let the key go out of her possession, and had permitted no one to enter the room since her husband's death, Heath decided not to force the issue when she refused point-blank to deliver the key. Every other nook and corner of the house, however, was combed by the Sergeant's men. But no sign of the revolver rewarded their efforts.

The autopsies revealed nothing at variance with Doctor Doremus's preliminary findings. Julia and Chester had each died instantaneously from the effects of a bullet entering the heart, shot from a revolver held at close range. No other possible cause of death was present in either body; and there were no indications of a struggle.

No unknown or suspicious person had been seen near the Greene mansion on the night of either murder, although several people were found who had been in the neighborhood at the time; and a bootmaker, who lived on the second floor of the Narcoss Flats in 53d Street, opposite to the house, stated that he had been sitting at his window, smoking his bedtime pipe, during the time of both shootings, and could swear that no one had passed down that end of the street.

However, the guard which had been placed over the Greene mansion was not relaxed. Men were on duty day and night at both entrances to the estate, and every one entering or leaving the premises was closely scrutinized. So close a watch was kept that strange tradesmen found it inconvenient and at times difficult to make ordinary deliveries.

The reports that were turned in concerning the servants were unsatisfactory from the standpoint of detail; but all the facts unearthed tended to eliminate each subject from any possible connection with the crimes. Barton, the younger maid, who had quitted the Greene establishment the morning after the second tragedy, proved to be the daughter of respectable working people living in Jersey City. Her record was good, and her companions all appeared to be harmless members of her own class.

Hemming, it turned out, was a widow who, up to the time of her employment with the Greens, had kept house for her husband, an iron-worker, in Altoona, Pa. She was remembered even there among her former neighbors as a religious fanatic who had led

her husband sternly and exultantly in the narrow path of enforced rectitude. When he was killed by a furnace explosion she declared it was the hand of God striking him down for some secret sin. Her associates were few: they were in the main members of a small congregation of East Side Anabaptists.

The summer gardener of the Greens—a middle-aged Pole named Krimski—was discovered in a private saloon in Harlem, well under the benumbing influence of synthetic whiskey—a state of beatific lassitude he had maintained, with greater or lesser steadfastness, since the end of summer. He was at once eliminated from police consideration.

The investigation into the habits and associates of Mrs. Mannheim and Sproot brought nothing whatever to light. Indeed, the habits of these two were exemplary, and their contacts with the outside world so meagre as to be regarded almost as non-existent. Sproot had no visible friends, and his acquaintances were limited to an English valet in Park Avenue and the tradespeople of the neighborhood. He was solitary by nature, and what few recreations he permitted himself were indulged in unaccompanied. Mrs. Mannheim had rarely left the premises of the Greene house since she had taken up her duties there at the time of her husband's death, and apparently knew no one in New York outside of the household.

These reports dashed whatever hopes Sergeant Heath may have harbored of finding a solution to the Greene mystery by way of a possible accomplice in the house itself.

"I guess we'll have to give up the idea of an inside job," he lamented one morning in Markham's office a few days after the shooting of Chester Greene.

Vance, who was present, eyed him lazily.

"I shouldn't say that, don't y' know, Sergeant. On the contr'y, it was indubitably an inside job, though not just the variety you have in mind."

"You mean you think some member of the family did it?"

"Well—perhaps: something rather along that line." Vance drew on his cigarette thoughtfully. "But that's not exactly what I meant. It's a situation, a set of conditions—an atmosphere, let us say—that's guilty. A subtle and deadly poison is responsible for the crimes. And that poison is generated in the Greene mansion."

"A swell time I'd have trying to arrest an atmosphere—or a poison either, for the matter of that," snorted Heath.

"Oh, there's a flesh-and-blood victim awaiting your manacles somewhere, Sergeant—the agent, so to speak, of the atmosphere."

Markham, who had been conning the various reports of the case, sighed heavily, and settled back in his chair.

"Well, I wish to Heaven," he interposed bitterly, "that he'd give us some hint as to his identity. The papers are at it hammer and tongs. There's been another delegation of reporters here this morning."

The fact was that rarely had there been in New York's journalistic history a case which had so tenaciously seized upon the public imagination. The shooting of Julia and Ada Greene had been treated sensationally but perfunctorily; but after Chester Greene's murder an entirely different spirit animated the newspaper stories. Here was something romantically sinister—something which brought back forgotten pages of criminal history.* Columns were devoted to accounts of the Greene family history. Genealogical archives were delved into for remote titbits. Old Tobias Greene's record was raked over, and stories of his early life became the common property of the man in the street. Pictures of all the members of the Greene family accompanied these spectacular tales; and the Greene mansion itself, photographed from every possible angle, was used regularly to illustrate the flamboyant accounts of the crimes so recently perpetrated there.

The story of the Greene murders spread over the entire country, and even the press of Europe found space for it. The tragedy, taken in connection with the social prominence of the family and the romantic history of its progenitors, appealed irresistibly to the morbidity and the snobbery of the public.

It was natural that the police and the District Attorney's office should be hounded by the representatives of the press; and it was also natural that both Heath and Markham

should be sorely troubled by the fact that all their efforts to lay hands on the criminal had come to naught. Several conferences had been called in Markham's office, at each of which the ground had been carefully reploughed; but not one helpful suggestion had been turned up. Two weeks after the murder of Chester Greene the case began to take on the aspect of a stalemate.

During that fortnight, however, Vance had not been idle. The situation had caught and held his interest, and not once had he dismissed it from his mind since that first morning when Chester Greene had applied to Markham for help. He said little about the case, but he had attended each of the conferences; and from his casual comments I knew he was both fascinated and perplexed by the problem it presented.

So convinced was he that the Greene mansion itself held the secret to the crimes enacted there that he had made it a point to call at the house several times without Markham. Markham, in fact, had been there but once since the second crime. It was not that he was shirking his task. There was, in reality, little for him to do; and the routine duties of his office were particularly heavy at that time.*

Sibella had insisted that the funerals of Julia and Chester be combined in one service, which was held in the private chapel of Malcomb's Undertaking Parlors. Only a few intimate acquaintances were notified (though a curious crowd gathered outside the building, attracted by the sensational associations of the obsequies); and the interment at Woodlawn Cemetery was strictly private. Doctor Von Blon accompanied Sibella and Rex to the chapel, and sat with them during the services. Ada, though improving rapidly, was still confined to the house; and Mrs. Greene's paralysis of course made her attendance impossible, although I doubt if she would have gone in any case, for when the suggestion was made that the services be held at home she had vetoed it emphatically.

It was on the day after the funeral that Vance paid his first unofficial visit to the

* Among the famous cases mentioned as being in some manner comparable to the Greene shootings were the mass murders of Landru, Jean-Baptiste Troppmann, Fritz Haarmann, and Mrs. Belle Gunness; the tavern murders of the Benders; the Van der Linden poisonings in Holland; the Bela Kiss tinsack stranglings; the Rugeley murders of Doctor William Palmer; and the beating to death of Benjamin Nathan.

* The famous impure-milk scandal was then to the fore, and the cases were just appearing on the court calendar. Also, at that time, there was an antigambling campaign in progress in New York; and the District Attorney's office had charge of all the prosecutions.

Greene mansion. Sibella received him without any show of surprise.

"I'm so glad you've come," she greeted him, almost gaily. "I knew you weren't a policeman the first time I saw you. Imagine a policeman smoking *Régie* cigarettes! And I'm dying for some one to talk to. Of course, all the people I know avoid me now as they would a pestilence. I haven't had an invitation since Julia passed from this silly life. Respect for the dead, I believe they call it. And just when I most need diversion!"

She rang for the butler and ordered tea.

"Sproot makes much better tea than he does coffee, thank Heaven!" she ran on, with a kind of nervous detachment. "What a sweet day we had yesterday! Funerals are hideous farces. I could hardly keep a straight face when the officiating reverend doctor began extolling the glories of the departed. And all the time—poor man—he was eaten up with morbid curiosity. I'm sure he enjoyed it so much that he wouldn't complain if I entirely forgot to send him a check for his kind words. . . ."

The tea was served, but before Sproot had withdrawn Sibella turned to him pettishly.

"I simply can't stand any more tea. I want a Scotch high-ball." She lifted her eyes to Vance inquiringly, but he insisted that he preferred tea; and the girl drank her high-ball alone.

"I crave stimulation these days," she explained airily. "This moated grange, so to speak, is getting on my young and fretful nerves. And the burden of being a celebrity is quite overwhelming. I really have become a celebrity, you know. In fact, all the Greens are quite famous now. I never imagined a mere murder or two could give a family such positively irrational prominence. I'll probably be in Hollywood yet."

She gave a laugh which struck me as a trifle strained.

"It's just too jolly! Even mother is enjoying it. She gets all the papers and reads every word that's written about us—which is a blessing, let me tell you. She's almost forgotten to find fault; and I haven't heard a word about her spine for days. The Lord tempers the wind—or is it something about an ill wind I'm trying to quote? I always get my classical references confused. . . ."

She ran on in this flippant vein for half an hour or so. But whether her callousness

was genuine or merely a brave attempt to counteract the pall of tragedy that hung over her I couldn't make out. Vance listened, interested and amused. He seemed to sense a certain emotional necessity in the girl to relieve her mind; but long before we went away he had led the conversation round to commonplace matters. When we rose to go Sibella insisted that we come again.

"You're so comforting, Mr. Vance," she said. "I'm sure you're not a moralist; and you haven't once condoled with me over my bereavements. Thank Heaven, we Greens have no relatives to swoop down on us and bathe us in tears. I'm sure I'd commit suicide if we had."

Vance and I called twice more within the week, and were received cordially. Sibella's high spirits were always the same. If she felt the horror that had descended so suddenly and unexpectedly upon her home, she managed to hide it well. Only in her eagerness to talk freely and in her exaggerated efforts to avoid all sign of mourning did I sense any effects on her of the terrible experience she had been through.

Vance on none of his visits referred directly to the crimes; and I became deeply puzzled by his attitude. He was trying to learn something—of that I was positive. But I failed to see what possible progress he could make by the casual methods he was pursuing. Had I not known him better I might have suspected him of being personally interested in Sibella; but such a notion I dismissed simultaneously with its formulation. I noticed, however, that after each call he became unaccountably pensive; and one evening, after we had had tea with Sibella, he sat for an hour before the fire in his living-room without turning a page of the volume of da Vinci's "*Trattato della Pittura*" which lay open before him.

On one of his visits to the Greene mansion he had met and talked with Rex. At first the youth had been surly and resentful of our presence; but before we went away he and Vance were discussing such subjects as Einstein's general-relativity theory, the Moulton-Chamberlin planetesimal hypothesis, and Poincaré's science of numbers, on a plane quite beyond the grasp of a mere layman like myself. Rex had warmed up to the discussion in an almost friendly manner, and at parting had even offered his hand for Vance to shake.

On another occasion Vance had asked Sib-

ella to be permitted to pay his respects to Mrs. Greene. His apologies to her—which he gave a semiofficial flavor—for all the annoyance caused by the police immediately ingratiated him in the old lady's good graces. He was most solicitous about her health, and asked her numerous questions regarding her paralysis—the nature of her spinal pains and the symptoms of her restlessness. His air of sympathetic concern drew from her an elaborate and detailed jeremiad.

Twice Vance talked to Ada, who was now up and about, but with her arm still in a sling. For some reason, however, the girl appeared almost *farouche* when approached by him. One day when we were at the house Von Blon called, and Vance seemed to go out of his way to hold him in conversation.

As I have said, I could not fathom his motive in all this apparently desultory social give-and-take. He never broached the subject of the tragedies except in the most indirect way; he appeared, rather, to avoid the topic deliberately. But I did notice that, however casual his manner, he was closely studying every one in the house. No nuance of tone, no subtlety of reaction, escaped him. He was, I knew, storing away impressions, analyzing minute phases of conduct, and probing delicately into the psychological mainsprings of each person he talked to.

We had called perhaps four or five times at the Greene mansion when an episode occurred which must be recounted here in order to clarify a later development of the case. I thought little of it at the time, but, though seemingly trivial, it was to prove of the most sinister significance before many days had passed. In fact, had it not been for this episode there is no telling to what awful lengths the gruesome tragedy of the Greenes might have gone; for Vance—in one of those strange mental flashes of his which always seemed wholly intuitive but were, in reality, the result of long, subtle reasoning—remembered the incident at a crucial moment, and related it swiftly to other incidents which in themselves appeared trifling, but which, when coordinated, took on a tremendous and terrible importance.

During the second week following Chester Greene's death the weather moderated markedly. We had several beautiful clear days, crisp, sunshiny, and invigorating. The snow had almost entirely disappeared, and

the ground was firm, without any of the slush that usually follows a winter thaw. On Thursday Vance and I called at the Greene mansion earlier than on any previous visit, and we saw Doctor Von Blon's car parked before the gate.

"Ah!" Vance observed. "I do hope the family Paracelsus is not departing immediately. The man lures me; and his exact relationship to the Greene family irks my curiosity."

Von Blon, as a matter of fact, was preparing to go as we entered the hallway. Sibella and Ada, bundled in their furs, stood just behind him; and it was evident that they were accompanying him.

"It was such a pleasant day," explained Von Blon, somewhat disconcertedly, "I thought I'd take the girls for a drive."

"And you and Mr. Van Dine must come with us," chimed in Sibella, smiling hospitably at Vance. "If the doctor's temperamental driving affects your heart action, I promise to take the wheel myself. I'm really an expert chauffeur."

I surprised a look of displeasure on Von Blon's face; but Vance accepted the invitation without demur; and in a few moments we were riding across town, comfortably installed in the doctor's big Daimler, with Sibella in front, next to the driver's seat, and Ada between Vance and me in the tonneau.

We went north on Fifth Avenue, entered Central Park, and, emerging at the 72d Street entrance, headed for Riverside Drive. The Hudson River lay like a sheet of blue-grass below us, and the Jersey palisades in the still clear air of early afternoon were as plainly etched as a Degas drawing. At Dyckman Street we went up Broadway, and turned west on the Spuyten Duyvil Road to Palisade Avenue overlooking the old wooded estates along the water. We passed through a private roadway lined with hedges, turned inland again to Sycamore Avenue, and came out on the Riverdale Road. We drove through Yonkers, up North Broadway into Hastings, and then skirted the Longue Vue Hill. Beyond Dobbs Ferry we entered the Hudson Road, and at Ardsley again turned west beside the Country Club golf-links, and came out on the river level. Beyond the Ardsley Station a narrow dirt road ran up the hill along the water; and, instead of following the main highway to the east, we continued

up this little-used road, emerging on a kind of plateau of wild pasture-land.

A mile or so farther on—about midway between Ardsley and Tarrytown—a small dun hill, like a boulder, loomed directly in our path. When we came to the foot of it, the road swung sharply to the west along a curved promontory. The turn was narrow and dangerous, with the steep upward slope of the hill on one side and the precipitous, rocky descent into the river on the other. A flimsy wooden fence had been built along the edge of the drop, though what possible protection it could be to a reckless or even careless driver I could not see.

As we came to the outermost arc of the little detour Von Blon brought the car to a stop, the front wheels pointing directly toward the precipice. A magnificent vista stretched before us. We could look up and down the Hudson for miles. And there was a sense of isolation about the spot, for the hill behind us completely shut off the country inland.

We sat for several moments taking in the unusual view. Then Sibella spoke. Her voice was whimsical, but a curious note of defiance informed it.

"What a perfectly ripping spot for a murder!" she exclaimed, leaning over and looking down the steep slope of the bluff. "Why run the risk of shooting people when all you have to do is to take them for a ride to this snug little shelf, jump from the car, and let them topple—machine and all—over the precipice? Just another unfortunate auto accident—and no one the wiser! . . . Really, I think I'll take up crime in a serious way."

I felt a shudder pass over Ada's body, and I noticed that her face paled. Sibella's comments struck me as particularly heartless and unthinking in view of the terrible experience through which her sister had so recently passed. The cruelty of her words evidently struck the doctor also, for he turned toward her with a look of consternation.

Vance glanced quickly at Ada, and then attempted to banish the embarrassment of the tense silence by remarking lightly:

"We refuse to take alarm, however, Miss Greene; for no one, d' ye see, could seriously consider a criminal career on a day as perfect as this. Taine's theory of climatic influences is most comfortin' in moments like this."

Von Blon said nothing, but his reproachful eyes did not leave Sibella's face.

"Oh, let us go back!" cried Ada pitifully, nestling closer under the lap-robe, as if the air had suddenly become chill.

Without a word Von Blon reversed the machine; and a moment later we were on our way back to the city.

XIII

THE THIRD TRAGEDY

(November 28 and November 30)

The following Sunday evening, November 28, Markham invited Inspector Moran and Heath to the Stuyvesant Club for an informal conference. Vance and I had dined with him and were present when the two police officials arrived. We retired to Markham's favorite corner of the club's lounge-room; and soon a general discussion of the Greene murders was under way.

"I'm rather amazed," said the Inspector, his voice even quieter than usual, "that nothing has turned up to focus the inquiry. In the average murder case there are numerous lines to be explored, even if the right one is not hit upon immediately. But in this affair there appears to be nothing whatever on which to concentrate."

"That fact in itself, I should say," rejoined Vance, "constitutes a distinguishing characteristic of the case which shouldn't be overlooked, don't y' know. It's a clew of vital importance, and if only we could probe its significance I think we'd be on our way toward a solution."

"A fine clew that is!" grumbled Heath. "'What clew have you got, Sergeant?' asks the Inspector. 'Oh, a bully clew,' says I. 'And what is it?' asks the Inspector. 'The fact that there ain't *nothing* to go on!' says I."

Vance smiled.

"You're so literal, Sergeant! What I was endeavoring to express, in my purely laic capacity, was this: when there are no clews in a case—no *points de départ*, no tell-tale indications—one is justified in regarding everything as a clew—or, rather, as a factor in the puzzle. To be sure, the great difficulty lies in fitting together these apparently inconsequential pieces. I rather think we've at least a hundred clews in our possession; but none of them has any meaning so long as it's unrelated to the others. This affair is like one

of those silly word-puzzles where all the letters are redistributed into a meaningless jumble. The task for the solver is to rearrange them into an intelligible word or sentence."

"Could you name just eight or ten of those hundred clues for me?" Heath requested ironically. "I sure would like to get busy on something definite."

"You know 'em all, Sergeant." Vance refused to fall in with the other's bantering manner. "I'd say that practically everything that has happened since the first alarm reached you might be regarded as a clue."

"Sure!" The Sergeant had lapsed again into sullen gloom. "The footprints, the disappearance of the revolver, that noise Rex heard in the hall. But we've run all those leads up against a blank wall."

"Oh, those things!" Vance sent a ribbon of blue smoke upward. "Yes, they're clues of a kind. But I was referring more specifically to the conditions existing at the Greene mansion—the organisms of the environment there—the psychological elements of the situation."

"Don't get off again on your metaphysical theories and esoteric hypotheses," Markham interjected tartly. "We've either got to find a practical *modus operandi*, or admit ourselves beaten."

"But, Markham old man, you're beaten on the face of it unless you can put your chaotic facts into some kind of order. And the only way you'll be able to do that is by a process of prayerful analysis."

"You give me some facts that've got some sense to 'em," challenged Heath, "and I'll put 'em together soon enough."

"The Sergeant's right," was Markham's comment. "You'll admit that as yet we haven't any significant facts to work with."

"Oh, there'll be more."

Inspector Moran sat up, and his eyes narrowed.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Vance?" It was obvious that the remark had struck some chord of agreement in him.

"The thing isn't over yet." Vance spoke with unwonted sombreness. "The picture's unfinished. There's more tragedy to come before the monstrous canvas is rounded out. And the hideous thing about it is that there's no way of stopping it. Nothing now can halt the horror that's at work. It's got to go on."

"You feel that, too!" The Inspector's

voice was off its normal pitch. "By God! This is the first case I've ever had that frightened me."

"Don't forget, sir," argued Heath, but without conviction, "that we got men watching the house day and night."

"There's no security in that, Sergeant," asserted Vance. "The killer is already in the house. He's part of the deadly atmosphere of the place. He's been there for years, nourished by the toxins that seep from the very stones of the walls."

Heath looked up.

"A member of the family? You said that once before."

"Not necessarily. But some one who has been tainted by the perverted situation that grew out of old Tobias's patriarchal ideas."

"We might manage to put some one in the house to keep an eye on things," suggested the Inspector. "Or, there's a possibility of prevailing upon the members of the family to separate and move to other quarters."

Vance shook his head slowly.

"A spy in the house would be useless. Isn't every one there a spy now, watching all the others, and watching them with fear and suspicion? And as for dispersing the family: not only would you find old Mrs. Greene, who holds the purse-strings, an adamantine obstacle, but you'd meet all manner of legal complications as a result of Tobias's will. No one gets a dollar, I understand, who doesn't remain in the mansion until the worms have ravaged his carcass for a full quarter of a century. And even if you succeeded in scattering the remnants of the Greene line, and locked up the house, you wouldn't have stamped out the killer. And there'll be no end of this thing until a purifying stake has been driven through his heart."

"Are you going in now for vampirism, Vance?" The case had exacerbated Markham's nerves. "Shall we draw an enchanted ring round the house and hang garlic on the door?"

Markham's extravagant comment of harassed discouragement seemed to express the hopeless state of mind of all of us, and there was a long silence. It was Heath who first came back to a practical consideration of the matter in hand.

"You spoke, Mr. Vance, about old man Greene's will. And I've been thinking that, if we knew all the terms of that will, we

might find something to help us. There's millions in the estate, all of it left, I hear, to the old lady. What I'd like to know is, has she a full right to dispose of it any way she likes? And I'd also like to know what kind of a will the old lady herself has made. With all that money at stake, we might get on to a motive of some kind."

"Quite—quite!" Vance looked at Heath with undisguised admiration. "That's the most sensible suggestion that's been made thus far. I salute you, Sergeant. Yes, old Tobias's money may have some bearing on the case. Not a direct bearing, perhaps; but the influence of that money—the subterranean power it exerts—is undoubtedly tangled up in these crimes.—How about it, Markham? How does one go about finding out about other people's wills?"

Markham pondered the point.

"I don't believe there'd be any great difficulty in the present instance. Tobias Greene's will is a matter of record, of course, though it might take some little time to look it up in the Surrogate's files; and I happen to know old Buckway, the senior partner of Buckway & Aldine, the Greene solicitors. I see him here at the club occasionally, and I've done one or two small favors for him. I think I could induce him to tell me confidentially the terms of Mrs. Greene's will. I'll see what can be done to-morrow."

Half an hour later the conference broke up and we went home.

"I fear those wills are not going to help much," Vance remarked, as he sipped his high-ball before the fire late that night. "Like everything else in this harrowin' case, they'll possess some significance that can't be grasped until they're fitted into the final picture."

He rose and, going to the book-shelves, took down a small volume.

"And now I think I'll erase the Greens from my mind *pro tempore*, and dip into the 'Satyricon.' The fusty historians pother frightfully about the reasons for the fall of Rome, whereas the eternal answer is contained in Petronius's imperishable classic of that city's decadence."

He settled himself and turned the pages of his book. But there was no concentration in his attitude, and his eyes wandered constantly from the text.

Two days later—on Tuesday, November 30—Markham telephoned Vance shortly af-

ter ten o'clock in the morning, and asked him to come at once to the office. Vance was preparing to attend an exhibition of negro sculpture at the Modern Gallery,* but this indulgence was postponed in view of the District Attorney's urgent call; and in less than half an hour we were at the Criminal Courts Building.

"Ada Greene called up this morning, and asked to see me without delay," explained Markham. "I offered to send Heath out and, if necessary, to come myself later on. But she seemed particularly anxious that I shouldn't do that, and insisted on coming here: said it was a matter she could speak of more freely away from the house. She seemed somewhat upset, so I told her to come ahead. Then I phoned you and notified Heath."

Vance settled himself and lit a cigarette.

"I don't wonder she'd grasp at any chance to shake the atmosphere of her surroundings. And, Markham, I've come to the conclusion that girl knows something that would be highly valuable to our inquiry. It's quite possible, don't y' know, that she's now reached a point where she'll tell us what's on her mind."

As he spoke the Sergeant was announced, and Markham briefly explained the situation to him.

"It looks to me," said Heath gloomily, but with interest, "like it was our only chance of getting a lead. We haven't learned anything ourselves that's worth a damn, and unless somebody spills a few suggestions we're up against it."

Ten minutes later Ada Greene was ushered into the office. Though her pallor had gone and her arm was no longer in a sling, she still gave one the impression of weakness. But there was none of the tremulousness or shrinking in her bearing that had heretofore characterized her.

She sat down before Markham's desk, and for a while frowned up at the sunlight, as if debating how to begin.

"It's about Rex, Mr. Markham," she said finally. "I really don't know whether I should have come here or not—it may be very disloyal of me. . . ." She gave him a look of appealing indecision. "Oh, tell me: if a person knows something—something bad and dangerous—about some one very close and very

* The Modern Gallery was then under the direction of Marius de Zayas, whose collection of African statuette-fetiches was perhaps the finest in America.

dear, should that person tell, when it might make terrible trouble?"

"That all depends," Markham answered gravely. "In the present circumstances, if you know anything that might be helpful to a solution of the murder of your brother and sister, it's your duty to speak."

"Even if the thing were told me in confidence?" she persisted. "And the person were a member of my family?"

"Even under those conditions, I think." Markham spoke paternally. "Two terrible crimes have been committed, and nothing should be held back that might bring the murderer to justice—whoever he may be."

The girl averted her troubled face for a moment. Then she lifted her head with sudden resolution.

"I'll tell you. . . . You know you asked Rex about the shot in my room, and he told you he didn't hear it. Well, he confided in me, Mr. Markham; and he *did* hear the shot. But he was afraid to admit it lest you might think it funny he didn't get up and give the alarm."

"Why do you think he remained in bed silent, and pretended to every one he was asleep?" Markham attempted to suppress the keen interest the girl's information had roused in him.

"That's what I don't understand. He wouldn't tell me. But he had some reason—I know he did!—some reason that terrified him. I begged him to tell me, but the only explanation he gave was that the shot was not all he heard. . . ."

"Not all!" Markham spoke with ill-concealed excitement. "He heard something else that, you say, terrified him? But why shouldn't he have told us about it?"

"That's the strange part of it. He got angry when I asked him. But there's something he knows—some awful secret; I feel sure of it. . . . Oh, maybe I shouldn't have told you. Maybe it will get Rex into trouble. But I felt that you ought to know because of the frightful things that have happened. I thought perhaps you could talk to Rex and make him tell you what's on his mind."

Again she looked beseechingly at Markham, and there was the anxiety of a vague fear in her eyes.

"Oh, I do wish you'd ask him—and try to find out," she went on, in a pleading tone. "I'd feel—safer if—if . . ."

Markham nodded and patted her hand.

"We'll try to make him talk."

"But don't try at the house," she said quickly. "There are people—things—around; and Rex would be too frightened. Ask him to come here, Mr. Markham. Get him away from that awful place, where he can talk without being afraid that some one's listening. Rex is home now. Ask him to come here. Tell him I'm here, too. Maybe I can help you reason with him. . . . Oh, do this for me, Mr. Markham!"

Markham glanced at the clock and ran his eye over his appointment-pad. He was, I knew, as anxious as Ada to have Rex on the carpet for a questioning; and, after a momentary hesitation, he picked up the telephone-receiver and had Swacker put him through to the Greene mansion. From what I heard of the conversation that ensued, it was plain that he experienced considerable difficulty in urging Rex to come to the office, for he had to resort to a veiled threat of summary legal action before he finally succeeded.

"He evidently fears some trap," commented Markham thoughtfully, replacing the receiver. "But he has promised to get dressed immediately and come."

A look of relief passed over the girl's face.

"There's one other thing I ought to tell you," she said hurriedly; "though it may not mean anything. The other night, in the rear of the lower hall by the stairs, I picked up a piece of paper—like a leaf torn from a notebook. And there was a drawing on it of all our bedrooms up-stairs with four little crosses marked in ink—one at Julia's room, one at Chester's, one at Rex's, and one at mine. And down in the corner were several of the queerest signs, or pictures. One was a heart with three nails in it; and one looked like a parrot. Then there was a picture of what seemed to be three little stones with a line under them. . . ."

Heath suddenly jerked himself forward, his cigar half-way to his lips.

"A parrot, and three stones! . . . And say, Miss Greene, was there an arrow with numbers on it?"

"Yes!" she answered eagerly. "That was there, too."

Heath put his cigar in his mouth and chewed on it with vicious satisfaction.

"That means something, Mr. Markham," he proclaimed, trying to keep the agitation

out of his voice. "Those are all symbols—graphic signs, they're called—of Continental crooks, German or Austrian mostly."

"The stones, I happen to know," put in Vance, "represent the idea of the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, who was stoned to death. They're the emblem of Saint Stephen, according to the calendar of the Styrian peasantry."

"I don't know anything about that, sir," answered Heath. "But I know that European crooks use those signs."

"Oh, doubtless. I ran across a number of 'em when I was looking up the emblematic language of the gypsies. A fascinatin' study." Vance seemed uninterested in Ada's discovery.

"Have you this paper with you, Miss Greene?" asked Markham.

The girl was embarrassed and shook her head.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized. "I didn't think it was important. Should I have brought it?"

"Did you destroy it?" Heath put the question excitedly.

"Oh, I have it safely. I put it away. . . ."

"We gotta have that paper, Mr. Markham." The Sergeant had risen and come toward the District Attorney's desk. "It may be just the lead we're looking for."

"If you really want it so badly," said Ada, "I can phone Rex to bring it with him. He'll know where to find it if I explain."

"Right! That'll save me a trip." Heath nodded to Markham. "Try to catch him before he leaves, sir."

Taking up the telephone, Markham again directed Swacker to get Rex on the wire. After a brief delay the connection was made and he handed the instrument to Ada.

"Hello, Rex dear," she said. "Don't scold me, for there's nothing to worry about. . . . What I wanted of you is this:—in our private mail-box you'll find a sealed envelope of my personal blue stationery. Please get it and bring it with you to Mr. Markham's office. And don't let any one see you take it. . . . That's all, Rex. Now hurry, and we'll have lunch together down-town."

"It will be at least half an hour before Mr. Greene can get here," said Markham, turning to Vance; "and as I've a waiting-room full of people, why don't you and Van Dine take the young lady to the Stock Exchange and show her how the mad brokers disport them-

selves.—How would you like that, Miss Greene?"

"I'd love it!" exclaimed the girl.

"Why not go along too, Sergeant?"

"Mc!" Heath snorted. "I got excitement enough. I'll run over and talk to the Colonel* for a while."

Vance and Ada and I motored the few blocks to 18 Broad Street, and, taking the elevator, passed through the reception-room (where uniformed attendants peremptorily relieved us of our wraps), and came out upon the visitors' gallery overlooking the floor of the Exchange. There was an unusually active market that day. The pandemonium was almost deafening, and the feverish activity about the trading-posts resembled the riots of an excited mob. I was too familiar with the sight to be particularly impressed; and Vance, who detested noise and disorder, looked on with an air of bored annoyance. But Ada's face lighted up at once. Her eyes sparkled and the blood rushed to her cheeks. She gazed over the railing in a thrall of fascination.

"And now you see, Miss Greene, how foolish men can be," said Vance.

"Oh, but it's wonderful!" she answered. "They're alive. They feel things. They have something to fight for."

"You think you'd like it?" smiled Vance.

"I'd adore it. I've always longed to do something exciting—something . . . like that. . . ." She extended her hand toward the milling crowds below.

It was easy to understand her reaction after her years of monotonous service to an invalid in the dreary Greene mansion.

At that moment I happened to look up, and, to my surprise, Heath was standing in the doorway scanning the groups of visitors. He appeared troubled and unusually grim, and there was a nervous intentness in the way he moved his head. I raised my hand to attract his attention, and he immediately came to where we stood.

"The Chief wants you at the office right away, Mr. Vance." There was an ominousness in his tone. "He sent me over to get you."

* Colonel Benjamin Hanlon, one of the Department's greatest authorities on extradition, was then the commanding officer of the Detective Division attached to the District Attorney's office, with quarters in the Criminal Courts Building.

Ada looked at him steadily, and a pallor of fear overspread her face.

"Well, well!" Vance shrugged in mock resignation. "Just when we were getting interested in the sights. But we must obey the Chief—eh, what, Miss Greene?"

But, despite his attempt to make light of Markham's unexpected summons, Ada was strangely silent; and as we rode back to the office she did not speak but sat tensely, her unseeing eyes staring straight ahead.

It seemed an interminable time before we reached the Criminal Courts Building. The traffic was congested; and there was even a long delay at the elevator. Vance appeared to take the situation calmly; but Heath's lips were compressed, and he breathed heavily through his nose, like a man laboring under tense excitement.

As we entered the District Attorney's office Markham rose and looked at the girl with a great tenderness.

"You must be brave, Miss Greene," he said, in a quiet, sympathetic voice. "Something tragic and unforeseen has happened.

And as you will have to be told of it sooner or later——"

"It's Rex!" She sank limply into a chair facing Markham's desk.

"Yes," he said softly; "it's Rex. Sproot called up a few minutes after you had gone. . . ."

"And he's been shot—like Julia and Chester!" Her words were scarcely audible, but they brought a sense of horror into the dingy old office.

Markham inclined his head.

"Not five minutes after you telephoned to him some one entered his room and shot him."

A dry sob shook the girl, and she buried her face in her arms.

Markham stepped round the desk and placed his hand gently on her shoulder.

"We've got to face it, my child," he said. "We're going to the house at once to see what can be done; and you'd better come in the car with us."

"Oh, I don't want to go back," she moaned. "I'm afraid—I'm afraid! . . ."

(To be continued.)





Queen Henrietta Maria and the Dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson.

From the painting by Van Dyck at the Duveen Gallery.

—See "The Field of Art," page 367.



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Saving Souls Through Church Suppers

BY CHARLES FISKE

Bishop of Central New York

Is the church selling its birthright for a mess of entertainment? The Bishop with his keen-edged pen cuts beneath the surface of religious activities to question their spiritual value—and their effect upon youth.

JIM and I were returning from the monthly dinner of the Men's Club. I had been the speaker of the evening, and was now painfully conscious that the address had not been very inspiring, nor quite successful in its attempt to lift high the note of eloquence and make the stars in their courses take notice. Now came the sad aftermath of "staircase" wit—clever things forgotten and other brilliant things thought of too late. "Rotten performance, wasn't it?" said Jim, and I at once became apologetic: "Well, I wasn't up to the mark, but——"

"Now, now," interrupted my young friend, "I didn't mean your speech; I meant the whole darned thing. I have heard you in better form, to be sure, but of course there was no intended criticism of the evening's oratory; if the address had been so bad, I would be the last one to say so; I can occasionally shut my mouth like a clam. I'm just weary with men's clubs in general and

this dinner in particular. Did you notice the crowd to-night? There must have been a hundred and fifty men present, and I'll wager half of them were there under compulsion. I'm a married man and a vestryman. A sense of duty dragged me out, because the parson asked the vestry to show up. I might have stifled the voice of a conscience which is usually under reasonable control, but my wife wouldn't let me forget. Well, to-night I looked at the rest of the men, and I'll lay any amount that a lot of them felt exactly as I was feeling. Why should we drag ourselves away from home, on one of our few free evenings, to eat a poor dinner, try to talk to men we don't know, listen to an amateur quartet, sing our own songs off key, and be afflicted with the punk tenor we were obliged to applaud to-night?

"Of course the parson wanted us there to do the glad-hand act. Well, I'm no good at the job. I'm not a 'good

mixer.' I can't jolly people along, and pull off a pretense of good-fellowship with a lot of men of whom I haven't the slightest knowledge, who probably care no more about the stunt than I do, who are about as much interested in me personally as I am in them, and in most cases would feel far more free and comfortable if I stayed home and let them alone. I went out of a mistaken sense of duty. So did several dozen other people. Some dozens more were driven there by their wives or mothers. What good does it all accomplish? We cut a good bridge party for this church show. I can go out to dinner any evening. If I want to hear music I can get something better worth hearing in some of the concerts I've had to dig up good coin to support. The Lord knows I don't want to leave home and wife and mother to sing 'Sweet Adeline' and the rest of the stuff we had to-night."

I tried to make Jim see that the methods to which he objected were evidence of the desire to humanize religion. "It isn't just an endeavor to save souls through church suppers," I said, "nor is it a mild social movement to bring men together regardless of class or position. The fact is that these dinners and smokers, and all that goes with them, are signs of a change in religious ideas; they are a reaction from the stiffness and starchiness which characterized church people of the past; puritanism began to die when smoking and even dancing and card-playing invaded the parish house."

Jim couldn't see it. "Perhaps it started in some such way," he said, "but a decade or two of that sort of thing has destroyed its usefulness. For that matter, would not the women, if they were honest, acknowledge that

they are just as bored by their doings? Do you suppose they get much 'kick' out of the Ladies' Aid meetings and the Missionary Society? Do not most of them, like the men, go because 'it's their duty'? Did you ever hear of any one attending a church supper or a parish bazaar voluntarily, in a spirit of exuberant or expectant gladness? Do you imagine that, even in the Young People's Fellowship, pure joy is always unconfined?"

And then he added: "I'm serious about this thing. Why can't we go to church on Sunday without some usher to give us the glad hand, the Lord only knows how often, between the church door and the pew, especially if we turn up in the evening? What have all these social gatherings really done for the parish? As a matter of fact, aren't we simply spending our time refining enough oil to make the wheels go round? What does all the machinery make? Why in Heaven's name can't we have a religion that lets a man say his prayers in peace and then leaves him in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, without all this paraphernalia of pretended enjoyment? I've reached the point where I even hate to see the parson shaking hands."

II

The indignant protest of the bored vestryman touches on a problem of modern church work which is quite as acute as are some of the theological difficulties of religious life in these days of change, and perhaps more difficult of solution than many of the questions of policy or finance which seem to loom larger.

For, after all, friendly fellowship is vital to church life. According to biblical usage, the "saints" were not people

who had attained to a marked degree of holiness, but those who had heard the "call to holiness"—church-members, in other words. "The communion of saints" meant, therefore, "the fellowship of the faithful." No church is really walking in the way of Christ which is not bringing its members together in friendly service, kindling brotherly understanding, promoting mutual confidence, breaking down social barriers, clearing away class prejudices, and spreading as by contagion the simple human spirit of Christianity. If the minister seems academic and impractical in his plans for making his parish a real "family in Christ," he is nevertheless bound to keep on trying. He himself is in the best possible position to be a mediating influence between head-workers and hand-workers, a bridge across the chasm which separates rich and poor. Not overrich himself, and yet rarely falling below a decent poverty, he has an unusual opportunity to create a general social consciousness, and he is recreant to duty if he does not press on, however often he fails.

Moreover, never was there a time when there was such need as now to use every possible method for the creating of a parochial *esprit de corps*. Those whose memories run back three or four decades know that then the congregation lived in the immediate neighborhood, were likely to be of the same social status, for the most part knew each other more or less intimately in everyday life, and in consequence did not feel special need of the social activities which characterize modern parish life. Now, especially in city churches, the members of the congregation are widely scattered, their parochial affiliation is more or less loosely formed, their in-

terest in the parish itself is not sufficiently personal and individual to inspire to active service, or even to help in creating a spirit of corporate worship. Something must be done to make each parish a social entity. Something is absolutely necessary if those who sit side by side at worship are to be drawn together in common work and provided with an outlet for the expression of that faith of which they receive impressions in the church itself. Services must issue in service, and service usually needs to be corporate and social.

My bored young friend had also forgotten that his own circumstances were more fortunate than those of the mass of his companions at the parish dinner. He felt like the small boy trudging home with his father under a load of approved picnic paraphernalia and murmuring thoughtfully: "Father, a holiday is lots harder work than just every day, isn't it?" But it did not follow that all the other men suffered from the same depression. Jim had friends with whom he might have been dining, or going to the theatre, or dancing, or playing cards; some of the other men at the dinner, however, were lonely young fellows recently come to the city, without acquaintances, much less friends. One is never quite as lonely as when he is a stranger in a crowd. Every city is full of strangers. Even in the smaller communities the lack of facilities for social enjoyment makes the parish house almost a necessity, especially in these days when we have become so accustomed to "being entertained" that the secret of self-entertainment has been lost, and the mass of people are without inner resources and cannot make provision for their own intellectual, recreational, and social needs. To some of the men whom Jim had watched that

evening the dinner was a real event. At any rate, it is certain that if those who attended under compulsion or from a sense of duty had "let themselves go," in a real human way, and with the desire to get something as well as give something, the evening would not have been wholly wasted.

Meanwhile, in the parish house other meetings were in progress, day and night, bringing young men and women together—boys' clubs, girls' classes, gymnasium meetings, basketball games, brotherhood classes, women's societies, study classes, Girls' Friendly activities, ranging from classes in dancing to dressmaking and millinery instruction—even cooking classes, with promises of radiant satisfaction to delicatessen diners who know not home cooking and here, while looking in at the parish-house kitchens, might have found hope for days to come. The activities of the city parish house, well equipped from swimming-pool to dormitory, are beyond cataloguing. I call to mind one parish which lists fifty-six different organizations at work. Even in the smaller places, the women, in particular, find abundant opportunity for special service. Too often, it is true, they are merely hurrying to catch up with a threatening deficit, or working to pay old debts. Now and then it is suggested that the various social activities be abandoned, with all the labor involved, and the money raised by subscriptions from the harassed workers who (it is thought) would gladly pay to be relieved of their tasks; yet almost always it develops that the social enjoyments outweigh the disadvantages of the older methods, and the women pursue their accustomed ways with some small sense of satisfaction. Whatever may be the case in the large city, cer-

tainly this fairly represents the small-town reaction.

III

Nevertheless, even there, the practical questions will not down: How many people feel like Jim? How many of them are bored? How many come under compulsion, and so eventually cease to come? Do many of the others get much out of the system? Can we not find some better way of creating a family spirit, of rendering friendly service, of spreading the idea that individual fellowship must be kept strong and steady through corporate union, and that corporate union means even more than this safeguarding of individual attachment, that it must move out into the community and not merely hold the believer but save the world?

Laymen, as well as clergymen, must face these questions and give serious thought to the difficulties of church work under modern conditions. Grant that many attendants at parochial functions are present only out of loyalty, yet something in the way of social activity must go on, if members of congregations are to create a group consciousness; and surely it is worth while to reach toward such warmth of cordiality in these days when a constantly shifting population needs parochial fellowship, when home life has lost much of its old-time appeal, when parish customs are not easily maintained, and parish loyalty is hard to create.

When Jim left me I tried to think things out, so far as men's dinners were concerned. They had, indeed, sometimes seemed to me only boring functions animated by the Bostonian idea that baked beans were the manna which Heaven showered on the children of Israel. But—I attended many such

gatherings and the guests came only once a month. They heard one speech, and I—Heaven pity me—had to listen to my own voice again and again before they arrived for their next rally. They were fortunate beings, invited solely to eat, drink (water or weak coffee), and be merry, at some other fellow's expense, while Jim was supposed to be a gifted being whose charm would shed radiance over the occasion, and I was a distinguished and unhappy orator working my passage. Perhaps Jim and I could not look at the spectacle save through jaundiced eyes.

I asked the rector about it. At first he was inclined to join in my questionings—poor man, he had a continuous round of such engagements himself. Once in a while, when extra notices grew numerous, he said he felt like passing it up to the choir. "They have been singing such meaningless and saccharine anthems of late," he said hesitatingly, "that I wonder whether it might not be good to have them relieve the minister by chanting the notices. Isn't that quite an idea? The congregation would certainly get some benefit from it. It would not take long to get up a whole hymn of notices, say to a familiar tune like 'St. Ann':

"The Young Men's Club will meet again
On Thursday next at seven;
Please bring a friend to dine with us,
Lead some one else to heaven."

Yet on second thought he felt, despite our pessimism, that the thing was worth while, because it gave him and his people an opening for pastoral contacts which could be found in no other way. "In the city," he said, "the clergy face special problems because modern home conditions demand real pastoral effort, while at the same time effective care through pastoral calling is becom-

ing increasingly difficult. Many a city clergyman spends a whole afternoon in calling, with no more satisfactory record at the close of the day than the counting of cards left at apartments where they may never be found by parishioners. What are we to do about it, unless we use these social occasions as opportunities for closer contacts with the men and women who are most in need of this friendly help and may find it a prelude to spiritual guidance?"

Even he, however, felt constrained to admit that we have passed beyond the period when the institutional church can be expected to meet the needs of the day, and that clubs, societies, parish-house activities no longer carry the same appeal, when (for so large a proportion of the church-membership) a dozen organizations supply what the church had once the only means of securing, and the radio and other conveniences make many social activities no longer a necessity. The time has come when we must depend less upon parochial activity and more upon inspirational preaching, with all its severe intellectual and moral demands on the clergy; upon clear and definite teaching; most of all, upon a new emphasis on worship, with an earnest effort to make such worship truly congregational in character.

Of course there is a demand for stronger preaching. Sometimes one marvels, when the sermon is over, that so many people still go to church. It is true that much of the criticism of the pulpit is unjust. I myself listen to many speeches, as well as make many, and I cannot see that the average lawyer is a brilliant pleader, or the average after-dinner speaker or noonday-luncheon orator a shining success; but, making all allowances, it cannot be denied that

the clergy do not, as a rule, think very clearly, or make their teaching as well as their preaching definite and effective. We cannot all be Fosdicks, but we can be clear, logical, definite, and informing; certainly the sensation-mongering preachers must soon discover, from the example of Fosdick and others, that people are hungry for sincerity and truth; that they are keener than ever before in recognizing what is thin and superficial; that while an occasional vaudeville pulpiteer may attract a crowd, the permanent results are perilously threatening to religion. If evidence were needed to prove the degeneration of the pulpit, among men of the baser sort, I have a collection of sermon subjects gathered from newspaper announcements in one section—of the East, not of the Middle West. "Thanks for the Buggy Ride" was one preacher's effort to pile sensation upon sensation. "Syracuse to Hell and Return" promised "spiritual interpretations" of a well-remembered murder case. One man, returning from his vacation, announced as the sermon-subject, "Back Home Again and Dead Broke." It proved to be only a sermon on the prodigal son. We may only hope that the preacher made it perfectly clear that he had not been feeding, at his summer hotel, on "the husks that the swine did eat." "The Tragedy of the Tuxedo" was but a mildly innocuous address about the guest who had not on a wedding-garment. "They Satisfy" was one of a series of sermons on advertising slogans, which told of the comfort of divine grace; "Eventually, Why Not Now?" had to do with the need of conversion; and "Three in One Oil" was the unthinkingly blasphemous effort of a pulpit Babbitt who preached on the Holy Trinity!

The decline of the pulpit may be due, in some measure, to the contagion of the parish house, with its hysterical effort to provide fresh entertainment through "live-wire" talks and "peppy" addresses. That sort of spiritual food will not satisfy a new generation which has turned away from religion and must be won back to Religion. Even "pulpit yawpers" will discover in time that the church must be more than a "Boosters' Club of Zenith City." Then men who know what they believe, and express their faith, simply and quietly, but with the forcefulness that always comes from real conviction, will find a hearing—and more than a hearing, a glad acceptance—by a parish group, in the minister's pastoral care, under his spiritual guidance, anxious to put into practice his teachings.

IV

At any rate, the definitely institutional parish has had its day, save in certain neighborhoods and to meet special demands. In New York one of the most famous parish houses has lately been demolished and a new and wholly different structure has been erected in its place, to meet new needs. St. George's and St. Bartholomew's, in New York, were pioneers in such institutional work. All over the country there was an effort to reproduce their work on a small scale, without their conditions, or their equipment, their trained workers—or even people on whom and with whom to work. Unquestionably the passion for such building had good results; despite comparative failures, men were trained to meet varied conditions, to know all classes of people, to understand social conditions, to be alert in emergencies.

Then came the social-service move-

ment. Just as institutional churches led the way until communities took over most of the work they were doing, so the churches gave inspiration in social service, and to-day a great deal of the work which they sponsored has also become a community responsibility. There is a feeling now that organization is overdone. More and more parishes are learning to co-operate in community work. In one parish, in a moderate-sized city with which I am familiar, there are four hundred of its members working in various community-welfare organizations, and working with the definite idea that their service in these societies is as distinctly "church" work as if it were done within the walls of the parish house; it is their individual "expression" of religion. Elsewhere a like story could be told.

Some questions are presenting themselves in this readjustment. What distinction, for example, shall we make between social service and Christian social service? If it is the part of the State or city to provide community recreational facilities, corrective institutions, care of the unemployed, regulation of working-men's compensation, pensions for mothers, insurance for old age and the like; if professional social service is to undertake major relief and deal with social maladjustments, what is left for the churches? Is their work to cover those activities which are based specifically on the teachings of Christ as to individual and social responsibility? Has professional social service become so secularized that the church must do work on similar lines, to conserve spiritual values? In its anxiety to be non-sectarian, has it become non-spiritual, concerned only with physical needs and readjustments, and failing to do its part

in co-operating with those religious agencies which give spiritual ministrations and seek to rehabilitate the whole man? In its initial stage the social-welfare movement was officered, directed, and inspired, in large measure, by Christian workers who sought to render distinctly Christian service. If it has now become secularized, is it not the primary duty of the churches to provide more Christian social workers, rather than to create additional Christian social work? If so, must not distinctly parochial service seek a new outlet?

All these are questions whose answers affect very intimately the social life of the parish house. It must still be a centre of parish activities, and must still be used for those social contacts which develop a parish consciousness; but it will probably be a different kind of a workshop from what it was under old conditions. Study classes for special groups, small discussion classes, larger organizations such as the once popular public forum (which died when it became only a safety-valve to allow every variety of crank to blow off steam), young people's fellowships, with their serious purpose to enlist the enthusiasm of youth and train young people in organization and work, every sort of organization to interest busy people in the problems of religion and life—these will still make the parish house a hive of industry. Men's clubs will still give opportunity for fellowship, or at least there will be occasional men's meetings and men's dinners, but they will no longer begin and end in dishes and ashes; every men's club dies unless work is found for the men to do and a serious effort made to enlist their interest in real discussions of life problems and frank study of the difficulties of

faith and morals. One of the newer parish houses in a great city has been built with the distinct aim of making it a cultural centre. The old parish house aimed at recreation and amusement in pleasant but not always purposeful ways; the new one will have an auditorium where "splendid young men and women, living on slender salaries, but eager and enthusiastic, may express their social impulses in an environment of kindred selves." The clergyman who planned it feels that here he can gather "young poets, musicians, artists, and dramatists who need only the opportunity to find themselves to bring out the rich resources of the world they live in." There will be a library, small class and lecture rooms, club quarters, adequate facilities for hospitality.

Such a parish house will be a home of friendship. It will be a gathering-place of youth, even offering daily kindergarten privileges at a modest fee to younger parents who respond to the ideals set forth. It will be a home of helpfulness, where character and personality may find expression for the sake of what they give and not merely for what they get. Boundless wealth has made it possible to give ideal quarters for this particular work, but it may give to smaller parishes the inspiration to do a like work in more modest surroundings. And just as the work among men and youth will slowly be revolutionized, so the very spirit of the parish will be changed. What form the readjustment in distinctly women's work will take in smaller churches is as yet uncertain; probably there will be combinations and larger co-operation, with parish councils giving direction. The church itself will more and more become a parish through such work methods, with parish traditions, a distinct corporate life,

its own special character, its peculiar "atmosphere," and its inherited loyalties. Everywhere the clergy will be seriously considering what changes must be made in the type of worship offered, with new forms of devotion tried out and new hours of service tested. Noon-day services, celebrations of Holy Communion at convenient hours, such as the popular Lenten services of the Episcopal Church (which others are now trying out), and the noonday masses for Roman Catholics during the same season; "children's corners"; the church school to take the place of the old Sunday-school, with classrooms and graded courses of study, with week-day religious instruction, with special services for the young—these will remake the church as thoroughly as the new organization will remake parish life.

V

And the thoughtful minister knows that his real hope lies in the coming generation, whatever the mothers in Israel may think of the manners and morals of youth. He feels a special call to serve youth, because he knows, as does no one else, how tragically their interests have been overlooked by the generation now passing. Because of this neglect we find, among young people of high-school and college age, an appalling ignorance of the simplest facts of Christianity and of the fundamental truths of the Christian life and its moral teaching. While, however, their ignorance is often amazing, they are really keen to know the truth. They have broken with tradition; they will no longer accept ideas on mere authority; they cannot and will not blindly believe; but they can be equipped to do their own thinking, guided and directed into real thinking, led out of

mere questionings into belief, taught to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials of faith, led to see what the Christian faith actually is rather than left to reject certain caricatures of it which they assume to be the real thing.

Practically all of the Christian communions are now turning in force to work among the youth in our colleges, though quite conscious that they are handicapped because of the neglect to prepare the students earlier, before they came to college age. We are doing what we can, with limited means, to bring to these young people a true conception of the Christian religion. The task is made surpassingly difficult, because these thousands of students come, at a most impressionable age, into the restless social and intellectual life of the college, freed from some of the restraints which even yet are credited to the home, starting on the adventure of life with little or no preparation for its dangers and temptations. Their *naïve* idea of Christianity indicates a sad lack of pastoral care and teaching at home, and a still more sad lack of knowledge and training on the part of their parents. Therefore, while trying to lead these youth into straight thinking, the college pastors are crying aloud to the clergy at home to do the work among the youth there which will make easier the task of the college pastor in the coming years. The parish house of the future ought to be headquarters for such

work. It will be, for youth and for those of riper age, a school of instruction in faith and practice as well as a social hall; it will train rather than amuse, educate for work as well as provide a meeting-place for workers. The "glad hand" will be less in evidence, though cordial fellowship will mark the effort to fill the open mind. There will be fewer "feeds" for the body and more "food" for the soul. The call to teach and teach and teach again, to think and think hard, will be clearly sounded, whatever other calls may be heard.

All denominational differences must, so far as consistent with conviction, sink into insignificance at this evangelistic call. I was talking recently with a railroad man who was somewhat wrathful because he had just come from a conference of the heads of the operating department of the road where, as he expressed it, the men had become so absorbed each in pushing some pet scheme of improvement that they forgot to look at their problems in the large. "Finally," he said, "I rose in my wrath and said to them: 'Gentlemen, you seem to think that the operating department is an organization for working new theories to perfection. Don't forget that our job is to carry freight and passengers. If we don't have them, your beautiful theories will sing to the winds.'"

There is in these words an obvious lesson for those who do the church's work.





Mr. Speaker Longworth

BY WILLIAM TYLER PAGE

Clerk of the House of Representatives

With all his nonchalance and his love of the good things of life, the Speaker has worked his way up the political ladder much after the fashion of Mr. Coolidge. A view of Longworth by the man in the most advantageous observation post.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, Speaker of the National House of Representatives at fifty-six. Why? The speakership was not his goal when he started. He frankly says that he was then the last person any one would ever think of as the future Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was just turned twenty-one and had joined his ward club in Cincinnati. His one political asset at that time was hope. Thirty-five epochal years lie between.

The speakership of the House of Representatives is one of the most dignified, as it once was one of the most powerful, offices in our entire governmental establishment. Only the President and the Vice-President rank the Speaker. The importance of the office, recognized always, was particularly emphasized when Joseph G. Cannon promptly and firmly declined an invitation to attend a formal dinner extended by President Roosevelt, which was accompanied with the suggestion that the Speaker take lower rank than third at the table. This incident led to the establishment by President Roosevelt of the Speaker's Dinner, which remains a fixed, formal state institution.

There have been thirty-seven regularly elected Speakers of the House of Representatives, some of whom were not only great Speakers, but rank among the truly immortal of our entire history. They were all men of ability,

with widely differing characteristics. With the number of properly equipped and properly ambitious men in every Congress eagerly aspiring to the position, and with but such a limited number covering the one hundred and thirty-eight years of our legislative existence, in a body with membership of such size, it becomes apparent that the men elected to the speakership must, of necessity, be of outstanding ability, possessed of unusual qualifications, with special claims to leadership, and a compelling appeal to the membership of the House. Probably the word "human" more accurately than any other that comes to mind would describe the latter requirement.

It is a far cry from Frederick A. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, the first Speaker, to Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, the present Speaker. Mr. Longworth is a distinctly different type from any of his predecessors. Out of an acquaintance with particular opportunities for observation, and more or less close association and contact during a quarter of a century, I would say that an outstanding characteristic of Speaker Longworth is humanity. Some one has said that, after all, about the best that may be said of any man is that he is human. "Nick" Longworth is splendidly human. He is well entitled to be. With his name he inherited that quality. Nicholas Longworth the First, the



Nicholas Longworth.
From a drawing by John Clark Tidden.

great-grandfather of Nicholas the Third, the Speaker, was a true humanitarian, whose pity for the suffering and helpless, not only the "worthy poor" but the "devil's poor," as he named them, was infinite though shocking to some of his fastidious neighbors in Cincinnati, who thought his "Christmas dole" every Christmas eve of blankets, broad sides of bacon, quarters of sheep, bread, and all the cornmeal the applicants could carry away, was "awful"! They deplored the desperate and wolfish character of the applicants, but their criticisms made no impression upon the cheerful giver, who only laughed at them and continued his good works to the end of his days, the sole requirement for his generous bounty being "need," his only question: "Are they in want?"

He was a man of many eccentricities and great qualities of mind and heart. He amassed a large fortune, and built a picturesque home on Pike Street, Cincinnati, afterward and for many years occupied by Mr. Charles P. Taft, brother of the Chief Justice of the United States. He interested himself in the culture of grapes along the Ohio River, and brought over a large number of French peasants to cultivate the vineyards. The vintage of the year his golden wedding was celebrated in the fifties was called the "Golden Wedding Wine," a keg of which having been sent to the poet Longfellow, old friend of the family, inspired the writing of one of his most graceful and popular poems, the one in praise of wine, eulogizing "The Queen of the West," which gave to Cincinnati her sobriquet of "Queen City of the West." Nicholas the First was a gay "cut-up," but in his soul the white fire ever glowed, and he still lives because of his great humanity.

The father of the Speaker, Nicholas

the Second, like Nicholas the First, was a thorough humanitarian. The sorrows, the troubles, the poverty of the masses he made his own. He died from pneumonia contracted by taking off his topcoat one bitter night in Columbus to wrap about an unfortunate fellow creature on a street corner. He was of brilliant intellect, a keen lawyer, ripe scholar and poet, devoted to music, as well as to out-of-door sports, a great hunter and fisherman, most hospitable and companionable of men. He was an able judge and filled the office with distinction, but it always oppressed him. Often he remarked to his intimates: "I have too much already. There are men who have worked a lifetime to win what has been given me without effort."

From his grandfather, Joseph Longworth, the Speaker undoubtedly inherited his sublime serenity, as well as love of the artistic. Possessed of ample fortune, Joseph Longworth lived a life of absolute serenity and happiness in "Rookwood" in the midst of a glorious forest park on the East Hill, Cincinnati, still the home of the family, and his grave is under one of the great oaks of the park. His servants were old servants who were devoted to him. He was an art connoisseur. For years his magnificent collection of camel's-hair shawls, the best in the country, he kept under glass in his picture-gallery at Rookwood, and later it was transferred to the Art Museum. His tastes were essentially artistic. He was a patron of sculptors and artists. He was a founder of the Art School, and its liberal donor. He married a Miss Rives, of Virginia, whose family was long identified with American diplomacy.

Another helpful characteristic in any line of endeavor, possessed by Speaker

Longworth in marked degree, is good judgment. He exhibited that in the selection of his parents. He comes of fine American stock. Few families in the American aristocracy of blood and brains can boast a better record. The Grand Old Man of New York, Chauncey M. Depew, responding to the toast, "How to bring up other people's children," once said: "Give them good fathers and mothers." Happily, "Nick" thought of that in time.

If heredity really counts, Speaker Longworth is a perfect example.

The Speaker says the House has a saving sense of humor, and that it has often turned the scale in difficult situations. He himself not only has a highly developed sense of humor, but the sense which enables him quickly to take advantage of this element in dealing with situations unexpectedly arising in the House.

He has a droll keen wit. He sat next to the late President Harding during their service in the Ohio Senate. He had offered an amendment to a pending bill to abolish pigeon-shooting. Senator Harding arose and solemnly said, "I want to make a serious speech about this amendment," whereupon the future Speaker promptly said: "If the gentleman intends to make a serious speech, I would rather withdraw the amendment."

When the much-discussed Mellon tax bill was before the House, Mr. Longworth realized that it could not be passed as presented, and so advised the administration. Being an admittedly sound bill, Mr. Mellon, wholly without legislative experience, could not see why, so he made inquiry of Mr. Longworth, who, instead of going into a laborious and serious explanation, replied:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Her fleece was white as snow,
She followed her to Pittsburgh one day,
Now look at the darn thing!"

Nature was lavish in her gifts to Nick Longworth, mentally and physically, and he has developed both. He evidently believes in the psychology of clothes; he is always well tailored. He has a well-set-up, well-groomed body, a magnificent physical organization capable of sustaining the mental activities he has assiduously cultivated from his youth. One writer has described Speaker Longworth as "debonair" rather than "rugged." He is. "Polished, suave, affable, easy of approach." He is. In saying also that the House would soon understand that beneath the gloved hand would be found an iron grip, and that it would know that an engineer was at the throttle, he proved himself a true prophet. He also stated that while the rules do not give the Speaker much power, the office can be made whatever the holder has the capacity to make it, and that the Speaker has both capacity and willingness. Mr. Longworth contends that, regardless of the rules, the speakership always will be what the Speaker makes it.

That he has made a pretty good job of it is evident. Despite the tremendous increase of business and the perplexing problems, though the Speaker is shorn of much of his former power, under the management of Speaker Longworth and his "cabinet" of leaders the House functions effectively, with smooth expedition and precision. To gain the respect of the House the Speaker must, first of all, be fair. That Speaker Longworth meets this requirement was evidenced by the general good-will and acclaim with which he was chosen again to preside over the House in the present

Congress. No better tribute to his fairness and other qualifications could be paid than that delivered by Minority Leader Garrett, of Tennessee, who, upon presenting the Speaker to the House, said:

"It is again my privilege formally to present the Speaker elect of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States. This I do gladly because of personal friendship and with pleasure because in the school of experience we have learned that the predictions of two years ago have been vindicated and verified. His ability, firmness, and fairness were demonstrated during the Sixty-ninth Congress. His proven fitness for this distinguished honor—one of the greatest that can come to man—gives us entire confidence in the rectitude of his parliamentary convictions, and makes us rest secure in the assurance that as we labor here together we shall have in this great place one thoroughly equipped by intellect, by character, and by training for the high and arduous labors which he has chosen to perform."

While Mr. Longworth's fairness as Speaker is well established, yet it is known of all men that he is a strict party man, a partisan of partisan Republicans, standing consistently for party regularity and responsibility throughout his entire career. His first speech after he became a member of the Ohio legislature, on a question which arose in the Cincinnati delegation regarding recognition of certain members elected on a Fusion ticket, was a ringing one, demanding party regularity and solidarity, and denouncing blocs and factions.

Upon his first election to the speakership, stating his understanding of the duty of the Speaker, he said:

"I believe it to be the duty of the Speaker, standing squarely on the platform of his party, to assist, in so far as he properly can, the enactment of legislation in accordance with the declared principles and policies of his party, and by the same token to resist the enactment of legislation in violation thereof. I believe in responsible party government. . . . Just as I stand for this, the American custom of responsible party government, I am against the European system of bloc government. I have observed its workings abroad at first-hand. It works badly enough over there where legislation is generally a matter of bluster and trafficking between groups, and where governments fall overnight. Here it won't work at all, because it is un-American."

Commenting upon the efficient working of the House, Speaker Longworth named three necessary requisites: first, co-operation, involving a willingness on the part of individual members to give and take for the common good; second, strong leadership, involving the sense of party responsibility; and, third, adherence to a system of rules which permits a majority to function at all times when necessary. Always stressing party responsibility.

Speaker Longworth is a genial, companionable man, as was his father before him, as well as his great-grandfather. He makes friends, and he holds his friends. He is always ready with quip and joke, to tell or to listen to a story. He never permits partisanship to influence his personal friendships. Witness the Damon and Pythias friendship between himself and John Garner, of Texas. He has had handicaps, some natural, some acquired, but he has achieved success without artificial support.

If not exactly born with the prover-

bial silver spoon in his mouth, he always has had plenty of good American silver dollars jingling pleasantly in his pockets.

His marriage was both an asset and a liability politically. That he realized this from the very beginning is illustrated by an occurrence soon after his engagement was announced. Mrs. Platt, the widow of Senator Platt, of Connecticut, who had died the April previously, was in Washington, and as she was in mourning and not accepting formal invitations was bidden to a family luncheon at the White House, at which Mr. Longworth was also a guest. During the luncheon the approaching marriage was freely discussed, as well as the elaborate gifts that were being received. President Roosevelt, turning abruptly, said: "Alice, there is one gift you cannot have. The Cuban people are asking to send a magnificent present; they cannot afford it. I won't have it. They are not sending it to you. They are sending it because of your father, and I am going officially to forbid it. The Empress of China is sending a gorgeous gift, and that is well enough. You have met her personally and she is sending it because of yourself, but it is because of neither you nor Nick that Cuba is proposing to do this; it is because of your father, and I shall not have it. That's all there is to that."

Alice smiled and said she did not care in the least; that she was not expecting to marry Cuba, or the Empress of China, and that she cared nothing about the gifts, and probably never would see many of them anyway; "all of which," said Nick, turning to Mrs. Platt with a grimace, "is a part of the price that must be paid in advance for acquiring a noble father-in-law. My first job is to start living down a noble

father-in-law. He, the noblest Roman of them all." Mrs. Platt, dignified lady of the old American school, was greatly amused as well as impressed by Mr. Longworth.

Having selected politics for his profession, Mr. Longworth grubbed along patiently until he won recognition on his own merit, eventually living down the almost insurmountable political obstacle, son-in-law of the White House.

Although he "lacked the spur of necessity to prick the sides of his intent," he did not allow that to interfere with what he conceived to be his duty, not only to himself but to his country, earnestly to settle into the task of fitting himself for a full part in the world's work of the time in which he lives. In college he is said to have been a plodding and persistent, rather than brilliant, student, fun-loving, ready for the gay sports of the undergraduate, a chap who played hard, and worked—sometimes, and when obliged. He took an A.B. from Harvard, went home and graduated from the Cincinnati Law School in 1894, four years after he had begun his political apprenticeship. While he believes that some knowledge of the law is requisite for the man who makes the laws, he feels that this can be obtained in a practical way and without spending years in a law school or working in a law office.

He is a clever tactician, a harmonizer, skilful and adroit. As nearly all legislation is compromise, these are valuable assets. When confronted with the inevitable, unable to get what he wants, he knows when to compromise, gracefully accepting what he can get rather than being stiff-necked and losing all. Upon one subject, however, he never compromises—the American system of protection. If set to music he would

enjoy playing his sweetest song: "No protective tariff law of itself ever closed a factory, ever mortgaged a farm, or caused an American working man to lose his job; and no free-trade law ever failed to do all three."

Speaker Longworth regards the "profession of politics," the holding of public office for the benefit not of self but the public, as the noblest of the professions, three essentials being absolutely necessary to success, *viz.*: character, perseverance, ability; and he firmly believes that no man or woman may rise to high position among their fellow countrymen without these characteristics plus courage. Possessed himself with an ample stock of the latter, he learned its true value in the equipment of a legislative statesman from "Uncle" Joe Cannon, whose contemporary he was during turbulent days.

His battle-ax is party responsibility; his slogan—personal political responsibility; his motto—make voting a habit—all vitally important essentials in our form of government.

At the age of twenty-one he started seriously with the express purpose of fitting himself to take an active part in politics. He began in his home ward club. It was eight years before he received even minor recognition, and then all he drew was membership on the Board of Education of Cincinnati. After a year in that position he was elected to the Ohio House of Representatives, where he served two years, followed by two years in the State Senate, when he was sent to Congress at thirty-four. Except for two years he has been in the National House ever since, eventually becoming Republican floor leader and then Speaker. He regards those first eight years of political apprenticeship in Ohio as the most fruitful of his whole

life. He thought that he had learned a good deal about State government, and expected when he arrived in the National House to find a nice snug place ready waiting for him. This illusion was soon dispelled. His awakening was rude, and he quickly discovered that he simply had to start all over again, beginning right at the bottom of the ladder, as he realized that he knew nothing whatever of the practical workings of the Congress. With his usual good grace and native grit he set about the task, and he kept everlastingly at it until, finally, after some twenty years, he began to feel that he had at least acquired some knowledge of parliamentary procedure, based one-fourth on books he had studied on the subject and three-fourths upon long experience. This experience he once said resulted finally in his election as floor leader of the Republican party, and then as Speaker. Now he knows the exceptions to, as well as the rules themselves.

He has taken a full part in the history-making of the last quarter of a century. A close student of tariff and tax matters, he has had a hand in formulating legislation on these two important subjects throughout his service in the House. As chairman of the subcommittee of the Ways and Means Committee, he was largely responsible for the framing of the chemical schedule of the last tariff law, a work involving tremendous application and wide research.

Though awkward, green, and utterly lacking in self-confidence at the beginning, by stick-to-it-iveness he became an easy, graceful, if not eloquent speaker. His advice is: "Be brief, logical, and accurate. It is easier to be eloquent than concise." He takes his own medicine. For instance, when he introduced Colo-

nel Lindbergh recently to the House, he merely said, "I have the extreme pleasure now of presenting to you America's most attractive citizen," foregoing the natural inclination to orate which that interesting occasion offered.

Threading the long political path to the throne of the National House he learned the wholesome lesson that the successful executive is the one who distributes work and responsibility rather than the one who incapacitates himself for the important undertakings by attempting personally to handle the details that can be much better left to subordinates.

"Hope" has been a guiding star of the Speaker since the day he joined his ward club long ago. A great divine has said: "Have Hope. As we go about the world we find much faith, a fine charity, but a woful lack of hope." "Young Nick" had hope, and he held fast to it. As soon as he was old enough to vote, he buckled in and became a student of the science of politics.

The "science of politics" consists of knowing people and conditions; reasonable intelligence and ordinary experience, of course, being implied, coupled with common American sense; how to meet the former, and properly apply and reconcile the latter, everlasting perseverance, eternal vigilance, good nature, and downright hard work. To be successful in politics two qualities must be developed and perfected above all others: courage, and the ability always strictly to keep faith; and the first is absolutely dependent upon the second.

It is just as patriotic a duty to take

a proper part in politics as it is to shoulder a gun and march to the defense of one's country in time of need. Our government is founded upon politics—majority rule—and the man or the woman who neglects or carelessly refuses to take a part, to acquire information, to study, in so far as possible, and understand public questions, to register and vote at primaries and elections as intelligently as may be, is just as much a slacker as the one who fails to do war duty. Politics is a fascinating but intolerant task-mistress. The person who embarks upon a political career solely for the office, or for financial gain, has a sore heart and bitter disappointment in the offing.

With this conception of politics, intimate knowledge of the man, familiarity with his public service and his writings, I am bound to believe that, for all his jolly nonchalance and his thorough enjoyment of the easy and good things of life (all of which he found so ready to hand, rendering unnecessary the incentive attributable to the success of so many splendid Americans), Speaker Longworth, despite a gay and care-free exterior, early gave serious thought to his future and to his personal responsibility, and that he thoughtfully and deliberately took what he knew from the start was the slow, grinding thorn road which finally carried him to the Speaker's chair. Whether or not that is to mark the end of the trail, he has well demonstrated the truth of his own doctrine, that character, perseverance, ability, and courage, lighted by the shining star of hope, bring success.

Our political gallery now includes portraits of Governor Smith, Vice-President Dawes, Governor Ritchie, Secretary Hoover, Senator Reed, of Missouri, Secretary Mellon, and Speaker Longworth. Former Governor Lowden and Charles E. Hughes will be added in coming numbers.



Here! Here! Here!

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," etc.

THE garden was bright and dull; shade flattened the green, sunlight heightened flowers to thin lamps of color. Mrs. Bird's body, too, was delicate and bright, but her face was diminished as by shadow. She said: "It's more than a month, and she's given no sign."

A worn man spoke in a voice without emphasis, but having the resonance of fine glass: "A month—out of eternity!"

Mrs. Bird continued, in the crystallized manner of a repetition: "My sister and I had promised each other that the one who went first would come back." After his silence she added: "You've been a business man—a director in banks and railways—and no doubt you've never believed in anything but your own senses."

Bruce Perry thrust his stick through the fountain spray, now by a light wind woven thin and painted as by distant prisms. He said: "A business man is accustomed to miracles—in fact, carries on his business by second sight"; and he added stiffly: "I still do so."

Seeing that she had wounded him by that past tense, she said: "Of course. Well, then, tell me why Aline doesn't find her way back."

He replied intently: "It's sometimes in these first days that it happens. Has there been nothing—nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all. One dream, one of the first nights—after. Though I don't mean just a dream."

He asked, not looking at her: "What was the dream—would you tell me?"

"Oh," she said, "it was just a flash of Aline—standing beside me in the dark. I saw nothing, you understand. There was just her hand on my left wrist, and she was saying: '*Here! Here! Here!*'"

He said only: "That doesn't mean much, and yet it's sometimes by homely means . . ." and said no more.

A girl in her teens and a youth in his twenties came down from the house, between borders of white hydrangeas. She came swiftly, her body supple, her face alive; and he, with his lounging gait, his waving motion of the head, his relaxed and collected aspect, was complaining: "I say, Adrienne, I want to be shown the garden." But she merely came on to the fountain, said, "Uncle Bruce, how awfully good to see you!" and fell into talk with him, not as if he were a parenthesis, but as if he were a being. The youth, lounging toward Mrs. Bird, objected: "How she stresses that 'uncle' business with Uncle Bruce—I'm trying to forget it." Mrs. Bird looked at him coolly and replied: "Really, we *are* almost strangers, Phil. I'm sure Adrienne feels that." He flushed, grinned, said unabashed that he hoped not, and turned away. To her aunt, Adrienne said: "Hello, darling!" The two moved on up the path between more hydrangeas that followed the gravel with an enchanting air of direction.

Perry asked, not looking after them: "Would you like to see that happen, Lina?" She replied that she was far from sure, and he threw in that the boy would probably be his heir, if that counted. "I've seen him for only this fortnight since his return," he said, "but he's a rather fine chap. After a bit I shall make a new will, and of course if he and Adrienne . . ." Mrs. Bird said that Adrienne was masking her feelings by going out of her way to be decent to every one, but that she was really thinking of nothing but the death of her mother.

"Does she," he asked, "look as you do—for some sign?" And Mrs. Bird said: "Oh, no. My sister and I talked of all that, but Adrienne was too modern—or not modern enough . . ."

He struck out at the fountain spray and made other rainbows. "If she came back—if Aline did," he said, "how do you think that she would come?"

Mrs. Bird answered quickly:

"Through something familiar. Through something that we'd talked a great deal about. The garden maybe—she and I planted everything here. . . ."

He looked at the hydrangeas, said: "It might be something even nearer. I read of a man whose sweetheart got through to him by some story they'd read together—it seems necessarily to be something they've talked of a good deal together—" He paused, looked sheepish, struck again at the fountain spray, and said sharply: "Well, I'm just stepping across the grounds to the Hedges. Will you tell Phil to pick me up there?"

He interrupted his good-bys and hers to say abruptly, "You know, Lina, if Phil's coming here, now, bothers you and Adrienne, just turn him out," and

went away, the still torture of her face following him.

Lina Bird sat in the garden. "It seems necessarily to be something they've talked of a good deal together." Since Aline's widowhood, since Adrienne was a little girl, they had lived here, had talked of Adrienne, of the future, of the garden, and of life everlasting.

The fountain played, the wind washed through the leaves, she could hear the stir of Adrienne's voice in the garden, and Phil's laugh. How right the hydrangeas were, at the white peak of their bloom. Aline ought to see them. Aline ought to see them. Oh, if Aline were *here*. . . .

Swiftly, and like the prick of a rose, a pulse throbbed in her hand and was gone. Once, and no more, it beat in her hand, in her left hand, close to the wrist.

Breath and blood changed their measure in the pang of her abrupt attention. The hand, the left hand, as in her dream when Aline's voice had said: "*Here! Here! Here!*" And what nearness in this touch, closer than presence, than being! . . .

"Aline!" she said aloud. But the words seemed to be far and aloof, compared to the nearness of that stabbing contact. She looked into the sunshine and thought, "*That was Aline,*" and her thought seemed nearer to the incredible moment than did her words. The incredible moment passed. She felt no mastering excitement. She felt instead tranquillity, passing any calm that she had ever known. She felt permeated by what had happened. And her doubt was at the same time her certainty.

She looked down at her hand, lying

on her white dress. Why not? It was alive, a channel for feeling, for motion, chained in undividable ways to the movements of her mind, that mind of which also she knew nothing. Her hand. . . .

She recalled a day at Mentone. She had been ill of a throat infection which had not permitted her to talk. She lay in a sunny room with glass doors opening to the sea. Aline had been there, rather like a bright cloud moving about the apartment, and constant in her care. "Don't talk, Lina," she had said. "Open your hand wide for 'yes,' and close it for 'no.'" They had smiled over this, had played with it like children. Her hands on the blue silk quilt. And she had fallen to using the left hand, spread wide, for "yes," and the right hand, tightly closed, for "no." This code had persisted. Afterward, in the presence of others, or across a room or a coach, her hands and Aline's hands had flashed their signals. "It seems necessarily to be something that they have talked of a good deal together," Bruce had said. She had told herself that the hydrangeas were perfect, the hydrangeas that Aline and she had planted. She had said to herself: "Aline ought to see them." And there had come pulsing in the currents of her body that throb and beat within the left hand.

She spread out her left hand, wide open for its affirmation, and held it before her in the sun. There was only the quiet, only the rise and fall of the fountain, the blown rainbow in its spray, the wash of the leaves. And without and within, this deep tranquillity that shook her.

Adrienne and Phil were coming back from the end of the garden. From the flow of her peace, coursing through her in a quiet current, Lina looked at them.

Extraordinarily good-looking he was; tender of Adrienne. But he had a strange face, a face dark, as from anger, even when he was smiling.

"I'm keeping Phil for tea, Aunt Lina," Adrienne said. "May we have it out here?"

Tea in the shade by the fountain. Adrienne in her white dress, Lina in her white dress, because Aline had laughed at black for mourning. And Phil, with his British speech, his bland British confidence, whose four years at school on the Continent and one year in England had brought him back almost a stranger. He and Adrienne were talking, trying not to neglect her, who sat so still, pricking with her new knowledge. Aline—she was there, she was somehow more present than any of them, was perhaps *in* them . . . what if that intimate signal should come also to Adrienne and she should not recognize it! . . .

Lina thought of that interval when she and Adrienne had been with Aline, in that hour before her death. The rose-and-gray room open to the warm May night, the rose curtains stirring, the baskets of flowers in the wall-paper, the flowered lamp-shade, the place-cards thrust in the mirror-frame, and all looking as if that were a sunny morning and as if Aline were dressing to go out. Instead she lay on the bed, under the rose silk quilt that she had liked, lay in that unprecedented preoccupation. For Aline had always been a flame, leaping at the touch of a word, going off into light of laughter, bright positives of retort, of exception. Now she was in some intense inner absorption, not of pain but of interest. Lina had felt jealous of her disregard of them. Aline had been awake, aware, but yet manifestly interiorly busy at pursuits at which they

could not follow her. Once or twice she had spoken, absently, and not as if it mattered. Then she had merely ceased to breathe. Lina had been shocked and half indignant at the casualness of dying. There had been literally no last words from anybody, no preparation, no cognizance. . . .

The last thing, Lina now thought, that she could recall of Aline, was her eyes, which just once had opened widely and had looked intently into hers, and then had wandered to the night-light on the dressing-table. How strange to break a lifelong relationship with a brief look. She could see her eyes, still looking. . . .

Phil was talking. "After a little, I'd like to take Adrienne away for a bit of a change. Not now, of course, not till you feel that you can bear to let her go, that you can be alone yourself. . . ." Consideration, understanding — and a look direct enough, but sustained as if by main effort. Lina thought: "He and Adrienne, with Bruce's fortune! . . ." Phil was saying: "Up at the lake it's quiet. Will you go, Adrienne? Will you spare her, Mrs. Bird?" The talk ran on about the lake, the trails, the saddle-horses. When he rose to take his leave, and Adrienne walked with him, between the hydrangeas, toward Bruce's car standing at the door, Lina Bird looked after the two tall young figures. "Why not," she thought; "those two . . ."

Throbbing and beating in the right hand, lying on her chair-arm, went on a pressure, both sharp and dull, which had been pulsing there for an indefinite time when at last she became aware of it. In the right hand, from which had come their old accustomed signalling for no, no, no. . . .

She sat quiet, almost without breath.

The fountain, the leaves, the wind, the sun—and this, sharper than all. A sense sharper than sight, than hearing, than thought. . . .

In the darkness she lay, eyes closed, trying to believe. Why not? Why should it not come, when it came, by homely accustomed means?

A month ago Aline had been here, about this house. To this place that aspect of her consciousness which survived its instrument would reasonably be drawn back, or here it would normally linger. No, but "place" was absurd. All place was Aline's now, here and elsewhere—a pocket of space, yet comprising all and identically habitable by her. A month ago she had been incarnate in her round flesh, in color, laughter, word. *She* had been incarnate. Then the change had come. What if, merely, she had incarnated differently? Not in color or laughter or flesh or word, but perhaps in motion, in energy . . . her energy, partaking of the universal energy, might touch that energy still functioning in flesh, and speak in their symbol for "yes," for "no," for more . . .

Lying with closed eyes in her room in the darkness, Lina remembered how she had stood with Aline in the garden, near the fountain, when the hydrangeas were already budding. And abruptly Aline, that little lamplike woman, had turned and held her by the arms and had said: "Lina, we have never seen each other! We have seen the shell of each other! But never have I seen you nor have you seen me. Do you realize that?" Smitten by the words which hung in air, incandescent, those two had stood staring, each catching the breath of the other's being. The moment passed, nothing left but the two

startled faces, and the bodies gowned in color. But they had not forgotten. Each had detected the other in looks, long and speculative, which seemed to seek to pierce the other's mesh. Once Aline had said, as if continuing a conversation: "But I think that I have always seen you—the essential you—and that is what I love." That inner one in Aline, might it not now have found new ways of energy, of manifestation, independent still of its own evident disguise . . .

With closed eyes Lina looked into the darkness. And there, upon the darkness, in place and already watching, looked in upon her a single eye, benign, intent, immovable. With an effort at attention surpassing any that she had ever known, she fixed her own inward gaze upon that burning eye. At once it dimmed, wavered, disappeared. She thought, even murmured: "Aline! It was you, Aline!" And now, desire and memory being on Aline herself, alone, and not merely on the phenomenon, once more the eye hung against the blackness, both near and remote, bright, dim, inscrutable. . . .

There was no mistaking it. As she looked, there appeared the lid, heavy and somnolent; the lashes, thick and curved; the blue of the familiar cornea, the black depth of the pupil. For an instant, definite and bright against the blackness, the eye of Aline looked gently at her, and was gone.

Lina lay in a slow current of some released energy, unknown to her. The explanations of modern psychology moved through her consciousness like the alphabet of some primitive speech. This was beyond the range of all that. This was simpler, purer, nearer. This was merely Aline's eye looking at her, as in life, as if in more of life than either

of them had ever known. She thought: "If my hand should throb now for 'yes.' . . ." But there was no answering tally in the hand. She lay quietly looking into the eye, close, unmistakable.

When she woke, clear day having settled on the room, as some great force charging the inert, she thought: "What an exquisite fancy!" She thought: "Aline." And there, upon the pearly air of the room, drenched in daylight, grew the eye, benign, intent, immovable, even as it had emerged upon the darkness. Aline's eye.

With an excitement beyond anything known to her in life, Lina bathed and dressed. All that she had read and heard of spirit appearance had repelled her—the quality of the communication, the intermediaries, the auxiliaries. Yet her mind had been open, secure in the belief that the manifestation of consciousness was not limited to that which men had chanced so far to perceive. But she had never divined such simplicity, such a direct means of receiving. This was not ghostly and sentimental; this was all but matter-of-fact.

Yet as she went down the staircase, saw the patient, familiar passage, the Ferregyan, the engraving of Hamon's "L'Automne," the bars of sunlight on the gray paper, she thought: "But all this is impossible. Any psychologist would explain it away. My attention is fixed on Aline. I imagine her everywhere. . . ." She stood still at the foot of the stairs, eyes closed, seeking to test out that image of the eye, seeking to bring it back. But there was only darkness.

Adrienne came down for breakfast, which she went through with her studied accomplishment of the casual. Between the two lay their unspoken law

that not by a look should the inner pre-occupation of the other appear. Both were so charged with feeling that their effort was toward reducing its voltage and not dwelling on its power, as one might do in lesser griefs. Trying to meet the girl, to help her to grope her way out of her bleak hour, Lina said: "Would there be anything in going abroad, Adrienne?"

Her pointed face resting on her hand, the girl returned: "Perhaps. Later. Phil said that he might go, later."

"But he is just back!" Lina reminded her. "I thought he had come to settle down, to go into his uncle's office . . ."

"I expect he doesn't see why he should work, with all Uncle Bruce's money coming to him."

Lina said quickly: "Is he that sort?"

"What sort is anybody?" Adrienne countered. "We're all all sorts, if only we get the right chance."

"Your mother wasn't," said Lina. "She stood on her own feet, just as a matter of course."

"The darling was miles from real life," said Adrienne.

Lina felt a fierce passion of defense for Aline, against her own daughter, and then a fierce passion of pity for Adrienne. "Do tell me then," she said absently, "what real life is—that I have long wanted to meet."

"We're in it," Adrienne said. "Look at us now. It's something utterly empty, except for the ache." It struck Lina that the girl's face looked empty, burnt out, like the faces of the figures in the last-moment fashion-books. To take sorrow like that! Lina wondered if she didn't prefer the ways of the underbred, marvelled that grief must express itself either in contortion or in hardness.

"Apparently," she said, "grief either softens or it hardens. Why can't it

merely fertilize, like the other emotions?"

"That's an interesting idea," said Adrienne, without interest. "But, Aunt Lina, I've ached over the whole thing for years. Mother's death only made the ache more hopeless. I—I hurt more now, and more permanently, that's all," she said.

At the terrific young egoism of this, Lina looked away, as if she had seen something not intended to be seen. "Can you think of anything," she asked, "of anything, Adrienne, that would make life bearable at all?"

The girl's face lighted. "If I married," she said, "I might be happy for a little while—it wouldn't last, of course. But it's all I can think of, to help even a little."

"But—married whom?"

"Phil, probably. If he asks me. I can't ask him very well, on account of the money he's in for."

At this Lina sat waiting for the guarding sign again to touch her hand. There was no sign. Perhaps the thing, like God, worked by a single delicate hint, no more than a faint ripple coming once upon the scarcely detected substance of being, and then no more.

But all this was so tenuous, so faint. If there could be the commonplace, an actual instance of direction, of result, and on something homely or crude!

Mrs. Lina Bird moved through the routine of her morning. Flower-pots, linen, crystal, the iridescence of dust. Standing in the sunlight, she drew a dark cloth along a shining surface and there uprose a milky mist of fine dust, faintly clouding the clear shafts of the sunlight. Aline had often said, "The dirty sun!"—when it had revealed clouded glass or wood. Aline had been

the housekeeper, discreetly touching at surfaces, shining, dull, or breathed over by some faint bloom. She had loved glass, lustre, the nap of rugs. She must love to be one with the velvet of the air, dark or bright, wherefrom her eye could now look out, like a gem.

In the dining-room doorway a new maid stood, a thick girl, masked by a mass of features, and she was saying: "Madam, the walls of the passage, they should be brushed down. Is there a wall-brush, or a broom, covered . . ." Lina wondered what on earth Aline had used for walls, and where it was. Saying with her grave confidence that she would find something, Lina went up the stairs. Perhaps something might be found. Adrienne wouldn't know. If she could find nothing, wouldn't the new maid scorn her! Not that this mattered, but she should like to have such things discreetly ordered. She stood in the upper passage and tried to think.

The linen closet. But there would be nothing there, where were only Aline's neat rows of smooth sheets laid in bags of sweet clover, embroidered towels, smelling of the iron, and flowered quilts. She opened the door upon the shelves, laid with linen and fruit of the loom. Delicate edges of color, of lace, of initial, of hemstitching, all exquisite, accurate, from Aline's hand. Because of no insistence, no compulsion, her hand merely moving at its own direction, it thrust behind the linen and the lawn, and brought out folds of white, some crocheted tidies, some gay cushion-covers, and, at the bottom, another cover. . . .

This she lifted, shook out, and saw to be a rectangular bag of unbleached muslin, cut and fashioned to fit the brush of a broom, and within it, neatly laid, was the torn edge of the material,

intended to tie the mouth of the bag about the handle of the broom. And this bag she had never seen, had not known that such a thing was in the house.

Her breath choking her, her body weakened as at the onslaught of some sovereign force, she took the bag to the maid, handed it with a casual word, and went to sit apart, shaken and sobbing.

Now she was sure. Not the subconscious, the unconscious, the un verbalized could count, in her own analysis. Now indeed Aline had spoken to her, and by the crude and homely means that she had craved.

Coming suddenly into the room, Adrienne found her sobbing, assumed that this was because of the loneliness, and sat beside her, her own voice unusually dry and edged. "Aunt Lina, how can death be the way it is? It's too ridiculous to think of there being God, or anything, after. My mother, she was strong and gay, she was all life, she was the sort that should live. And she's nowhere, nowhere . . ."

With the rush of her feeling, Lina turned to tell her what had happened, would have told her all her sharp bright certainty. But, swift and stabbing, like a sword of flame now, the warning that she had learned pricked and pulsed through the wrist whose closed hand had once signalled its amusing negatives. She was not to tell Adrienne. Lina felt as if she herself leaned, listening, and as if her smooth content in her own silence were a kind of confirmation.

Adrienne was going on with passion: "And it's no use, Aunt Lina. I love you and I love my home, but I can't stay here. I've got to get out—I've got to go—and I must go now."

"Where are you going?"

"Phil wants me to go with him. He's been back here this morning. . . ."

"But—*now*, Adrienne?"

"Mother wouldn't care. Mother would want me to do what's best for me, no matter what people say. Aunt Lina, the only thing that can keep me alive through this will be Phil's love. I'm going to marry him *now*."

Sharp and dull, sharp and dull, instantly the soft pulse of the negation went touching at Lina's wrist. Aware of her own pretense to agreement, the pathetic pretense of the middle-aged lying to the young, she thought, so that one may appear to them to understand, she said:

"But when, Adrienne—when?"

"If it isn't too awfully brutal to you, to-morrow, Aunt Lina."

"To-morrow!"

"I don't want all the stuffy people knowing, who think that I ought to 'keep to my mourning.' My 'mourning'! I'm dying, Aunt Lina! . . ."

"All that is nothing," said Lina. "I'm thinking about Phil. You've not seen him a half-dozen times since he came back . . ."

"Don't be old-fashioned. But *he* is! Because he's coming to talk to you to-night."

Lina looked through the open glass doors toward the fountain, above the tossing white of the hydrangeas. Her left hand stole to her pulsing wrist, and she sat holding it, as if not to take but to give assurance. Aline would have cared nothing for the violence done to a convention. This soft persistent warning was somehow against Phil.

If she could tell Adrienne! She looked at the bright, brittle face with its hard young eyes, and knew for herself that there was nothing that she could say to her. That pride in the rule of the

physical, that belligerent belief in the five senses alone, how could she meet these with her scanty evidence—a pulse, an eye in the dark, a bag for a broom!

From the telephone in the kitchen Lina called Bruce Perry, and when the maid said that he wasn't in, cried that she must find him and send him to her at once, and cried it so imperatively that the frightened maid promised.

Adrienne at her packing, Lina in the garden by the fountain. A great silence now. No pulse's throbbing, no eye looking out upon her from her darkness. And now she began to feel abominably deceived. For Phil was a gentleman, well born, educated, manifestly mad about Adrienne—there were all the qualifications! He had come into her life in its hour of emptiness, nephew to her own oldest friend, heir to his fortune. Why was she not rejoicing in Adrienne's probable happiness? Perhaps Aline herself had sent him, and here was she, confusing and ruining everything. She thought that if once again she could feel that pulse in her wrist, see the eye on the darkness, she might be once for all confirmed. But there was no pulse, there was no seeing eye. She began to feel that when she fixed her eye on the sign, the sign did not appear, could not be summoned by will, came only because of a powerful devotion, a great need. But did the sign really come at all? Was she not even unbalanced by her grief?

In the stillness she sat, herself stilled, that half-divined word within her now as soundless as the dusk, no pulse, no watching eye upon the darkness. As the tiny figure of a human being may be overborne and flattened by the hollow falling wall of the sea, so Lina felt borne down and mastered by the weight of

her own illusion. As one left drenched and dead by the receding wall of a giant water, she looked, from unseeing eyes, upon the measure of that madness. Aline in her, in her pulses, Aline's eye watching her—what insanity, what a jest!

She heard a car on the drive, hoped for Bruce, saw Phil alight beyond the hydrangeas. Adrienne had said that he was coming to talk to her. She called to him: "Phil. Down here by the fountain." He lounged toward her. A sleek and complacent young moon moved above his head and, Lina thought, resembled him. The early September dusk was thickening the light. The scents and airs of the twilight were tender and almost happy. Well, she must be a fool to let a shadow stand in the way of these two positive and self-reliant young things. In any case, before this younger generation, with its energies of a tempest, she felt herself a straw.

Philip came on slowly down the path, between the hydrangeas. Lina sat watching him. If Aline had spoken and she should fail her! She strove desperately to feel the pulse, to see the eye; but there were only the fountain and the hydrangeas.

Like a bird alighting, one thought suddenly filled all her thought: *But she was also Aline. Aline was in some way in her, inhabiting her. Who could say that an essence, freed, did not outspread like ripples on water, like waves in air, and pass into all to which it bore likeness? . . . Instead of one manifested life, might not Aline now be many manifestations, as a single voice may flow round the world in a multitude of aerial incarnations, at many stations? Aline was in her, in her blood, in the*

darkness within her sight, nearer, more, than in physical life. And if in her; then in Adrienne also, only Adrienne did not listen, was not still enough to hear. That passionate pulse of the mother, possibly beating out in the daughter its undetected message. If that tender eye, watching in the darkness of her child's sight, were never divined! If all this depended now on her, herself alone!

She felt Aline's essence, her pulse, her sight, to be in her, Lina. She must act for them both.

"Sit down, Phil," she said.

He greeted her, sat down on the edge of the fountain—she saw the dark face, even in smiles perpetually darkened and veined, as might be in anger; caught again that curious waving motion of the head, noted the ears set high, like the ears of a faun. "I wanted to talk with you, Lina," he said, and had gone that far when her crisp voice amazingly cut into his:

"You want to marry Adrienne. But you know that you have no right."

He stared at her. Her eyes burned in his. Sick with a terror, she had just time to wonder what on earth had made her speak so to him, when, without her will, her words rushed on:

"You are out of place here. You know very well that you should not come here. Go where you are wanted—and expected."

He sprang to his feet, his face now dark indeed, looked down at her furiously, cried: "Who has been talking to you?"

Like the thrust of a tiny closed fist within her left arm, the faint vehement confirmation throbbed. With a draught of fresh strength she cried:

"I have known that this was wrong from the first."

She had risen, and her eyes were level with his as his own fell, and he began his excited defense:

"I tell you, there's no question about my right. I'll have a cable any minute. I'm not going to let Adrienne suffer and be lonely just for the fool delays of a provincial English divorce court . . ."

"That's all, Philip," she said.

Trembling greatly, she moved toward the house. That voice which had spoken through hers, saying words without her volition or her knowledge, now, being withdrawn, left her shaken as by some terrific physical onslaught. Phil moved beside her, talking. Adrienne was on the veranda. A car came pounding round the curve of the drive, and Bruce Perry leaped down.

"Adrienne! Bruce!" Lina said clearly. "Phil's divorce papers haven't come from England in time for the wedding!"

The three stood silent, and let Phil talk. He talked admirably, now that his surprise was surmounted; talked desperately, playing, as he was, there on the driveway and so informally, for both bride and fortune. Only, there was nothing to be said. "Adrienne!" he said at last, and thrust out his arms.

She stood at the top of the steps and looked down at him. Her face was cold and bright and brittle.

"Fortunately," she said, "I wasn't all packed. Good-by, Phil." She lifted her hand, stiffly and high, as in any casual salute, and turned indoors.

In the hall, with the sound of Phil's car going down the drive, Bruce Perry said: "I don't get the whole of it yet,

but thank God for these modern women. There isn't a swoon in the lot of them. I hope you're going to ask me to dinner—not that I can eat any."

At dinner, with Bruce raging against Phil, and with Adrienne, hard and white, her eyes cold, her laugh edged, Lina sat wondering how she was going to tell them. Adrienne said: "Aunt Lina, did he *confess* to you?" And: "But I don't see how you got it out of him." And Lina tried to speak. But she looked at Adrienne, and could not find her way among such words. She thought: "In time I can tell her. Aline will help me."

Bruce had said, "Aline will come back, if she comes, through homely means"; and after dinner, alone with him on the veranda, Lina began to tell him:

"That night, Bruce, when Aline died. It was so abrupt. She was there, *talking*, and then she wasn't there. But she was energy still—of course she was. Couldn't that energy have incarnated in me, in Adrienne, and be very near to us forever . . ."

"One wishes—how one wishes!" Bruce said only.

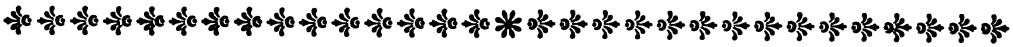
"But couldn't it? Didn't it? Doesn't it always? How they must want to make us know that they're here . . ."

"You don't mean personally here?" he asked, and looked at her curiously.

"Oh, more than any personality—much more! Something close, signaling in homely ways. Energy, Bruce, functioning here, here, here. . ."

He said nothing; merely continued to look at her curiously.





The State of Riverbank

BY ROMAN LAIM

WOOD-BLOCKS BY W. E. MUSICK

The saga of Shantytown, the community beyond the pale, which the ordinary laws of property, marriage, even of life and death, never touch. Not only communism and anarchy but also polygamy, polyandry, free love, companionate marriage are tried daily without benefit of sociologist.

RIVERBANK, U. S. A.—a quasi-anarchistic commonwealth. Area and population unknown. Territory in non-contiguous fragments on both banks of the Mississippi (and its tributaries). Industries: fishing, garbage-picking, truck and hell raising, fighting, loafing, bootlegging. — So might read a cyclopædic account of Riverbank, U. S. A.

More specifically, Riverbank is located fragmentarily at Keokuk, Council Bluffs, Marietta, Hannibal, Peoria, and nearly any other river-town in the Mississippi Valley. Still more specifically, it is located usually between the railroad-tracks and the water's edge on a no-man's-land of willow and cottonwood, of weed-patch, sand-bar, and mud-flat. Riverbank's architecture is regularly of two kinds: shanty-boats resting on tippy piling, or merely shanties without boats, built of crazy-work scraps of wood and metal.

The interesting thing about Riverbank is its population. It is a nearly continuous population. That is, a Riverbanker is the child of a Riverbanker, and more than likely the grandchild of one. His past is the past of Riverbank, and his future its future. In other words, for him, this is the life; and it is to him,

like any one's life, the most important life in the world.

I have referred to "State" of Riverbank. I use the word "State" advisedly, of which more anon. Just now it is pertinent to set down that each fragment, whether at Davenport, Alton, or Cape Girardeau, is called Shantytown. Strange to find all the towns in a State called by the one name, Shantytown, but Shantytown it is.

Now as to the nature of the "State" made up from these summed-up shantytowns. It is a State in the sense that it is practically autonomous governmentally. It is even more a law unto itself than Illinois or Iowa or Missouri; it is less subject to the federal government than these commonwealths, and therefore the more a State in the sovereign sense. For Riverbank is nearly completely sovereign. Ordinary laws of property, marriage, even life and death, scarcely touch Riverbank. Laws of taxation touch it little—sanitation not at all.

It is not that Riverbank has a whole code of its own. That is scarcely true even of a given shantytown. Rather, each individual person lives according to his ideas of individual expediency, thus justifying our cyclopædic defini-

tion mentioning quasi-anarchy. The code for a given individual, say Conrad LaCroix, may be a very strict and wholesome one, or for Joe Rivey a verbal one never observed, or for Waukendaw Chip one neither spoken nor practised; but each code is purely individual.

Let it not be thought that these shantytowns conduct their brawling lives by the deliberate sufferance of Iowa or Missouri or the U. S. A. Their sufferance is that of oblivion. A given shantytown goes its ruleless way simply because it is so beneath the social pale that no one gives a thought to it. Joe and Chip may live together without benefit of clergy; Joe may even bring a second and simultaneous partner to his shanty, and the two women may curse or scratch or assassinate each other—or assist each other in profane and unsanitary childbirth, and no one in Fort Madison or the rest of Iowa or the whole of the U. S. A. gives a passing thought to the excrescent little shantytown between the tracks and the water.

Men have imagined Utopias and Erewhons, idealistic Typees in the South Seas and delectable pantisocracies on the banks of the Susquehanna. Latterly they have actually tried Brook Farms, Soviets, Zions, and Houses of David, while the world with more or less bated breath watched or is watching the experiments. Sometimes plans have been devised to purchase at great expense and to populate at no end of trouble some tropical or island area where communistic or anarchistic groups could carry out a project in a new manner of living. But here in each Shantytown in Riverbank, without trouble or expense to anybody, is an experiment already set up where projects not only in communism, anarchy, and bolshevism, but in polygamy, polyan-

dry, free love, companionate marriages, and almost whatever innovation you will are being tried daily. It seems passing strange that no sociologist has thought to record the findings of these projects and experiments, long ere this. A book ought to be written, or, to say the least, a doctor's thesis.

JOE RIVEY

To come to cases, Joe Rivey and his two women, Moll and Waukendaw Chip, illustrate as well as any some of the generalizations just indulged in. Joe is part Indian—Cherokee Indian, his friends proudly point out. His father, Old Joe, was also part Cherokee Indian, they add gravely. It is interesting that to be part Indian is an important social distinction in Shantytown. An individual so distinguished is usually modest about it; he will rarely mention it and, if interrogated, may even deprecatingly deny it; but he will glow with satisfaction at the knowledge that his friends are nudging every newcomer, and saying with low tones and lidded eyes in his direction: "He's part Indian." In most cases this pious asseveration of aboriginal blood has no basis beyond conjecture—which matters not at all, for the purposes of Shantytown. If somebody once said that so-and-so must be part Indian, so-and-so's social elevation is automatic, instant, and irrevocable. That Joe's swart skin and high cheek-bones rather support this typical Riverbank brand of conjectural anthropology probably has little to do with the matter as a whole.

Joe Rivey is an interesting mental study. He has ideas of decency and propriety, but he seems to make no effort at all to square his conduct with them. Within the limits of realizing a successful Riverbank career, Joe's fifty-one



Joe Rivey's Shack.



Waukendaw
Chip.



Ed Smith.



Ed Smith's
Wife.

years constitute a kind of defeated life. He has almost enough intelligence to define his own defeat. He has visioned a life of nomadic, romantic adventure, has glimpsed his dream soul-mate; but he can see no hope of possessing either. There is only the river flowing endlessly by at his feet, the sorry old shanty, and the querulous, withered, hated Chip. In a kind of puzzled way he fumbles at the harness of his little mule, unhooking him from a staggering buggy running-gear, meanwhile fumbling in equal puzzlement at the riddle of his universe.

"I've thought of hitchin' the little mule up and campin' along down toward Oklahomy," he suggests to himself; "but *she* might come while I was gone."

"She?"

"Yes, Moll. I ain't told you about her? One day I was campin' in the woods. She come up to my fire. She had some things to cook too, and so I says: 'Put your stuff with mine and you cook and we'll both eat.' She did and we camped awhile—sev'l days I guess—and then drove to town. She got out up-town and I come on home.

"One night somebody come out here in a taxi. It was Moll. She helped Chip some around the shanty (it was not Joe's way to disguise his little scrap-pile, one-room shelter with fine words) and went with me with the little mule some to haul junk. One Saturday she says: 'Le's go over to Ravenny, Mis-soury, and git married.' An' we did—and lived awhile in Ravenny. Then one day a young feller come and she went off with him. I come back here. If I'd go off to Oklahomy, she might come and miss finding me. Chip might not tell where I've gone—she wouldn't, damn her!"

The oath is like a puff to disperse

the clouds of bewilderment that fog around Joe and keep him from realizing an Ibsenian selfhood, but the atmosphere clears only momentarily. With a troubled head-shake, Joe leads the little mule over to the bare place beneath the river-bluff trees that constitute the stables of his manor-house.

WAUKENDAW CHIP

Joe's opinion of Waukendaw Chip is definite and not particularly original. "There goes the old ——"

The blank is not Joe's, but rather the author's euphemism for references to canine ancestry commonly driven from the printed page to the sanctuary of the American stage.

Chip, sixty, greasily slattern, bonily slim, throws a garbage-gleaned heel of a loaf to a pair of black hens, and retires again into the shanty.

"And here comes one of her customers."

The "customer" is a fattish, shuffling, stubbly-faced Riverbanker, who greets Joe with a brown-toothed grin and goes also into the shanty. He appears to be a leisurely customer, even a fastidious one, for in a moment he comes forth, stands up to a little mirror hanging beside the door, and solemnly shaves the prickles off his flabby round jowls.

"Wants a lot for fifty cents," observes Joe. "She don't make us much nohow."

"Why?"

"She"—with the air of imparting a damaging secret—"she *trusts* 'em."

Joe's use of "trusts" is idiomatic. He means that Chip permits charge accounts.

It is hard for a citizen of another State than Riverbank to grasp the point of view of Joe and Chip about these casual events. Joe seems to have some-

thing of the conventional idealism, to which he pays the lip-service of a deprecating oath or a futile sarcasm. But he returns the belathered one's weather comments courteously, and seems to have no intention to interfere beyond giving Chip cautioning financial suggestions.

Chip seems to offer no hostages to the conventions of commonwealths other than Riverbank. Or rather, she adheres to the practices of all bodies politic, recognizing no discords among their codes. Alone, she is cheerfully assertive of entirely regular conduct.

"Yes, Joe and me's married," she says. "We been married a long time. Joe's my man. He cain't raise his right arm above his head sence he got hurt, but he can help me haul cans and junk. He's had tonsileetis sore throat and aberletic fits, too, but I knowed a medicine-weed that kyored him. Me an' Joe's married all right."

But on another day, with Joe present, she spends a pleasant quarter of an hour enumerating the fathers of her various grown-up or dead children. She brings a cobwebby framed picture out for inspection.

"This is my oldest daughter. She lives in Burlington. Her husband's a swimmin' dike man. That hat looks funny now'days, don't it? Her daddy was a mussel-shell fisher from Peory. Say, they got a swell shantytown in Peory. Bigger'n any on the Mississippi. Her daddy busted that there great big blood-vessel that keeps yer whole body, and he died. That's I am (sic) there with her."

"There was that one-eyed boy of yours," prompts Joe, his better intelligence sticking to the subject of offspring more closely than Chip's. "Who was his daddy?" Joe winks—almost.

"Aw, a feller 'round town." Evidently this is a moot subject, for neither Chip nor Joe follows it further. But it is probably no conscious effort to change the subject that prompts Chip to exclaim a moment later: "Look at that purty boat—there, on the river."

"How about that big boy with kinky hair?"

Chip comes to life at once. Here is a magic phenomenon to be explained—more interesting than medicine-weeds, even. "Well, sir, I come on a nigger sudden one day when I was pushin' a baby-carriage full of old cans in the alley, an' it scared me. And when that boy was born, he was *marked* with nigger hair. His daddy was a white man, all right. I know, because he joined the Too Klux Klan."

Both Joe and Chip seem complimented at any interested inquiries about this remarkable family, and with a sort of sober, yet animated pleasure, try to remember each item and report it accurately. Apparently Joe has come into the story too late to share in this promiscuity of fathering.

"Purty little flowers," remarks Chip, with an irrelevance that from some one else somewhere else might by some fiction be called charming.

MOLL

Moll is almost a myth. She is never seen. But on the morning after her long-expected return, it is possible to get a very vigorous conception of her from Chip.

"If it hadn't been for the hair on 'er she'd 'a' been a good was'board," Chip mutters, stumping injuredly in and out the shanty carrying an old quilt, a gunny-sack rug, and other indistinguishable gray-grimed rags.

"I'm cleanin' my house this mornin',

but I don't feel like it. My head and back's sore. W'y, she hit me with the end-gate. I'd 'a' tore 'er clo'es off'n 'er, right there in Was'ton Street, if somebody hadn't started to call a police. 'Fore the police could get there, Joe started the little mule and we got away. Moll picked up the pitchfork and stuck the mule on the hip to make him hurry, and made a big sore place and the blood run down and the flies got on it. And he's a nice little mule, too. I oughta told the Humade Society. Once we had a horse and he got down and the Humade Society he come and shot 'im. Moll wiped off the blood and took the little mule and traded him to Old Fanchers for a lame horse and two more hens. There they are. Chickie! Chickie! Ain't they purty? I'm goin' to keep 'em and raise some more. And Joe let 'er trade and didn't say nothin'. Oh, she's got Joe charmed. I know that. I saw 'er put the drop of 'er blood in 'is coffee. That's years ago. That's a shore charm. You take at a certain time, you know. It's a Indian charm. That's why it works so well on Joe. He's part Indian. And now she's got my man. But she needn't think I'll starve. See that baby-buggy. I've hauled cans in that and I can again. I've got money too. See that fifty cents. And I think I've got fifty cents more in this pocketbook."

Chip searches and fumbles under her apron for her skirt pocket. She evidently is sore from Moll's pummelling, and her stocking—the black one, not the once-white one, sags around her skinny ankle.

"I can't find it. I bet she by God stole it. Humade Society, hell! The Too Klux Klan oughta get 'er. Wisht I could see 'em like I did the day they come told me I had hootch in my coal-oil can. Huh! I dared 'em to come one

step nearer. An' when I reached behind me, Jesus Criminy God! They broke and run until you'd think by God they'd take up the whole railroad-track arunnin'. I tell you, one secon' more near me and they'd 'a' had to carry off their guts in their shirt-tail."

Chip has to be guided conversationally, or she goes farther into the unprintable than this, even. The momentum she now has is hard to check. But once it is checked she readily resumes the subject of Moll.

"She give the two hens to me, and her and Joe drove off."

"Where?"

"How do I know? But I'll not starve. I can push this here baby-buggy."

Chip cannot keep to the point long. But the mystic sorceress of Joe's waiting and dreaming has evidently filled Joe with the courage to start camping in the direction of "Oklahomy," where, one hopes, the riddle of Joe's universe may in some fairer shanty seem to solve itself.

OLD FANCHERS

Old Fanchers, who traded for the little mule, is like Moll, something of a myth. That is, to some people. The frequent going and coming of automobiles across the tracks and down the high weed lane to his shack indicates that there are those who have the password to his presence. The dirty, friendly children that crowd about us to exclaim at the marvels of sketching their shanty-boat seem to know more or less about him. Milly Smith, twelve, lean, wise, points him out as he moves wraithlike through the tall horse-weed and carpenter's square from his door to a newly arrived automobile.

"That's Old Fanchers. He's—hee-hee—he's a bootlegger. He sells booze. He's got a house-boat down on the river

by the Island, and an old woman there cooks it for him. Jonah, you're shakin' the gentleman." This to a nine-year-old with quick eyes and active body, but with pitifully suspicious sores on his face and in his hair, who has got shoved against the sketch-pad by the press behind. "Las' night they was a lot of cars there and the people just sung, 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning,' 'n' everything. Us kids slipped up through the weeds 'n' watched, 'n'—hee, hee, hee—one woman was ahuggin' Old Fanchers."

A nearer approach on another day yields a sketch of Old Fanchers's place, but the automobiles are strangely absent. Sketching bootleggers' shacks seems unprecedented. Casual, furtive meandering of Riverbankers a few rods away may mean something. So may the sound of a rifle-shot up in the timber on the bluffs. It appears wise not to keep on sketching and note-taking when the afternoon light begins to fail.

ED SMITH

Milly Smith's father is Ed Smith. His name sounds very commonplace among the picturesque Dirk LaCroixes, Conrad LaCroixes, Mike Jaqueses, and Joe Riveys, of Riverbank. These names are almost too Nick Carterish to be true. Ed Smith is too prosy for their company. As a matter of fact, Ed Smith is only half Riverbanker. His father was a river-rat named Bushway (once Bourgeois), who married a woman from the river-bottom farms. She did not adjust herself diplomatically to shantytown life, and so Bushway traded her to a mussel-fisher for another woman and a duck-gun "to boot." Ed for some reason goes by his mother's maiden name.

Ed does not appear at first. Two or three limp-dressed women hush their

shrilling and shrink with slant looks into the house. No, they hain't got no fish to sell to-day. Yes, they guess it's all right to sketch the house-boat. Out on the river a young fellow clad in trunks, made by cutting off the legs of a pair of trousers, swims down-stream ahead of his drifting John-boat, gets in, rests, swims again. Only the crowding children take an interest in the sketching and note-taking.

By and by there is loud talk at the water's edge behind an upturned old rotten scow. The women are out there again, and the swimmer has come in. He is the loud talker. The dot, dashed, blankety, blanked blanks of blankesses will get somebody into trouble, that's what they will. He is no such artist in picturesque imprecation as Waukendaw Chip. His oaths sound merely low and heavy. The women soothe him and draw him, grumbling belligerently, into the house-boat, whence the thumping detonation of curses sounds thickly now, muffled with distance and confining walls.

Finally Ed comes reluctantly forth, driven, it is evident, by his women and truculent son. He is smirking and conciliatory, willing to give us a chance to prove ourselves not to be of the vile brood of prohibition officers. He accepts readily our explanations of our real mission, remembers the farm where we are putting up near Fallon's Ferry down-river, exchanges remarks about people we mutually know, says he knowed his folks was wrong about us.

Ed reels a little when he walks, and reeks a great deal when he talks. Fanchers's home-brew gives the breath a powerful penetration evidently. Ed's face is merely weak. Even if the mouth were not drooling "am-beer," and even if the sparse half-inch beard were gone,



The Walrus's Shack.



Dirk LaCroix.



Mike Jaques.

Ed's surrender to will-lessness would show in every furrow of his fallow face.

His talk is big, of course. "I'm a carpenter. None better. I can make anything. I've kinda got hemmed in here. Been workin' at the cereal plant. Got a sore foot. See. Got it at the plant."

He pries his great toe over and shows a great yellow hole between the toes. One remembers Jonah's face and hair.

"Company pays me a little and furnishes a doctor. This feller down here's a bootlegger. He got nervous about you fellers. His trade stopped. I told 'em it was all right. I'm sheriff myself—over across the river. I help my brother-in-law there. He's a sheriff. We trapped the mayor of Hampdon one time down in his cellar. He says: 'Boys, will a hundred dollars fix this thing up?' We says: 'No-sir-ee.' Cost 'im six hundred bucks in fines. Heh! Heh! I'd trap Old Fanchers if I could. But he won't sell to me. I got him once. Why, he sells to women and kids. Now a man knows what he's doin', but kids—Old Fanchers won't sell to anybody unless they come alone. Then it's one man's word against another's. He don't keep none at the house much. Hides it in the weeds here and there, but I'll buy some of him some time. He'll sell a little to me, I guess. And I'll get my brother-in-law and it'll cost him a thousand dollars."

Ed drools on, seemingly harmless. But some days later we learn he has visited Fallon's Ferry, ostensibly to get a job at the elevator, and has checked up on our account of ourselves. Remembering the rifle-shot, we wonder—

YOUNG SMITH

Young Smith is the swimmer and the wielder of tough, thick, slugging oaths. As we go by one day, we hear him at

the usual vocal explosiveness. Ed is matching him. Evidently both are drunk. They pitch out on the porch, weakly fighting. The women circle about, squatting in tones declarative, imperative, interrogative, exclamatory. All appear to be trying to influence Young Smith not to go somewhere. Young Smith finally induces his father to stop by simply fisting his mother.

Milly and Jonah explain (a) that the men have had too much of Old Fanchers's booze, and (b) that the family is coaxing the youth not to take the train to Hannibal to see his sweetie.

"But why?"

"Cause he's so drunk he might fall off the rods an' git run over."

OLD WHISKERS

He looks like a rabbi, with all that breast-covering of luxurious beard. He stands before a shelter made from the overturned half of a forty-foot keel-boat and watches the river slide by. Logs, fog, a leafy willow branch, the puffy body of a dead pig pass. The cottonwoods overhead shiver. He leans back against his overset craft, by the flexure of his body rumpling his breast-load of beard, and watches the sliding river-water go by.

THE WALRUS

He is "The Walrus" because of two great furry mustachios, drooping far below his jaws. He is shooing a furry old gray horse—a pair of cast-off shoes on a probably cast-off horse. But the old horse is commendably *embonpoint*. So is the Walrus. The Walrus's patch of sweet corn rustles in the wind. Down-river somewhere he rents tomato ground—his salvaged delivery-wagon is piled high with crates of ripe tomatoes, ready for the canning factory. His horse

has a patchwork barn, his hens and big rooster a patchwork coop, his terrier a packing-crate kennel. His house-boat will never float again, but its stocky piles will hold it up for a long time yet. There is enough kindling-boxes and driftwood on the pile for long burning, and the fish are running again.

The Walrus is content. He speaks with relief of the marriage of his daughter. (Does he know he is not alone in relief at children safely married?) And he has one good yarn to tell. He is content.

The yarn is of his island. "Down on my island I sold sev'm hundred dollars worth of hogs one season. Just raised the corn and let 'em eat it. No fence, no nothin'. River's the fence."

"Your island?"

"Yeah, squatter's rights. If you stay on an island sev'm years—oh, I don't exactly know the law, but old Judge Rainey told me a good deal. I never proved up—never got no papers. Feller come along one day an' offered me four-fifty for my shanty-boat an' rights, an' I just sold out. Whoa there. Here, little doggy, don't git hoss-stepped-on."

DIRK LACROIX

Dirk LaCroix ought to be a Diamond Dick hero. His name cries out to stand alongside that of Jean Lafitte. But Dirk is no Riverbank Captain Kidd. His honest pride is in being the recognized expert at finding bodies in the river in case of accident or suicide. He may be seen sometimes with a basket of wild grapes and wild black cherries, about which one may draw his own Volsteadish conclusions. But when a friend comes by his womanless house-boat, he invites him in to share—a dish of tender, fresh lima beans, delicately cooked in cream.

CONRAD LACROIX

Conrad LaCroix, Dirk's brother, more nearly lives up to his name. His almost white eyes dart searchingly about one. He makes no pretense of hiding the jars of wild cherries effervescing under his bunk, casually mentioning in the legal phrase that they are for his own use. But beyond that, even he is no great shakes at becoming Conrad the Bold. Hospitable, witty, he urges leaving our drawings and writing materials at his house-boat. Or on the step. Nobody on the river would bother them. Probably he speaks truly for his end of Shantytown, which is clean and orderly, compared to the squalor of Ed Smith's end. He is interested in having sketches of himself and Mike Jaques. After a while he runs away across the tracks with almost boyish glee. Some one says he has had word that there is to be some fluid joy distributed at the Caribou Club—whatever that is—up-town. Still gleeful, he catches a street-car and so traverses the eight blocks up-town somewhat faster than by walking.

MIKE JAQUES

Mike is interested in the sketches too. Also in the French pronunciation of his name. For two days he labors with the foreign syllables we have taught him.

Mike remembers seeing us months ago on the streets of a distant town. Whereupon Conrad whispers with lugubrious nods and glances: "He never forgets a man. He's part Indian."

Mike self-denyingly makes no mention of being part Indian, but explains that the Mike in his name is the contribution of an Irish mother, and the Jaques of a French-Canadian father. That seems reasonable, and Mike's appearance, like Joe Rivey's, really supports the part-Indian theory.

With a street carnival, Mike was, the time when he saw us. Had a little game. Made a hundred dollars the first day. After that, nothing.

Has been a professional balloonist—an exhibition balloonist. Worked for a fellow once that had made ninety-nine flights and then quit right short off. Hired his men afterward. When the fad of two going up at once came in, he hired Mike. The old fellow always watched his own hot-air pits and watched his men. Never would let one of 'em go up drunk. "Drink at night if you want to, boys, but be steady for the afternoon flight and jump."

No, never used the airplane type of parachute. Don't like the idea of jumping out with just a knapsack on your back.

No, never went up in an airplane. Don't trust 'em.

"How'd you say that name goes? Jock—no, Zhock——"

The sun sets smokily on Shantytown in the State of Riverbank. The river fog creeps up to gray the blue and black of the smoke. The night gives slow darker values to mist and soot, weed and willow, cottonwood and shanty, house-boat and relentless gliding water.

"Chickie! Chickie!" It is Wauken-daw Chip, trying to entice the shy hens

to come into the shanty with her for the night. A slouching Riverbanker oozes out from the black near the bluff and helps her drive them in. Another headlight noses its way down the weeded lane to Old Fanchers's, and a woman's voice laughs—high, harsh. Conrad La-Croix laughs, coming across the tracks from the Caribou. A boat puts in; in its bottom contraband fish flop and slap. Lights show here and there. In the depths of the keel-boat shelter a young baby mews. Milly and Jonah and their swarm of playmates scramble chillily out of the shallow water where in old clothes they have been splashing, and run here and there toward light. A dog barks. On a log under the quivering cottonwoods sit Young Smith and his girl from the Hannibal Shantytown. Since he didn't go, she came. Limp, sleazy crêpe dress; stocking runs; much Woolworth perfume. Neither she nor Young Smith is of the 2 per cent of humanity who can live a higher level than super-barbarism. Will theirs be even a super-barbarism?

They sit very close, nuzzling cheek to cheek. Neither ever heard of a companionate marriage, or a pantisocracy. Neither will write or read or ever hear about a study in a new manner of society.

To-night is soft and dark; to-morrow is another day.



What Do Women's Clubs Do?

BY MARY SHERMAN

President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

The clubs mentioned by name in this article were chosen to show types of work. These clubs are typical of hundreds of other clubs which have done equally commendable work. Space does not permit the mention of each State.

WHAT would be the loss to your town if the woman's club ceased to exist?" is a question I frequently ask representative men in the different towns I visit. The answers have been varied, but the tenor of them has been the same—that activities for community betterment would lose leadership or impetus, or cease altogether.

One man said: "The bottom would fall out of all our town-improvement work"; another said practically the same thing and added: "You see, when there's any job that seems too much for our chamber of commerce to handle we get the woman's club to tackle it, for they can put over anything they want to."

What would have been the answer of a "hard-headed business man" to such a question twenty-five years ago? Probably the tenor of the answers then would have been *uniform*, but as different from the answers to-day as leg-of-mutton sleeves and trailing skirts are from our present costumes.

From the first the woman's-club movement has had a good many critics, friendly and otherwise. In the course of time some were converted and some silenced by the array of facts that meet the honest investigator, even if they do not entirely satisfy him. There are other

critics, both men and women, whose objects are not altogether worthy, and nothing so commonplace as a fact has any interest for them.

Nevertheless, for our own sakes, and in order that we might have not assumptions and beliefs but evidence and proofs, early in 1927 a questionnaire was sent out from the General Federation headquarters. It asked these few questions:

1. Give brief account of your club's best achievements during the last two years.
2. In addition, has your club at any time been responsible for initiating or "putting over" any notable civic, educational, legislative, or welfare achievement?
3. What is the strongest desire of your club in the way of future work?
4. What would be the loss to the members of your club and to the life of your community should your club cease to exist?
5. Do you own a club-house?

Within a few weeks the answers began to come in from all sorts and conditions of clubs. Sometimes the space allowed was ample, sometimes long letters were added, sometimes printed reports were enclosed as an additional reply. All tried to tell the story of what they had done and were trying to do. The big clubs had done nobly, but some of the small clubs in remote sections had done even more in comparison to their resources.

No one—no matter how cynical a scoffer at women's clubs he or she might be—could read those records and not feel a rising wave of respect and admiration for what our American club-women, just the plain, every-day folks, not specialists in anything but home-making, are accomplishing.

Certain forms of activity appear to be universal. Among the earliest was assistance rendered those who wanted something to read. Sometimes it took the form of travelling libraries, with travelling picture-galleries as a later development; sometimes it resulted in branch libraries, and oftener and oftener it is resulting in library buildings that are becoming social centres around which the social life of the community revolves. Again and again they have initiated the public library—sometimes with the donation of a few volumes and a volunteer librarian from the woman's club to keep library hours in the club-house or at a member's home; sometimes by such a movement as that of a small club (forty-five members) in Sugar City, Colo. This club, feeling the need of a library, got the president of the railroad to give them an old unused depot, got some one else to give them a lot, had the depot moved to the lot, a foundation put under it and a porch around it, then cleaned, decorated, and lighted it, put in shelves, and now have a community-house which provides a clubroom for the club, reading-room, and library, and a community-room for town affairs.

The Woman's Club of La Grange, Ga., after twelve years of persistent effort, raised the money for a beautiful library building, which they dedicated as a memorial to the boys who took part in the Great War. A free county public library was established and directed by the Scott County Civic Club

of Scott City, Kans.; and when the legislature was about to abolish the State travelling library, the club came to the rescue and the bill was defeated. This enterprising club requires no dues of its members, owing to crop failures in recent years, but every club-woman in the county is active.

On the dusty crossroads, under the glare of the brilliant sun of the Southwest, stands a low building of attractive lines. Tourists passing that way might wonder what sort of public building (for it is obviously not a home or a school) would be placed there, remote from other habitations. Inquiry would inform them that it is the clubhouse of a certain New Mexico woman's club—a club of only fifty members, all farmers' or ranchers' wives, who have built this thirteen-thousand-dollar club-house and are paying for it all with money which they have earned "by entertainments, luncheons, etc." They are scattered throughout the adjacent farming country, but their clubhouse is the common meeting-place and provides social intercourse, play, study, and opportunities for community work.

This is true, of course, of thousands of other clubs, and the millions of dollars invested in club-buildings—buildings that represent investments from a few thousand to a million dollars—are testimony of the importance American women attach to their club life.

Because their town had no theatre or suitable auditorium for theatrical performances the women of Rockford, Ill., when they built their club-house, made its auditorium a complete theatre, seating nearly nine hundred. Later, finding they could not rent and keep any control over the productions, they assumed all financial responsibility for a stock company, with a manager of their choosing, and have produced excellent

plays, well acted, paid their company, and themselves the rent of their auditorium—and are making a profit.

Another activity with an almost universal appeal is public welfare. A little club in River Junction, Fla., decided to rid the town of mosquitoes, which had become a menace to the health of the entire population, and with the assistance of the State Board of Health and the merchants they succeeded.

In Elgin, Ill., the woman's club, which is one of the oldest women's clubs, with a record of forty years of service, founded, owns, and maintains a modern hospital with full up-to-date equipment valued at four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This club has grown from thirty-six charter members in 1887 to five hundred in 1927.

A similar enterprise, though on a little smaller scale, was carried on in Sterling, Colo. The town needed a hospital—the women provided it, equipped and maintain it.

Another club of fifty members, in Ironton, Ohio, raised funds for city playgrounds, health nurses, baby clinics, milk for undernourished children, free operation and care of tonsil and adenoid cases. None of this appeared on their club programme.

One of the most popular activities is the scholarship loan work, which has generally outgrown any club and has been taken over by the State federations.

In one of our Western States some years ago a young girl, eager to continue her education at college and well prepared to enter, was held back by lack of funds. At that time the State Federation of Women's Clubs, learning of her case, loaned the money for her education, which she repaid in full soon after graduating. She later became a leading club-woman in her State. This oppor-

tunity for service immediately appealed to club-women, and club after club report annually scholarships of money or clothes, or both, to help girls complete their education. Nearly every State has a well-established scholarship fund, sometimes disbursing more than ten thousand dollars annually in this way. Two States have each given scholarships to over five hundred girls.

In efforts to preserve places of historic interest, scientific value, and scenic beauty the women's clubs have made themselves known from coast to coast. It is not strange, therefore, to find the Florida Federation the owner and administrator of the Royal Palm State Park, a reservation of over four thousand acres, which the women's clubs through their efforts secured to the State.

But in many instances the present activities tell only a small part of the story. Like a tree, there is just as much unseen as seen. The roots go deep. In many cases the club, like the kindergarten song, has merely shown us the way, and city or county or State has taken over the work, built rest-rooms, established county libraries, thrown open its schools in return for decorations and equipment given, opened clinics and free dispensaries, employed visiting nurses, opened workshops for the adult blind or the disabled, and the clubs have relinquished their work, or what was their work, and gone on to other things. This does not mean that their interest in these things has lapsed. It would be a very foolish woman who sat down and lamented that she had "lost her baby" because he had grown up.

It is difficult to determine which club is doing the most effective work, because to evaluate the most worthwhile enterprise one must understand

the needs of the community. It is difficult for an outsider to judge whether a library is a better service than a kindergarten—a baby clinic more vital than hot lunches at school—censored motion-pictures a greater contribution to the intellectual life of the community than art exhibits, pageants, concerts—but each club may be depended upon to do the thing that will best round out the lives of the individual members and improve conditions of community life.

The character of club work is expressed in the club constitutions rather than in the programmes of their meetings. The purpose as given in the constitutions is, almost universally, so broad and liberal that almost any work which seems to the members worth while may be undertaken. For example, a small club in Estes Park, Colo., states its object thus: "Mutual sympathy and counsel, a united effort toward the higher civilization of humanity, general philanthropic work, the development of our natural scenery, and to establish and maintain a library and reading-room for the public." The year's programmes may deal largely with intellectual improvement—with talks on art, literature, or other cultural subjects—but the work of the club-women may, and usually does, have to do with the improvement of conditions of civic and community life. In fact, this club has built a library at a cost of seven thousand dollars, and has over three thousand volumes. It gave an acre of ground to the government for the Rocky Mountain National Park Administration Building. This gift was accepted by a special act of Congress. The club has built mountain trails through the Rocky Mountain National Park region and supported a fish-hatchery for many years, until it was taken over by the State.

That the primary purpose of the women's clubs was originally cultural is generally granted. Then the desire for other activities—civic, philanthropic, economic—crowded and sometimes absorbed the earlier interests of club-women. But as they are finding themselves in the new plane of activities which this century offers all women, and which is so different from the restricted level of the last century, they are returning with new interest and wider vision to the study of the fine arts.

Painting, sculpture, books—particularly of American artists and authors—are becoming familiar, through their club programmes and through traveling exhibits loaned by the General Federation, to club-women all over the country. Financial aid is being given to American art students. Contests, with generous prizes, have stimulated interest, study, and thought about these subjects. A great deal of attention has been given to children's books, and traveling libraries have been supported in remote districts. While the primary object of women's clubs can no longer be said to be purely cultural, it is equally true that the cultural side has become again one of the most important—particularly in the smaller towns, which offer fewer opportunities for such study than the larger cities.

In the past, farm-women, largely because of lack of transportation facilities, have been cut off from club activities. But now, with the automobile almost as common as the old-time horse and buggy, and with constant improvement of roads, distance ceases to be a barrier, and our rural sections are rapidly seeking the pleasures and benefits gained from working and playing in groups. Clubs of farm and ranch women, sometimes living miles apart, are organizing to get for themselves some

of the things they feel they have been missing.

These clubs bring new view-points, new needs, and new activities to both the State and the General Federation, and in return get from the larger bodies new interests and resources and a chance to be a part of whatever important activities are going on.

The question "What would be the loss to the members of your club and to the life of your community should your club cease to exist?" was answered with painstaking conscientiousness. Occasionally some one else—the mayor, the superintendent of schools, or the head of the chamber of commerce—was asked to answer because the women did not like to say what a calamity the dissolution of their club would mean to their town. The general character of the answer, by both men and women, was, in the small towns, practically the same—that organized, co-operative effort toward civic and community improvement would lose impetus and leadership or stop altogether; in many cases that the library would cease to exist or the free kindergarten stop, that school work such as health nurses, milk, hot lunches, etc., would have to find new sponsors, and that the social intercourse and stimulation from meeting and working with other women and men would be lost. One woman said: "There would be nothing to go to but card-parties." And American women to-day are not satisfied to be limited to card-parties.

In the large cities it was a different matter; with memberships of several hundred, naturally the undertakings of the clubs are divided into various departments according to the interests and tastes of the members. But for the interests and good of the club as a whole, or in the many matters in which all

members and departments have equal interests, the club functions as a unit.

In the last analysis the things the big-city club-woman wants from her club are the same as those the small-town club-woman seeks—social intercourse, an opportunity to improve herself (it may be an international-relation class in one place and a cooking-class in another, but the idea is the same), and an opportunity to work for something that will be a benefit to humanity.

It should, however, be remembered that a vast majority of the women's clubs *are* in small towns—that the number of clubs with a membership of fewer than fifty is much greater than the number of larger clubs, that it is the small-city and town clubs that form the great bulk of United States club-women, and that these women are one of the most vital forces in their towns and cities.

Call them "uplifters" if you like. The nation did not call them that when it called on them for every kind of war work, and the spirit that prompted the service so gladly given then is the same that prompts them now to work for libraries or kindergartens or pure food or abolishing child labor, town water, or anything that they are convinced is important and worth while. Their work is unselfish and sincere, and that is why it is so powerful that it is constantly subject to efforts to discredit it.

The important part the individual woman's club holds in its own community is readily seen. The next step is the linking of the individual clubs together in the State federations and in the General Federation.

Just as a group of women find more inspiration and achieve more by working together than as individuals, so the clubs of a State, banded into a State federation, **increase** their influence

many times over. In their conventions and through their State organization they are brought in touch with the work other clubs are doing, with the affairs important to the State as a whole, and with the way their own club can best weave its part in the pattern of State undertaking.

Each club can be an influence for good, both to its members and to its community in its own little place. To possess this influence for good in its State as a whole, to carry out uniformly the things proven desirable, to obtain the benefits available only to a large organization, it must act through its State federation.

And, in a larger way, that is all the General Federation does—bands together the State federations and individual clubs into a national and international organization which can offer to the individual members greater opportunities, greater interests, greater influence.

It can initiate and pass on to the individual clubs opportunities for them to accept or reject as they please, which they could never create for themselves. For example, the home-equipment survey recently completed by the General Federation would not have been possible without the co-operation of individual clubs, yet no one club or State could have either initiated or carried out this gigantic undertaking.

Another project of the General Federation was the establishment of the Federal prison for women at Alderson, W. Va., a national achievement conceived and led by the Federation and brought to fulfilment by the club-women of the country.

It can, through its department heads, bring before the State federations and individual clubs, the results of research, of study and of work, of the leading

men and women in the fields covered by the various departments.

The passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act—a measure whose importance to the welfare of the American people cannot be overestimated—was unhesitatingly credited, by the scientists most closely connected with it, to the nation-wide insistence of the women's clubs (informed of the need for and importance of such an act) that the measure become a law.

Finally, when the component parts of the General Federation choose to act as a whole its strength is that of a mighty oak whose branches reach out in every direction, green and vigorous to the very tips, a tree that can withstand any storm. But let the branches be lopped off and cut into small pieces, then the meanest kitchen range, the most casual camper, can soon reduce the whole tree to ashes.

The American club-women have attained their present position by their own efforts. As long as our women have the desire they now have for knowledge, self-improvement, and the best that can be had for their children, their homes, and their community, I think there is not the slightest chance of our women's clubs ceasing to be mediums through which women will seek the ends they wish. The women want certain definite things; they organize to get them. The organization is flexible—it can grow and change with the needs; it can throw its influence on this side or that—it has no party and is non-sectarian. So long as the women keep their ideals high and their aims pure, just so long will the women's clubs continue to flourish, and make their influence felt throughout the whole country. Compared with other fields of human endeavor, the club movement shows a minimum of failures and a long roll of successes.



Boston—the Ebb Tide

MY UNITED STATES

BY F. J. STIMSON

A former assistant attorney-general of Massachusetts and ambassador to the Argentine sees the erstwhile financial and cultural centre as a town of coupon-cutters with an inferiority complex, bossed by Irish and New Hampshiremen. Mr. Stimson is surveying the country and writing "My United States."

THE Boston of 1878, the Massachusetts of 1888, has as completely vanished as its seaports, whose shipping for a century covered all the world. Boyle O'Reilly told me that in the sixties, in Australia, the only name they knew of America was Boston. In the forties the Chinooks of the Oregon shore knew only Boston ships; in earlier centuries the French and Indians of the St. Lawrence and the Chamblay warred only "*contre les Bostonnais*," as their monuments still tell us. Barbadoes and India knew Boston ice, and the Indies, East and West, Yankee notions (and sometimes wooden nutmegs and counterfeit money); while Boston was the only town of his American dominions with which and with whose ideas King George of Hanover was thoroughly familiar. A hundred years later any wandering Englishmen of inquiring mind never failed to head for Boston when visiting America—now (beyond, of course, seeing New York or Washington) he would give the preference to Chicago and Los Angeles.

The "decadence of Boston" is a seductive theme. It is due to iron ships, the Erie Canal, to Congress and our national legislation, to railroad relations,

to "spendthrift trusts" and the coupon-cutting generation, to lack of enlightened self-interest, to undue modesty, and to the growth of the rest of the country. Also, the rest of the world ebbed out from the ideals on which Boston was propped and left it high and dry.

Eliot has well pointed out in his maritime history the extraordinary lapsus of common sense which caused Boston merchants—who had whitened the seven seas with their ships and harnessed New England rivers to their mills—to fail to see, in the forties and fifties, that ships must give place to freight-cars, bottoms to gondolas. Boston had the most convenient seaport of the East, but it never got its railroad to the Mississippi valley—on and out of which we all now live. The natural barrier to the West—the high grades that the Berkshire Mountains interpose—might be and was overcome by the Hoosac Tunnel. On this the commonwealth—and wisely—spent fifteen millions of dollars; but their wisdom stopped there, for they never secured the railways, east and west, to connect with it. It was like buying a bung-hole and failing to buy the barrel round it. One feeble and halting step they did take—

they built the so-called "State" railroad—the Troy & Greenfield—which carried tunnel traffic eastward—as far as the Connecticut River. But, having built it, they leased it to the Fitchburg Railway, and then the Fitchburg to the Boston & Maine; and the Boston & Maine was to be merged in the New Haven Railroad, controlled by J. P. Morgan and New York. Forty years before, the only other trunk line crossing the Berkshires was pre-empted by the Vanderbilts when they got the Western Railroad of Massachusetts (that part of the Boston & Albany west of Springfield), so that the Boston & Albany became a mere appendix of the New York Central and finally even lost its name and became "leased lines." And, even in 1910, so firm was their grip that they would allow only a certain number of cars to come east from Albany or Troy through our tunnel. The rest must go to feed the traffic of New York. One ill-advised attempt (because of its own high grades) was made by Eldridge, and Gowan of Pennsylvania, to get a third competing line through to the Hudson at Fishkill, but this (the "Air Line," "Boston, Hartford & Erie," "New York & New England") soon went into the maw of the New Haven; and about 1902 Murray Crane sold the State stock in the Fitchburg—for a good money price, but the last vestige of Massachusetts control went with it, and the great tunnel might as well never have been built so far as Boston's interests were concerned; its very name disappeared from the railroad world; New York Central, New York & New Haven, are its only Western lines. The merger with the Boston & Maine was indeed prevented, but the Fitchburg-Boston & Maine runs onto the tracks of the Vanderbilt roads at Rotterdam Junction.

Long after this the Nickel Plate, with a through line to Chicago, might have been acquired for a song—compared with what the Hoosac Tunnel and the State road had cost—but by this time Boston's great men had gone, and Boston capitalists had lost either vision or courage, or were content to take the crumbs that fell from the table of New York.

Yet Boston brains and capital had built the Michigan Central; the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; the Mexican Central—to name but four; and the city of Chicago, and its stock-yards, and Kansas City's. The Union Pacific was built through the continent by Boston brains. Boston's lines of railroad extended from Detroit to Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Ogden, El Paso, Mexico—but from Boston itself they stopped short at the Hudson River. John M. Forbes—who built the Michigan and the Burlington—was the last of her great men of enterprise and vision; "selling out" and getting on a four per cent basis was the policy of their successors; and a four per cent basis is death to enterprise and stops short the growth of a great commercial metropolis. The great men had gone. Forbes's successor was content to sell out the Burlington for a guaranteed four per cent on the then market value of the stock; and that great property has paid its purchasers about twenty-seven per cent ever since, and its dividends saved them—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railway systems, giants as they were—from bankruptcy in 1921. And Boston's leading bankers or merchants of later years—even to Boston's leading citizen, beloved by all—were of a different type, content with the crumbs from J. P. Morgan's table. Yet that the

old Boston vigor and insight still is there is shown even now in her four greatest enterprises — the Telephone, the General Electric, the Shoe Machinery and the United Fruit—the first, I believe, the largest corporation in the world and with the largest list of stockholders. Yet the telephone inventors did not realize how great they were, and permitted much of the world to slip away from them, so that even South America and Central America (most fertile of fields for exploiting the great convenience, the people all lazy with heat and extravagant) are actually exploited by telephone companies from England — the country where they never could learn to use the telephone at all!

Boston has ever been full of the finest public spirit—promoting education, art, music, hospitals, schools, social welfare or public service of any or all kinds; New York, in old days, not so at all. But, when the matter was one of financial interest to the port or city of New York, its merchants from Ogden to Vanderbilt were distinctly on the job. First, with the Erie Canal they were Johnnies on the spot; we Yankees responded with the Hoosac Tunnel—and then fell asleep at the switch.

Then came the great insurance companies. Their huge reservoirs of capital centralized in New York—Wall Street and its unified financial control; the natural centralization of all traffic or exchange in one great city, which we find in all modern countries, further accentuated by Wilson's administration in handling of matters in the Great War, and only measurably relieved by his Federal Reserve Act—until Boston sank from second to seventeenth port, and, though once second (after Philadelphia) in population, was passed, not only by New York and Chicago, but by

St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Detroit; and her harbor, that for two centuries swarmed with shipping, now wears the peace of Portsmouth. And what a wonderful harbor! I have seen the great German liner *Amerika* back out of the South Boston pier without even a tug, turn ninety degrees around, point for the Light, and in twenty minutes be ready to drop a pilot in deep water—in New York or Liverpool it takes five hours. I have seen a vessel shipwrecked from my law-office window. ("Yes, but very inconvenient in time of war," said a German professor to me in 1913, when I was pointing out the harbor beauties.) Boston too has the greatest hinterland of intelligence and productive people—not elsewhere in the world, except in New York or London, are so many such congregated in so small a space; three million live within forty miles of Boston docks; and the docks no longer used for want of railroads; and the great Commonwealth Pier itself (built, like the only large dry dock in America, close by, and the Hoosac Tunnel, out of State moneys) actually used by a few tourists, but otherwise as a shed for licensing automobiles.

Of course, it is too late now. The dead hand of State railroad regulation—a cause first enthusiastically taken up by President Roosevelt, to draw a hering across the trail when the farmers were growing restive under the tariff—would now make it impossible for a railroad, though built of State funds, still more if privately owned to favor its own city, to charge other than uniform rates. State rights are lost in Federal powers. We could not bore the tunnel, buy the Nickel Plate, and make a rate from Boston to Chicago now other than as the I. C. C. permitted. We are, therefore, reduced to whinings before

them about the differential—in other words, a special favor—to enable us to overcome the geographical advantages of Baltimore, Norfolk, or New Orleans.

Speaking now again nationally (though in this article—on Boston—I may be pardoned for writing as a Massachusetts man), railway-rate fixing may have been necessary in some cases—provoked, as in California, by an avowed railroad policy of “charging what the traffic will bear,” *i. e.*, taking it all, except just enough hope in the settler’s breast to encourage him to plant a new crop; but since Roosevelt got this power given and approved by the Supreme Court not a railroad has been built in the United States, speaking broadly, and thousands of miles have been abandoned. Unless and until you can get a bureau which will adapt each decision to special conditions, and refuse to play politics, all such regulation by boards is necessarily Procrustean, unintelligent. There was a railroad built across the continental divide at a cost of thirty millions—the tunnel under the Rockies alone cost nearly ten; it charged twenty-five cents for carrying a passenger through, and the same sum for each ton of freight. This trackage contract was sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. Before that railroad was built any shipper would have been only too glad to pay ten, nay twenty, dollars for hauling each ton or passenger across the continental divide. Comes the railway commission and says it must charge three cents a mile—the same as the New Jersey Central on the level. That the railroad failed and its promoters lost thirty millions may not matter—they were English—but that that railroad may be abandoned and no other ever built may be of concern even to us Americans.

The next most notable cause of Bos-

ton’s commercial (I am so far speaking only of that) decline is the “spendthrift trust” decision of Massachusetts courts. (It is not the law in New York or elsewhere.) Somewhere about 1830 they decided that a man could tie his children’s inheritance up, either by deed or will, so that they could not spend or risk the principal, so that they could make no contract in favor of their creditors which would be binding on their trustees, so that they could not risk their capital in a new enterprise or indeed embark it in any business. Immense wealth had been accumulated in Boston in the first sixty years of the republic: instead of trusting their sons and sending them out at their own risks with all their argosies upon life’s seas (as they themselves had done), they distrusted their ability (and this distrust by Boston of the ability of her sons ran through all the post-Civil War times, and in many other ways, as we shall see) and had them all trustee’d. No new enterprise could be undertaken by them, for under that court decision they had no capital to risk. Perforce they became coupon-cutters—parasites, not promoters of industry—with the natural results to their own characters. Hence the John M. Forbes type of Bostonian came largely to an end. It was as if the argosies of Venice had been realized and the proceeds placed with Shylock at four per cent. Shylock took no risks, and the Boston Bassanio, bored, spent his four per cent in elegant living—to do him justice, greatly promoting art, charity, public service—but the consequences were disastrous to a Venetian commercial supremacy; and business down-town was left to smaller men, with narrower traditions, taking retail but not wholesale risks. So supine are they that Boston shippers will not complain when, under New York or-

der, they have to ship goods by rail from Boston to New York to be loaded there for Argentina, though the very steamer which takes them to Buenos Aires discharged its cargo in Boston (for Boston still has an import trade) and lay there a week in sight of the Boston man's warehouse. He may not load it there, but must pay tribute to the New York railroad and contribute his own mite to the greatness of New York's harbor by sending his shipment by rail to New York.

And thus, placing all the young intelligentsia under financial guardianship, the natural consequences ensued in other ways. The French *rentier*, however saving, is notoriously an inadventurous person in business. Indeed, the superior energy and initiative—even the imagination—of the British, though “but a nation of shopkeepers,” may be ascribed to this. The effect of making Boston's youth, of its best tradition and education, mere four per cent men, was to choke off their own energies and largely divorce business and the Brahmins. True, they were replaced, in the down-town stores and counting-rooms, by some fresh country stock; as, in law or city politics, Harvard has been by Dartmouth. New Hampshire swarmed into the Hub like the Scots into London. But, however sharp and clever, it may be questioned whether something of the broad vision, almost idealism, in the enterprises of the old Boston merchants, mill-founders, railroad-builders, was not lost in the exchange. Of course, there were notable exceptions; also many sons of the old Boston families moved upon New York, as the New Hampshire and Maine men had moved on Boston. In the eighties and nineties there were far more New Englanders than Knickerbockers at the head of “big business” in New York; and in politics

as well—for it had actually been there the fashion to despise it in the fifties and sixties, as may be seen in the old cartoons of *Vanity Fair*; it was a “dirty” occupation, not fit for a gentleman. But here there was no “trusteeship”; and soon the public spirit and the patriotism of “our best young men”—perhaps as well political ambition—reasserted themselves, and since the *renacimiento* after Grant's time there has been no dearth of “The Scholar in Politics”—so that it is hard to believe that Cabot Lodge was almost a pioneer when he appeared in 1871.

When we come to the only old field of superiority generally conceded to Boston and New England—letters—the story is the same. The saying, “When the true gods go, the half gods come,” was taken so devoutly by all of us in Boston that not a fifty per cent god, nor a five per cent, nor a two per cent, of divine idea, was expected, believed, or permitted, to exist in the Athens of America. When Channing, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes had gone, we imported Howells and Aldrich from the Mississippi valley to fill the niches of their statues; and they broke the mould. Henry James fled to London; the *Atlantic* and the *North American* passed into strange hands.

And after a while of years, when Boston asserted so strenuously that all her writers of genius were dead, the Mississippi valley came to believe it, and the Indiana school arose. New York was, of course, delighted—and indeed most of our New England writers were living there. The hierarchy had prevailed, but all too well. Indeed, it had been Channing, Holmes, that Boston really liked. It had swallowed Emerson with a gasp, hardly sooner than the world did; but it never swallowed Whitman,

nor even Poe; while even its own sons, Hawthorne and Melville, had to go and grow in Berkshire County, which was almost in New York.

Thus the youngsters of the seventies were told that there was no health in them; that Boston's classic age was gone; and Aldrich and Howells were perhaps none too loath to believe it, and that they were the only successors. They never really liked Boston. Lowell remarked once that Howells always wrote "as if some swell had failed to bow to him on Beacon Street." Yet the *aliquid alienum* was highly thought of by Beacon Street. Any one who came from outside the city could get like attention—Cable of New Orleans, Page of Virginia, Davis of Pennsylvania, and Craddock of North Carolina. Most Boston young men left the trade of writing. But they (the *Atlantic* world) were more tolerant of women. Louise Chandler Moulton reigned in the halls where Emerson and Margaret Fuller had sat—and the best Boston writers now were women—Sara Jewett, Elizabeth Phelps, Margaret Deland, Alice Brown. Even our press passed into strange hands—first, the solid periodicals I have mentioned; then the "respectable daily" *Advertiser*; the *Youth's Companion*; finally, even the *Evening Transcript*—of which the expected evening delivery, down Marlboro Street, moved Amy Lowell to write a poem—had been to North Carolina for its editor.

But if the world wishes to give a dog a bad name, it can hang him; so most of Boston's young writers went back to law, or politics, or bank-clerking. None of them, I think, ever had got an article into the *Atlantic*, still less the *Review*. Jack Wheelwright and I—who had just scandalized Harvard College and the Abbott family by a skit called "Rollo in Cambridge"—gave over the *Lam-*

poon to New York, and under John Mitchell and Dan Martin founded *Life*; and many of us went to New York publishers. It was years after the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Appleton's*, and *Lippincott's* had received us—that any one of us got a serial into the *Atlantic*. Yet the vitality of Boston is shown in new eruptions of genius—for instance, the Christian Science movement and free verse. The fact that one personally may not follow either makes it all the safer to assert that no community which can originate movements of such importance, so widely spread throughout the world, and having so much (moral or æsthetic) value in them, can be deemed spiritually or intellectually dead. And Mrs. Eddy at her death had a hundred times more followers throughout the world than had Christ a lifetime after his crucifixion.

Nathless, we must conclude, on the whole, that as the port of Boston is dead, so are its poets and writers—save, of course, the historians or scientists, where Rhodes has replaced Prescott and Motley—but even Rhodes was a Cleveland. And other outlanders controlled all Boston; heading its university, its principal pulpits, everything from the baseball team to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—even Harvard College was only saved from a Texas president by a Verdun-like resistance of the *poileux** against the imperialism of an Eliot. And finally, Boston could not even play baseball.

This, by a natural progression, leads to our next cause of Boston's decadence, which is—its undue modesty. It ill becomes a Bostonian to dwell upon this characteristic, which to all but a profound observer might seem not the most obvious among Boston's many virtues. But our last page goes far to prove it.

* I. e., "whiskered ones"—old mustaches.

It was never believed in Boston that a Boston man could be found who was really competent to conduct great enterprises. President Eliot, at Harvard, was firmly convinced that no good could ever be expected from the youth of Massachusetts first families. It was the "digs" or "grinds"—the boys who came from the back country to work their way through college—who were petted and honored with the personal acquaintance of the faculty. All the scholarships then were eleemosynary, that is, no man who was financially independent was allowed to win one; and this policy widened the breach already too sure to come between the A's and those of the "gentleman's" mark—C. And the fathers, already prepared to put their sons under financial guardianship, were therefore easily convinced that their sons were intellectually incompetent also. Then, after graduation, they encountered old Boston's conviction of young Boston's brainlessness. Thus boys with rich parents were encouraged to be mere wasters, just as Harvard encouraged them to be idlers. If some few broke into business, it was as difficult as now to "break into the movies." Doctors, indeed, they became; but at the bar they encountered the distrust of the business men and the jealousy of those who thought that a Harvard education gave them a pull—instead of (as Henry Adams found it) an actual handicap. And still more so was it in politics; while in literature Barrett Wendell used to swear that the literary decadence of Boston actually dated from its putting its press and its reviews out of Harvard hands. Anyhow, Boston youth was damned: no good could come out of it; and the rest of the U. S. A. (regretfully, to do it justice) had to accept that valuation. What wonder if—being naturally mod-

est—we came also to believe it? Thus the Boston, the Massachusetts, of the eighties was by way of admitting that it had no home talent; and so its best came to be exported. Massachusetts men went to the top in New York, Chicago, London, Washington, the prairies, or the seas—but not in Boston. The fathers cut the coupons on the bonds *their* fathers had bought, and did not believe their sons were any good. And Boston was in danger of becoming like a hill town of New England—where the younger sons, or the adventurous, have for generations gone West, and the town has taken to abandoned farming like as in Eugene O'Neill's play—and might have gone to seed but for the fresh blood and younger hands brought in from Dartmouth and New England's hinterland. Modesty, therefore, lack of self-confidence, was (and is) a fault of Boston in character—just as undue self-consciousness is in manners. The Cabot type—"a semicivilized tribe inhabiting the confines of Boston with customs, but no manners," as the great lexicographer defined them—had at least no manners, and that is all right. "How fortunate"—said the French ambassador of some Eve of Boston's Adamses—"that that young lady has no manners! Because, if she had manners, they would be bad." Only indeed, that Boston's Adamses have no Eve. Eve is not a Boston type, any more than Astarte. But *incedo per ignes*. . . .

For the last of our causes, the growth of the rest of the country, Boston is not to blame. Indeed, it has done most to help it. May it continue! And may Boston learn to understand the Mississippi valley—and it, in turn, come back to its old belief that, after all, the broadest education and the finest tradition of our free republic are to be found in New England!



The Greene Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case" and "The 'Canary' Murder Case"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—In the old Greene mansion on 53d Street by the East River live Mrs. Tobias Greene, who is a paralytic, and her five grown children—two daughters (Julia and Sibella), two sons (Chester and Rex), and an adopted daughter (Ada). At half past eleven on the night of November 8 Julia and Ada are shot in their bedrooms. Julia is killed instantly, but Ada, though wounded in the back, recovers. The police take up the investigation; and Markham, the District Attorney, is also called into the case. Markham is accompanied by his intimate friend, Philo Vance, a young social aristocrat who has helped him unofficially in other investigations. Three nights after Julia's death Chester is shot through the heart while sitting in his bedroom. There are no suggestive clues, and the case seems to have reached an impasse. At the end of three weeks Ada comes to the District Attorney's office to say that Rex has confided to her that he has important information. Rex is phoned for by Markham; but just as he is about to leave the house he is mysteriously shot down.

XIV

FOOTPRINTS ON THE CARPET

(Tuesday, November 30; noon)

MARKHAM had considerable difficulty in persuading Ada to accompany us. The girl seemed almost in a panic of fright. Moreover, she held herself indirectly responsible for Rex's death. But at last she permitted us to lead her down to the car.

Heath had already telephoned to the Homicide Bureau, and his arrangements for the investigation were complete when we started up Centre Street. At Police Headquarters Snitkin and another Central Office man named Burke were waiting for us, and crowded into the tonneau of Markham's car. We made excellent time to the Greene mansion, arriving there in less than twenty minutes.

A plain-clothes man lounged against

the iron railing at the end of the street a few yards beyond the gate of the Greene grounds, and at a sign from Heath came forward at once.

"What about it, Santos?" the Sergeant demanded gruffly. "Who's been in and out of here this morning?"

"What's the big idea?" the man retorted indignantly. "That old bimbo of a butler came out about nine and returned in less than half an hour with a package. Said he'd been to Third Avenue to get some dog-biscuits. The family sawbones drove up at quarter past ten—that's his car across the street." He pointed to Von Blon's Daimler, which was parked diagonally opposite. "He's still inside.—Then, about ten minutes after the doc arrived, this young lady"—he indicated Ada—"came out and walked toward Avenue A, where she hopped a taxi. And that's every man, woman, or child that's passed in or out of these gates since I

relieved Cameron at eight o'clock this morning."

"And Cameron's report?"

"Nobody all night."

"Well, some one got in some way," growled Heath. "Run along the west wall there and tell Donnelly to come here *pronto*."

Santos disappeared through the gate, and a moment later we could see him hurrying through the side yard toward the garage. In a few minutes Donnelly—the man set to watch the postern gate—came hurrying up.

"Who got in the back way this morning?" barked Heath.

"Nobody, Sergeant. The cook went marketing about ten o'clock, and two regular deliverymen left packages. That's every one who's been through the rear gate since yesterday."

"Is that so?" Heath was viciously sarcastic.

"I'm telling you——"

"Oh, all right, all right." The Sergeant turned to Burke. "You get up on this wall and make the rounds. See if you can find where any one has climbed over.—And you, Snitkin, look over the yard for footprints. When you guys finish, report to me. I'm going inside."

We went up the front walk, which had been swept clean, and Sproot admitted us to the house. His face was as blank as ever, and he took our coats with his usual obsequious formality.

"You'd better go to your room now, Miss Greene," said Markham, placing his hand kindly on Ada's arm. "Lie down, and try to get a little rest. You look tired. I'll be in to see you before I go."

The girl obeyed submissively without a word.

"And you, Sproot," he ordered; "come in the living-room."

The old butler followed us and stood humbly before the centre-table, where Markham seated himself.

"Now, let's hear your story."

Sproot cleared his throat and stared out of the window.

"There's very little to tell, sir. I was in the butler's pantry, polishing the glassware, when I heard the shot——"

"Go back a little farther," interrupted Markham. "I understand you made a trip to Third Avenue at nine this morning."

"Yes, sir. Miss Sibella bought a Pomeranian yesterday, and she asked me to get some dog-biscuits after breakfast."

"Who called at the house this morning?"

"No one, sir—that is, no one but Doctor Von Blon."

"All right. Now tell us everything that happened."

"Nothing happened, sir—nothing unusual, that is—until poor Mr. Rex was shot. Miss Ada went out a few minutes after Doctor Von Blon arrived; and a little past eleven o'clock you telephoned to Mr. Rex. Then shortly afterward you telephoned a second time to Mr. Rex; and I returned to the pantry. I had only been there a few minutes when I heard the shot——"

"What time would you say that was?"

"About twenty minutes after eleven, sir."

"Then what?"

"I dried my hands on my apron and stepped into the dining-room to listen. I was not quite sure that the shot had been fired inside the house, but I thought I'd better investigate. So I went up-stairs and, as Mr. Rex's door was open, I looked in his room first. There I saw the poor young man lying on the floor with the blood running from a

small wound in his forehead. I called Doctor Von Blon——”

“Where was the doctor?” Vance put the question.

Sproot hesitated, and appeared to think.

“He was up-stairs, sir; and he came at once——”

“Oh — up-stairs! Roaming about vaguely, I presume—a little here, a little there, what?” Vance’s eyes bored into the butler. “Come, come, Sproot. Where was the doctor?”

“I think, sir, he was in Miss Sibella’s room.”

“*Cogito, cogito*. . . Well, drum your encephalon a bit and try to reach a conclusion. From what sector of space did the corporeal body of Doctor Von Blon emerge after you had called him?”

“The fact is, sir, he came out of Miss Sibella’s door.”

“Well, well. Fancy that! And, such being the case, one might conclude—without too great a curfuffling of one’s brains—that, preceding his issuing from that particular door, he was actually in Miss Sibella’s room?”

“I suppose so, sir.”

“Dash it all, Sproot! You know deuced well he was there.”

“Well—yes, sir.”

“And now suppose you continue with your odyssey.”

“It was more like the *Iliad*, if I may say so. More tragic-like, if you understand what I mean; although Mr. Rex was not exactly a Hector. However that may be, sir, Doctor Von Blon came immediately——”

“He had not heard the shot, then?”

“Apparently not, for he seemed very much startled when he saw Mr. Rex. And Miss Sibella, who followed him into Mr. Rex’s room, was startled, too.”

“Did they make any comment?”

“As to that I couldn’t say. I came down-stairs at once and telephoned to Mr. Markham.”

As he spoke Ada appeared at the archway, her eyes wide.

“Some one’s been in my room,” she announced, in a frightened voice. “The French doors to the balcony were partly open when I went up-stairs just now, and there were dirty snow-tracks across the floor. . . . Oh, what does it mean? Do you think——?”

Markham had jerked himself forward.

“You left the French doors shut when you went out?”

“Yes—of course,” she answered. “I rarely open them in winter.”

“And were they locked?”

“I’m not sure, but I think so. They must have been locked—though how could any one have got in unless I’d forgotten to turn the key?”

Heath had risen and stood listening to the girl’s story with grim bewilderment.

“Probably the bird with those galoshes again,” he mumbled. “I’ll get Jerym himself up here this time.”

Markham nodded and turned back to Ada.

“Thank you for telling us, Miss Greene. Suppose you go to some other room and wait for us. We want your room left just as you found it until we’ve had time to examine it.”

“I’ll go to the kitchen and stay with cook. I—I don’t want to be alone.” And with a catch of her breath she left us.

“Where’s Doctor Von Blon now?” Markham asked Sproot.

“With Mrs. Greene, sir.”

“Tell him we’re here and would like to see him at once.”

The butler bowed and went out.

Vance was pacing up and down, his eyes almost closed.

"It grows madder every minute," he said. "It was insane enough without those foot-tracks and that open door. There's something devilish going on here, Markham. There's demonology and witchcraft afoot, or something strangely close to it. I say, is there anything in the Pandects or the Justinian Code relating to the proper legal procedure against diabolic possession or spiritism?"

Before Markham could rebuke him Von Blon entered. His usual suavity had disappeared. He bowed jerkily without speaking, and smoothed his mustache nervously with an unsteady hand.

"Sproot tells me, doctor," said Markham, "that you did not hear the shot fired in Rex's room."

"No!" The fact seemed both to puzzle and disturb him. "I can't make it out either, for Rex's door into the hall was open."

"You were in Miss Sibella's room, were you not?" Vance had halted, and stood studying the doctor.

Von Blon lifted his eyebrows.

"I was. Sibella had been complaining about——"

"A sore throat or something of the kind, no doubt," finished Vance. "But that's immaterial. The fact is that neither you nor Miss Sibella heard the shot. Is that correct?"

The doctor inclined his head. "I knew nothing of it till Sproot knocked on the door and beckoned me across the hall."

"And Miss Sibella accompanied you into Rex's room?"

"She came in just behind me, I believe. But I told her not to touch anything, and sent her immediately back to

her room. When I came out into the hall again I heard Sproot phoning the District Attorney's office, and thought I'd better wait till the police arrived. After talking over the situation with Sibella I informed Mrs. Greene of the tragedy, and remained with her until Sproot told me of your arrival."

"You saw no one else up-stairs, or heard no suspicious noise?"

"No one—nothing. The house, in fact, was unusually quiet."

"Do you recall if Miss Ada's door was open?"

The doctor pondered a moment. "I don't recall—which means it was probably closed. Otherwise I would have noticed it."

"And how is Mrs. Greene this morning?" Vance's question, put negligently, sounded curiously irrelevant.

Von Blon gave a start.

"She seemed somewhat more comfortable when I first saw her, but the news of Rex's death disturbed her considerably. When I left her just now she was complaining about the shooting pains in her spine."

Markham had got up and now moved restlessly toward the archway.

"The Medical Examiner will be here any minute," he said; "and I want to look over Rex's room before he arrives. You might come with us, doctor.—And you, Sproot, had better remain at the front door."

We went up-stairs quietly: I think it was in all our minds that we should not advertise our presence to Mrs. Greene. Rex's room, like all those in the Greene mansion, was spacious. It had a large window at the front and another at the side. There were no draperies to shut out the light, and the slanting midday sun of winter poured in. The walls, as Chester had once told us, were lined

with books; and pamphlets and papers were piled in every available nook. The chamber resembled a student's workshop more than a bedroom.

In front of the Tudor fireplace in the centre of the left wall—a duplication of the fireplace in Ada's room—sprawled the body of Rex Greene. His left arm was extended, but his right arm was crooked, and the fingers were tightened, as if holding some object. His domelike head was turned a little to one side; and a thin stream of blood

tonishment—rather peaceful and unconcerned, in fact. . . . It's incredible. The murderer and the pistol certainly weren't invisible."

Heath nodded slowly.

"I noticed that too, sir. It's damn peculiar." He bent more closely over the body. "That wound looks to me like a thirty-two," he commented, turning to the doctor for confirmation.

"Yes," said Von Blon. "It appears to have been made with the same weapon that was used against the others."

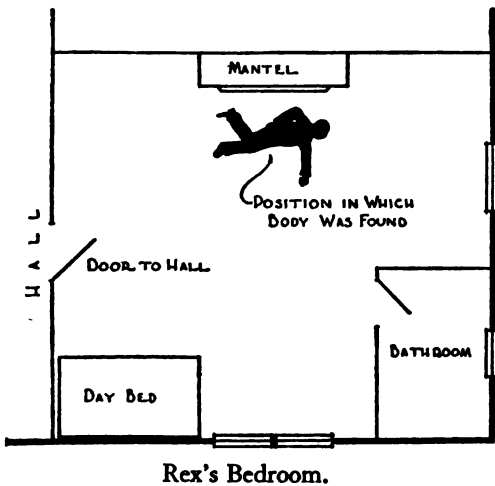
"It was the same weapon," Vance pronounced sombrely, taking out his cigarette-case with thoughtful deliberation. "And it was the same killer who used it." He smoked a moment, his troubled gaze resting on Rex's face. "But why was it done at just this time—in the daylight, with the door open, and when there were people close at hand? Why didn't the murderer wait until night? Why did he run such a needless risk?"

"Don't forget," Markham reminded him, "that Rex was on the point of coming to my office to tell me something."

"But who knew he was about to indulge in revelations? He was shot within ten minutes of your call——" He broke off and turned quickly to the doctor. "What telephone extensions are there in the house?"

"There are three, I believe." Von Blon spoke easily. "There's one in Mrs. Greene's room, one in Sibella's room, and, I think, one in the kitchen. The main phone is, of course, in the lower front hall."

"A regular central office," growled Heath. "Almost anybody coulda listened in." Suddenly he fell on his knees beside the body and unflexed the fingers of the right hand.



ran down his temple to the floor from a tiny aperture over the right eye.

Heath studied the body for several minutes.

"He was shot standing still, Mr. Markham. He collapsed in a heap and then straightened out a little after he'd hit the floor."

Vance was bending over the dead man with a puzzled expression.

"Markham, there's something curious and inconsistent here," he said. "It was broad daylight when this thing happened, and the lad was shot from the front—there are even powder marks on the face. But his expression is perfectly natural. No sign of fear or as-

"I'm afraid you won't find that cryptic drawing, Sergeant," murmured Vance. "If the murderer shot Rex in order to seal his mouth the paper will surely be gone. Any one overhearing the phone calls, d'ye see, would have learned of the envelope he was to fetch along."

"I guess you're right, sir. But I'm going to have a look."

He felt under the body and then systematically went through the dead man's pockets. But he found nothing even resembling the blue envelope mentioned by Ada. At last he rose to his feet.

"It's gone, all right."

Then another idea occurred to him. Going hurriedly into the hall, he called down the stairs to Sproot. When the butler appeared Heath swung on him savagely.

"Where's the private mail-box?"

"I don't know that I exactly understand you." Sproot's answer was placid and unruffled. "There is a mail-box just outside the front door. Do you refer to that, sir?"

"No! You know damn well I don't. I want to know where the private—get me?—*private* mail-box is, *in the house*."

"Perhaps you are alluding to the little silver pyx for outgoing mail on the table in the lower hall."

"Pyx, is it!" The Sergeant's sarcasm was stupendous. "Well, go down and bring me everything that's in this here pyx.—No! Wait a minute—I'll keep you company. . . . *Pyx!*" He took Sproot by the arm and fairly dragged him from the room.

A few moments later he returned, crestfallen.

"Empty!" was his laconic announcement.

"But don't give up hope entirely just because your cabalistic diagram has disappeared," Vance exhorted him. "I doubt if it would have helped you much. This case isn't a rebus. It's a complex mathematical formula, filled with moduli, infinitesimals, quantics, faciends, derivatives, and coefficients. Rex himself might have solved it if he hadn't been shoved off the earth so soon." His eyes wandered over the room. "And I'm not at all sure he hadn't solved it."

Markham was growing impatient.

"We'd better go down to the drawing-room and wait for Doctor Doremus and the men from Headquarters," he suggested. "We can't learn anything here."

We went out into the hall, and as we passed Ada's door Heath threw it open and stood on the threshold surveying the room. The French doors leading to the balcony were slightly ajar, and the wind from the west was flapping their green chintz curtains. On the light beige rug were several damp discolored tracks leading round the foot of the bed to the hall-door where we stood. Heath studied the marks for a moment, and then drew the door shut again.

"They're footprints, all right," he remarked. "Some one tracked in the dirty snow from the balcony and forgot to shut the glass doors."

We were scarcely seated in the drawing-room when there came a knocking on the front door; and Sproot admitted Snitkin and Burke.

"You first, Burke," ordered the Sergeant, as the two officers appeared. "Any signs of an entry over the wall?"

"Not a one." The man's overcoat and trousers were smudged from top to

bottom. "I crawled all round the top of the wall, and I'm here to tell you that nobody left any traces anywheres. If any guy got over that wall, he vaulted."

"Fair enough.—And now you, Snitkin."

"I got news for you." The detective spoke with overt triumph. "Somebody's walked up those outside steps to the stone balcony on the west side of the house. And he walked up 'em this morning after the snowfall at nine o'clock, for the tracks are fresh. Furthermore, they're the same size as the ones we found last time on the front walk."

"Where do these new tracks come from?" Heath leaned forward eagerly.

"That's the hell of it, Sergeant. They come from the front walk right below the steps to the front door; and there's no tracing 'em farther back because the front walk's been swept clean."

"I mighta known it," grumbled Heath. "And the tracks are only going one way?"

"That's all. They leave the walk a few feet below the front door, swing round the corner of the house, and go up the steps to the balcony. The guy who made 'em didn't come down that way."

The Sergeant puffed disappointedly on his cigar.

"So he went up the balcony steps, entered the French doors, crossed Ada's room to the hall, did his dirty work, and then—disappeared! A sweet case this is!" He clicked his tongue with disgust.

"The man may have gone out by the front door," suggested Markham.

The Sergeant made a wry face and bellowed for Sproot, who entered immediately.

"Say, which way did you go upstairs when you heard the shot?"

"I went up the servants' stairs, sir."

"Then some one mighta gone down the front stairs at the same time without your seeing him?"

"Yes, sir; it's quite possible."

"That's all."

Sproot bowed and again took up his post at the front door.

"Well, it looks like that's what happened, sir," Heath commented to Markham. "Only how did he get in and out of the grounds without being seen? That's what I want to know."

Vance was standing by the window gazing out upon the river.

"There's something dashed unconvincing about those recurrent spoors in the snow. Our eccentric culprit is altogether too careless with his feet and too careful with his hands. He doesn't leave a finger-print or any other sign of his presence except those foot-tracks—all nice and tidy and staring us in the face. But they don't square with the rest of this fantastic business."

Heath stared hopelessly at the floor. He was patently of Vance's opinion; but the dogged thoroughness of his nature asserted itself, and presently he looked up with a forced show of energy.

"Go and phone Captain Jerym, Snitkin, and tell him I wish he'd hustle out here to look at some carpet-tracks. Then make measurements of those foot-prints on the balcony steps.—And you, Burke, take up a post in the upper hall, and don't let any one go into the two front west rooms."

XV

THE MURDERER IN THE HOUSE

(Tuesday, November 30; 12.30 p. m.)

When Snitkin and Burke had gone Vance turned from the window and strolled to where the doctor was sitting.

"I think it might be well," he said quietly, "if the exact whereabouts of every one in the house preceding and during the shooting was determined. —We know, doctor, that you arrived here at about quarter past ten. How long were you with Mrs. Greene?"

Von Blon drew himself up and gave Vance a resentful stare. But quickly his manner changed and he answered courteously:

"I sat with her for perhaps half an hour; then I went to Sibella's room—a little before eleven, I should say—and remained there until Sproot called me."

"And was Miss Sibella with you in the room all the time?"

"Yes—the entire time."

"Thank you."

Vance returned to the window, and Heath, who had been watching the doctor belligerently, took his cigar from his mouth and cocked his head at Markham.

"You know, sir, I was just thinking over the Inspector's suggestion about planting some one in the house to keep an eye on things. How would it be if we got rid of this nurse that's here now, and put in one of our own women from Headquarters?"

Von Blon looked up with eager approval.

"An excellent plan!" he exclaimed.

"Very well, Sergeant," agreed Markham. "You attend to it."

"Your woman can begin to-night," Von Blon told Heath. "I'll meet you here whenever you say, and give her instructions. There's nothing very technical for her to do."

Heath made a notation in a battered note-book.

"I'll meet you here, say, at six o'clock. How's that?"

"That will suit me perfectly." Von

Blon rose. "And now, if I can be of no more service . . ."

"That's quite all right, doctor," said Markham. "Go right ahead."

But instead of immediately leaving the house Von Blon went up-stairs, and we heard him knock on Sibella's door. A few minutes later he came down again and passed on to the front door without a glance in our direction.

In the meantime Snitkin had come in and informed the Sergeant that Captain Jerym was leaving Police Headquarters at once and would arrive within half an hour. He had then gone outside to make his measurements of the footprints on the balcony steps.

"And now," suggested Markham, "I think we might see Mrs. Greene. It's possible she heard something. . . ."

Vance roused himself from apparent lethargy.

"By all means. But first let us get a few facts in hand. I long to hear where the nurse was during the half-hour preceding Rex's demise. And I could bear to know if the old lady was alone immediately following the firing of the revolver.—Why not have our Miss Nightingale on the tapis before we brave the invalid's imprecations?"

Markham concurred, and Heath sent Sproot to summon her.

The nurse came in with an air of professional detachment; but her roseate cheeks had paled perceptibly since we last saw her.

"Miss Craven" — Vance's manner was easy and businesslike—"will you please tell us exactly what you were doing between half past ten and half past eleven this morning?"

"I was in my room on the third floor," she answered. "I went there when the doctor arrived a little after ten, and remained until he called me to

bring Mrs. Greene's bouillon. Then I returned to my room and stayed until the doctor again summoned me to sit with Mrs. Greene while he was with you gentlemen."

"When you were in your room, was the door open?"

"Oh, yes. I always leave it open in the daytime in case Mrs. Greene calls."

"And her door was open too, I take it."

"Yes."

"Did you hear the shot?"

"No, I didn't."

"That will be all, Miss Craven." Vance accompanied her to the hall. You'd better return to your room now, for we're going to pay a visit to your patient."

Mrs. Greene eyed us vindictively when we entered after having knocked and been imperiously ordered to come in.

"More trouble," she complained. "Am I never to have any peace in my own house? The first day in weeks I've felt even moderately comfortable—and then all this had to happen to upset me!"

"We regret, madam—more than you do apparently—that your son is dead," said Markham. "And we are sorry for the annoyance the tragedy is causing you. But that does not relieve me from the necessity of investigating the affair. As you were awake at the time the shot was fired, it is essential that we seek what information you may be able to give us."

"What information can I give you—a helpless paralytic, lying here alone?" A smouldering anger flickered in her eyes. "It strikes me that you are the one to give *me* information."

Markham ignored her barbed retort.

"The nurse tells me your door was open this morning. . . ."

"And why shouldn't it have been? Am I expected to be entirely excommunicated from the rest of the household?"

"Certainly not. I was merely trying to find out if, by any chance, you were in a position to hear anything that went on in the hall."

"Well, I heard nothing—if that's all you want to know."

Markham persisted patiently.

"You heard no one, for instance, cross Miss Ada's room, or open Miss Ada's door?"

"I've already told you I heard nothing." The old lady's denial was viciously emphatic.

"Nor any one walking in the hall, or descending the stairs?"

"No one but that incompetent doctor and the impossible Sproot. Were we supposed to have had visitors this morning?"

"Some one shot your son," Markham reminded her coolly.

"It was probably his own fault," she snapped. Then she seemed to relent a bit. "Still, Rex was not as hard and thoughtless as the rest of the children. But even he neglected me shamefully." She appeared to weigh the matter. "Yes," she decided, "he received just punishment for the way he treated me."

Markham struggled with a hot resentment. At last he managed to ask, with apparent calmness:

"Did you hear the shot with which your son was punished?"

"I did not." Her tone was again irate. "I knew nothing of the disturbance until the doctor saw fit to tell me."

"And yet Mr. Rex's door, as well as yours, was open," said Markham. "I

can hardly understand your not having heard the shot."

The old lady gave him a look of scathing irony.

"Am I to sympathize with your lack of understanding?"

"Lest you be tempted to, madam, I shall leave you." Markham bowed stiffly and turned on his heel.

As we reached the lower hall Doctor Doremus arrived.

"Your friends are still at it, I hear, Sergeant," he greeted Heath, with his usual breezy manner. Handing his coat and hat to Sproot, he came forward and shook hands with all of us. "When you fellows don't spoil my breakfast you interfere with my lunch," he re-pined. "Where's the body?"

Heath led him up-stairs, and after a few minutes returned to the drawing-room. Taking out another cigar he bit the end of it savagely. "Well, sir, I guess you'll want to see this Miss Sibella next, won't you?"

"We might as well," sighed Markham. "Then I'll tackle the servants and leave things to you. The reporters will be along pretty soon."

"Don't I know it! And what they're going to do to us in the papers'll be aplenty!"

"And you can't even tell them 'it is confidently expected that an arrest will be made in the immediate future,' don't y' know," grinned Vance. "It's most distressin'."

Heath made an inarticulate noise of exasperation and, calling Sproot, sent him for Sibella.

A moment later she came in carrying a small Pomeranian. She was paler than I had ever seen her, and there was unmistakable fright in her eyes. When she greeted us it was without her habitual gaiety.

"This thing is getting rather ghastly, isn't it?" she remarked when she had taken a seat.

"It is indeed dreadful," returned Markham soberly. "You have our very deepest sympathy. . . ."

"Oh, thanks awf'ly." She accepted the cigarette Vance offered her. "But I'm beginning to wonder how long I'll be here to receive condolences." She spoke with forced lightness, but a strained quality in her voice told of her suppressed emotion.

Markham regarded her sympathetically.

"I do not think it would be a bad idea if you went away for a while—to some friend's house, let us say—preferably out of the city."

"Oh, no." She tossed her head with defiance. "I sha'n't run away. If there's any one really bent on killing me, he'll manage it somehow, wherever I am. Anyway, I'd have to come back sooner or later. I couldn't board with out-of-town friends indefinitely—could I?" She looked at Markham with a kind of anxious despair. "You haven't any idea, I suppose, who it is that's obsessed with the idea of exterminating us Greenes?"

Markham was reluctant to admit to her the utter hopelessness of the official outlook; and she turned appealingly to Vance.

"You needn't treat me like a child," she said spiritedly. "You, at least, Mr. Vance, can tell me if there is any one under suspicion."

"No, dash it all, Miss Greene!—there isn't," he answered promptly. "It's an amazin' confession to have to make; but it's true. That's why, I think, Mr. Markham suggested that you go away for a while."

"It's very thoughtful of him and all

that," she returned. "But I think I'll stay and see it through."

"You're a very brave girl," said Markham, with troubled admiration. "And I assure you everything humanly possible will be done to safeguard you."

"Well, so much for that." She tossed her cigarette into a receiver, and began abstractedly to pet the dog in her lap. "And now, I suppose, you want to know if I heard the shot. Well, I didn't. So you may continue the inquisition from that point."

"You were in your room, though, at the time of your brother's death?"

"I was in my room all morning," she said. "My first appearance beyond the threshold was when Sproot brought the sad tidings of Rex's passing. But Doctor Von shooed me back again; and there I've remained until now. Model behavior, don't you think, for a member of this new and wicked generation?"

"What time did Doctor Von Blon come to your room?" asked Vance.

Sibella gave him a faint whimsical smile.

"I'm so glad it was you who asked that question. I'm sure Mr. Markham would have used a disapproving tone—though it's quite *au fait* to receive one's doctor in one's boudoir.—Let me see. I'm sure you asked Doctor Von the same question, so I must be careful. . . . A little before eleven, I should say."

"The doc's exact words," chimed in Heath suspiciously.

Sibella turned a look of amused surprise upon him.

"Isn't that wonderful! But then, I've always been told that honesty is the best policy."

"And did Doctor Von Blon remain in your room until called by Sproot?" pursued Vance.

"Oh, yes. He was smoking his pipe.

Mother detests pipes, and he often sneaks into my room to enjoy a quiet smoke."

"And what were you doing during the doctor's visit?"

"I was bathing this ferocious animal." She held up the Pomeranian for Vance's inspection. "Doesn't he look nice?"

"In the bathroom?"

"Naturally. I'd hardly bathe him in the *poudrière*."

"And was the bathroom door closed?"

"As to that I couldn't say. But it's quite likely. Doctor Von is like a member of the family, and I'm terribly rude to him sometimes."

Vance got up.

"Thank you very much, Miss Greene. We're sorry we had to trouble you. Do you mind remaining in your room for a while?"

"Mind? On the contrary. It's about the only place I feel safe." She walked to the archway. "If you do find out anything you'll let me know—won't you? There's no use pretending any longer. I'm dreadfully scared." Then, as if ashamed of her admission, she went quickly down the hall.

Just then Sproot admitted the two finger-print experts—Dubois and Belamy—and the official photographer. Heath joined them in the hall and took them up-stairs, returning immediately.

"And now what, sir?"

Markham seemed lost in gloomy speculation, and it was Vance who answered the Sergeant's query.

"I rather think," he said, "that another verbal bout with the pious Hemming and the taciturn Frau Mannheim might dispose of a loose end or two."

Hemming was sent for. She came in laboring under intense excitement. Her

eyes fairly glittered with the triumph of the prophetess whose auguries have come to pass. But she had no information whatever to impart. She had spent most of the forenoon in the laundry, and had been unaware of the tragedy until Sproot had mentioned it to her shortly before our arrival. She was voluble, however, on the subject of divine punishment, and it was with difficulty that Vance stemmed her oracular stream of words.

Nor could the cook throw any light on Rex's murder. She had been in the kitchen, she said, the entire morning except for the hour she had gone marketing. She had not heard the shot and, like Hemming, knew of the tragedy only through Sproot. A marked change, however, had come over the woman. When she had entered the drawing-room fright and resentment animated her usually stolid features, and as she sat before us her fingers worked nervously in her lap.

Vance watched her critically during the interview. At the end he asked suddenly:

"Miss Ada has been with you in the kitchen this past half-hour?"

At the mention of Ada's name her fear was perceptibly intensified. She drew a deep breath.

"Yes, little Ada has been with me. And thank the good God she was away this morning when Mr. Rex was killed, or it might have been her and not Mr. Rex. They tried once to shoot her, and maybe they'll try again. She oughtn't to be allowed to stay in this house."

"I think it only fair to tell you, Frau Mannheim," said Vance, "that some one will be watching closely over Miss Ada from now on."

The woman looked at him gratefully.

"Why should any one want to harm little Ada?" she asked, in an anguished tone. "I also shall watch over her."

When she had left us Vance said:

"Something tells me, Markham, that Ada could have no better protector in this house than that motherly German. —And yet," he added, "there'll be no end of this grim carnage until we have the murderer safely gyved." His face darkened: his mouth was as cruel as Pietro de' Medici's. "This hellish business isn't ended. The final picture is only just emerging. And it's damnable —worse than any of the horrors of Rops or Doré."

Markham nodded with dismal depression.

"Yes, there appears to be an inevitability about these tragedies that's beyond mere human power to combat." He got up wearily and addressed himself to Heath. "There's nothing more I can do here at present, Sergeant. Carry on, and phone me at the office before five."

We were about to take our departure when Captain Jerym arrived. He was a quiet, heavy-set man, with a gray, scraggly mustache and small, deep-set eyes. One might easily have mistaken him for a shrewd, efficient merchant. After a brief hand-shaking ceremony Heath piloted him up-stairs.

Vance had already donned his ulster, but now he removed it.

"I think I'll tarry a bit and hear what the Captain has to say regarding those footprints. Y' know, Markham, I've been evolving a rather fantastic theory about 'em; and I want to test it."

Markham looked at him a moment with questioning curiosity. Then he glanced at his watch.

"I'll wait with you," he said.

Ten minutes later Doctor Doremus

came down, and paused long enough on his way out to tell us that Rex had been shot with a .32 revolver held at a distance of about a foot from the forehead, the bullet having entered directly from the front and embedded itself, in all probability, in the midbrain.

A quarter of an hour after Doremus had gone Heath re-entered the drawing-room. He expressed uneasy surprise at seeing us still there.

"Mr. Vance wanted to hear Jerym's report," Markham explained.

"The Captain'll be through any minute now." The Sergeant sank into a chair. "He's checking Snitkin's measurements. He couldn't make much of the tracks on the carpet, though."

"And finger-prints?" asked Markham.

"Nothing yet."

"And there won't be," added Vance. "There wouldn't be footprints if they weren't deliberately intended for us."

Heath shot him a sharp look, but before he could speak Captain Jerym and Snitkin came down-stairs.

"What's the verdict, Cap?" asked the Sergeant.

"Those footprints on the balcony steps," said Jerym, "were made with galoshes of the same size and markings as the pattern turned over to me by Snitkin a fortnight or so ago. As for the prints in the room, I'm not so sure. They appear to be the same, however; and the dirt on them is sooty, like the dirt on the snow outside the French doors. I've several photographs of them; and I'll know definitely when I get my enlargements under the microscope."

Vance rose and sauntered to the archway.

"May I have your permission to go up-stairs a moment, Sergeant?"

Heath looked mystified. His instinct

was to ask a reason for this unexpected request, but all he said was: "Sure. Go ahead."

Something in Vance's manner—an air of satisfaction combined with a suppressed eagerness—told me that he had verified his theory.

He was gone less than five minutes. When he returned he carried a pair of galoshes similar to those that had been found in Chester's closet. He handed them to Captain Jerym.

"You'll probably find that these made the tracks."

Both Jerym and Snitkin examined them carefully, comparing the measurements and fitting the rough patterns to the soles. Finally, the Captain took one of them to the window, and affixing a jeweller's glass to his eye, studied the riser of the heel.

"I think you're right," he agreed. "There's a worn place here which corresponds to an indentation on the cast I made."

Heath had sprung to his feet and stood eying Vance.

"Where did you find 'em?" he demanded.

"Tucked away in the rear of the little linen-closet at the head of the stairs."

The Sergeant's excitement got the better of him. He swung about to Markham, fairly spluttering with consternation.

"Those two guys from the Bureau that went over this house looking for the gun told me there wasn't a pair of galoshes in the place; and I specially told 'em to keep their eyes peeled for galoshes. And now Mr. Vance finds 'em in the linen-closet off the main hall up-stairs!"

"But, Sergeant," said Vance mildly, "the galoshes weren't there when your sleuths were looking for the revolver.

On both former occasions the johnny who wore 'em had plenty of time to put 'em away safely. But to-day, d' ye see, he had no chance to sequester them; so he left 'em in the linen-closet for the time being."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Heath growled vaguely. "Well, what's the rest of the story, Mr. Vance?"

"That's all there is to date. If I knew the rest I'd know who fired the shots. But I might remind you that neither of your *sergents-de-ville* saw any suspicious person leave here."

"Good God, Vance!" Markham was on his feet. "That means that the murderer is in the house this minute."

"At any rate," returned Vance lazily, "I think we are justified in assuming that the murderer was here when we arrived."

"But nobody's left the place but Von Blon," blurted Heath.

Vance nodded. "Oh, it's wholly possible the murderer is still in the house, Sergeant."

XVI

THE LOST POISONS

(Tuesday, November 30; 2 p. m.)

Markham and Vance and I had a late lunch at the Stuyvesant Club. During the meal the subject of the murder was avoided as if by tacit agreement; but when we sat smoking over our coffee Markham settled back in his chair and surveyed Vance sternly.

"Now," he said, "I want to hear how you came to find those galoshes in the linen-closet. And, damn it! I don't want any garrulous evasions or quotations out of Bartlett."

"I'm quite willing to unburden my soul," smiled Vance. "It was all so dashed simple. I never put any stock in the burglar theory, and so was able to

approach the problem with a virgin mind, as it were."

He lit a fresh cigarette and poured himself another cup of coffee.

"Perpend, Markham. On the night that Julia and Ada were shot a double set of footprints was found. It had stopped snowing at about eleven o'clock, and the tracks had been made between that hour and midnight, when the Sergeant arrived on the scene. On the night of Chester's murder there was another set of footprints similar to the others; and they too had been made shortly after the weather had cleared. Here, then, were tracks in the snow, approaching and retreating from the front door, preceding each crime; and both sets had been made after the snow had stopped falling, *when they would be distinctly visible and determinable*. This was not a particularly striking coincidence, but it was sufficiently arresting to create a slight strain on my *cortex cerebri*. And the strain increased perceptibly this morning when Saitkin reported his discovery of fresh footprints on the balcony steps; for once again the same meteorological conditions had accompanied our culprit's passion for leaving spoors. I was therefore driven to the irresistible inference, as you learned Solons put it, that the murderer, so careful and calculating about everything else, had deliberately made all these footprints for our special edification. In each instance, d' ye see, he had chosen the only hour of the day when his tracks would not be obliterated by falling snow or confused with other tracks. . . . Are you there?"

"Go ahead," said Markham. "I'm listening."

"To proceed, then. Another coincidence attached to these three sets of footprints. It was impossible, because of

the dry, flaky nature of the snow, to determine whether the first set had originated in the house and returned there, or had first approached the house from the street and then retreated. Again, on the night of Chester's demise, when the snow was damp and susceptible to clear impressions, the same doubt arose. The tracks to and from the house were on opposite sides of the front walk: not a single footstep overlapped! Accidental? Perhaps. But not wholly reasonable. A person walking to and from a door along a comparatively narrow pathway would almost certainly have doubled on some of his tracks. And even if he had failed to superimpose any of his footprints, the parallel spoor would have been close together. But these two lines of prints were far apart: each clung to the extreme edge of the walk, as if the person who made them was positively afraid of overlapping. Now, consider the footprints made this morning. There was a single line of them entering the house, but none coming out. We concluded that the murderer had made his escape via the front door and down the neatly swept walk; but this, after all, was only an assumption."

Vance sipped his coffee and inhaled a moment on his cigarette.

"The point I'm trying to bring out is this: there is no proof whatever that all these footprints were not made by some one in the house who first went out and then returned for the express purpose of leading the police to believe that an outsider was guilty. And, on the other hand, there is evidence that the footprints actually did originate in the house; because if an outsider had made them he would have been at no pains to confuse the issue of their origin, since, in any event, they could not have been traced back farther than the street.

Therefore, as a tentative starting-point, I assumed that the tracks had, in reality, been made by some one in the house.—I can't say, of course, whether or not my layman's logic adds lustre to the glad-some light of jurisprudence——"

"Your reasoning is consistent as far as it goes," cut in Markham tartly. "But it is hardly complete enough to have led you directly to the linen-closet this morning."

"True. But there were various contributory factors. For instance, the galoshes which Snitkin found in Chester's clothes-closet were the exact size of the prints. At first I toyed with the idea that they were the actual instruments of our unknown's vestigial deception. But when, after they had been taken to Headquarters, another set of similar tracks appeared—to wit, the ones found this morning—I amended my theory slightly, and concluded that Chester had owned two pairs of galoshes—one that had perhaps been discarded but not thrown away. That was why I wanted to wait for Captain Jerym's report: I was anxious to learn if the new tracks were exactly like the old ones."

"But even so," interrupted Markham, "your theory that the footprints emanated from the house strikes me as being erected on pretty weak scaffolding. Were there any other indications?"

"I was coming to them," replied Vance reproachfully. "But you *will* rush me so. Pretend that I'm a lawyer, and my summation will sound positively breathless."

"I'm more likely to pretend that I'm a presiding judge, and give you *sus. per coll.*"

"Ah, well." Vance sighed and continued. "Let us consider the hypothetical intruder's means of escape after the

shooting of Julia and Ada. Sproot came into the upper hall immediately after the shot had been fired in Ada's room; yet he heard nothing—neither footsteps in the hall nor the front door closing. And, Markham old thing, a person in galoshes going down marble steps in the dark is no midsummer zephyr for silence. In the circumstances Sproot would have been certain to hear him making his escape. Therefore, the explanation that suggested itself to me was that *he did not make his escape.*"

"And the footprints outside?"

"Were made beforehand by some one walking to the front gate and back.—And that brings me to the night of Chester's murder. You remember Rex's tale of hearing a dragging noise in the hall and a door closing about fifteen minutes before the shot was fired, and Ada's corroboration of the door-shutting part of the story? The noise, please note, was heard after it had stopped snowing—in fact, after the moon had come out. Could the noise not easily have been a person walking in galoshes, or even taking them off, after having returned from making those separated tracks to and from the gate? And might not that closing door have been the door of the linen-closet where the galoshes were being temporarily cached?"

Markham nodded. "Yes, the sounds Rex and Ada heard might be explained that way."

"And this morning's business was even plainer. There were footprints on the balcony steps, made between nine o'clock and noon. But neither of the guards saw any one enter the grounds. Moreover, Sproot waited a few moments in the dining-room after the shot had been fired in Rex's room; and if any one had come down the stairs and gone

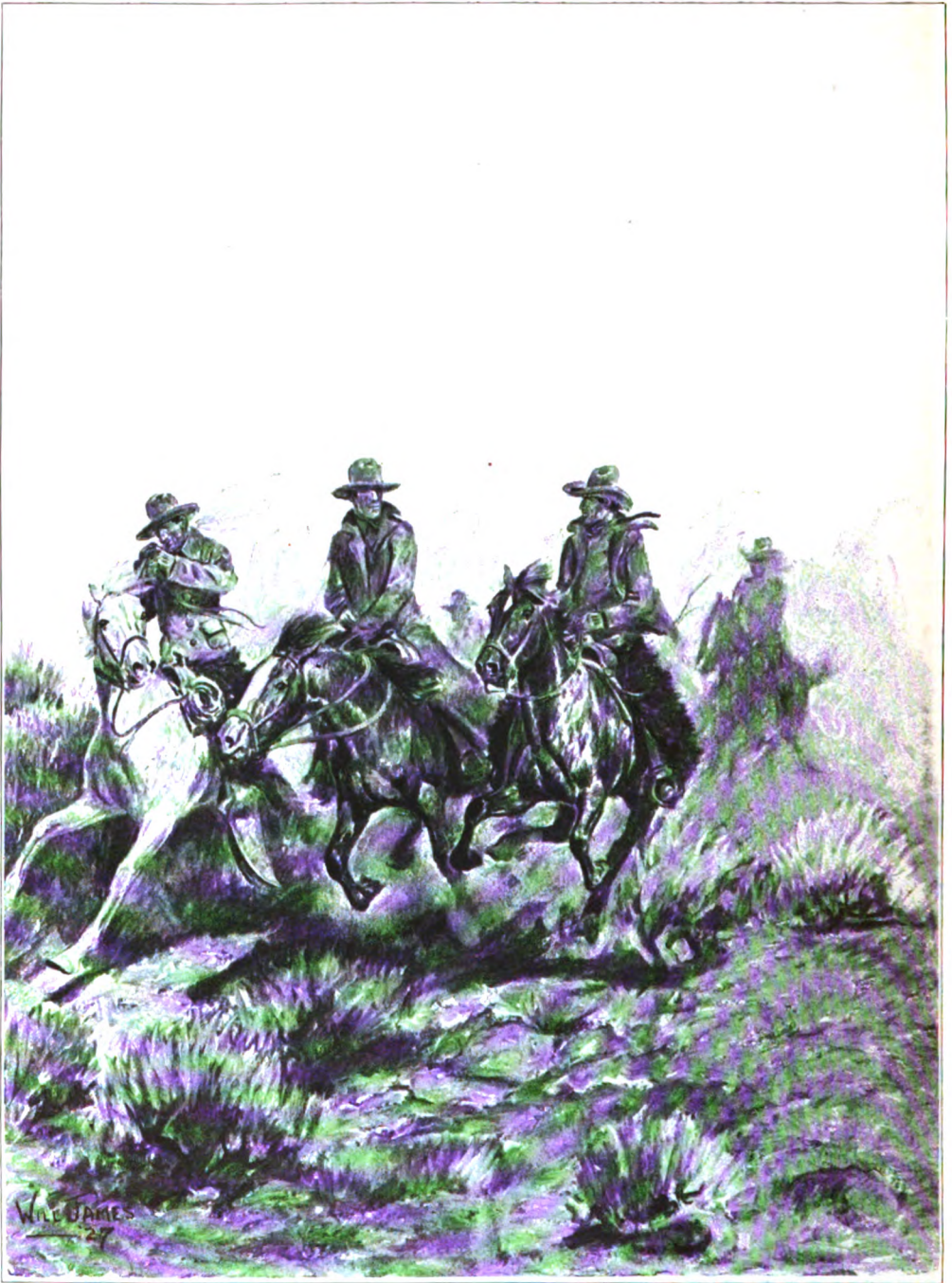
out the front door Sproot would certainly have heard him. It's true that the murderer might have descended the front stairs as Sproot went up the servants' stairs. But is that likely? Would he have waited in the upper hall after killing Rex, knowing that some one was likely to step out and discover him? I think not. And anyway, the guards saw no one leave the estate. *Ergo*, I concluded that *no one came down the front stairs after Rex's death*. I assumed again that the footprints had been made at some earlier hour. This time, however, the murderer did not go to the gate and return, for a guard was there who would have seen him; and, furthermore, the front steps and the walk had been swept. So our track-maker, after having donned the galoshes, stepped out of the front door, walked round the corner of the house, mounted the balcony steps, and re-entered the upper hall by way of Ada's room."

"I see." Markham leaned over and knocked the ashes from his cigar. "Therefore, you inferred that the galoshes were still in the house."

"Exactly. But I'll admit I didn't think of the linen-closet at once. First I tried Chester's room. Then I took a look round Julia's chamber; and I was about to go up to the servants' quarters when I recalled Rex's story of the closing door. I ran my eye over all the second-story doors, and straightway tried the linen-closet—which was, after all, the most likely place for a transient occultation. And lo! there were the galoshes tucked under an old drugget. The murderer had probably hidden them there both times before, pending an opportunity of secreting them more thoroughly."

"But where could they have been

(Continued on page 375 of this number.)



We was riding along at a pretty good gait, figgering on reaching the ranch before
it got too dark.

From a drawing by Will James.

All in the Day's Riding

"ONCE WHEN THE LAUGH WAS ON ME"

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I FIGGER what makes a narrow escape such is not the danger that's in it so much as what a feller is in fear of most. Now for my part, there's two things that could always make chills run up and down my backbone, one is deep water and the other is height.

There's lots of folks such as them that works on sky scrapers and bridges that can perch themselves on near nothing up a couple of hundred feet in the air and look down to earth away below and feel as safe as any of the humans that's looking up at 'em. Then there's others that can make a fish blush for shame when it comes to swimming in the deep waters and diving from ungodly tall places.

I'm willing to give them kinds of folks all the credit, and sure won't crowd 'em in their liking for either the high places or the deep waters, and even tho the narrow escape I want to tell of here might sound kinda tame to some of 'em, it sure didn't leave no such impression with me.

This one happened in the water, and mighty cold water at that; there was still hunks of ice in it, and me being about as good a swimmer as the granite boulders that was in the bottom of that river is what hindered me considerable in grinning about it when it happened.

Me and a few other riders had just

took a couple of thousand head of cattle on the summer range, a three days' drive, and we was coming back after another bunch. We was riding along at a pretty good gait, figgering on reaching the ranch before it got too dark.

A couple of miles or so from the ranch the boys strung out in a high lope and headed for the big bridge, I stayed behind thinking of taking a short cut and beating 'em to the ranch when they'd figgered I was still coming back of 'em. All went fine and the boys left me, remarking they'd see me in time for breakfast, then I turned to the right and headed my horse thru the cottonwoods of the river bottom in a high lope.

I'd crossed the river a few days before and remembered that it near made my horse swim then, and I'd forgot that it'd been raining pretty heavy since and raised the river up quite a few feet. It was a treacherous river to cross at any time on account of the swift under currents, whirlpools, and boulders as high as the horse I was riding. There was holes washed out in places where the river would near hide itself under its own bank, and a feller had to be mighty careful in crossing to go straight ahead and not let the swiftness of the water get his horse swept along past the getting out place on the other side, or else both man and horse would have to

swim on down the river a good mile before finding another landing place.

The banks was straight up and down on both sides and averaging eight and ten feet from the top to the water. I'd seen cattle drowned in that river pretty often, and noticed as I'd loped along trying to keep up with the critter so as I could pile my rope on 'er that there was no chance for anything but a fish in them waters when they was high—too swift. When a critter would hit one of them boulders she'd be turned over a half a dozen times, and then that same current would finally whirl 'er around and take 'er out of sight under the bank never to show up no more.

A cowboy had been drowned in that river a month or so before what I'm telling of happened; his horse finally got out of it somehow but that cowboy stayed in, and when the water went down that summer he was found buried in mud on a little island in the middle of it. One boot sticking up above the mud is all that told of his whereabouts.

But no thoughts of them happenings came to my mind as I made my horse take the water of that same river on the run. I was only thinking how I'd beat the boys in, turn my horse loose, and wait for 'em at the cook house. I was framing up what all I'd say to 'em when I heard the roaring of the swollen river fighting for a way over the big boulders, but even then I kept a loping along and heading straight for it plum forgetting what the last heavy rains had done since I crossed that river just a few days before. And it was pitch dark by then.

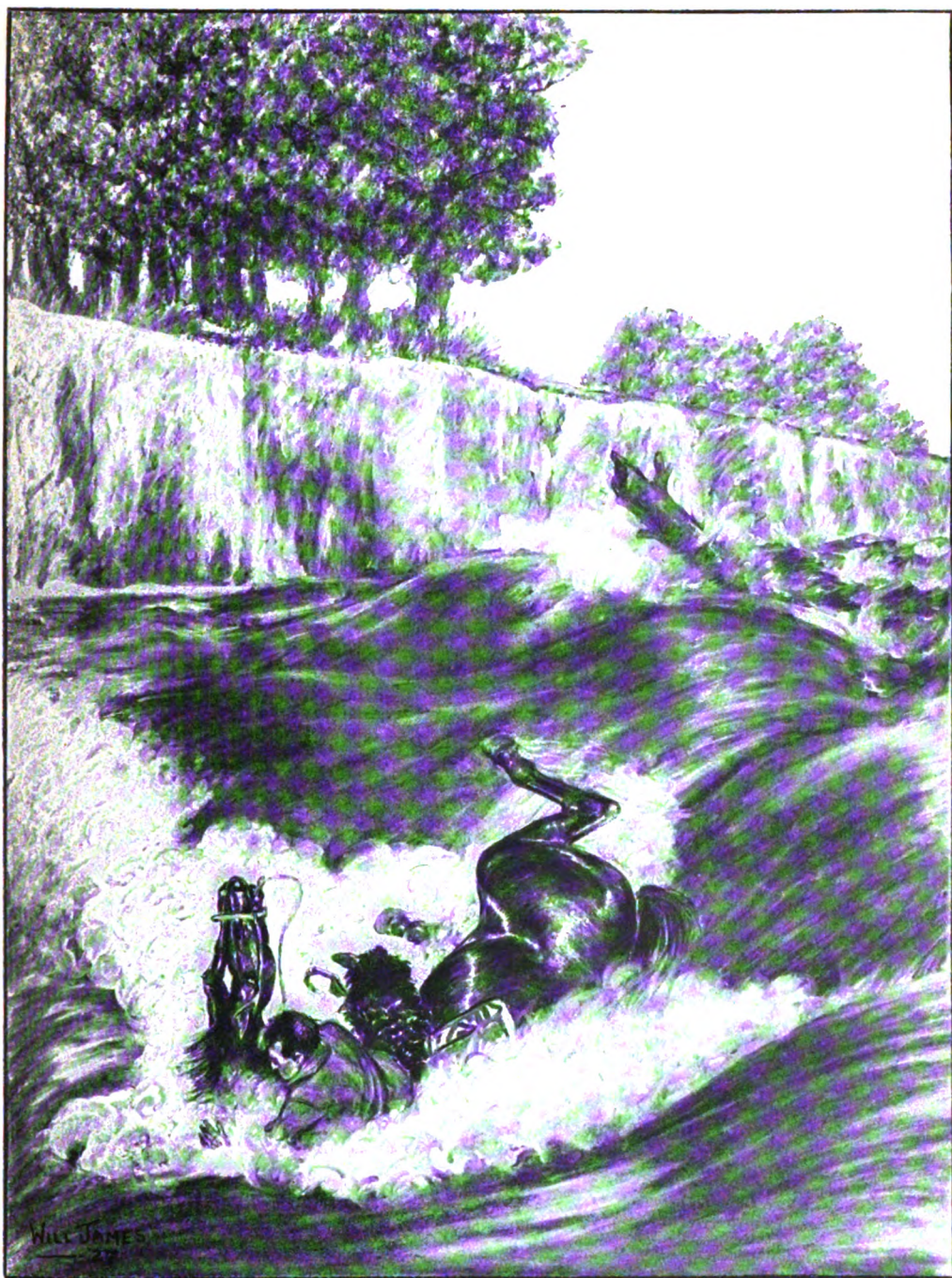
But it all came to me mighty quick as my horse jumped in, and then it was too late to turn back. My horse's legs was took right out from under him and

he rolled over I don't know how many times. I had a heavy pair of chaps on, and a heavy coat, but none of that seemed to hinder me any when I realized what I'd jumped into.

I kicked my feet loose from the stirrups so I wouldn't be drug under and in the meantime I was making wild grabs for anything I could get a hold of. Nothing was handy for me to grab for quite a spell, and then just as I feel one of my hips connecting with a big boulder and I'm washed over past it, my fingers connect with long strands of hair. It was my horse's tail.

I sure hung on to that for I realized that if there was any way out that strong pony would sure find it. I'd lost all idea which way we was drifting but I did know we was sure making speed. The proof of that would come every time I'd come acrost a boulder, and then, of a sudden it seemed like all the water of that river was getting into my ears, nose, and mouth. Everything I'd done, good or bad, and from the time I was old enough to remember was run past in my mind, and all mighty clear; then came a time when I could hear little birds singing, and I could see big meadows all covered with flowers and the sun a shining for all it was worth. Everything was sure pretty and I don't know how long them thoughts and visions lasted but it seemed like for a long long time,—then I didn't remember no more, till I looked up, and seen stars and stars galore, then with the noise of the roaring waters at my feet I could hear belling cattle all around. I layed that way for quite a spell and must of went to sleep or something for when I looked up again a moon was shining. Then I come to and begin to move my head around.

I was laying in water up near to my



My horse's legs was took right out from under him and he rolled over I don't know how many times.

From a drawing by Will James.

chin and when I tried to move I found a lot of mud had been washed over me and I could hardly budge. I was feeling mighty weak and pretty well bloated up but soon as I thought a while and gathered up facts on what might happen if I layed there much longer, I sure worked hard to get out of there. What, I thought, if I couldn't pull myself out? The mud would keep on accumulating and gradually bury me, and then the water was rising.

That was all the spurring I needed, and from then on I wasn't satisfied to linger there no more, but getting out was a hard job and when finally I dragged myself away from under the mud and the edge of the river on up to higher and dry ground I just layed

there till the sun came up and warmed me up to raise my head once more.

In my right hand I was holding part of my horse's tail which showed how I come to be on the edge of the river instead of in the middle. I'd hung on to that tail till my horse had got on the bank where he just kicked me loose and let me lay.

Some of the boys found me sometime later, and when I got so I could talk fairly well I told 'em how I'd tried to beat 'em to camp by crossing the river and taking a short cut.

"The laugh is on you Bill," says one of the boys.

But none of 'em seemed to take advantage of it, and for my part I'll sure as hell never forget it.



Artillery Duel at Montfaucon

BY L. V. JACKS

Led into a trap, American artillerymen found themselves cannon fodder at gruesomely short range—a dramatic and heroic incident of the battle told by a newcomer whose sharp lean prose makes it one of the distinguished pieces of writing about war.

ABOUT the middle of September, 1918, the 119th Field Artillery was in billets around Wassy. Here the regiment was recuperating following the great Aisne-Marne and Oise-Aisne battles of July and August. On September 16 it was hurriedly summoned to take part in a projected drive which developed into what was later known as the Meuse-Argonne battle.

The attack shoved off on September 26, and the next day the 79th Division

Infantry were stalled around Montfaucon. The 119th overtook them after a forced march from Esnes to Avocourt. The infantry colonels, who, strangely enough, had command of the field-guns, made a desperate effort to hurl the combined forces ahead. The 119th responded gamely to this demand, and rushed forward as fast as the exhausted men and horses could travel.

At about four o'clock a gold flood of sunlight broke through the clouds, and

we saw the plain ahead dotted by thin lines of dough-boys straggling forward. On leaving the ruins of Malancourt we passed columns of ambulances along the road. They ran out into the ditches waiting for us to pass. They bore wounded and dying men for the hospitals, but they were required to wait with their loads till the guns had passed, for fighting troops were given right of way over everything. From time to time our men would glance curiously into the ambulances at the shattered and bleeding forms, many of them blackened, disfigured, and torn beyond recognition, as if trying to decide what they themselves would look like shortly. Their own mothers could never have recognized most of the bloody wrecks that lay in the ambulances.

Finally we caught a good glimpse of Montfaucon, a place that we were not to forget soon. The town of Montfaucon stands on the slopes and summit of a large hill. It is the highest eminence in all the country around, and formed the lookout of the German Crown Prince in 1916 while he watched the progress of his attacks upon Verdun. The hill is roughly cone-shaped, and at the base about two miles around. A number of long spurs and ridges, however, give it from some angles a rather pyramidal appearance. The houses are built closely together, and the stone-flagged streets are quite narrow, winding, and steep. The village is not of imposing size, but the houses were pretty, and when we first saw Montfaucon, with its red-tiled roofs and white walls shining in the afternoon sun, and surrounded by a green fringe of gardens and small orchards, it seemed very beautiful.

The sky was serried with towering tiers of cloud, and the fields and plains were just feeling the first strokes of

frost. The horizon was a violet mist, and distant clumps of trees seemed covered with a blue canopy. The plain surrounding Montfaucon is of unequal breadth, but at most points four or five kilometres across. This ground seemed originally used for grazing, though evidently some years had elapsed since it had served any definite purpose. Thin lines of trees fringed a few of the roads, and in scattered places large copses approached the size of small artificial forests.

We had gradually descended from the higher ground, and the miry morass, by courtesy termed a road, in which we were wallowing, wound through the ruins of Malancourt. The battle line was very uneven in this locality, and we were surprised to see Montfaucon almost squarely to the west as we first drew up for action, the great flanking slopes of the hill shutting off the light of the sinking sun shortly before sunset. Soon after we saw it, the town became a target for artillery-fire, and was presently burning, with monstrous tumbling clouds of black smoke rolling away to the north on a light breeze.

The infantry had advanced with courage, and seemed to be making good headway. We noted that all their dead lay in little circles. It was instantly clear to us that they must be entirely inexperienced, or they would never group together while enemy field-gunners had them in sight. Most of the dead had been killed by a light shell dropped dexterously into the centre of a ring. Occasionally their officers scattered them, but it was difficult to keep them apart. They were evidently coming together for comfort and sympathy, forgetting that in their situation the best comfort lay in keeping far apart and

offering enemy gunners the smallest possible target. Our guns wound quietly along the roads and into our assigned place.

A flaming artillery duel spouted into life to be suddenly quenched in the black darkness of the misty evening. The red jets flashed and vanished. As soon as the sun sank, massive clouds had gathered, and a chill drizzle had begun. We lay down on the cold mud and waited for further orders, but none came, though at intervals there was a roaring din from both flanks as though action were being distantly maintained.

The morning following was cloudy and cold. Intermittent firing rang all around, but low-hung clouds and trailing mists shut out much of our view. The fires in the suburbs were now all extinguished, and many approaches to the town were smouldering heaps of ashes. The infantry battled with the German snipers, and smart rifle duels cracked away merrily most of the day. Air activity was pronounced, but on account of the clouds we saw little of it. At times the fogs parted and the tall hill of Montfaucon loomed dim and menacing. That day we sensed a change in the angle of German fire. Soldiers in action often depend much on enemy fire to help out the sense of direction, and the least alteration in an enemy position may be discovered at once if the enemy is considerate enough to fire a few shots while changing places or just afterward.

Night brought no change in our situation, but shells from the north, seemingly all heavy, now arrived at towering angles. The thundering crash of the incoming projectiles proclaimed them howitzer shells. Our chief consolation lay in the fact that the muddy earth took heavy shells deep. Where we

were the ground was almost a bog. Missiles shot in at irregular intervals, raising gushing black geysers and making a tremendous echoing roar, but causing no casualties. In the night there was a furious outburst to our right front. Starshells glittered like meteors, fiery, beautiful bursts tossing wavering lights across the plain, and red and green flares burned with an unearthly glow. They painted queer shadows and gleams on the ragged holes and trenches, the broken equipment and the dead men flung among the barbed wire. The gloomy hill of Montfaucon and the enormous fog-banks and clouds upon all sides were illumined by flares and gun-fire. Over the midnight battleground scarlet jets of flame spurted from quick-firing guns as blood spurts from an open artery. Beyond Montfaucon were breathless intervals of rapid firing, and ghastly silence, but no settled action that we could detect.

At two in the morning we were ordered to advance. The mud was terrible. A message from General Pershing urging every one to make a special effort, and relating British victories in Belgium, had been sent along the line before sunset and some excitement resulted. The gunners fell upon their pieces with new energy. German gun-fire slackened. At the time we did not suspect the reason, but it seems that they were retiring toward Nantillois, straight north of Montfaucon. Their large guns covered their retreat with a very slow dropping fire, but our worst hindrance was the mud. At the moment we would gladly have parted with some of the protection it gave in return for a little firm ground. The gun crews seized the hubs and lifted and pulled frantically to aid the starved horses. We were but a few hundred yards from the

road, but guns, horses, and men wallowed deep in the mire, and, strange as it may seem, hours went by while we floundered and struggled over that distance.

Light began to show in the east before our column was extricating its heavy equipment from the swamp and filing out on the highway. The advance began simultaneously at all points, and through the dull gloom we could hear, far and wide, the hoarse, long-drawn yell which was to be for many their last order on earth: "For'ard!"

Knowing that we were behind schedule, our column straightened out quickly once they were on the road. The regiment broke apart and there was considerable confusion. Corporal Nau and I left the column at about eight o'clock. Every one was soaked by the icy rain, and shivering and half frozen from wet and cold. We found a gallon bucket of something which was labelled butter but looked more like axle-grease. We set fire to it and it burned furiously. We warmed our chilled hands over the blaze and raced after the gun crews.

Montfaucon was a terrible wreck. It had been shelled for the past three days and was shattered from end to end. The regiment climbed the steep streets in a decidedly straggling column, and went on over the summit in a swirling mixture of fog and rain. Where the guide was trying to lead our organization was, and always will be, I imagine, a dark and doubtful mystery. He took the high road over Montfaucon toward Nantillois. It was a well-paved road, wide and covered with crushed rock, passing through watery meadows and marshes and between scattered thickets and groves. The fog was thick. No one suspected where we were going or where the Germans were. The sun remained

hidden, but a sharp wind suddenly springing up swept away the wavering curtains of mist.

Imagine a roughly equilateral triangle of grassy ground, with sides about a mile in length, and the centre of its base against the hill of Montfaucon, a highroad leading straight from the centre of the base to the apex, and our regiment in a long and straggling column, hurrying down this road, the leading squads almost at the apex, the rear squads still on Montfaucon. In front and on both flanks were deep, dark woods. The grass on the triangular plot was too short to hide a rabbit. In the woods the retiring Germans had halted and turned around for another desperate stand. This, in fine, was the situation.

The enemy could see us clearly but were themselves largely concealed. They were reinforced by batteries of heavy artillery in their rear and above them, in the woody hills. Major Thompson, leading our advance, remarked to the driver of the first piece, as that man afterward related, that the column seemed to be getting into Germany, and asked him if he could turn around. He said he could, and proceeded to wheel his gun at once. This man was George O. Patterson, one of the most reliable men in the battery. The rest began to follow his lead. There were no infantry in sight anywhere.

Why the Germans did not fire sooner is a question. Perhaps they were waiting for the regiment to be hopelessly entrapped within their lines. At all events it was only after the column began to turn that they opened up. We had a clear view of the situation, for the machine-gun squads had been left at the end of the column, and we, thus, were the last to quit Montfaucon. It must

have been considerably after 9 A. M. when we got out of the town.

In a moment it was evident that no troops could retire across the barren ground with a raking fire cutting them down from the rear, and Major Thompson ordered the guns wheeled around and the enemy fire returned. This was the worst fight, I believe, that we were ever in, for we made a perfect target, but nothing could be seen of the enemy except flashes. The helpless position of the regiment added to the confusion and made it almost impossible for all to act in concert. The Germans had several batteries of field-guns back of a little meadow not far within the woods. We made out their blazing flashes clearly and opened on them with the machine-guns at once. They returned the fire with vigor.

On going into action our 2d battalion swerved to the left away from the road, moving northwest some hundreds of yards across the open. Whether this was due to accident or design no one seemed to know. We had no time to look for the rest of the brigade, though we caught occasional glimpses of a regiment, later identified as the 147th, furiously in action about a kilometre northwest of us.

Other straggling machine-gun crews now joined ours. Most of the machine-gunners began firing from whatever position they were in when the action commenced, and our own squad opened at a point some two hundred yards nearer the highway than the battery to which we belonged. This whole battle at Montfaucon was so rapid, confused, and irregular, was spread over so much ground, and contained so many minor fights in which some participated but others not, that it is extremely difficult to make out any connected and orderly

account of it. Questioning some of my companions on the following day left me with the impression that there were almost as many variant opinions about the fight as there were survivors. No one denied that it was swift and bloody beyond all previous experience. The machine-gun squad remained separated from the battery throughout the greater part of the day.

When field-gunners undertake to blast each other off the face of the earth at a few hundred yards' range, the struggle cannot last long. It was sledge-hammer work. D battery was put completely out of commission at the first destructive volley. Twenty-five of the twenty-eight men who made up their gun crews were killed or wounded, and D never discharged a shot. E and F fired rapidly, bringing all their guns to bear, and the German fire staggered. But, realizing their vast advantage, the enemy stood to their guns and sent it back as fast and hard as they could. We had no visual evidence that our fire did them any serious damage beyond an occasional faltering in their shooting, and doubtless we never reached some of their batteries at all. However, the machine-guns silenced the battery first attacked. I think we killed its gun crew, for after some minutes of concentrated fire its flashes disappeared for good and all. Dalton Carlington and Raymond Libby worked one of our guns, Corporal Nau, Mervin Colip, and I the other.

Then a tremendous blast from their heavier guns in the rear reached us. This fresh onslaught produced a perfect pandemonium among the scattered troops upon the hillside and along the road. The orchards and gardens by the highway were dotted with dead men and horses in an instant, and the dim

atmosphere became sticky and choking with the poisonous fumes of gas and the sickening odor of high explosive. Gassed and wounded horses staggered screaming and plunging through this bedlam, there was yelling and yelping on either hand, the flaming machine-guns set up their clattering yammer in every direction, and all around rose the drumming roar of heavy guns and the crash of incoming shells.

Major Thompson dismounted and walked back and forth among the cannon to steady the men. Some of the privates who were facing the rain of shot coolly enough begged the major to lie on the ground, and to give his orders from that position, in which his body would be less exposed. He replied that the shot was not made that would kill him, and continued to walk up and down among the blazing guns, courageously followed by his orderly, Thomas Black. Lieutenant Herman Hale of E battery set an excellent example of coolness and alertness.

Our 1st battalion, in front of us, had an advantage. They were on lower ground, and it was difficult for the Germans to deflect their high-power 77s enough to reach the 1st. It is always easier to elevate field-guns than to deflect them, their construction offering no great arc for the lowering of the muzzle, so that they can have an elevation of 45 or more degrees, but a deflection of about 15 or less. So the 1st held out for some time, though they drew a great deal of scattering rifle-fire. But the 2d was hit right and left from the start, being farther to the rear and on higher ground. The German field-gunners were excellent marksmen if their riflemen were not. From the first our situation was, as Colonel McCor-

mick afterward characterized it, simply impossible.

Man after man dropped and there was no one to fill the vacant places. The fire at F ceased. One of their sergeants had been firing the battery. The ground around his position was pitted with shell-holes. Howitzers over the hill of Montfaucon gave no assistance, and by this time the German fire, sweeping all the roads, prevented any more men from coming forward.

It takes a long time to describe it, but things happened with the utmost rapidity. A high-power shell exploding among our guns mortally wounded Major Thompson. Lieutenant Hale was the sole surviving officer at the guns. He ordered the men still able to move to leave the cannon and to get in the shell-holes. Every one fully expected that the enemy artillery-fire would be followed up by a furious infantry attack. Indeed there was never such a favorable opportunity. The gunners took rifles, revolvers, hand-grenades, any weapon that came in reach, and lay in the holes, waiting to withstand an assault. The machine-gun squad utilized a bale of hay as a breastwork, and crouched among some hedges and bushes not far from the highway while enemy shrapnel cracked and crashed above.

The German infantry must have lacked the courage to come forward. At all events there were no signs of an infantry attack, and as hours wore on it became evident that there would be none. An icy wind blew. Enemy guns tore at Montfaucon and shattered the town and the roads. Our kitchens were ferreted out and received a sweeping blast of shells. D's kitchen was completely wrecked and three cooks killed. Poison-gas was freely used on all sides. The Red Cross dugout was shelled vig-

orously, but enemy fire was inaccurate. They located our first-aid station, however, and gave that a great blowing up.

Some of our men set extraordinary examples of courage. Leonard Field made three trips over Montfaucon after ammunition, while enemy shrapnel raged through the streets like a hurricane. Other drivers—Myers, Patterson, Barton Jones, Waldo Jones, Trout, McBeth, Ririe, and their companions—emulated his showing. A soldier from D battery, William Quigley, of Valentine, Neb., showed unusual heroism, carrying wounded to the aid stations, rushing with his dying burdens through heavy fire. All order seemed at an end, but the privates everywhere exhibited not merely good courage but an excellent grasp upon all that was going on and all that was yet to be done.

In the open field and under direct fire our men raced about recklessly, performing their tasks with energy and skill. Ammunition ran low. German planes surged down hurling in bombs and estimating the damage they had done. The machine-guns spoke out promptly on all sides with their harsh, stuttering crackle, but it was hard to stave off the planes with a very faltering fire.

Afternoon brought some relief. By this time news of our predicament must have been telephoned and telegraphed far and wide, for a fresh air fleet arrived, swinging up at great speed and scattering the German planes for the time. Long-range guns cut into the fight and added a little to the embarrassments of the enemy.

We had had no time to think of eating. We had had little to eat in the last forty-eight hours, and there would be nothing that day. Some of us betook ourselves to the gardens along the edge

of the hill endeavoring to find something that could be chewed. There were a few heads of cabbage in a German garden, but covered with gas. After some debate we cut off the outer parts and ate the rest. We suffered no ill effects.

Before dark the sky cleared a little and the sun shone, lighting the most terrible wreck we had yet seen. I never before saw so many dead in one field. The whole smoky landscape was shattered by explosions, the roads a succession of yawning and gas-fuming craters. Trees were leafless in places, many branchless. Paraphernalia of all sorts were flung about, blackened, blood-soaked, and torn; gas and powder burns were painfully in evidence on all sides. The slanting lemon-yellow light shed an ugly glow over our depressing surroundings. A stormy and darkened sunset ended this disastrous day—Sunday, September 29.

The wreck of D battery was the most shocking scene of all. One of their men had been badly mangled by shrapnel at the first shot, and four companions threw him on a stretcher and started to run with him toward a first-aid station, when another shell, striking almost under the stretcher, destroyed all five. Another wounded man crept away to die alone, and struggled on his hands and knees down the hillside for sixty yards or more, leaving a crimson trail across the brown grass before he fell forward and expired. A human ear with a part of the scalp came flying through the air from a shell-burst, and fell upon the machine-gun, provoking a volley of oaths from the surprised crew. The horses proved themselves as good soldiers as any; though horribly frightened and trembling they stood fast in their traces while their compan-

ions and drivers dropped around them, until the guns had been unlimbered and the animals could be unhitched and led away. Many horses choked in the gas, and E battery lost nearly all. Indeed the average life of a gun-horse at the front was only about fourteen days.

The naked slopes were covered with mournful relics, including many fragments of the 79th Division Infantry, who came up irregularly and were shot down on the exposed open. I saw one man who fell over on his back and was clutching a blood-soaked letter in his hand. I walked over to him with another machine-gunner, thinking he might have some ammunition we could use. He was dead when we reached him, and a shot carried away part of the letter, but we picked up the red fragment remaining and read all that was left, the last couple of lines scrawled in a small, feminine hand: "—come back to me and I will never fool you any more. Lovingly, Betty." He had been shot through the throat and had bled to death and had evidently dragged out her letter to read it again before he died. We looked at the letter and at the glazing eyes staring up to the rainy sky, and my companion said: "The dead man is the winner, and she will never make a fool of him again."

Curiously enough, one or two of our hardened battalion broke down and cried bitterly when they saw especial friends knocked down, quivering and dead beside them, passing quickly from tears to outbursts of helpless rage and hoarse vows that they would kill impossible numbers of the enemy in retaliation, angry threats solemnized by a meaningless flood of curses. Language seemed to have lost, finally, all significance, and there were no words left to express the men's ideas.

We worked during the night at the gun positions, shifting some locations. Caissons came rushing up from every direction, bringing more ammunition, though the roads offered immense difficulties. Some pioneer outfits helped to fill the worst holes. The Germans shelled the roads, and especially the crossroads, continually, and, as most of us were tramping about nearly all night, we had plenty of chances to dodge as we went from one place and from one task to another. Red flares burned fitfully, tossing enormous wavering lights over the scene. They painted ghastly splashes of color on the many pallid faces that lay around the guns, staring fixedly through the gloom. There were so many corpses of the 79th Division Infantry on the hillsides that some had to be dragged away to make a path through which ammunition could be brought to the guns without driving over the bodies. The aversion that the soldiery showed to stepping on a dead man was only equalled by the horror of the horses in the same situation. A perfect windrow of the 79th lay behind our battery, thirty-nine bodies being piled in one heap. The night rang hideously with the uproar of unsteady but vicious fighting. Most of our supporting howitzers were getting lined up by this time and firing spasmodically.

A machine-gunner, Mervin Colip, a runner, L. C. Van Cleve, a gas-man, Will Ryan, and I finally tried to sleep in a tiny shack near the main road. It was a half-dugout apparently formerly occupied by a German officer. A little dough-boy wandered in too and lay down on the floor. There were intermittent moments of terrible silence between the dull booming of more distant guns and the ripping crashes of shells near at hand, filled by the hoarse

choked breathing of the exhausted boys trying to sleep. Then came the terrific shriek of a heavy shell headed straight for us, and there was a second of apprehension while every one grew rigid till the projectile struck, with a monster blow, at the base of the outer wall and exploded, driving the side of the shack in on us. A shower of slugs and steel fragments whizzed through the hut, and a cloud of shining smoke drifted in. Van Cleve remarked, after a short space of strained silence, that there was no damage done, and we lay still. Shells crashed about irregularly, and a few minutes later one came roaring up like an express-train, and hit near the hut where the first had struck, and we were again treated to a ragged rain of shot. The little dough-boy rose on one elbow and asked: "Has anybody anything to propose?" The poor chap was clearly new at the front, for he must have thought there was a remedy somewhere. We suppressed a nervous desire to laugh, and Van Cleve said quietly: "Lie down and go to sleep." Curiously enough, no one tried to leave the hut. Every one was so utterly exhausted and downcast that he lay where he was, not much caring what happened.

It would be giving a wrong idea to imply that we slept soundly, or indeed that we ever slept, in reality. What was called sleep was usually a fitful, feverish doze, from which one might be roused at any instant, only to sink back again into a dull lethargy. I did not even doze that night. A sergeant in D battery had been selected to go to an officer's training-camp for a commission, and that morning had received the order to leave his battery and to go to the rear. He walked back to the kitchen while the action was in progress, and halted to shake hands with some friends among

the cooks. The driver with whom he was to ride became frightened and impatient at the delay, and started down the road to the rear. The sergeant still lingered, planning, doubtless, to run after the truck and overtake it, but a second later the fatal blast of shells hit D's kitchen. A great steel fragment divided his skull down the middle as cleanly as if his head had been split in two by a gigantic axe, leaving but one side of his face. It was clay-colored and terrible. He fell straight back. Two or three of us who were within thirty yards ran toward D to offer help if any one were still alive, but D was manned only by the dead. One of the cooks sat cross-legged, with his back against an apple-tree and a pan of potatoes on his lap. In one hand he held a potato, and in the other a paring-knife very firmly clutched. His head leaned forward a little, and I thought him alive and spoke to him. It was not till I came alongside that I saw a tiny hole in his left temple where the fatal shot had gone in, and a small trickle of blood was dripping down. He was quite dead. Another lay outstretched on his right side under a tree, a little farther in the orchard, with his head resting on his arm as peacefully as if he had fallen asleep. The others were piled awkwardly in tumbled heaps, with a few horses lying in an outer ring choking on gas. Every night for a time afterward, when we tried to sleep, that ghastly scene among the apple-trees came to mind, with the terrible half-face and its look of mingled surprise, agony, and despair.

The next morning we moved our Hotchkiss gun forward to a position parallel with the other guns, and sunk it three feet in firm clay, feeling that that would be sufficient intrenchment

for the time. Other squads dug in deeper, covering themselves with camouflage. The battle at Montfaucon was a fight to the death if there was ever one.

Our officers told us afterward that the orders from the infantry colonels who were controlling our activities during the early part of the advance were to take a position at Nantillois. After passing Montfaucon it was discovered

from a runner that the Germans still held Nantillois, and the 79th Division was not only not attacking Nantillois, but had not got anywhere near it, and our regiment was advancing straight in among the German infantry. Colonel McCormick countermanded the order, intending to try to get the guns and caissons camouflaged in the trees beside the hill, but before anything could be done the action was under way.



Sombre Serenade

BY BERNICE KENYON

Now since this night is only one breath long,
Now that the hour is late,
Open your window for a final song
Sung from the gathered shadow and the depth
Of silence where I wait.

You who have never waited, nor felt time
Stealing your anxious breath,
Look down, look down, before the clock's far chime
Strikes a last note, and our brief days run out,
And we are found by death.

For death is close upon the heels of those
Who love; and you will see
How fast he comes—how many ways he knows
To track my steps, or yours, who will not once
Look down and answer me.

And soon the summer will be done, and soon
No one will sing for you
From the still poplar-shade, and no late moon
Silver the garden leaves, no lover at all
Tread dark on the bright dew.

And there will be but cold wind in this place,
A raw wind full of rain—
Singing the ageless night, but not your face;
Singing the dark, unmindful that you watch
Behind your window-pane.

ered arm would flap like a broken wing. It was great fun. It was always good for a laugh.

Dan Phalen ran up behind him one day and caught the Can-rusher's flapping wing. He jerked, and the Can-rusher fell backward into a puddle of filthy water in the rear of the livery stable. He spilled his beer. He fell on his tin pail that he used for rushing the can. It was dented so badly that the bottom sprung loose from the sides. The Can-rusher sat in the puddle of manure water and cried. First he'd cry a while, then he would go "Eek! Eek!" and flap his wing. The loafers around the livery stable declared that it was better than a circus. The kids laughed over it for weeks. Dan Phalen was a hero. Had this happened a few weeks earlier, I should probably have gone into hysterics. But I had fallen in love—and I had enlargement of the heart. I sailed into Dan Phalen. He licked hell out of me.

The Millers had returned from Europe. They had a little girl. Her name was Blanche. Mrs. Miller was the daughter of Colonel Rutherford. Blanche was his favorite grandchild. We were madly in love. I was looking through their ash-barrel when I met her. We talked. It was a case of love at first sight. She went to the basement and carried out a great number of things. I piled them in the little wagon, in which I hauled my scrap-iron, bottles, and old rags. When she called me to help her carry out the lawnmower, I suspected that something was wrong. I was about ten years old at the time. My judgment was good. We carried back the great number of things. Her mother was watching and laughing. Blanche said that she would kiss me when I washed my face. I hurried home

and washed my face. Then she kissed me. That was why I sailed into Dan Phalen. I wished to tell Blanche about it. I didn't mention the matter to her.

She had blue eyes with the funniest black specks of irregular shapes in the iris. They seemed like tiny leaves floating in a pond when the sky is clear. I used to notice them a lot—at first. Then there came a period when I could see nothing but the black eyelashes that hung like shaded willows over the pond.

I could probably tell more about Can-rusher's mother were it not for Blanche Miller. I was so deeply in love with Blanche that my mind refused to register the gossip.

Those of us whose fathers worked in the saw-mill and at the plough-shops pastured cows in Long's pasture. The cows were not yielding as abundantly as the conditions of the pasture seemed to warrant, and the families who had boys effected an arrangement whereby various boys were to take turns in keeping an eye on the cows. It was believed that some one was milking the cows while they rested in the shade of the walnut and elm trees of the grove. When it was my turn to watch the cows, I wandered far afield on a quest for lady's-slippers for Blanche.

Henry Shaler, a lad of about eleven or twelve years of age, my rival for the affections of Blanche Miller, learned of my defection. He saw in it a great opportunity. On a certain afternoon he dashed barefooted along the streets in a sort of unmounted Paul Revere's ride, and informed the owners of the pasturing cows that Can-rusher was milking the cows. I got a licking that evening for neglecting my post.

Later that night the men-folks gathered at our house. I was terribly frightened for a time. I thought I was about

to receive a whipping from each of them. They met in our kitchen. I was kept out of the kitchen. I sneaked out of a window and found a mob of kids. They seemed to have acknowledged Henry Shaler as their leader. My humiliation was unspeakable. In spite of the fact that the meeting of the owners of the cows was being held in our kitchen—an event which, ordinarily, would have been to my great glory under any circumstances—I was absolutely ignored.

After a long while the men filed out. They had lanterns, and they walked in absolute silence. We kids trailed behind. I brought up the rear because of the ignominy of my position as the unfaithful watchman. It was a tense, dramatic hour.

Old man Kelly kicked the Can-rusher's door open. The Can-rusher was lying unconscious on the floor. He had a broken leg. He had been there for over a week, so the doctor said.

For a long time after that, we kids would catch the thumb of one hand in a cow-milking pantomime whenever Henry Shaler showed up at the swimming-hole. Henry was compelled to fight his way back. When it came my turn I had the strength of my great love for Blanche. I licked hell out of Henry Shaler, who had only a day or two before compelled Dan Phalen to call quits. Then I sailed in and licked hell out of Dan Phalen.

The Can-rusher was taken to the County Hospital. His leg failed to knit properly although they had broken it over again. After that he was a sight. His leg would slip at times and he would fall in a heap. And spill his beer. The kids had great fun with him. Henry Shaler pestered the life out of the Can-rusher.

On the day of the first snow the kids had followed the Can-rusher to his shack. They were pelting him with snowballs. The snow was light and failed to hold together. They pelted rocks at him. Some one caught him on the side of the head and he dropped. The kids scattered. They were all somewhat relieved when they saw him on his way to the saloon on the following day. The snow was better then.

But the Can-rusher came quite close to getting what was coming to him later on.

A little girl of the town came home late from school. She told a *real* one.

The meeting that night was at the Biddleford's. I hung around with the kids—outside. I thought I'd freeze. Finally the men-folks came filing out. I heard Mrs. Biddleford crying as the door was closed. The men-folks ordered us kids back—told us to go home. Fat chance! We strung along behind. Gosh! it was dark! The lanterns looked like fireflies or ignis fatuus bobbing along ahead of us.

Colonel Rutherford came dashing along on his big bay horse. He caught up with the men-folks just as they were kicking the Can-rusher's door in. He was shouting to them. We kids got there just as Colonel Rutherford was backing up against the door. Two men were on the ground. One of them pulled out a horse-pistol from under his coat. He was pointing it at Colonel Rutherford when a lot of men jumped on him and took the pistol away from him. Colonel Rutherford had got his breath and was talking. He had a wonderful voice. You could have heard it for blocks. Some one kept interrupting him. Then several men started to taunt him about something or other. I heard a lot of talk about "bastard" and other

swear words. It looked very promising—for a pitched battle. Some of the men were lining up alongside of Colonel Rutherford. The other men asked them how much money they owed to Rutherford. Colonel Rutherford was very rich. Just as the mob in front were getting ready to rush in and mix it with Colonel Rutherford and his gang, two women came staggering into the thick of it. One of them was the mother of this little girl. She started to talk—and the men were quiet. She said that her little girl had 'fessed up that it was a fib. The other woman was the mother of a little girl with whom the first little girl had been playing—when the Can-rusher was supposed to be stacking the cards for a swell little lynching bee. The men scattered. Later in the evening they returned. They dragged the Can-rusher out of his shack and burned the shack down. We kids saw it. We had hung around, talking about the great fun we had missed.

The Can-rusher had on an old coat. I saw his undershirt by the lantern-light when the men dragged him out. The Can-rusher sneaked over and scrunched down in a clump of willows. When a snowball would hit him, he would go "Eek! Eek!" and then start to cry. Henry Shaler and Dan Phalen were sneaking up behind the Can-rusher. I don't know what they were planning on. Two men with their overcoat collars pulled up over their faces loomed up behind them. We kids heard Henry and Dan let out a yell. Then we scattered. They looked like black ghosts, those two men. This was on a Friday night.

Colonel Rutherford had a club. It was in a big room over Nelson's coal office. There were four men in the club. They were all old men. Besides Colonel

Rutherford and Nelson, there were Sherman and Cable. They were all rich men. They liked beer. They played poker at this club. I swept out the club room and kept up the fire for them. They would send me over to Murray's saloon for beer. When they drank whiskey or wine they would take it from what they called the "holiday locker," in a back room which was kept locked.

When I went to the club room the night after the big excitement, I found the room warm and cozy. The Can-rusher was asleep in a corner of the big room. He was doubled up on an old overcoat. He reminded me of a mongrel dog that had come to our house some nights before. My mother would never turn away anything that looked as if it were hungry. She spread an old coat in the wash-house for this stray. Some one had spread the old overcoat for the Can-rusher. I had my lantern held close to the Can-rusher's face when he woke up. I almost dropped the lantern. His eyes were blue—and there were tiny specks, like leaves, floating about in the blue. They were beautiful eyes. I got sore at the Can-rusher for having eyes like Blanche Miller's. Gee! I was sore! Then I had the surprise of my life. I had never heard the Can-rusher say anything other than "Eek! Eek!" While I was looking at his eyes and trying to make up my mind whether to give him a good kick and run, he opened his eyes so big that they scared me, and he said: "I be friend on you."

I had only recently learned a dandy swear-word. I said: "The hell you say!" Then I was going to baste him one, but Old Nelson came puffing up the stairs. I asked him whether I had to keep up fire for the Can-rusher, and he smiled and patted me on the head. He owned more coal-mines than anybody around there,

and they said he used to give away more coal than he sold. He used to give me a suit of clothes for a Christmas present while I looked after the club room.

Pretty soon Colonel Rutherford came in. He sat down at the table and asked Nelson to bring out King Charley. They had pet names for every bottle in the "holiday locker." He and Nelson had several drinks. Colonel Rutherford looked older than Methuselah. He hardly spoke a word. He had taken a seat where he could see the Can-rusher. Then he got up and moved to another chair, where his back would be toward the Can-rusher. The Can-rusher was behind him—all evening.

Then Sherman and Cable came "stomping" in. They were covered with snow. When Sherman came in, he pointed to the Can-rusher and asked Nelson: "Did it have anything to eat?" Nelson said: "I sent up some scraps." Colonel Rutherford took two drinks—one right after the other. I felt kind of creepy. Then Colonel Rutherford asked: "Will we need the kid?" And Nelson said: "Let him stay. We might want some beer for a chaser."

Everybody seemed to feel about as uncomfortable as I did. They drank quite a good deal—always from the "holiday locker." It looked like a slim night for me. Finally Nelson gave me a dollar and told me to get a can of beer. He said: "Keep the change." I felt better, but it was a battle to reach the saloon. The wind was blowing a gale—and the snow was like needle-points. When I got back, they gave the Can-rusher a glass of beer. He had refused to drink whiskey. Then old Cable gave me a dollar—and I got some more beer. It was a great night. I had never told my mother about the beer tips. Everything I earned was "wages." I planned

on a lot of things I might buy for her with the extra money I had already earned. I hoped for more. I was happy. I seemed alone.

After a while they quit drinking beer. The Can-rusher was asleep. I would throw a shovelfull of coal into the big heater. Then I would doze. Sometimes they would talk so loud that I would wake up—and jump. One time they were having an argument. Old Nelson was leaning across the table and he had a finger pointed right into Colonel Rutherford's face. The colonel was backing away—and almost fell over backwards. Nelson was saying:

"Damn you! I spent all that year at school in the East. I didn't graduate until 1820. Look here!" He reached in his pocket and pulled out an old notebook. "The State was admitted into the Union in 1818, and the kid was born the following year. I went with my folks back to the old country during my vacation in 1818. That lets me out."

I had heard some of the same kind of talk before, and as I didn't have the least idea what it was all about, I dozed off to sleep again. Somebody hollered at me and I woke up again, and fixed up the fire. They were getting pretty drunk by that time. Colonel Rutherford was crying, and Sherman was walking up and down the room. Cable was reciting poetry, and Nelson had an empty bottle in his hand. He was striking the bottle against his finger-ring and it kept clinking almost as steady as a clock ticks. Nelson said something about some one having brown hair, and Colonel Rutherford nodded his head. But old Sherman swung around and shouted: "She had hair just like the kid there." I jumped about a foot, but I saw that Sherman was pointing at the Can-

rusher. I started to laugh, but no one paid any attention to me. I thought it was a joke.

The Can-rusher had fidgeted around in his sleep. His shirt was open at the neck. Sherman as he was pacing up and down the floor happened to glance at the Can-rusher. He came over and got my lantern and carried it to where the Can-rusher was stretched out. He stooped over and moved the Can-rusher's head a little. Then he walked back to the table, and he was holding a chain in his hand. It glittered in the light. I'll bet it was gold. There was a heart-shaped locket attached to the chain. Sherman leaned over the table and the old men got their heads together. I'd have given my night's earnings to have peeked. When I sneaked up, old Sherman looked around at me—and I went back by the stove. But Sherman wasn't sore. His voice was just as soft as anything when he said: "That's just the way she looked when she came in from the farm and went to work for us."

Then Nelson handed me another dollar and told me to run along home. As I was putting on my heavy woollen coat, Colonel Rutherford reached in his pocket and handed me—a five-dollar gold piece. I said: "This isn't a penny." He merely replied: "I know it." And then he nodded his head toward the Can-rusher. I knew what he meant. And this is the first time I've spoken of it. That was nearly sixty years ago, when it happened.

Next thing I knew the Can-rusher had a cabin out by the river. Some of the people wondered about it for a while, and my sister tried to get me to tell what I knew. All I would do was to go around saying: "I know something I won't tell." Can-rusher had pretty good clothes—they weren't picked out

of ash-barrels. I stopped at his cabin a few times and he would try and talk with me. He got his words all mixed up. I asked him on one occasion if he knew how old he was, and he shook his head. The only bad part of life for him was that he had to walk nearly three miles for beer. He went to a little town farther up the river.

I guess the old Can-rusher would be living yet but we had a terrible blizzard one night during the winter that followed the one when he was the guest of honor—or whatever it was—at the club.

The Shermans were having a sleighing-party that night—the night the blizzard came up. I wasn't invited. Blanche Miller was in the party. Walter Sherman told me all about it—afterward. They had a big bobsled packed with straw and kids. They were having a great time when the blizzard hit. The horses got stuck at the bottom of the hill that leads from the river road up to the big Sherman mansion.

Everybody piled out and started to walk up the hill. Walter said that the wind was so terrible that he and Blanche Miller went around along the side hill. As they came from behind a big clump of trees the wind hit them like a great icy hand, and the next thing he knew he and Blanche were lost—right in his own yard. They stumbled along, trying to get out of the wind, and Blanche got sleepy and wanted to rest a little while. He tried to shout, but he said his mouth filled with snow every time he would let a whoop out of him.

You should have heard Walter tell about it. The next thing he knew he was lying on the floor of the Can-rusher's cabin. He said he felt as though he had prickly heat all over him. He could-

n't move. But you can imagine how he felt. Just a little way from him, close to the open door, with the wind whipping snow into the room, was the Can-rusher kneeling down on the floor—and he had a blanket that he was trying to hold over Blanche Miller—and Walter said she was naked. The Can-rusher was saying: "God!—God!—God!" and he was rubbing snow on this little naked girl. Walter said he was frantic, and finally he staggered over and kicked at the Can-rusher. Then the Can-rusher boxed his ears and made him rub snow on Blanche. Every little while, he would move her a little closer in—away from the door. Walter said he kept hollering to the Can-rusher to take Blanche in by the fire, but whenever Walter tried to drag the blanket closer to the fire, the Can-rusher would strike at him and say: "God!—God!" Then the Can-rusher hit Walter so hard that Walter fell against a wood-box and he said that he fainted.

When he came to his senses the Can-rusher was kneeling by his bunk, and Blanche was all bundled up on the bunk. She was petting the Can-rusher's cheeks and saying: "I knew you'd find me, Uncle Harry." Walter and I had a good laugh when he told me that. The old Can-rusher didn't have *any* name—other than Can-rusher. But Walter explained it by saying that Blanche was delirious, and she thought the Can-rusher was her Uncle Harry who was killed at Gettysburg, just after he had been home on furlough. Blanche must have been only four or five years old at that time—so she couldn't remember anything about her Uncle Harry—except his name.

When Walter told me this, I had a kind of creepy feeling, wondering how the funny little leaves in her blue eyes

must have felt when they met the tiny leaf-like specks in the Can-rusher's blue eyes. Maybe Blanche's Uncle Harry had eyes like that. The Can-rusher was saying as he knelt by the bunk, saying over and over: "Happy God!—Happy God!" Walter and I had a great laugh over that. Then the Can-rusher started to cry, and Walter said: "He cried a tub full."

After a long time the Can-rusher went out and brought in a lot of wood, and showed Walter how to look after the fire in the little box heater that he had in his cabin. Walter wouldn't talk to the Can-rusher on account of his having taken Blanche's clothes off—and rubbing snow on her. Walter said that once when he was bringing in the wood his bum leg caved in, and he flopped on the floor. Walter said it was funny.

Then the Can-rusher lit a lantern and started out for Sherman's house, but he froze to death on the way.

It was the following summer when Walter told me about that night in the Can-rusher's cabin. Old Colonel Rutherford had died just a short while after the Can-rusher was buried. We were walking out Bladdock's Road, and Walter was picking flowers whenever he found any growing close to the road. He was laughing a lot—and of course I got to laughing over the way he told it to me. When we reached the cemetery, Walter laughed so hard his lips were trembling, and he said: "Let's go in and see the old Can-rusher's grave."

There was a gravestone at the head of the Can-rusher's grave. It looked tiny alongside the fine big stone at the head of Colonel Rutherford's grave. Walter had placed the flowers on the Can-rusher's grave, and he was leaning,

with his back toward me, against the big stone at the head of the colonel's grave. He looked as though he was crying—although he had laughed a lot on the way out. While I was waiting for him to get through crying I wrote down

in a little note-book what was cut on the Can-rusher's gravestone:

Uncle Harry. In compliance with the wishes of Blanche Rutherford Miller, whose life he saved together with that of Walter Forbes Sherman.

Died December 11, 1870



Sketch from Portrait

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

OLD BILL FAIRWEATHER looks at me
Out of Dimsdale's history:
"Discoverer of Alder Gulch
In the spring of eighteen sixty-three."

Rattlesnakes were kind to Bill.
He gathered them from the stony hill.
They writhed upon his rusty beard
Or coiled against him, dry and chill.

He marched around the medicine bush.
He jerked it loose in the awful hush.
He beat the head of the medicine man
And watched the terrible arrows gush.

He dug for gold in the rocky crust,
But he always flung away the dust,
Letting the hot mob bicker and whine,
While he rode free from hate and lust.

Peace River saw him headed high,
Bound for Alaska and the sky,
But he came to the Robbers' Nest at last,
Hunting a quiet place to die.

This is the life that I'd like best—
To carry rattlers in my breast,
To fling my gold to the scrambling crowd,
And peacefully die in the Robbers' Nest.

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

MIAAMI—the Magic City! the Wonder City! Three New Years had I seen arrive there, in 1923, 1924, 1925. Since then that happy land has been visited by two disasters—a destructive hurricane and a financial crash. I had been informed that the present condition of Miami, with relation to its past, was like the morning after or a deflated tire.

We had a comfortable railway journey thither on the Atlantic Coast Line, arriving on time, something that did not always happen during the era of prosperity; and as we motored across the city to Commodore Matheson's house in Coconut Grove, I looked around for evidences of tragedy and defeat. I failed to see them, because there are none in sight. The Miami that greeted my Yankee vision in December, 1927, was such a striking improvement on the Miami I had left in 1925, that, had I not known of the appalling calamity of wind and water and the cruel financial setback, I should not have guessed that either of these misfortunes had happened.

I have seen plenty of towns with a "busted boom," and I know what they look like. Miami looked like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, or as a strong man rejoicing to run a race. The new Biscayne Boulevard is one of the finest avenues in the world; in place of the tottering old wooden bridge connecting Miami with Miami Beach, there is a magnificent permanent cause-

way, while the other causeway has been doubled in width; the grotesquely inadequate street in front of the city hotels, lined with fish-markets and miserable shacks, had disappeared like a bad dream. In its place are four fine boulevards which will take care of vehicular traffic for the next fifty years; while still more remarkable, on the other side of these boulevards, where the sea used to be, is a magnificent public park, covered with green turf and lovely trees. There are those who can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but the people of Miami make millions of blades of grass grow where before was only salt water.

In addition to these amazing surface improvements, which show not only courage and foresight but imagination and good taste, I looked in wonder at the tall buildings; *The News* tower and other structures remind one of downtown New York. The sky-line of Miami, viewed from a distance, is enchantingly beautiful; it rises in silver beauty like Venus from the sea.

When I was last in Coral Gables, there were a few houses there, and a nine-hole golf-course. Now it is a good-sized city, with hundreds of beautiful dwellings, with a thirty-six-hole golf-course, with a university, and with a hotel, the Biltmore, admirable architecturally, crowned by a tower 350 feet high. The view from the top of this tower I shall never forget; I saw the whole of southern Florida.

I do not know of any better illustration of the indomitable American spirit than is afforded by the people of Miami, even though they cannot afford it. I repeat, the one impression made upon me was the opposite of what I had expected; it was not loss, it was gain; it was not retrogression, it was advance; it was not defeat, it was victory. The fact that the people have suffered horribly makes their attitude all the more inspiring.

Perhaps the difference between the Miami I left and the Miami I found can best be expressed by the words "fever" and "health." The Miami before the hurricane was flushed with fever; at present it has the glow of health.

I visited the University of Miami at Coral Gables and made an address to the students and faculty. What they lack in traditions they make up in enthusiasm. The men and women on the faculty are brave-hearted; they are all underpaid, but they love their work. Commercial prosperity is essential, but man cannot live by bread alone. The university gives to the place a mental and spiritual tonic. It has a fine orchestra, and I heard a quartet of students sing difficult music in a manner that would have been a credit to professionals.

We were the guests of Commodore William J. Matheson at his beautiful house in Coconut Grove. He should write an autobiography, for he is one of the most interesting men in America and has had many unusual experiences. He is furthermore an expert in the fine art of conversation. At the foot of his garden is his private wharf; there we embarked on his yacht, and sailed across Biscayne Bay to the charming Moorish house, Mashta, designed by him, standing on the edge of one of the keys. On this trip Mr. Matheson

had as additional guests Gene Tunney, champion boxer of the world, and his friend Mr. William Powell, a graduate of Amherst. During our two weeks in Miami I saw a good deal of Mr. Tunney, playing golf with him and having long and intimate talks. He is even better than gossip reports. He has charming manners, is well read, loves good books, the best poetry, and the best music.

Golfing one day with another group, I had the narrowest escape from death in my experience, and, although I have enjoyed what is called a "sheltered" life, I have had six "close calls." One of our party drove out of bounds, but was not sure of the fact until the caddie shouted; he then turned back to the tee to drive again. Three of us were standing about thirty feet away, but, as we supposed, sufficiently to one side. The man who drove the ball was over six feet in height; he hit a tremendous wallop; the ball came on a line and struck me on the top of my head, burning my scalp as it passed, but doing no damage. Had its flight been one half-inch lower, I should have been instantly killed.

On December 28 we started on Mr. Matheson's yacht for a four days' cruise around the south shore of Florida. This was a memorable experience. We sailed in and out among the keys, saw the "seagoing railroad," and entered Shark River on the west coast. We penetrated far into the interior, and one night anchored at Five Points, where there are five lanes of water leading off through the green trees. Here two of us went tarpon-fishing in the moonlight. We were in a tiny power-boat; the dark, unruffled water, the forest on the shores, the moon and stars overhead, the absolute silence of the night. I had out fifty feet of line. Suddenly I felt a tremen-

dous pull. I pulled in the opposite direction, and then with my rod I began to pump, reeling in the line as I leaned forward. Though I was thinly clad, I soon began to sweat, and my arms began to ache. After a while there was a tremendous disturbance in the water, and when I had hauled my prize within ten feet, the tarpon leaped clear out of the stream, gleaming like polished silver in the moonlight. He shook his head with a curiously negative expression, the hook flew out of his mouth, and I saw him no more. I shall probably never meet him again. Instead of disappointment, I was pleased, which shows that I am no fisherman. All I wanted was the experience of feeling him on the line and of seeing him close. I was and am glad he got away, and I hope he is still enjoying his well-won freedom.

On the last day of the year Mr. Matheson had as guests the bishop of Florida, the Right Reverend Cameron Mann, and his vivacious and charming wife. Although I was brought up a strict non-conformist, I like bishops—they are good fellows, and this one particularly so. Gene Tunney and the bishop got along together in fine style, and we had much good talk. That night we celebrated the passing of the old year by a large dinner-party at the Royal Palm, given by our friends Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Drake. Mr. Drake was an athlete at Princeton in his undergraduate days, and is now a mighty hunter. Within forty miles of Miami he shot two fine bucks while we were there, so we had venison, and very good it was. That was not a cheap dinner; some of the vegetables may have been inexpensive, but the meat was deer.

On the 1st of January, a few hours before we left, Mr. Harvey Firestone

and his son called and presented me with a curious and valuable book, of which only about a hundred copies were printed. It is a large quarto, beautifully got up, and illustrated with many photographs, interesting and diverting because of their intimacy. The book was written by the late John Burroughs, and is a diary of an automobile journey through West Virginia and Virginia taken by Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone, and John Burroughs in 1918. The best things in the volume are not, as might be expected, the descriptions of natural scenery; the best things are the remarkable character-sketches of Mr. Burroughs's three famous companions.

Among the constantly increasing number of biographies, especial mention should be made of "Andrew Jackson," by G. W. Johnson. This is a "homespun biography," dwelling chiefly on Old Hickory's personal characteristics. When I was a lad in high school I read the late Professor W. G. Sumner's "Life of Jackson," in the excellent "American Statesmen" series. Mr. Sumner, being a financial expert, was interested chiefly in Jackson's quarrel with the Bank. He called his book "Andrew Jackson as a Public Man. Who he was, what chances he had, and what he did with them." Mr. Johnson is more interested in making a portrait of Jackson as a private man, and he succeeds very well indeed. It is a lively, entertaining narrative of a bizarre personality.

The two famous publishing houses of Doubleday, Page & Co. and George H. Doran & Co. have merged, taking the name Doubleday, Doran & Co. The first book published under the new name is Booth Tarkington's novel

"Claire Ambler." A small, exquisitely bound edition was printed, each copy signed by F. N. (Effendi) Doubleday, George H. Doran, and Booth Tarkington. The paper is feather-weight, and it is as handsome a book as I have seen in some time. The novel itself, while not so good as "The Plutocrat," is one of its author's major works. It is of course continuously interesting, for I do not believe Booth Tarkington could write a dull book. If he only once would write a book both dull and dirty, he would receive much more applause from some of his critics; but he insists on being interesting, clever, and clean. As might be expected, there is much shrewd, humorous observation of the younger generation, male and female. The Italian episode goes deeper into life and human nature than many modern novels more pretentiously written.

The drama-critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Percy Hammond, has done what I hoped he would do. He has collected and revised some of his first-night criticisms, and published them in a volume called "But—Is It Art?" They make good reading, and provoke mental activity in the reader. Mr. Hammond is an honest, penetrating, and fearless critic. I read him faithfully day by day, and derive much profit. If I were to find any flaws in his work, I should point out the defect—as it seems to me—which is characteristic of practically all our American drama-critics. They write like "columnists." Instead of giving a straightforward criticism of the play and the acting, they cultivate an ironical mannerism which is often irritating. One feels that they are trying to score off the piece instead of interpreting it.

And I take this opportunity to repeat what I have said before. It seems to me

unjust and often cruel that a play which may have cost its author years of hard labor, its presenter much thought and money, and its actors many rehearsals, should be judged by the critic in twenty minutes. Drama criticism should not be regarded only as news. It would be far better if, the morning after the first night, there should appear from the critic a news item giving a brief account of the play and an accurate report of its reception by the audience. Then in the Sunday issue or in some issue a few days later, there should appear a detailed critical essay.

What would be thought of the art of book-reviewing if every critic was obliged to print his review on the day after he received his copy of the book? Yet even so he would have an advantage over the drama-critic; for he would have the thing before him in permanent form.

If all criticisms must be printed the morning after the first night, then there should be an invitation performance preceding the first night, with a house full of guests. The difficulty with this would be that some drama-critic would feel it necessary to make a "scoop." Winthrop Ames used to open on Monday nights with an invitation performance on the preceding Saturday; some of the critics printed their reviews in the Sunday issue.

In Mr. Hammond's book, as distinguished from his daily reviews, there seems to be somewhat less persiflage and more serious thought. It is a mistake to suppose that only humorous gibes are interesting; nothing is so interesting as ideas.

"An American Saga," by Carl Jensen, is one more illustration of how much we Americans gain from our immigrants. This Norwegian passed

through experiences that would have broken the body and soul of the average man. Indeed his survival is all but incredible. He won a college education by back-breaking and heart-breaking toil, and somehow or other managed to keep not only healthy but cheerful. This is an autobiography packed with adventures and is at the same time a contribution to social history.

Representing exactly the opposite kind of human existence is P. G. Wodehouse's "Carry On, Jeeves." The butler is always an appealing figure; everybody likes a play with a good butler in it. Mr. Wodehouse is a humorist of the first class, and in Jeeves the butler reaches an apotheosis (buffo). This is the best book by its author that I have read, with the single exception of "Leave It to Psmith." I read it on the train and laughed so much that I nearly fell out of the upper berth.

The "Oxford Book of American Verse," chosen and edited by Bliss Carman, is a handy volume of six hundred and eighty pages. It covers the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. The standard poets are well represented, and among the recent ones are Henry A. Beers, Lilla Cabot Perry, Don Marquis, and others. The dates have not been brought up to date; some poets who are now in heaven are kept back on earth. I wish that he had included in this anthology the exquisite poem of William Alexander Percy:

OVERTONES

"I heard a bird at break of day
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
Alone, among dead trees."

A fresh tribute to the Continental influence of James Fenimore Cooper is seen in a "Le Roman de Bas-de-Cuir: Etude sur Fenimore Cooper et son influence en France," by Margaret Murray Gibb, published by the Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion, 5 Quai Malaquais, Paris. This is a valuable and important work.

Arthur Hinds was impressed by a statement in this column that the complete sayings of Jesus could be read in three hours. He has accordingly published a volume (through D. H. Pierpont & Co., of Williamsburg, Mass.) printed in clear type, and small enough to be carried in the upper vest pocket: "The Complete Sayings of Jesus. A Glowing Short-Story. From the King James Version of Christ's Own Words." This ought to have a wide circulation.

A book of extraordinary interest and value is "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals," edited by Odell Shepard. Naturally it does not equal its predecessor, "The Heart of Emerson's Journals," but it is a book to buy and to own and to read and reread. Every year sees the fame of Thoreau widening and brightening.

The completion of the New English Dictionary is a notable event. The last word is "Zyxt." The preparation of the dictionary has employed nearly 1,500 persons for over seventy years. It has resembled the building of a cathedral. The original architect, Sir James Murray, died some time ago, and his successor, Doctor Henry Bradley, who toiled at it for twenty-seven years, is also dead. It cost a large fortune to make it, and a small fortune to buy it, as I have the best of all reasons for knowing.

To those who do and who do not believe in the good old word "conver-

sion," I recommend a book by the Reverend S. M. Shoemaker, called "Children of the Second Birth." It is a case-book.

Among the new novels many readers will find "The Old Nick," by F. W. Bronson, interesting. The presentation of a lonely widower and his contacts with the younger generation show considerable creative skill. The author is a young man, and this is his second book.

Two police novels I recommend. They are "The Bellamy Trial," by Frances N. Hart, and "A Mysterious Disappearance," from the experienced hand of Louis Tracy.

The recent death of Judge William Armistead Falconer, of Arkansas, is a loss to literature and polite learning as well as to his profession. His published translations of Cicero attracted international attention. As a teacher of law in the University of Arkansas he won the respect and affection of his students and colleagues.

The eminent novelist Anzia Yezierska writes me about her latest novel, "Arrogant Beggar":

In the village where I was born floated all sorts of fairy tales about America. My imagination was fired by a story of a Working Girls Home where girls are free to learn anything they wanted. Well, when I got here, this turned out to be a *school for servants*. Kind, rich ladies wanted to help immigrant girls by training them to be their cooks and waitresses. For years and years I kept making futile attempts writing up my experiences with these Big Sisters, these Saviours of the Working Girl. One day, I suddenly saw a scene, a public meeting of the trustees and board of directors where the poor girls who've been helped by the kind, rich ladies are taught to make speeches of gratitude. I imagined myself suddenly tearing up the prepared speech, daring to tell the saviours what I really felt. This is Chap. X in the book.

After I worked out this scene, I wove a beginning and an end.

I wanted to call this book, Charity for the Rich, or Be Kind to the Rich. I feel the rich need charity and kindness more than the starving poor who come to them for help. Reality and all the vital experiences of life have been camouflaged for the rich by the glamour of their money. They never see how barren these places built with money are. The poor, the powerless, they are forced to stand still and feel and see and know that love is the only power. It's up to the poor who know to be kind to the rich. The trustees and board of directors who run these homes need charity and compassion more than the poor who are mistreated in them. God! what a lot of words—and nothing what I really feel. But I trust you will know what I'm trying to say.

Miss Helen C. Clark, of Harrisburg, Pa., sends a good head-line from the Harrisburg *Telegraph* about the comet:

COMET TO POSE HERE 5:30 P. M.

An instructor in the University of Michigan, on chewing tobacco:

In the Christmas SCRIBNER's you quote from "The Tobacco-Chewers Protective and Educational League of America" in reference to Ibsen's clandestine tobacco-chewing. This recalled to me what an episcopal rector in Michigan (I dare not place it more precisely!) told me of an eminent visiting bishop from another section of the country. A moment or two before the sermon, the local rector observed the bishop quietly slip out into one of the back rooms. Thinking the bishop wished a glass of water, the solicitous rector followed the guest-bishop, and he found the bishop cutting a piece of chewing tobacco, to be in his cheek during the sermon he was about to deliver! The bishop explained that he never gave a sermon, if he could help it, without the sustaining aid of a piece of plug tobacco!

Professor P. M. Jack, from Aberdeen and Cambridge Universities, now chairman of the University of Michigan Rhetoric Department, told me the other day that he thought it likely that every important English man of letters smoked.

Browning never smoked, although he drank wine with meals. He never

mixed wines; if he started with sherry, he stuck to sherry till the dessert. W. D. Howells not only never smoked, but the odor of tobacco affected him so evilly that he could not endure to be in a room where there was smoking. This fact shows how he loved Mark Twain, for, in order to enjoy his company, Mr. Howells actually followed him into the smoking-compartments of trains. This took more courage than Orpheus showed in following his wife into hell.

The Fano Club may yet attract the attention of Mussolini. Here is a letter from Nice, by Priscilla Lee:

What a mystery and charm about the Fano Club! Our friends both in America and Italy believe we are hiding something very important and exclusive.

Now a man in Fano is asked to write an Italian article about it for a magazine called the "Studio Picino." He would appreciate very much if you would send him this information:

1. The name of the Founder of the club and who is president.
2. The date the Fano Club was founded.
3. What is the reason it was started, and what is its object?
4. How many members are there at present?

I believe they imagine this Club is something *political*. Luzio, a member of it, cannot answer their questions!!!

I am writing him now, how we first heard of the Fano Club in your book, "As I Like It," and the later news we had of it in the SCRIBNER MAGAZINE.

Donald Wing, Yale 1926, enters the Fano Club by the post-card gate, writing: "With bare feet and tonsure I have made my pilgrimage to Fano, bribed a good father, and entered the sanctum chiuso. May I do further honour to you and to R. Browning. Letter follows."

My statement about the Big Four has drawn many interesting comments.

Mr. Patrick Crowley, president of the New York Central Lines:

I was interested in reading your article in the January issue of SCRIBNER's, with reference to the application of the name, "Big Four," to the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad. Mr. George H. Ingalls, a son of Mr. M. E. Ingalls, who was President of the Big Four Railroad at the time that name was applied to it, is now a Vice President of the New York Central Lines, and I asked him to give me such information as he might have.

My dear Mr. Crowley:

As near as I can remember, and I have also checked it up, this was used to my personal knowledge prior to 1887, and I believe it really was first used around 1884 or 1885. The man who named the road "Big Four" was Mr. Harry Morehead, a broker of Cincinnati. My father always referred to the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago as the Kankakee Line and he favored that name, but the brokers preferred "Big Four," I presume because it was shorter. Then when the old Big Four and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis were consolidated, the C. C. C. & I. was always known as the Bee Line, but after a good deal of argument and discussion the name Bee Line was dropped and "Big Four" was generally used.

Very truly yours, G. H. Ingalls.

From the Reverend Charles E. Cragg, of Huntington, Long Island:

I was interested in your enquiry as to the origin of the expression "The Big Four." John S. McGroarty in his most interesting volume "California, its history and romance" (page 293) says that the four men of Sacramento, who stood back of the tremendous enterprise of carrying the Central Pacific R.R. over the Sierras and into California in 1861 were popularly known by that title. They were Leland Stanford, C. R. Huntington, Mark Hopkins and Charles Crocker. How will that answer for an "origin"? At least it antedates the quartet of the Detroit Baseball Club.

From I. B. Woof, Toledo, Ohio:

In my opinion, although I do not profess to be an authority on the subject, the Big

Four were known, not in the halcyon gold days of California, but "on the Comstock," and that they were Crocker, Flood, Mackey and Fair, names which I am sure you will instantly recognize or be able to recall.

From the shady past—I almost said a shady past—comes an impression so faint as to be quite diaphanous, that later there was a fifth member of the group, if it can be so called.

But what you wanted was the date as to when the term Big Four was first used. I surmise it was between 1865 and 1875.

From Mr. O. A. Gould, of New Bedford, Mass.:

When the late Tony Pastor's Variety Theatre was located near the old Metropolitan Hotel on Broadway near Spring, N. Y. C. probably in 1875-76 an act of the so called "knock-about" sort comprising 4 men was styled "The Big Four." It was a big attraction both in the metropolis and when touring with Mr. Pastor throughout the country. I am reasonably sure of two of the names—Smith and Waldron; the third name may have been Pettingill but I cannot summon successfully now from its crevice in memory the cognomen of the other member. As you know thousands of acts of four members now exist and have, since Variety merged into more or less polite Vaudeville. Perhaps Mr. Philip Hale of the Boston Herald, or Professor Geo. Edgar Oliver, Albany, N. Y., could supply more complete data.

From George Edgar Oliver, of Albany, N. Y.:

I am an old timer in the show business and have kept in touch with matters musical and theatrical for over fifty years.

I recall the act of the Big Four at Tony Pastor's, and the names are Smith, Waldron, Cronin, and Mister Martin. In order to check up on my memory, I called up an old show man who at one time was advance agent for Haverly's minstrels and Tony Pastor and he said that I was correct.

Did you know that at one time (about 1880) Lillian Russell was a member of the "Pinafore" chorus at Tony Pastor's Theatre on 14th Street?

From Philip Hale, of Boston, Mass.:

The "Big Four" in 1879 consisted of Smith, Waldron, Morton and Martin. In

1870—Smith, Allen, Morton and Martin. In 1898 (Haverly's minstrels)—Smith, Waldron, Pearley, and Martin. William Smith committed suicide in New York in 1900. Dan Waldron, born in New York, died at Washington, D. C., 1905, age 47 years. J. W. Morton, whose name was Sheppard, died in 1907. If Martin of the "Big Four" was Tom Martin (born in Boston in 1861; died at Brooklyn in 1901) he had been stage manager at Tony Pastor's in the late '80's—but I doubt if he was of the "Big Four." Dan Waldron's real name was McQuinny. He was the last of the original quartet.

The "Big Four" appeared chiefly in negro songs and dances.

P. S. Good Lord, how Yale has changed since I was graduated in '76!

THE F. Q. CLUB

From Charles Moore, of Washington, D. C.:

I think you must now have reached the end of the list of persons who have read all of the "Faery Queene." Perhaps I may bring up the rear by relating that I heard James Russell Lowell tell that he had met a man who *said* he had read through that poem. He did not give the man's name, and perhaps there was a shade of doubt in his tone.

This statement of Lowell's shows how important—yes, necessary—is our F. Q. Club.

Walter Karig, of Millburn, N. J.:

Add "funny places where candidates passed their novitiates." I read the F. Q. while soldiering in France and eastward; read it in snatches at the Y. M. C. A. library in Le Mans and finally when we moved away from the cognac sector I stole the book and finished it in trucks, abandoned cheese factories and Norman tonnelles.

A catalog of Y. M. C. A. library catalogs would be a literary achievement, and an illuminating side-light on the intellectual phases of the pretty war.

A. M. Ingold, cashier of the First National Bank of Morganton, N. C., writes:

Like yourself, I have never seen a male tortoise-shell cat. A recent issue of the Dear-

born *Independent* mentioned that about one in every seven hundred tortoise-shells is a male.

From Harry Hansen, of the *New York World*:

I have just read your little note on the cat in German. No doubt the female now represents her kind as *die Katze*. But you do recall the important place occupied in all German folklore by *der Kater* from Kater Murr to Der gestiefelte Kater, the latter becoming our own inoffensive "Puss in Boots." Der Kater has a definite personality, not at all like that of our malodorous tomcat, yet when fairy tales in which he plays a part reach our children in translation he becomes simply *the cat* and our children usually imagine a female.

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

F. F. Bartrop, of New York:

I suggest the expressions "equally as good," "equally as well," etc.

Also, why in his interesting article in the December *SCRIBNER* does Bishop Fiske use, in writing of his hypothetical popular young clergyman, the expression "society congregation"? True, the word *society*, used as an adjective has now a meaning, but is it not a vulgarism, and to be avoided by the self-respecting?

Sally H. Kemper, of Scranton, Pa.:

I should like to nominate the use of the noun *sense* as a verb: and the expression *well-groomed* applied to a human being. These things are like waving a red bull at me.

From Miss May L. Sheridan, of the Lincoln High School, Jersey City. After calling my attention to the use of the word "swound" in "The Ancient Mariner," she comments on the nomination of the noun "humans":

May I say that I should like to range myself with the librarian of Brown University with regard to the use of the word *humans*. Stevenson employs it in "An Inland Voyage." He says of the trembling sedges on the river side, that they are like poor humans in alarm.

Also, regarding an English equivalent of

the German *Mensch*, is not the good English word *wight* an exact equivalent, and *wights* an equivalent of *Menschen*? Washington Irving employs the word *wight* in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow": "a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane."

As showing how difficult it is to obtain from any one witness conclusive testimony, I present the following letter from Mrs. E. L. Caton, of Orlando, Fla.:

If H. W. Fugate of Hansonville, Virginia, has lived in the south all his life and has never heard once the expression "you-all" addressed to one person, may I suggest that either he "come on along" a bit farther south or consult a good aurist.

I have lived in the south parts of two years only, and I hear it all the while. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, Texas, to say nothing of Florida, use it almost daily.

I truly hope that "you all" believe my statement.

The Reverend Newall Wordsworth Whitman, of Pachaug, Conn., suggests that there ought to be in every modern court "trained jurymen, just as the lawyers and judges are trained and educated, so that the men who sit as jurymen are trained and paid to hold the job for life." This would be a good scheme if it could be carried out.

No writer ever had a better command of adjectives than Shakespeare; yet as a certain man knew how to be silent in five languages, so Shakespeare understood how to gain emphasis by omission. There is in all literature no more terrible accusation than the last words of Cordelia:

"*Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?*"

To those who believe that this present age is particularly irreligious and

wicked, I will give advice in two words: Read history.

This week I have entered upon the most dangerous year of my life, the Grand Climacteric. Last Monday I reached the age of 63. For many centuries thousands of people regarded 49 as a fairly perilous year, exceeded only by 63. Every man who safely attained 64 said "Ouf!" or its equivalent. Yet somehow I feel no terror, because, even so far ago as the seventeenth century, Sir Thomas Browne regarded the fear of the Grand Climacteric as superstitious. Listen to his words of wisdom:

And so perhaps hath it happened unto the number 7. and 9. which multiplyed into

themselves doe make up 63, commonly esteemed the great Climactericall of our lives; for the dayes of men are usually cast up by septenaries, and every seventh yeare conceived to carry some altering character with it, either in the temper of body, minde, or both; but among all other, three are most remarkable, that is 7. times 7. or forty-nine, 9. times 9. or eighty-one, and 7. times 9. or the yeare of sixty-three; which is conceived to carry with it, the most considerable fatality, and consisting of both the other numbers was apprehended to comprise the vertue of either, is therefore expected and entertained with feare, and esteemed a favour of fate to pass it over; which notwithstanding many suspect but to be a Panick terrour, and men to feare they justly know not what; and for my owne part, to speak indifferently, I find no satisfaction, nor any sufficiency in the received grounds to establish a rationall feare.



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Some Old Masters Recently in New York

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WHEN the partisans of modernistic art want to be particularly mournful and bitter about the obstacles retarding the complete triumph of their cause they refer with scorn to the persistent vogue of "the old masters." The point is certainly well taken. Many of our collectors are incomprehensibly neglectful of the blessings of Picasso and Matisse, what time they devote themselves with ardor to such figures of the past as Chardin and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rembrandt, Vermeer, and Van Dyck. I suppose it is to be deplored, but, for my own part, having an insatiable passion for merely beautiful things, I shamelessly observe the situation with an appreciative chuckle. If ever I had cause for this I have had it in the season of 1927-28, only half advanced as I write. In New York, within a few short weeks, I have seen here and there an extraordinary succession of old masters, one emphatically to confirm the hypothesis that the city has become the great art market of the world.



The treasures come singly and in groups. In one instance of late they have borne in a particularly interesting manner upon the tradition of a specific master, Vermeer of Delft. The list of his works was sparse enough when Burger reconstructed it in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in 1866. It was made still shorter by Van Zype, the modern authority, who a few years ago gave the

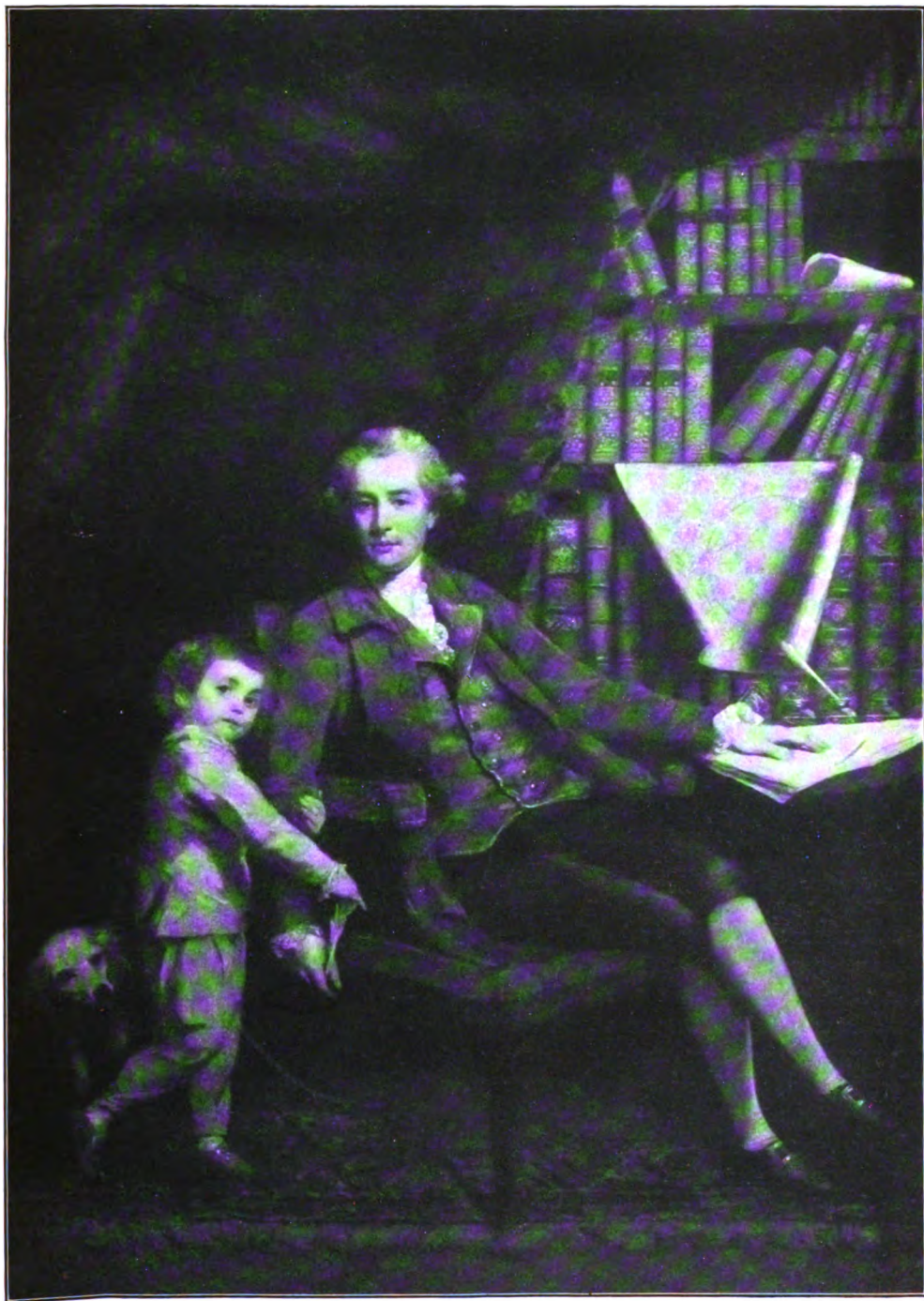
artist just thirty-eight works. Then Hofstede de Groot identified the Head of a Young Boy which passed through the hands of the Duveens into Mr. J. S. Bache's collection; and later the same dealers obtained for Mr. Mellon a previously unknown Portrait of a Girl by Vermeer. It seemed unlikely that his *œuvre* would again be extended, but last summer an Englishman in Bremen, Captain H. R. Wright, called on Dr. Bode in Berlin with a new Vermeer, and the Duveens got that. It is The Lace Maker, a more intimate version of the subject to which Vermeer gave such glorious treatment in the famous Dentellière of the Louvre. It works once more the spell of the master's familiar harmony, yellow, white, and blue, against a pearly background, and in feeling it has a tenderness the painter did not always disclose. These things would seem to be enough for a time at least, yet as the present pages go to press the Wildensteins are bringing over a little Vermeer recently discovered at The Hague, again the profile of a young woman wearing a yellow bodice with white cuffs and seated in a chair of dark blue velvet. I confess a deep impatience to see it. Incidentally I wonder if in the long run all of the twenty-one Vermeers in the historic Amsterdam sale of 1696 may not be identified. We know most of them now, and these recurrent discoveries should ultimately clear up the whole matter. Meanwhile there is no doubt but that every student of Ver-

meer must now take account of him in American collections.

While I am speaking of the art of the Low Countries I may appropriately turn from a great Dutchman to a great Fleming, and at this point I have in passing to touch upon the wondrous change which may sometimes be wrought by the judicious cleaning of a picture. When I visited the big Flemish Exhibition in London last winter one of the superb Van Dycks especially impressed me through the beauty of its color. It was the stately full-length, belonging to Lord Northbrook, of Queen Henrietta Maria standing on a step with the dwarf Sir Geoffrey Hudson beside her. In this painting the queen wears a dress of blue silk trimmed with gold braid. There are pink bows at her sleeves and there is a white plume in her large black hat. Alongside the fluted pillar behind her there falls a curtain of orange silk. Obviously a resplendent arrangement. But dirt and varnish had muted its splendor. I found it a thing of quietly shimmering beauty. Since then it has been acquired by the Duveens and cleaned for its introduction here. The blue dress fairly took my breath away, the brilliant modulations of tone in it being raised to a higher power. I wondered if Gainsborough perhaps had seen it in its pristine gorgeousness and had thereby been encouraged to make the perilous venture from which he emerged so triumphantly with *The Blue Boy*. This is a truly sumptuous Van Dyck. It illustrates him at the very peak of his courtly style. ◇ ◇ ◇

That style has had its day. It is unimaginable as a formula susceptible of adjustment to the carriage and movement of an epoch characterized by the nervous tension of our own. We are too

hurrying, too restless, for the formality of the old régime. When Sargent dipped into the Georgian hypothesis in certain of his group portraits, he keyed it up, probably because he could not help himself, to the animation implicit in his day. Nevertheless, for the modern eye there is a special fascination in the serenity, if nothing else, that belongs to the portraits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Seligmans imported a major example of this quality in the *Richard Barwell and His Son* which they exhibited late in December. It proved a remarkable souvenir of Sir Joshua's middle period, a portrait done in 1771, when under the pressure of Romney's competition his domination of the field was momentarily lessened. Over the painting of this secretary to Warren Hastings, seated at his desk in red coat, green waistcoat, and black breeches, with his little son in rose beside him, he had time to linger, and the solid execution enforces the fact. Every passage in the picture, from the Oriental rug on the floor to the gilded backs of the books on the library shelves and the strips of blue leather edging the latter, is significant of the devoted brushman, making his color scheme rich and fat, giving it an almost Dutch weight and depth. I rejoiced in all this, in Reynolds's deviation into painter's painting, but I rejoiced also in his handling of that formalism to which I have alluded. He painted the two Barwells with all his wonted poise and breeding; he stayed the academician and preserved that serenity of which I have spoken. But this time, as he would do now and then, he modified his academic rigor and painted simply a friendly human interior, leaving his figures not "on parade" but sympathetically discovered in an intimate, thoroughly do-



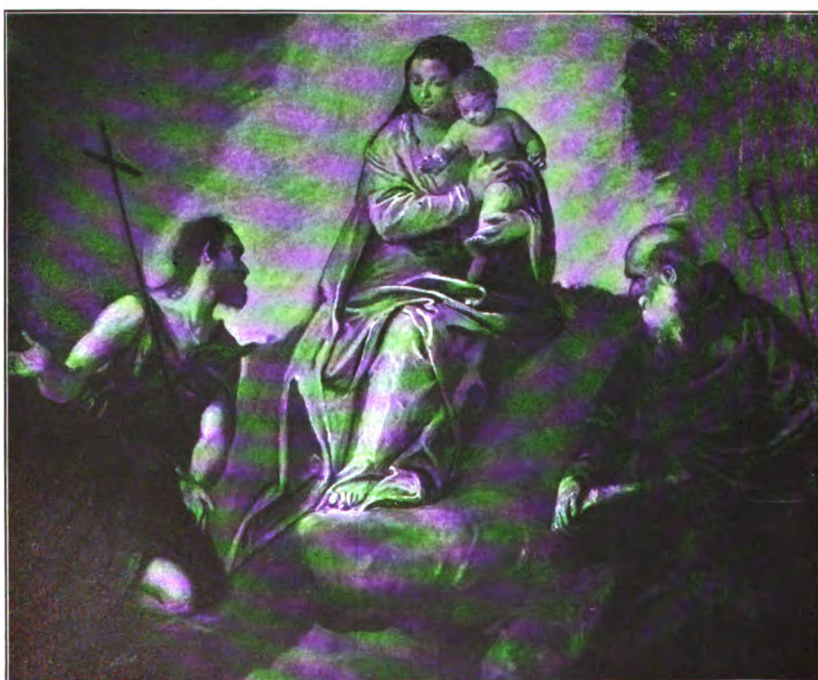
Richard Barwell and His Son.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Seligmann Gallery.



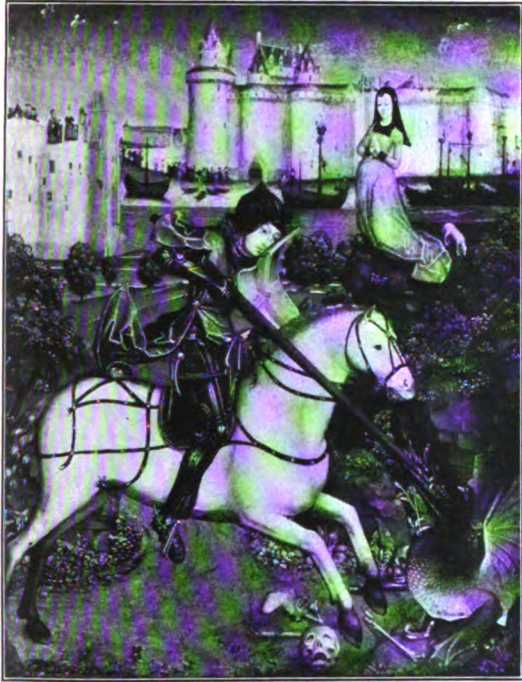
The Temptation.

From the painting by Duccio in the Frick Museum.



Madonna and Infant Saviour in Glory.

From the painting by Paolo Veronese at the Agnew Gallery.



St. George and the Dragon.

From the painting by Simon Marmion at the Kleinberger Gallery.



Portrait of a Lady.

From the painting by the Master of Moulins at the Kleinberger Gallery.



Portrait of a Man.

From the painting by Fouquet at the Kleinberger Gallery.



The Lace Maker.

From the painting by Vermeer at the Duveen Gallery.



Portrait of a Lady.

From the painting by Tiejolo at the Agnew Gallery.



Portrait of a Man.

From the painting by Bartolommeo Veneto at the Agnew Gallery.

mestic mood. His sitters met him half-way as members of the social fabric of the period, but they remained themselves, personalities rather than courtly types.

At the same time that I saw this Reynolds I saw at the Higgs Gallery, in a group of portraits by several eighteenth-century British masters, no fewer than five examples of Sir Thomas Lawrence. One of them was of Sally Siddons, the tragedienne's daughter, with whom the painter was for a time in love. It was clever enough but comparatively negligible beside the other four canvases, all of them portraits of men. Before an arrogant Duke of York, painted with astonishing bravura, before an austere Cardinal Consalvi, and before a distinguished Lord Hobart, drawn and brushed in with equal sureness and celerity, one forgot for a little while the thin facility, the fashionable smirk, which so often are all that you get from Lawrence. He seemed more robust, more serious in substance than usual, and I wondered if the manliness of his subjects had not had something to do with it. I pondered anew also on the mystery of that preference amongst collectors for feminine portraits which apparently constitutes an immutable law. In æsthetic value the portraits of men are surely, in countless instances, among the masterpieces of the world.



How stable, so to say, is the motive of portraiture amongst the old masters brought to New York! I have had to touch upon it again and again so far, and as I revert to my notes I find still other shining exemplars in the mass of material I have here briefly to record. There were some other noble things in the memorable exhibition of Venetian

art organized this winter by the Agnews. I recall especially a monumental design by Paolo Veronese, a Madonna and Infant Saviour in Glory. Left unfinished by the master, there seemed to rest upon it in the perfect bloom of spontaneity, the purest personal accent of his genius, the very gesture of the man. In a sense this heroic canvas made the exhibition, but it was surrounded by beautiful things, and among them I would make bold to include a remarkable View of Rome by Guardi. History is silent as to any Roman adventures of his, and this lovely picture may have been no more than an imaginative improvisation. But it stays graciously in my mind. So does another eighteenth-century painting, Tiepolo's Portrait of a Lady, a work very rare for him. His customary *brio* was subordinated in this to a certain gravity in the type of luxurious beauty that he understood so well. There were some earlier portraits in this show that I cannot forget, a brilliant Portrait of a Man by Bartolommeo Veneto, out of the famous Holford collection, and some imposing things by Tintoretto, Paris Bordone, and Andrea Solario. Altogether an exhibition to be marked with a white stone in the annals of 1927-28.

The season, as I have indicated, has embraced most unusual incidents. Perhaps in sheer educational value the most important of them all was the loan exhibition of French Primitives organized by the Kleinbergers through October and November in aid of the French Hospital. About fourscore paintings were assembled from different American collections, with a few enamels and other objects of art. These pieces were of great intrinsic interest, and they had the added significance of throwing light upon a subject only recently

brought into view. All through the nineteenth century, which witnessed such wide activity in the organization of art history and criticism, French Primitives were left in virtual obscurity. Then in 1904 a great exhibition in Paris brought them to the fore, and a generous portfolio of plates, with scholarly text by M. Bouchot, carried the topic for discussion everywhere. That discussion has not established the French Primitive on a plane with the Italian or even with the Flemish, by whom he was substantially influenced. But he enjoys to-day far greater prestige than formerly, and the Kleinberger show was invaluable as affording American students an opportunity to judge the subject for themselves. It made clear the limitations of the early Frenchmen in respect to spiritual fervor and their characteristically racial grip upon draftsmanship and the other elements of a polished technique. It brought back the traits of men who for most amateurs here are only legendary names, men in portraiture and religious painting like Jean Fouquet, Jean Malouel, Simon Marmion, the Master of Moulins, Jean Perreal, and Jean Bourdichon. The sequence was carried on, too, into the epoch of the Clouets and Corneille de Lyon. I could cheerfully exhaust all my space on this exhibition alone, and it is indeed difficult to abandon the theme. But I must be content with noting the singularity of the affair, its distinguished charm and its priceless character for purposes of study. The array of portraits was portentous. Those who saw the show must carry indelible memories of Fouquet and the Master of Moulins.

There remains to be cited an event which, like the exhibition of the French Primitives, requires pages by itself for its adequate commemoration. I refer to the arrival in this country of the Benson collection, purchased *en bloc* in London last summer by Sir Joseph Duveen. The one hundred and fourteen pictures have been brought over, little by little, in groups. The first group included the four famous Duccios which once belonged to the great "ancona" at Siena. One of them, the Temptation, immediately passed into the Frick collection. It is a small panel but it has monumental grandeur. Christ stands upon the mount repelling Satan in the face of all the kingdoms of the world, typified in walled towns. Ministering angels hover behind the divine figure in blue. The scene is set against a background of pure gold. The panel and its associates are renowned in the literature of art and in that they are representative of this collection. Mr. Benson had the judgment and the good fortune to procure positive jewels of the Sienese, Florentine, Umbrian, Milanese, and Venetian schools. His collection contains nothing less than masterpieces by Duccio, Piero di Cosimo, Andrea del Sarto, Signorelli, Crivelli, Antonello da Messina, Bellini, Titian, and Carpaccio—to name only a handful of the painters. And all this store of treasure is laid at a stroke at the doors of American collectors! Is it any wonder that the observer of these things is moved to surmise that the end is not yet? After the Benson-Duveen affair almost anything seems possible. Also I cannot help feeling that the cult of the old master in the United States is somehow fairly secure.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.

The Greene Murder Case

(Continued from page 332 of this number)

concealed so that our searchers didn't run across them?"

"As to that, now, I couldn't say. They may have been taken out of the house altogether."

There was a silence for several minutes. Then Markham spoke.

"The finding of the galoshes pretty well proves your theory, Vance. But do you realize what confronts us now? If your reasoning is correct, the guilty person is some one with whom we've been talking this morning. It's an appalling thought. I've gone over in my mind every member of that household; and I simply can't regard any one of them as a potential mass-murderer."

"Sheer moral prejudice, old dear." Vance's voice assumed a note of raillery. "I'm a bit cynical myself, and the only person at the Greene mansion I'd eliminate as a possibility would be Frau Mannheim. She's not sufficiently imaginative to have planned this accumulative massacre. But as regards the others, I could picture any one of 'em as being at the bottom of this diabolical slaughter. It's a mistaken idea, don't y' know, to imagine that a murderer looks like a murderer. No murderer ever does. The only people who really look like murderers are quite harmless. Do you recall the mild and handsome features of the Reverend Richeson of Cambridge? Yet he gave his inamorata cyanide of potassium. The fact that Major Armstrong was a meek and gentlemanly looking chap did not deter him from feeding arsenic to his wife. Professor Webster of Harvard was not a criminal type; but the dismembered spirit of Doctor Parkman doubtless regards him as a brutal slayer. Doctor Lamson, with his philanthropic eyes and his benevolent beard, was highly regarded as a humanitarian; but he administered aconitine rather cold-bloodedly to his crippled brother-in-law. Then there was Doctor Neil Cream, who might easily have been mistaken for the deacon of a fashionable church; and the soft-spoken and amiable Doctor Waite. . . . And the women! Edith Thompson admitted putting powdered glass in her husband's gruel, though she looked like a pious Sunday-school teacher.

Madeleine Smith certainly had a most respectable countenance. And Constance Kent was rather a beauty—a nice girl with an engaging air; yet she cut her little brother's throat in a thoroughly brutal manner. Gabrielle Bompard and Marie Boyer were anything but typical of the *donna delinquente*; but the one strangled her lover with the cord of her dressing-gown, and the other killed her mother with a cheese-knife. And what of Madame Fenayrou——?"

"Enough!" protested Markham. "Your lecture on criminal physiognomy can go over a while. Just now I'm trying to adjust my mind to the staggering inferences to be drawn from your finding of those galoshes." A sense of horror seemed to weigh him down. "Good God, Vance! There must be some way out of this nightmare you've propounded. What member of that household could possibly have walked in on Rex Greene and shot him down in broad daylight?"

"'Pon my soul, I don't know." Vance himself was deeply affected by the sinister aspects of the case. "But some one in that house did it—some one the others don't suspect."

"That look on Julia's face, and Chester's amazed expression—that's what you mean, isn't it? They didn't suspect either. And they were horrified at the revelation—when it was too late. Yes, all those things fit in with your theory."

"But there's one thing that doesn't fit, old man." Vance gazed at the table perplexedly. "Rex died peacefully, apparently unaware of his murderer. Why wasn't there also a look of horror on his face? His eyes couldn't have been shut when the revolver was levelled at him, for he was standing, facing the intruder. It's inexplicable—mad!"

He beat a nervous tattoo on the table, his brows contracted.

"And there's another thing, Markham, that's incomprehensible about Rex's death. His door into the hall was open; but nobody up-stairs heard the shot—nobody *up-stairs*. And yet Sproot—who was down-stairs, in the butler's pantry behind the dining-room—heard it distinctly."

"It probably just happened that way," Markham argued, almost automatically. "Sound acts fantastically sometimes."

Vance shook his head.

"Nothing has 'just happened' in this case. There's a terrible logic about everything—a carefully planned reason behind each detail. Nothing has been left to chance. Still, this very systematization of the crime will eventually prove the murderer's downfall. When we can find a key to any one of the ante-rooms, we'll know our way into the main chamber of horrors."

At that moment Markham was summoned to the telephone. When he returned his expression was puzzled and uneasy.

"It was Swacker. Von Blon is at my office now—he has something to tell me."

"Ah! Very interestin'," commented Vance.

We drove to the District Attorney's office, and Von Blon was shown in at once.

"I may be stirring up a mare's nest," he began apologetically, after he had seated himself on the edge of a chair. "But I felt I ought to inform you of a curious thing that happened to me this morning. At first I thought I would tell the police, but it occurred to me they might misunderstand; and I decided to place the matter before you to act upon as you saw fit."

Plainly he was uncertain as to how the subject should be broached, and Markham waited patiently with an air of polite indulgence.

"I phoned the Greene house as soon as I made the—ah—discovery," Von Blon went on hesitantly. "But I was informed you had left for the office; so, as soon as I had lunched, I came directly here."

"Very good of you, doctor," murmured Markham.

Again Von Blon hesitated, and his manner became exaggeratedly ingratiating.

"The fact is, Mr. Markham, I am in the habit of carrying a rather full supply of emergency drugs in my medicine-case. . . ."

"Emergency drugs?"

"Strychnine, morphine, caffeine, and a variety of hypnotics and stimulants. I find it often convenient——"

"And it was in connection with these drugs you wished to see me?"

"Indirectly—yes." Von Blon paused momentarily to arrange his words. "To-day it happened that I had in my case a fresh tube of soluble quarter-grain morphine tablets, and

a Parke-Davis carton of four tubes of strychnine—thirtieths. . . ."

"And what about this supply of drugs, doctor?"

"The fact is, the morphine and the strychnine have disappeared."

Markham bent forward, his eyes curiously animated.

"They were in my case this morning when I left my office," Von Blon explained; "and I made only two brief calls before I went to the Greenes'. I missed the tubes when I returned to my office."

Markham studied the doctor a moment.

"And you think it improbable that the drugs were taken from your case during either of your other calls?"

"That's just it. At neither place was the case out of my sight for a moment."

"And at the Greenes'?" Markham's agitation was growing rapidly.

"I went directly to Mrs. Greene's room, taking the case with me. I remained there for perhaps half an hour. When I came out——"

"You did not leave the room during that half-hour?"

"No. . . ."

"Pardon me, doctor," came Vance's indolent voice; "but the nurse mentioned that you called to her to bring Mrs. Greene's bouillon. From where did you call?"

Von Blon nodded. "Ah, yes. I did speak to Miss Craven. I stepped to the door and called up the servants' stairs."

"Quite so. And then?"

"I waited with Mrs. Greene until the nurse came. Then I went across the hall to Sibella's room."

"And your case?" interjected Markham.

"I set it down in the hall, against the rear railing of the main stairway."

"And you remained in Miss Sibella's room until Sproot called you?"

"That is right."

"Then the case was unguarded in the rear of the upper hall from about eleven until you left the house?"

"Yes. After I had taken leave of you gentlemen in the drawing-room I went up-stairs and got it."

"And also made your adieus to Miss Sibella," added Vance.

Von Blon raised his eyebrows with an air of gentle surprise.

"Naturally."

"What amount of these drugs disappeared?" asked Markham.

"The four tubes of strychnine contained in all approximately three grains—three and one-third, to be exact. And there are twenty-five tablets of morphine in a Parke-Davis tube, making six and one-quarter grains."

"Are those fatal doses, doctor?"

"That's a difficult question to answer, sir."

Von Blon adopted a professorial manner. "One may have a tolerance for morphine and be capable of assimilating astonishingly large doses. But, *ceteris paribus*, six grains would certainly prove fatal. Regarding strychnine, toxicology gives us a very wide range as to lethal dosage, depending on the condition and age of the patient. The average fatal dose for an adult is, I should say, two grains, though death has resulted from administrations of one grain, or even less. And, on the other hand, recovery has taken place after as much as ten grains have been swallowed. Generally speaking, however, three and one-third grains would be sufficient to produce fatal results."

When Von Blon had gone Markham gazed at Vance anxiously.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

"I don't like it—I don't at all like it." Vance shook his head despairingly. "It's dashed queer—the whole thing. And the doctor is worried, too. There's a panic raging beneath his elegant façade. He's in a blue funk—and it's not because of the loss of his pills. He fears something, Markham. There was a strained, hunted look in his eyes."

"Doesn't it strike you as strange that he should be carrying such quantities of drugs about with him?"

"Not necessarily. Some doctors do it. The Continental M.D.s especially are addicted to the practice. And don't forget Von Blon is German-trained. . . ." Vance glanced up suddenly. "By the by, what about those two wills?"

There was a look of astonished interrogation in Markham's incisive stare, but he said merely:

"I'll have them later this afternoon. Buck-way has been laid up with a cold, but he promised to send me copies to-day."

Vance got to his feet.

"I'm no Chaldean," he drawled; "but I have an idea those two wills may help us to understand the disappearance of the doctor's

pellets." He drew on his coat and took up his hat and stick. "And now I'm going to banish this beastly affair from my thoughts.—Come, Van. There's some good chamber-music at Æolian Hall this afternoon, and if we hurry we'll be in time for the Mozart 'C-major.'"

XVII

THE TWO WILLS

(Tuesday, November 30; 8 p. m.)

Eight o'clock that night found Inspector Moran, Sergeant Heath, Markham, Vance, and me seated about a small conference-table in one of the Stuyvesant Club's private rooms. The evening papers had created a furore in the city with their melodramatic accounts of Rex Greene's murder; and these early stories were, as we all knew, but the mild forerunners of what the morning journals would publish. The situation itself, without the inevitable impending strictures of the press, was sufficient to harry and depress those in charge of the official investigation; and, as I looked round the little circle of worried faces that night, I realized the tremendous importance that attached to the outcome of our conference.

Markham was the first to speak.

"I have brought copies of the wills; but before we discuss them I'd like to know if there have been any new developments."

"Developments!" Heath snorted contemptuously. "We've been going round in a circle all afternoon, and the faster we went the quicker we got to where we started. Mr. Markham, not one damn thing turned up to give us a line of inquiry. If it wasn't for the fact that no gun was found in the room, I'd turn in a report of suicide and then resign from the force."

"Fie on you, Sergeant!" Vance made a half-hearted attempt at levity. "It's a bit too early to give way to such gloomy pessimism.—I take it that Captain Dubois found no finger-prints."

"Oh, he found finger-prints, all right—Ada's, and Rex's, and Sproot's, and a couple of the doctor's. But that don't get us anywheres."

"Where were the prints?"

"Everywhere—on the door-knobs, the centre-table, the window-panes; some were even found on the woodwork above the mantel."

"That last fact may prove interestin' some day, though it doesn't seem to mean much

just now.—Anything more about the foot-prints?"

"Nope. I got Jerym's report late this afternoon; but it don't say anything new. The galoshes you found made the tracks."

"That reminds me, Sergeant. What did you do with the galoshes?"

Heath gave him a sly, exultant grin.

"Just exactly what you'd have done with 'em, Mr. Vance. Only—I thought of it first."

Vance smiled back.

"*Salve!* Yes, the idea entirely slipped my mind this morning. In fact, it only just occurred to me."

"May I know what was done with the galoshes?" interjected Markham impatiently.

"Why, the Sergeant returned them surreptitiously to the linen-closet, and placed them under the drugget whence they came."

"Right!" Heath nodded with satisfaction. "And I've got our new nurse keeping an eye on 'em. The minute they disappear she's to phone the Bureau."

"You had no trouble installing your woman?" asked Markham.

"A cinch. Everything went like clockwork. At a quarter to six the doc shows up; then at six comes the woman from the Central Office. After the doc has put her wise to her new duties, she gets into her uniform and goes in to Mrs. Greene. The old lady tells the doc she didn't like this Miss Craven anyway, and hopes the new nurse will show her more consideration. Things couldn't have gone smoother. I hung around until I got a chance to tip our woman off about the galoshes; then I came away."

"Which of our women did you give the case to, Sergeant?" Moran asked.

"O'Brien—the one who handled the Sitwell affair. Nothing in that house will get by O'Brien; and she's as strong as a man."

"There's another thing you'd better speak to her about as soon as possible." And Markham related in detail the facts of Von Blon's visit to the office after lunch. "If those drugs were stolen in the Greene mansion, your woman may be able to find some trace of them."

Markham's account of the missing poisons had produced a profound effect on both Heath and the Inspector.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the latter. "Is this affair going to develop into a poisoning case? It would be the finishing touch." His

apprehension went much deeper than his tone implied.

Heath sat staring at the polished table-top with futile consternation.

"Morphine and strychnine! There's no use looking for the stuff. There's a hundred places in the house where it could be hid; and we might search a month and not find it. Anyway, I'll go out there to-night and tell O'Brien to watch for it. If she's on the lookout she maybe can spot any attempt to use it."

"What astounds me," remarked the Inspector, "is the security felt by the thief. Within an hour of the time Rex Greene is shot the poison disappears from the upper hall. Good gad! That's cold-bloodedness for you! And nerve, too!"

"There's plenty of cold-bloodedness and nerve in this case," answered Vance. "A relentless determination is back of these murders—and calculation no end. I wouldn't be surprised if the doctor's satchel had been searched a score of times before. Perhaps there's been a patient accumulation of the drugs. This morning's theft may have been the final raid. I see in this whole affair a carefully worked-out plot that's been in preparation perhaps for years. We're dealing with the persistency of an *idée fixe*, and with the demoniacal logic of insanity. And—what is even more hideous—we're confronted with the perverted imagination of a fantastically romantic mind. We're pitted against a fiery, egocentric, hallucinated optimism. And this type of optimism has tremendous stamina and power. The history of nations has been convulsed by it. Mohammed, Bruno, and Jeanne d'Arc—as well as Torquemada, Agrippina, and Robespierre—all had it. It operates in different degrees, and to different ends; but the spirit of individual revolution is at the bottom of it."

"Hell, Mr. Vance!" Heath was uneasy. "You're trying to make this case something that ain't—well, natural."

"Can you make it anything else, Sergeant? Already there have been three murders and an attempted murder. And now comes the theft of the poisons from Von Blon."

Inspector Moran drew himself up and rested his elbows on the table.

"Well, what's to be done? That, I believe, is the business of to-night's conclave." He forced himself to speak with matter-of-factness. "We can't break up the establishment;

and we can't assign a separate bodyguard for each remaining member of the household."

"No; and we can't give 'em the works at the police station, either," grumbled Heath.

"It wouldn't help you if you could, Sergeant," said Vance. "There's no third degree known that could unseal the lips of the person who is executing this particular *opus*. There's too much fanaticism and martyrdom in it."

"Suppose we hear those wills, Mr. Markham," suggested Moran. "We may then be able to figure out a motive.—You'll admit, won't you, Mr. Vance, that there's a pretty strong motive back of these killings?"

"There can be no doubt as to that. But I don't believe it's money. Money may enter into it—and probably does—but only as a contributory factor. I'd say the motive was more fundamental—that it had its matrix in some powerful but suppressed human passion. However, the financial conditions may lead us to those depths."

Markham had taken from his pocket several legal-sized sheets of closely typed paper, and smoothed them on the table before him.

"There's no necessity to read these *verbatim*," he said. "I've gone over them thoroughly and can tell you briefly what they contain." He took up the top sheet and held it nearer to the light. "Tobias Greene's last will, drawn up less than a year before his death, makes the entire family, as you know, the residuary devisees, with the stipulation that they live on the estate and maintain it intact for twenty-five years. At the end of that time the property may be sold or otherwise disposed of. I might mention that the domiciliary stipulation was particularly strict: the legatees must live in the Greene mansion *in esse*—no technicality will suffice. They are permitted to travel and make visits; but such absences may not exceed three months in each respective year. . . ."

"What provision was made in case one of them should marry?" asked the Inspector.

"None. Even marriage on the part of any of the legatees did not vitiate the restrictions of the will. If a Greene married, he or she had to live out the twenty-five years on the estate just the same. The husband or wife could share the residence, of course. In event of children the will provided for the erection of two other small dwellings on the 52d Street side of the lot. Only one exception was made

to these stipulations. If Ada should marry, she could live elsewhere without losing her inheritance, as she apparently was not Tobias's own child and could not, therefore, carry on the blood line of the Greenses."

"What penalties attached to a breaking of the domiciliary terms of the will?" Again the Inspector put the question.

"Only one penalty—disinheritance, complete and absolute."

"A rigid old bird," murmured Vance. "But the important thing about the will is, I should say, the manner in which he left the money. How was this distributed?"

"It wasn't distributed. With the exception of a few minor bequests, it was left in its entirety to the widow. She was to have the use of it during her lifetime, and could, at her death, dispose of it to the children—and grandchildren, if any—as she saw fit. It was imperative, however, that it all remain in the family."

"Where do the present generation of Greenses get their living expenses? Are they dependent on the old lady's bounty?"

"Not exactly. A provision was made for them in this way: each of the five children was to receive from the executors a stipulated amount from Mrs. Greene's income, sufficient for personal needs." Markham folded up the paper. "And that about covers Tobias's will."

"You spoke of a few minor bequests," said Vance. "What were they?"

"Sproot was left a competency, for instance—enough to take care of him comfortably whenever he wished to retire from service. Mrs. Mannheim, also, was to receive an income for life beginning at the end of the twenty-five years."

"Ah! Now, that's most interestin'. And in the meantime she could, if she chose, remain as cook at a liberal salary."

"Yes, that was the arrangement."

"The status of Frau Mannheim fascinates me. I have a feeling that some day ere long she and I will have a heart-to-heart talk.—Any other minor bequests?"

"A hospital, where Tobias recovered from typhus fever contracted in the tropics; and a donation to the chair of criminology at the University of Prague. I might mention too, as a curious item, that Tobias left his library to the New York Police Department, to be turned over to them at the expiration of the twenty-five years."

Vance drew himself up with puzzled interest.

"Amazin'!"

Heath had turned to the Inspector.

"Did you know anything about this, sir?"

"It seems to me I've heard of it. But a gift of books a quarter of a century in the future isn't apt to excite the officials of the force."

Vance, to all appearances, was smoking with indolent unconcern; but the precise way he held his cigarette told me that some unusual speculation was absorbing his mind.

"The will of Mrs. Greene," Markham went on, "touches more definitely on present conditions, though personally I see nothing helpful in it. She has been mathematically impartial in doling out the estate. The five children—Julia, Chester, Sibella, Rex, and Ada—receive equal amounts under its terms—that is, each gets a fifth of the entire estate."

"That part of it don't interest me," put in the Sergeant. "What I want to know is, who gets all this money in case the others pass out the picture?"

"The provision covering that point is quite simple," explained Markham. "Should any of the children die before a new will is drawn, their share of the inheritance is distributed equally among the remaining beneficiaries."

"Then when any one of 'em passes out, all the others benefit. And if all of 'em, except one, should die, that one would get everything—huh?"

"Yes."

"So, as it stands now, Sibella and Ada would get everything—fifty-fifty—provided the old lady croaked."

"That's correct, Sergeant."

"But suppose both Sibella and Ada, as well as the old lady, should die: what would become of the money?"

"If either of the girls had a husband, the estate would pass to him. But, in event of Sibella and Ada dying single, everything would go to the State. That is to say, the State would get it provided there were no relatives alive—which I believe is the case."

Heath pondered these possibilities for several minutes.

"I can't see anything in the situation to give us a lead," he lamented. "Everybody benefits equally by what's already happened. And there's three of the family still left—the old lady and the two girls."

"Two from three leaves one, Sergeant," suggested Vance quietly.

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"The morphine and the strychnine."

Heath gave a start and made an ugly face.

"By God!" He struck the table with his fist. "It ain't coming to that if I can stop it!" Then a sense of helplessness tempered his outraged resolution, and he became sullen.

"I know how you feel," Vance spoke with troubled discouragement. "But I'm afraid we'll all have to wait. If the Greene millions are an actuating force in this affair, there's no way on earth to avert at least one more tragedy."

"We might put the matter up to the two girls and perhaps induce them to separate and go away," ventured the Inspector.

"That would only postpone the inevitable," Vance returned. "And, besides, it would rob them of their patrimony."

"A court ruling might be obtained upsetting the provisions of the will," submitted Markham dubiously.

Vance gave him an ironical smile.

"By the time you could get one of your beloved courts to act the murderer would have had time to wipe out the entire local judiciary."

For nearly two hours ways and means of dealing with the case were discussed; but obstacles confronted nearly every line of activity advocated. Finally it was agreed that the only practicable tactics to be pursued were those of the routine police procedure. However, before the conference broke up, certain specific decisions had been taken. The guard about the Greene estate was to be increased, and a man was to be placed on the upper floor of the Narcoss Flats to keep a close watch on the front door and windows. On some pretext or other a detective was to be kept inside of the house as many hours as possible during the day; and the telephone-line of the Greenes was to be tapped.

Vance insisted, somewhat against Markham's inclination, that every one in the house and every person who called there—however seemingly remote his connection with the case—should be regarded as a suspect and watched vigilantly; and Heath was ordered by the Inspector to convey this decision to O'Brien, lest her instinctive partiality should result in the relaxation of her scrutiny of certain persons. The Sergeant, it seemed, had al-

ready instituted a thorough investigation into the private affairs of Julia, Chester, and Rex; and a dozen men were at work on their associates and activities outside of the Greene mansion, with special instructions to gather reports of conversations which might have contained some hint or reference indicating a foreknowledge or suspicion of the crimes.

Just as Markham rose to terminate the discussion Vance again leaned forward and spoke.

"In case there is to be a poisoning we should, I think, be prepared. Where overdoses of either morphine or strychnine are administered immediate action will sometimes save the victim. I would suggest that an official physician be placed in the Narcoss Flats with the man set to watch the Greene windows; and he should have at hand all the necessary apparatus and antidotes used in combating morphine and strychnine poisoning. Furthermore, I would suggest that we arrange some sort of signal with Sproot and the new nurse, so that, should anything happen, our doctor can be summoned without a moment's delay. If the victim of the attempted poisoning were saved, we might be able to ascertain who administered the drug."

The plan was readily agreed to. The Inspector took it upon himself to arrange the matter that night with one of the official police surgeons; and Heath went at once to the Narcoss Flats to secure a room facing the Greene mansion.

XVIII

IN THE LOCKED LIBRARY

(Wednesday, December 1; 1 p. m.)

Vance, contrary to his custom, rose early the next morning. He was rather waspish, and I left him severely alone. He made several desultory attempts at reading, and once, when he put his book down, I glanced at the title,—he had chosen a life of Genghis Khan! Later in the forenoon he attempted to busy himself with cataloguing his Chinese prints.

We were to have lunch with Markham at the Lawyers Club at one o'clock, and at a little after twelve Vance ordered his powerful Hispano-Suiza. He always drove himself when engaged on a problem: the activity seemed to steady his nerves and clarify his brain.

Markham was waiting for us, and it was

only too plain from his expression that something of a disturbing nature had occurred.

"Unburden, old dear," invited Vance, when we were seated at our table in a corner of the main dining-room. "You look as serious as Saint John of Patmos. I'm sure something wholly to be expected has happened. Have the galoshes disappeared?"

Markham looked at him with some wonder.

"Yes! The O'Brien woman called the Bureau at nine o'clock this morning and reported that they had been removed from the linen-closet during the night. They were there, however, when she went to bed."

"And, of course, they have not been found."

"No. She made a pretty careful search before phoning."

"Fancy that. But she might have saved herself the trouble.—What does the doughty Sergeant opine?"

"Heath reached the house before ten o'clock, and made an investigation. But he learned nothing. No one admitted hearing any sound in the hall during the night. He researched the house himself, but without result."

"Have you heard from Von Blon this morning?"

"No; but Heath saw him. He came to the house about ten and stayed nearly an hour. He appeared very much upset over the stolen drugs, and immediately asked if any trace of them had been found. He spent most of the hour with Sibella."

"Ah, welladay! Let us enjoy our *truffles gastronome* without the intrusion of unpleasant speculations. This Madeira sauce, by the by, is very good." Thus Vance dismissed the subject.

However, that luncheon was to prove a memorable one; for toward the end of the meal Vance made a suggestion—or, rather, insisted upon an action—that was eventually to solve and explain the terrible tragedies at the Greene mansion. We had reached our dessert when, after a long silence, he looked up at Markham and said:

"The Pandora complex has seized and mastered me. I simply must get into Tobias's locked library. That sacred adytum has begun to infest my slumbers; and ever since you mentioned the legacy of those books I've had no rest. I yearn to become acquainted with

Tobias's literary taste, and to learn why he should have selected the police for his beneficiaries."

"But, my dear Vance, what possible connection——?"

"Desist! You can't think of a question I have not already put to myself; and I'm unable to answer any of them. But the fact remains, I must inspect that library even if you have to get a judicial order to batter down the door. There are sinister undercurrents in that old house, Markham; and a hint or two may be found in that secret room."

"It will be a difficult proceeding if Mrs. Greene stands firm on her refusal to deliver the key to us." Markham, I could see, had already acquiesced. He was in a mood to accede to any suggestion that even remotely promised a clarification of the problem posed by the Greene murders.

It was nearly three o'clock when we reached the house. Heath had already arrived, in answer to a telephone call from Markham; and we at once presented ourselves to Mrs. Greene. Following an ocular sign from the Sergeant the new nurse left the room; and Markham went directly to the point. The old lady had eyed us suspiciously as we came in, and now sat rigidly against her pile of pillows, her gaze fixed on Markham with defensive animosity.

"Madam," he began, somewhat severely, "we regret the necessity of this call. But certain things have arisen which make it imperative that we visit Mr. Greene's library. . . ."

"You sha'n't!" she broke in, her voice rising in an infuriated *crescendo*. "You sha'n't put your foot in that room! Not for twelve years has any one passed the threshold, and no policeman now shall desecrate the place where my husband spent the last years of his life."

"I appreciate the sentiment that actuates your refusal," replied Markham; "but graver considerations have intervened. The room will have to be searched."

"Not if you kill me!" she cried. "How dare you force your way into my house——?"

Markham held up his hand authoritatively.

"I am not here to argue the matter. I came to you merely to ask for the key. Of course, if you prefer to have us break down the door . . ." He drew a sheaf of papers from his pocket. "I have secured a search-warrant for

that room; and it would cause me deep regret to have to serve it on you." (I was amazed at his aggressive daring, for I knew he had no warrant.)

Mrs. Greene broke forth with imprecations. Her anger became almost insensate, and she was changed into a creature at once repulsive and pitiful. Markham waited calmly for her paroxysm of fury to pass; and when, her vituperation spent, she beheld his quiet, inexorable bearing, she knew that she had lost. She sank back, white and exhausted.

"Take the key," she capitulated bitterly, "and save me the final infamy of having my house torn down by ruffians. . . . It's in the ivory jewel-case in the top drawer of that cabinet." She pointed weakly to the lacquered high-boy.

Vance crossed the room and secured the key—a long, old-fashioned instrument with a double bit and a filigreed bow.

"Have you always kept the key in this jewel-case, Mrs. Greene?" he asked, as he closed the drawer.

"For twelve years," she whined. "And now, after all that time, it is to be taken from me by force—and by the police, the very people who should be protecting an old, helpless paralytic like me. It's infamy! But what can I expect? Every one takes delight in torturing me."

Markham, his object gained, became contrite, and endeavored to pacify her by explaining the seriousness of the situation. But in this he failed; and a few moments later he joined us in the hall.

"I don't like this sort of thing, Vance," he said.

"You did remarkably well, however. If I hadn't been with you since lunch I'd have believed you really had a search-warrant. You are a veritable Machiavelli. *Te saluto!*"

"Get on with your business, now that you have the key," ordered Markham irritably. And we descended to the main hall.

Vance looked about him cautiously to make sure we were not observed, and led the way to the library.

"The lock works rather easily, considering its twelve years of desuetude," he remarked, as he turned the key and gently pushed open the massive oak door. "And the hinges don't even creak. Astonishin'."

Blackness confronted us, and Vance struck a match.

"Please don't touch anything," he admonished, and, holding the match high before him, he crossed to the heavy velour draperies of the east window. As he drew them apart a cloud of dust filled the air.

"These curtains, at least, have not been touched for years," he said.

The gray light of mid-afternoon suffused the room, revealing an astonishing retreat. The walls were lined with open book-shelves which reached from the floor nearly to the ceiling, leaving only space enough for a row of marble busts and squat bronze vases. At the southern end of the room was a massive flat-topped desk, and in the centre stood a long carved table laden with curious and outlandish ornaments. Beneath the windows and in the corners were piles of pamphlets and portfolios; and along the moulding of the bookcases hung gargoyles and old prints yellow with age. Two enormous Persian lamps of perforated brass depended from the ceiling, and beside the centre-table stood a Chinese scone eight feet high. The floor was covered with overlapping Oriental rugs laid at all angles; and at each end of the fireplace was a hideous, painted totem-pole reaching to the beams. A thick coating of dust overlay everything.

Vance returned to the door and, striking another match, closely examined the inner knob.

"Some one," he announced, "has been here recently. There's no sign of dust on this knob."

"We might get the finger-prints," suggested Heath.

Vance shook his head.

"Not even worth trying. The person we're dealing with knows better than to leave sign manuals."

He closed the door softly and threw the bolt. Then he looked about him. Presently he pointed beneath a huge geographical globe beside the desk.

"There are your galoshes, Sergeant. I thought they'd be here."

Heath almost threw himself upon them, and carried them to the window.

"They're the ones, all right," he declared.

Markham gave Vance one of his annoyed, calculating stares.

"You've got some theory," he asserted, in an accusing tone.

"Nothing more than I've already told you.

The finding of the galoshes was wholly incidental. I'm interested in other things—just what, I don't know."

He stood near the centre-table and let his eyes roam over the objects of the room. Presently his gaze came to rest on a low wicker reading-chair the right arm of which was shaped into a book-rest. It stood within a few feet of the wall opposite to the fireplace, facing a narrow section of book-shelves that was surmounted by a replica of the Capitoline Museum bust of Vespasian.

"Most untidy," he murmured. "I'm sure that chair wasn't left in that position twelve years ago."

He moved forward, and stood looking down at it musingly. Instinctively Markham and Heath followed him; and then they saw the thing that he had been contemplating. On the table-arm of the chair was a deep saucer in which stood the thick stub of a candle. The saucer was almost filled with smoky wax drippings.

"It took many candles to fill that dish," commented Vance; "and I doubt if the departed Tobias did his reading by candle-light." He touched the seat and the back of the chair, and then examined his hand. "There's dust, but nowhere near a decade's accumulation. Some one has been browsing in this library rather recently; and he was dashed secretive about it. He didn't dare draw the shades or turn on the lights. He sat here with a single candle, sampling Tobias's brand of literature. And it apparently appealed to him, for this one saucer contains evidence of many bookish nights. How many other saucers of paraffin there were we don't know."

"The old lady could tell us who had a chance to put the key back this morning after hiding the galoshes," offered Heath.

"No one put the key back this morning, Sergeant. The person who was in the habit of visiting here wouldn't have stolen it and returned it on each occasion when he could have had a duplicate made in fifteen minutes."

"I guess you're right." The Sergeant was sorely perplexed. "But as long as we don't know who's got the key, we're no better off than we were."

"We're not quite through yet with our scrutiny of the library," rejoined Vance. "As I told Mr. Markham at lunch, my main ob-

ject in coming here was to ascertain Tobias's taste in literature."

"A lot of good that'll do you!"

"One never can tell. Tobias, remember, bequeathed his library to the Police Department. . . . Let's see with what tomes the old boy whiled away his inactive hours."

Vance took out his monocle and, polishing it carefully, fitted it to his eye. Then he turned to the nearest book-shelves. I stepped forward and looked over his shoulder; and, as my glance ran over the dusty titles, I could scarcely suppress an exclamation of amazement. Here was one of the most complete and unusual private libraries of criminology in America—and I was familiar with many of the country's famous collections. Crime in all its phases and ramifications was represented. Rare old treatises, long out of print and now the delight of bibliophiles, shouldered one another in compact tiers on Tobias Greene's shelves.

Nor were the subjects of these books limited to a narrow interpretation of criminology. All the various allied branches of the subject were represented. There were entire sections devoted to insanity and cretinism, social and criminal pathology, suicide, pauperism and philanthropy, prison-reform, prostitution and morphinism, capital punishment, abnormal psychology, legal codes, the argot of the underworld and code-writing, toxicology, and police methods. The volumes were in many languages—English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Russian, Dutch, and Latin.*

* Among the volumes of Tobias Greene's library I may mention the following as typical of the entire collection: Heinroth's "De morborum animi et pathematum animi differentia," Hoh's "De mania pathologia," P. S. Knight's "Observations on the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Derangement of the Mind," Krafft-Ebing's "Grundzüge der Kriminal-Psychologie," Bailey's "Diary of a Resurrectionist," Lange's "Om Arvelighedens Indflydelse i Sindssyge-dommene," Leuret's "Fragments psychologiques sur la folie," D'Aguanno's "Recensioni di antropologia giuridica," Amos's "Crime and Civilization," Andronico's "Studi clinici sul delitto," Lombroso's "Uomo Delinquente," de Aramburu's "La nueva ciencia penal," Bleakley's "Some Distinguished Victims of the Scaffold," Arenal's "Psychologie comparée du criminel," Aubry's "De l'homicide commis par la femme," Beccaria's "Crimes and Punishments," Benedikt's "Anatomical Studies upon the Brains of Criminals," Bittinger's "Crimes of Passion and of Reflection," Bosselli's "Nuovi studi sul tatuaggio nei criminali," Favalli's "La delinquenza in rapporto alla civiltà," de Feyfer's "Verhandeling over

Vance's eyes sparkled as he moved along the crowded shelves. Markham also was deeply interested; and Heath, bending here and there toward a volume, registered an expression of bewildered curiosity.

"My word!" murmured Vance. "No wonder your department, Sergeant, was chosen as the future custodian of these tomes. What a collection! Extr'ordin'ry!—Aren't you glad, Markham, you wangled the old lady into relinquishing the key——?"

Suddenly he stiffened and jerked his head toward the door, at the same time lifting his hand for silence. I, too, had heard a slight noise in the hall, like some one brushing against the woodwork of the door, but had thought nothing of it. For a few moments we waited tensely. But no further sound came to us, and Vance stepped quickly to the door and drew it open. The hall was empty. He stood on the threshold for a while, listening. Then he closed the door, and turned again to the room.

den Kindermoord," Fuld's "Der Realismus und das Strafrecht," Hamilton's "Scientific Detection of Crime," von Holtzendorff's "Das Irische Gefängnis-system insbesondere die Zwischenanstalten vor der Entlassung der Sträflinge," Jardine's "Criminal Trials," Lacassagne's "L'homme criminel comparé à l'homme primitif," Llanos y Torriglia's "Ferri y su escuela," Owen Luke's "History of Crime in England," MacFarlane's "Lives and Exploits of Banditti," M'Levy's "Curiosities of Crime in Edinburgh," the "Complete Newgate Calendar," Pomeroy's "German and French Criminal Procedure," Rizzone's "Delinquenza e punibilità," Rosenblatt's "Skizzen aus der Verbrecherwelt," Soury's "Le crime et les criminels," Wey's "Criminal Anthropology," Amadei's "Crani d'assassini," Benedikt's "Der Raubthiertypus am menschlichen Gehirne," Fasini's "Studi su delinquenti femmine," Mills's "Arrested and Aberrant Development and Gyres in the Brain of Paranoiacs and Criminals," de Paoli's "Quattro crani di delinquenti," Zuckerkandl's "Morphologie des Gesichtsschädels," Bergonzoli's "Sui pazzi criminali in Italia," Brierre de Boismont's "Rapports de la folie suicide avec la folie homicide," Buchnet's "The Relation of Madness to Crime," Calucci's "Il jure penale e la freniatria," Davey's "Insanity and Crime," Morel's "Le procès Chorinski," Parrot's "Sur la monomanie homicide," Savage's "Moral Insanity," Teed's "On Mind, Insanity, and Criminality," Worckmann's "On Crime and Insanity," Vaucher's "Système préventif des délits et des crimes," Thacker's "Psychology of Vice and Crime," Tarde's "La Criminalité Comparée," Tamassia's "Gli ultimi studi sulla criminalità," Sikes's "Studies of Assassination," Senior's "Remarkable Crimes and Trials in Germany," Savarini's "Vexata Quæstio," Sampson's "Rationale of Crime," Noellner's "Kriminal-psychologische Denkwürdigkeiten," Sighele's "La foule criminelle," and Korsakoff's "Kurs psichiatrii."

"I could have sworn some one was listening in the hall."

"I heard a rustle of some kind," Markham corroborated him. "I took it for granted it was Sprout or the maid passing by."

"Why should anybody's hanging round the hall worry us, Mr. Vance?" Heath asked.

"I really couldn't say, don't y' know. But it bothers me, nevertheless. If some one was at the door listening, it shows that our presence here has produced a state of anxiety in the person privy to the fact. It's possible, d'ye see, that some one is desirous of ascertaining what we have found out."

"Well, I can't see that we've found out enough to make anybody lose any sleep," mumbled Heath.

"You're so discouraging, Sergeant." Vance sighed and went to the book-shelves in front of the wicker reading-chair. "There may be something in this section to cheer us. Let us see if there's a glad tidings or two written in the dust."

He struck match after match as he carefully inspected the tops of the books, beginning at the highest shelf and systematically scrutinizing the volumes of each row. He had reached the second shelf from the floor when he bent over curiously and gave a second long look at two thick gray volumes. Then, putting out the match, he took the volumes to the window.

"The thing is quite mad," he remarked, after a brief examination. "These are the only books within arm's reach of the chair that have been handled recently. And what do you think they are? An old two-volume edition of Professor Hans Gross's '*Handbuch für Untersuchungsrichter als System der Kriminalistik*,' or—to claw the title loosely into the vulgate—'*A Handbook on the Criminal Sciences for Examining Magistrates*.'" He gave Markham a look of facetious reproach. "I say, you haven't, by any chance, been spending your nights in this library learning how to ballyrag suspects?"

Markham ignored his levity. He recognized the outward sign of Vance's inner uneasiness.

"The apparently irrelevant theme of the book," he returned, "might indicate a mere coincidence between the visits of some person to this room and the crimes committed in the house."

Vance made no answer. He thoughtfully returned the books to their place and ran his

eye over the remaining volumes of the bottom shelf. Suddenly he knelt down and struck another match.

"Here are several books out of place." I detected a subdued note of eagerness in his voice. "They belong in other sections; and they've been crowded in here a little out of alignment. Moreover, they're innocent of dust. . . . 'Pon my soul, Markham, here's a coincidence for your sceptical legal mind! Lend an ear to these titles: '*Poisons: Their Effects and Detection*,' by Alexander Wynter Blyth,* and '*Text-book of Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, and Public Health*,' by John Glaister, professor of Forensic Medicine at the University of Glasgow. And here we have Friedrich Brügemann's '*Über hysterische Dämmerzustände*,' and Schwarzwald's '*Über Hystero-Paralyse und Somnambulismus*.'—I say! That's deuced queer. . . ."

He rose and walked up and down agitatedly.

"No—no; absolutely not," he muttered. "It simply can't be. . . . Why should Von Blon lie to us about her?"

We all knew what was in his mind. Even Heath sensed it at once, for, though he did not speak German, the titles of the two German books—especially the latter—needed no translation to be understood. Hysteria and twilight sleep! Hysterical paralysis and somnambulism! The gruesome and terrible implication in these two titles, and their possible relation to the sinister tragedies of the Greene mansion, sent a chill of horror over me.

Vance stopped his restless pacing and fixed a grave gaze on Markham.

"This thing gets deeper and deeper. Something unthinkable is going on here.—Come, let us get out of this polluted room. It has told us its gibbering, nightmarish story. And now we will have to interpret it—find some glimmer of sanity in its black suggestions.—Sergeant, will you draw the curtains while I straighten these books? We'd best leave no evidence of our visit."

XIX

SHERRY AND PARALYSIS

(Wednesday, December 1; 4.30 p. m.)

When we returned to Mrs. Greene's room the old lady was apparently sleeping peace-

* Doctor Blyth was one of the defense witnesses in the Crippen trial.

fully and we did not disturb her. Heath gave the key to Nurse O'Brien with instructions to replace it in the jewel-case, and we went down-stairs.

Although it was but a little past four o'clock, the early winter twilight had already descended. Sprout had not yet lighted the lamps, and the lower hall was in semidarkness. A ghostly atmosphere pervaded the house. Even the silence was oppressive, and seemed fraught with the spirit of commination. We went straight to the hall table where we had thrown our coats, eager to get out into the open air.

But we were not to shake the depressing influence of the old mansion so quickly. We had scarcely reached the table when there came a slight stirring of the portières of the archway opposite to the drawing-room, and a tense, whispered voice said:

"Mr. Vance—please!"

We turned, startled. There, just inside of the reception-room, hiding behind the heavy draperies, stood Ada, her face a patch of ghastly white in the gathering gloom. With one finger placed on her lips for silence, she beckoned to us; and we stepped softly into the chill, unused room.

"There's something I must tell you," she said, in a half-whisper, "—something terrible! I was going to telephone you to-day, but I was afraid. . . ." A fit of trembling seized her.

"Don't be frightened, Ada," Vance encouraged her soothingly. "In a few days all these awful things will be over.—What have you to tell us?"

She made an effort to draw herself together, and when the tremor had passed she went on hesitantly.

"Last night—it was long after midnight—I woke, and felt hungry. So I got up, slipped on a wrap, and stole down-stairs. Cook always leaves something in the pantry for me. . . ." Again she stopped, and her haunted eyes searched our faces. "But when I reached the lower landing of the stairs I heard a soft, shuffling sound in the hall—far back, near the library door. My heart was in my mouth, but I made myself look over the banister. And just then — some one struck a match. . . ."

Her trembling began afresh, and she clutched Vance's arm with both hands. I was afraid the girl was going to faint, and I moved

closer to her; but Vance's voice seemed to steady her.

"Who was it, Ada?"

She caught her breath and looked about her, her face the picture of deadly fear. Then she leaned forward.

"It was mother! . . . *And she was walking!*"

The dread significance of this revelation chilled us all into silence. After a moment a choked whistle escaped Heath; and Markham threw back his head like a man shaking himself out of an encroaching spell of hypnosis. It was Vance who first recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Your mother was near the library door?"

"Yes; and it seemed as though she held a key in her hand."

"Was she carrying anything else?" Vance's effort at calmness was only half successful.

"I didn't notice—I was too terrified."

"Could she, for instance, have been carrying a pair of galoshes?" he persisted.

"She might have been. I don't know. She had on her long Oriental shawl, and it fell down about her in folds. Maybe under the shawl. . . . Or she might have put them down when she struck the match. I only know I saw her—moving slowly . . . there in the darkness."

The memory of that unbelievable vision completely took possession of the girl. Her eyes stared, trancelike, into the deepening shadows.

Markham cleared his throat nervously.

"You say yourself it was dark in the hall last night, Miss Greene. Perhaps your fears got the better of you. Are you sure it might not have been Hemming or the cook?"

She brought her eyes back to Markham with sudden resentment.

"No!" Then her voice took on its former note of terror. "It was mother. The match was burning close to her face, and there was a terrible look in her eyes. I was only a few feet from her—looking straight down on her."

Her hold on Vance's arm tightened, and once more her agonized gaze turned to him.

"Oh, what does it mean? I thought—I thought mother could never walk again."

Vance ignored her anguished appeal.

"Tell me this, for it's very important: did your mother see you?"

"I—don't know." Her words were scarcely

audible. "I drew back and ran softly up the stairs. Then I locked myself in my room."

Vance did not speak at once. He regarded the girl for a moment, and then gave her a slow, comforting smile.

"And I think your room is the best place for you now," he said. "Don't worry over what you saw; and keep what you have told us to yourself. There's nothing to be afraid of. Certain types of paralytics have been known to walk in their sleep under the stress of shock or excitement. Anyway, we'll arrange for the new nurse to sleep in your room to-night." And with a friendly pat on her arm he sent her up-stairs.

After Heath had given Miss O'Brien the necessary instructions we left the house and walked toward First Avenue.

"Good God, Vance!" said Markham huskily. "We've got to move quickly. That child's story opens up new and frightful possibilities."

"Couldn't you get a commitment for the old woman to some sanitarium to-morrow, sir?" asked Heath.

"On what grounds? It's a pathological case, pure and simple. We haven't a scrap of evidence."

"I shouldn't attempt it, in any event," interposed Vance. "We mustn't be hasty. There are several conclusions to be drawn from Ada's story; and if the thing that all of us is thinking should be wrong, we'd only make matters worse by a false move. We might delay the slaughter for the time being; but we'd learn nothing. And our only hope is to find out—some way—what's at the bottom of this atrocious business."

"Yeh? And how are we going to do that, Mr. Vance?" Heath spoke with despair.

"I don't know now. But the Greene household is safe for to-night anyway; and that gives us a little time. I think I'll have another talk with Von Blon. Doctors—especially the younger ones—are apt to give snap diagnoses."

Heath had hailed a taxicab, and we were headed down-town along Third Avenue.

"It can certainly do no harm," agreed Markham. "And it might bring forth something suggestive. When will you tackle him?"

Vance was gazing out of the window.

"Why not at once?" Suddenly his mood had changed. "Here we are in the Forties.

And tea-time! What could be more opportune?"

He leaned over and gave the chauffeur an order. In a few minutes the taxicab drew up to the curb before Von Blon's brown-stone residence.

The doctor received us apprehensively.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" he asked, trying to read our faces.

"Oh, no," Vance answered easily. "We were passing and thought we'd drop in for a dish of tea and a medical chat."

Von Blon studied him with a slight suspicion.

"Very well. You gentlemen shall have both." He rang for his man. "But I can do even better. I've some old Amontillado sherry——"

"My word!" Vance bowed ceremoniously and turned to Markham. "You see how fortune favors her punctual children?"

The wine was brought and carefully decanted.

Vance took up his glass and sipped it. One would have thought, from his manner, that nothing in the world at that moment was as important as the quality of the wine.

"Ah, my dear doctor," he remarked, with some ostentation, "the blender on the sunny Andalusian slopes unquestionably had many rare and valuable butts with which to glorify this vintage. There was little need for the addition of *vino dulce* that year; but then, the Spaniards always sweeten their wine, probably because the English object to the slightest dryness. And it's the English, you know, who buy all the best sherries. They have always loved their 'sherris-sack'; and many a British bard has immortalized it in song. Ben Jonson sang its praises, and so did Tom Moore and Byron. But it was Shakespeare—an ardent lover of sherry himself—who penned the greatest and most passionate panegyric to it. You remember Falstaff's apostrophe?—'It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes. . . .' Sherry, you probably know, doctor, was once regarded as a cure for gout and other malaises of faulty metabolism."

He paused and put down his glass.

"I wonder that you haven't prescribed this delicious sherry for Mrs. Greene long ago.

I'm sure she would serve you with a writ of confiscation if she knew you had it."

"The fact is," Von Blon returned, "I once took her a bottle, and she gave it to Chester. She doesn't care for wine. I remember my father's telling me she objected violently to her husband's well-stocked cellar."

"Your father died, did he not, before Mrs. Greene became paralyzed?" Vance asked incuriously.

"Yes—about a year."

"And was yours the only diagnosis made of her case?"

Von Blon looked at him with an air of gentle surprise.

"Yes. I saw no necessity of calling in any of the bigwigs. The symptoms were clear-cut and conformed with the anamnesis. Furthermore, everything since then has confirmed my diagnosis."

"And yet, doctor"—Vance spoke with great deference—"something has occurred which, from the layman's point of view, tends to cast doubt on the accuracy of that diagnosis. Therefore, I feel sure you will forgive me when I ask you quite frankly if it would not be possible to place another, and perhaps less serious, interpretation on Mrs. Greene's invalidism."

Von Blon appeared greatly puzzled.

"There is," he said, "not the slightest possibility that Mrs. Greene is suffering from any disease other than an organic paralysis of both legs—a paraplegia, in fact, of the entire lower part of the body."

"If you were to see Mrs. Greene move her legs, what would be your mental reaction?"

Von Blon stared at him incredulously. Then he forced a laugh.

"My mental reaction? I'd know my liver was out of order, and that I was having hallucinations."

"And if you knew your liver was functioning perfectly—then what?"

"I'd immediately become a devout believer in miracles."

Vance smiled pleasantly.

"I sincerely hope it won't come to that. And yet so-called therapeutic miracles have happened."

"I'll admit that medical history is filled with what the uninitiated call miraculous cures. But there is sound pathology beneath all of them. In Mrs. Greene's case, however, I can see no loophole for error. If she should

move her legs, it would contravert all the known laws of physiology."

"By the by, doctor"—Vance put the question abruptly—"are you familiar with Brügemann's 'Über hysterische Dämmerzustände'?"

"No—I can't say that I am."

"Or with Schwarzwald's 'Über Hystero-Paralyse und Somnambulismus'?"

Von Blon hesitated, and his eyes were focussed intently like those of a man who is thinking rapidly.

"I know Schwarzwald, of course," he answered. "But I'm ignorant of the particular work you mention. . . ." Slowly a look of amazement dawned on his face. "Good heavens! You're not trying to connect the subjects of these books with Mrs. Greene's condition, are you?"

"If I were to tell you that both of these books are in the Greene mansion, what would you say?"

"I'd say their presence is no more relevant to the situation there than would be a copy of 'Die Leiden des jungen Werther' or Heine's 'Romanzero.'"

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you," returned Vance politely. "They are certainly relevant to our investigation, and I had hoped you might be able to explain the connection."

Von Blon appeared to ponder the matter, his face the picture of perplexity.

"I wish I could help you," he said, after several moments. Then he glanced up quickly: a new light had come into his eyes. "Permit me to suggest, sir, that you are laboring under a misapprehension as to the correct scientific connotation of the words in the titles of these two books. I have had occasion to do considerable reading along psychoanalytic lines; and both Freud and Jung use the terms '*Somnambulismus*' and '*Dämmerzustände*' in an entirely different sense from our common use of the terms 'somnambulism' and 'twilight sleep.' '*Somnambulismus*,' in the terminology of psychopathology and abnormal psychology, is employed in connection with ambivalence and dual personality: it designates the actions of the submerged, or subconscious, self in cases of aphasia, amnesia, and the like. It does not refer to one's walking in one's sleep. For instance, in psychic hysteria where one loses one's memory and adopts a new personality, the subject is called a '*Somnambule*.' It

is the same as what the newspapers commonly refer to as an 'amnesia victim.'"

He rose and went to a bookcase. After a few moments' search he took down several volumes.

"Here we have, for example, an old monograph by Freud and Breuer, written in 1893 and entitled 'Über den psychischen Mechanismus der hysterischen Phenomene.' If you care to take the trouble to read it, you will see that it is an exposition of the application of the term '*Somnambulismus*' to certain temporary neurotic derangements.—And here also is Freud's '*Traumdeutung*,' published in 1894, in which this terminology is explained and amplified.—In addition to these, I have here '*Nervöse Angstzustände*,' by Stekel, who, though he leads one of the most important schisms in the Freudian school, uses the same nomenclature in referring to split personality." He laid the three books on the table before Vance. "You may take them along if you like. They may throw some light on the quandary you are in."

"You are inclined to believe, then, that both Schwarzwald and Brügelmann refer to waking psychic states rather than the more common type of somnambulism?"

"Yes, I am inclined to that belief. I know Schwarzwald was a former lecturer at the Psychopathisches Institut, in constant contact with Freud and his teachings. But, as I told you, I am not familiar with either of the books."

"How would you account for the term 'hysteria' in both titles?"

"Its presence there is in no way contradictory. Aphasia, amnesia, aphonia—and often anosmia and apnoea—are symptoms of hysteria. And hysterical paralysis is quite common. There are many cases of paralytics who have been unable to move a muscle for years, as a result of sheer hysteria."

"Ah, exactly!" Vance picked up his glass and drained it. "That brings me to a rather unusual request I desire to make.—As you know, the papers are waxing severe in their criticism of the police and the District Attorney's office, and are accusing of negligence every one connected with the investigation of the Greene case. Therefore Mr. Markham has decided that it might be advisable for him to possess a report of Mrs. Greene's physical condition which would carry the very highest expert authority. And I was going to

suggest that, merely as a matter of formal routine, we get such a report from, let us say, Doctor Felix Oppenheimer."*

Von Blon did not speak for several minutes. He sat toying nervously with his glass, his eyes fixed with intent calculation on Vance.

"It might be well for you to have the report," he acceded at last, "if only to dispel your own doubts on the subject.—No, I have no objection to the plan. I will be very glad to make the arrangements."

Vance rose.

"That's very generous of you, doctor. But I must urge you to attend to it without delay."

"I understand perfectly. I will get in touch with Doctor Oppenheimer in the morning and explain to him the official character of the situation. I'm sure he will expedite matters."

When we were again in the taxicab Markham gave voice to his perplexity.

"Von Blon strikes me as a particularly able and trustworthy man. And yet he has obviously gone wofully astray in regard to Mrs. Greene's illness. I fear he's in for a shock when he hears what Oppenheimer has to say after the examination."

"Y' know, Markham," said Vance sombrely, "I'll feel infinitely bucked if we succeed in getting that report from Oppenheimer."

"Succeed! What do you mean?"

"Pon my word, I don't know what I mean. I only know that there's a black terrible intrigue of some kind going on at the Greene house. And we don't yet know who's back of it. But it's some one who's watching us, who knows every move we make, and is thwarting us at every turn."

XX

THE FOURTH TRAGEDY

(Thursday, December 2; forenoon)

The following day was one that will ever remain in my memory. Despite the fact that what happened had been foreseen by all of us, nevertheless when it actually came it left us as completely stunned as if it had been wholly

* Doctor Felix Oppenheimer was then the leading authority on paralysis in America. He has since returned to Germany, where he now holds the chair of neurology at the University of Freiburg.

unexpected. Indeed, the very horror that informed our anticipation tended to intensify the enormity of the event.

The day broke dark and threatening. A damp chill was in the air; and the leaden skies clung close to the earth with suffocating menace. The weather was like a symbol of our gloomy spirits.

Vance rose early, and, though he said little, I knew the case was preying on his mind. After breakfast he sat before the fire for over an hour sipping his coffee and smoking. Then he made an attempt to interest himself in an old French edition of "Till Ulenspiegel," but, failing, took down volume seven of Osler's "Modern Medicine" and turned to Buzard's article on myelitis. For an hour he read with despairing concentration. At last he returned the book to the shelves.

At half past eleven Markham telephoned to inform us that he was leaving the office immediately for the Greene mansion and would stop en route to pick us up. He refused to say more, and hung up the receiver abruptly.

It wanted ten minutes of being noon when he arrived; and his expression of grim discouragement told us more plainly than words that another tragedy had occurred. We had on our coats in readiness and accompanied him at once to the car.

"And who is it this time?" asked Vance, as we swung into Park Avenue.

"Ada." Markham spoke bitterly through his teeth.

"I was afraid of that, after what she told us yesterday.—With poison, I suppose."

"Yes—the morphine."

"Still, it's an easier death than strychnine-poisoning."

"She's not dead, thank God!" said Markham. "That is, she was still alive when Heath phoned."

"Heath? Was he at the house?"

"No. The nurse notified him at the Homicide Bureau, and he phoned me from there. He'll probably be at the Greenes' when we arrive."

"You say she isn't dead?"

"Drumm—he's the official police surgeon Moran stationed in the Narcoss Flats—got there immediately, and had managed to keep her alive up to the time the nurse phoned."

"Sproot's signal worked all right, then?"

"Apparently. And I want to say, Vance,

that I'm damned grateful to you for that suggestion to have a doctor on hand."

When we arrived at the Greene mansion Heath, who had been watching for us, opened the door.

"She ain't dead," he greeted us in a stage whisper; and then drew us into the reception-room to explain his secretive manner. "Nobody in the house except Sproot and O'Brien knows about this poisoning yet. Sproot found her, and then pulled down all the front curtains in this room—which was the signal agreed on. When Doc Drumm hopped across Sproot was waiting with the door open, and took him up-stairs without anybody seeing him. The doc sent for O'Brien, and after they'd worked on the girl for a while he told her to notify the Bureau. They're both up in the room now with the doors locked."

"You did right in keeping the thing quiet," Markham told him. "If Ada recovers we can hush it up and perhaps learn something from her."

"That's what I was thinking, sir. I told Sproot I'd wring his scrawny neck if he spilled anything to anybody."

"And," added Vance, "he bowed politely and said 'Yes, sir.'"

"You bet your life he did!"

"Where is the rest of the household at present?" Markham asked.

"Miss Sibella's in her room. She had breakfast in bed at half past ten and told the maid she was going back to sleep. The old lady's also asleep. The maid and the cook are in the back of the house somewhere."

"Has Von Blon been here this morning?" put in Vance.

"Sure he's been here—he comes regular. O'Brien said he called at ten, sat with the old lady about an hour, and then went away."

"And he hasn't been notified about the morphine?"

"What's the use? Drumm's a good doctor, and Von Blon might blab about it to Sibella or somebody."

"Quite right." Vance nodded his approval.

We re-entered the hall and divested ourselves of our wraps.

"While we're waiting for Doctor Drumm," said Markham, "we might as well find out what Sproot knows."

We went into the drawing-room, and Heath yanked the bell-cord. The old butler came directly and stood before us without the

slightest trace of emotion. His imperturbability struck me as inhuman.

Markham beckoned him to come nearer.

"Now, Sprout, tell us exactly what took place."

"I was in the kitchen resting, sir"—the man's voice was as wooden as usual—"and I was just looking at the clock and thinking I would resume my duties, when the bell of Miss Ada's room rang. Each bell, you understand, sir——"

"Never mind that! What time was it?"

"It was exactly eleven o'clock. And, as I said, Miss Ada's bell rang. I went right upstairs and knocked on her door; but, as there was no answer, I took the liberty of opening it and looking into the room. Miss Ada was lying on the bed; but it was not a natural attitude—if you understand what I mean. And then I noticed a very peculiar thing, sir. Miss Sibella's little dog was on the bed——"

"Was there a chair or stool by the bed?" interrupted Vance.

"Yes, sir, I believe there was. An ottoman."

"So the dog could have climbed on the bed unassisted?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Very good. Continue."

"Well, the dog was on the bed, and he looked like he was standing on his hind legs playing with the bell-cord. But the peculiar thing was that his hind legs were on Miss Ada's face, and she didn't seem to even notice it. Inwardly I was a bit startled; and I went to the bed and picked up the dog. Then I discovered that several threads of the silk tassel on the end of the cord had got caught between his teeth; and—would you believe it, sir?—it was him who had really rung Miss Ada's bell. . . ."

"Amazin'," murmured Vance. "What then, Sprout?"

"I shook the young lady, although I had little hope of waking her after Miss Sibella's dog had been trampling over her face without her knowing it. Then I came down-stairs and drew the curtains in the reception-room as I had been instructed to do in case of an emergency. When the doctor arrived I showed him to Miss Ada's room."

"And that's all you know?"

"Everything, sir."

"Thank you, Sprout." Markham rose impatiently. "And now you might let Doctor Drumm know that we are here."

It was the nurse, however, who came to the drawing-room a few minutes later. She was a medium-sized well-built woman of thirty-five, with shrewd brown eyes, a thin mouth and a firm chin, and a general air of competency. She greeted Heath with a companionable wave of the hand and bowed to the rest of us with aloof formality.

"Doc Drumm can't leave his patient just now," she informed us, seating herself. "So he sent me along. He'll be down presently."

"And what's the report?" Markham was still standing.

"She'll live, I guess. We've been giving her passive exercise and artificial breathing for half an hour, and the doc hopes to have her walking before long."

Markham, his nervousness somewhat abated, sat down again.

"Tell us all you can, Miss O'Brien. Was there any evidence as to how the poison was administered?"

"Nothing but an empty bouillon cup." The woman was ill at ease. "I guess you'll find remains of morphine in it, all right."

"Why do you think the drug was given by means of the bouillon?"

She hesitated and shot Heath an uneasy look.

"It's this way. I always bring a cup of bouillon to Mrs. Greene a little before eleven in the morning; and if Miss Ada's around I bring two cups—that's the old lady's orders. This morning the girl was in the room when I went down to the kitchen, so I brought up two cups. But Mrs. Greene was alone when I returned, so I gave the old lady hers and put the other cup in Miss Ada's room on the table by the bed. Then I went into the hall to call her. She was down-stairs—in the living-room, I guess. Anyhow, she came up right away, and, as I had some mending to do for Mrs. Greene, I went to my room on the third floor. . . ."

"Therefore," interpolated Markham, "the bouillon was on Miss Ada's table unprotected for a minute or so after you had left the room and before Miss Ada came up from the lower hall."

"It wasn't over twenty seconds. And I was right outside the door all the time. Furthermore, the door was open, and I'd have heard any one in the room." The woman was obviously defending herself desperately against the imputation of negligence in Markham's remark.

Vance put the next question.

"Did you see any one else in the hall besides Miss Ada?"

"No one except Doctor Von Blon. He was in the lower hall getting into his coat when I called down."

"Did he leave the house at once?"

"Why—yes."

"You actually saw him pass through the door?"

"No-o. But he was putting on his coat, and he had said good-by to Mrs. Greene and me. . . ."

"When?"

"Not two minutes before. I'd met him coming out of Mrs. Greene's door just as I brought in the bouillon."

"And Miss Sibella's dog—did you notice it in the hall anywhere?"

"No; it wasn't around when I was there."

Vance lay back drowsily in his chair, and Markham again took up the interrogation.

"How long did you remain in your room, Miss O'Brien, after you had called Miss Ada?"

"Until the butler came and told me that Doctor Drumm wanted me."

"And how much later would you say that was?"

"About twenty minutes—maybe a little longer."

Markham smoked pensively a while.

"Yes," he commented at length; "it plainly appears that the morphine was somehow added to the bouillon.—You'd better return to Doctor Drumm now, Miss O'Brien. We'll wait here for him."

"Hell!" growled Heath, after the nurse had gone up-stairs. "She's the best woman for this sort of a job that we've got. And now she goes and falls down on it."

"I wouldn't say she'd fallen down exactly, Sergeant," dissented Vance, his eyes fixed dreamily on the ceiling. "After all, she only stepped into the hall for a few seconds to summon the young lady to her matutinal broth. And if the morphine hadn't found its way into the bouillon this morning it would have done so to-morrow, or the day after, or some time in the future. In fact, the propitious gods may actually have favored us this morning as they did the Grecian host before the walls of Troy."

"They will have favored us," observed Markham, "if Ada recovers and can tell us

who visited her room before she drank the bouillon."

The silence that ensued was terminated by the entrance of Doctor Drumm, a youthful, earnest man with an aggressive bearing. He sank heavily into a chair and wiped his face with a large silk handkerchief.

"She's pulled through," he announced. "I happened to be standing by the window looking out—sheer chance—when I saw the curtains go down—saw 'em before Hennessey * did. I grabbed up my bag and the pulmotor, and was over here in a jiffy. The butler was waiting at the door, and took me up-stairs. Queer crab, that butler. The girl was lying across the bed, and it didn't take but one look to see that I wasn't dealing with strychnine. No spasms or sweating or *risus sardonicus*, you understand. Quiet and peaceful; shallow breathing; cyanosis. Morphine evidently. Then I looked at her pupils. Pin-points. No doubt now. So I sent for the nurse and got busy."

"A close call?" asked Markham.

"Close enough." The doctor nodded importantly. "You can't tell what would have happened if somebody hadn't got to her in a hurry. I figured she'd got all six grains that were lost, and gave her a good stiff hypo of atropine—a fiftieth. It reacted like a shot. Then I washed her stomach out with potassium permanganate. After that I gave her artificial respiration—she didn't seem to need it, but I wasn't taking any chances. Then the nurse and I got busy exercising her arms and legs, trying to keep her awake. Tough work, that. Hope I don't get pneumonia sweating there with the windows all open. . . . Well, so it went. Her breathing kept getting better, and I gave her another hundredth of atropine for good measure. At last I managed to get her on her feet. The nurse is walking her up and down now." He mopped his face again with a triumphant flourish of the handkerchief.

"We're greatly indebted to you, doctor," said Markham. "It's quite possible you have been the means of solving this case.—When will we be able to question your patient?"

"She'll be loggy and nauseated all day—kind of general collapse, you understand, with painful breathing, drowsiness, headache, and that sort of thing—no fit condition to

* Hennessey was the detective stationed in the Narcoss Flats to watch the Greene mansion.

answer questions. But to-morrow morning you'll be able to talk to her as much as you like."

"That will be satisfactory. And what of the bouillon cup the nurse mentioned?"

"It tasted bitter—morphine, all right."

As Drumm finished speaking Sproot passed down the hall to the front door. A moment later Von Blon paused at the archway and looked into the drawing-room. The strained silence which followed the exchange of greetings caused him to study us with growing alarm.

"Has anything happened?" he finally asked.

It was Vance who rose and, with quick decision, assumed the rôle of spokesman.

"Yes, doctor. Ada has been poisoned with morphine. Doctor Drumm here happened to be in the Narcoss Flats opposite and was called in."

"And Sibella—is she all right?" Von Blon spoke excitedly.

"Oh, quite."

A relieved sigh escaped him, and he sank into a chair.

"Tell me about it. When was the—the murder discovered?"

Drumm was about to correct him when Vance said quickly:

"Immediately after you left the house this morning. The poison was administered in the bouillon the nurse brought from the kitchen."

"But . . . how could that be?" Von Blon appeared unbelieving. "I was just going when she brought the bouillon. I saw her enter with it. How could the poison——?"

"That reminds me, doctor." Vance's tone was almost dulcet. "Did you, by any hap, go up-stairs again after you had donned your coat?"

Von Blon looked at him with outraged astonishment.

"Certainly not! I left the house immediately."

"That would have been just after the nurse called down to Ada."

"Why—yes. I believe the nurse did call down; and Ada went up-stairs at once—if I recall correctly."

Vance smoked a moment, his gaze resting curiously on the doctor's troubled face.

"I would suggest, without any intention of being impertinent, that your present visit follows rather closely upon your former one."

Von Blon's face clouded over, but I failed to detect any resentment in his expression.

"Quite true," he rejoined, and shifted his eyes. "The fact is, sir, that ever since those drugs disappeared from my case I've felt that something tragic was impending, and that I was in some way to blame. Whenever I'm in this neighborhood I can't resist the impulse to call here and—and see how things are going."

"Your anxiety is wholly understandable." Vance's tone was non-committal. Then he added negligently: "I suppose you will have no objection to Doctor Drumm continuing with Ada's case."

"Continuing?" Von Blon brought himself up straight in his chair. "I don't understand. You said a moment ago——"

"That Ada had been poisoned," finished Vance. "Quite. But d' ye see, she didn't die." The other looked dumbfounded.

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed, rising nervously.

"And," added Markham, "we are making no mention whatever of the episode. You will, therefore, be guided by our decision."

"Of course.—And is it permitted that I see Ada?"

Markham hesitated, and Vance answered.

"If you care to—certainly." He turned to Drumm. "Will you be so good as to accompany Doctor Von Blon?"

Drumm and Von Blon left the room together.

"I don't wonder he's on edge," commented Markham. "It's not pleasant to learn of people being poisoned with drugs lost through one's own carelessness."

"He wasn't worrying as much over Ada as he was over Sibella," remarked Heath.

"Observin' fella!" smiled Vance. "No, Sergeant; Ada's demise apparently bothered him far less than Sibella's possible state of health. . . . Now, I wonder what that means. It's an inveiglin' point. But—dash it all!—it everts my pet theory."

"So you have a theory." Markham spoke rebukingly.

"Oh, any number of 'em. And, I might add, they're all pets." Vance's lightness of tone meant merely that he was not ready to outline his suspicions; and Markham did not push the matter.

"We won't need any theories," declared Heath, "after we've heard what Ada's got to

tell us. As soon as she talks to us to-morrow we'll be able to figure out who poisoned her."

"Perhaps," murmured Vance.

Drumm returned alone a few minutes later.

"Doctor Von Blon has stepped into the other girl's room. Said he'd be down right away."

"What did he have to say about your patient?" asked Vance.

"Nothing much. She put new energy into her walking the minute she saw him, though. Smiled at him, too, by Jove! A good sign, that. She'll come through fast. Lot of resistance in her."

Drumm had hardly ceased speaking when we heard Sibella's door close and the sound of descending footsteps on the stairs.

"By the by, doctor," said Vance to Von Blon as the latter re-entered the drawing-room, "have you seen Oppenheimer yet?"

"I saw him at eleven. The fact is, I went direct to him after leaving here this morning. He has agreed to make an examination to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"And was Mrs. Greene agreeable?"

"Oh, yes. I spoke to her about it this morning; and she made no objection whatever."

A short while later we took our departure. Von Blon accompanied us to the gate, and we saw him drive off in his car.

"We'll know more by this time to-morrow, I hope," said Markham on the way downtown. He was unwontedly depressed, and his eyes were greatly troubled. "You know, Vance, I'm almost appalled by the thought of what Oppenheimer's report may be."

No report was ever made by Doctor Oppenheimer, however. At some time between one and two the next morning Mrs. Greene died in convulsions as a result of strychnine-poisoning.

(To be concluded in the April number.)





La Gouvernante.

From the painting by Chardin in the Lichtenstein Gallery at Vienna.

—See "The Field of Art," page 493.



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Frank Lowden, the Farmer's Friend

BY CLARENCE DARROW

The noted liberal views his friend who sits on the other side of the political fence. It is one of the anomalies of politics that forces which gave rise to Bryan, Peffer, and Sockless Jerry Simpson should now be crystallized for the well-dressed, conservative ex-Governor of Illinois.

IN the National Republican Convention of 1920 Frank Lowden had the presidential nomination almost within his grasp. Then something happened. It was discovered that overzealous friends had used money to secure some members of the delegation from Missouri. No one who ever knew Lowden had the remotest suspicion that he had any knowledge of this financial deal with the mercenary Missouri politicians.

Still, Frank Lowden was rich, and the bulk of his estate came from the Pullman Company. Those who controlled the convention decided that it would never do to nominate such a rich candidate after this unfortunate episode. Of course only the insiders know whether the powers in control were horrified by the thought of this transaction or whether they seized on this as an excuse to beat a man that they feared they could not control. Upon this subject outsiders have only rumors for the basis

of an opinion. The convention was presumed to be in the hands of Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania. On account of precarious health, Mr. Penrose was obliged to manipulate the convention over the long-distance telephone from Philadelphia. Regardless of who was boss, or what the real reason might have been, it was decided that the party of Lincoln must have a candidate above suspicion, so Lowden, of Illinois, was thrown into the discard and Harding, of Ohio, was nominated and elected in his stead.

Eight years have gone by since that memorable and history-making event, and Frank Lowden is a candidate once more. The country is now fully convinced, as was Illinois at the time, that whether Lowden would make a good President or not, his life and public record have placed him far above the suspicion of corruption. It is not likely that any one, however ambitious, will court defeat even by whispering this

story at the next convention, and it is equally certain that if Lowden receives the nomination, no political enemy will dare to raise the issue that probably caused his defeat in 1920.

I am not a political disciple of Mr. Lowden or his party. Even were he nominated, his name will not appear on the ticket that I generally vote, or that I shall probably vote this autumn. Still, I have known Mr. Lowden for many years. I have always liked his personality, admired his work, and had a strong affection for the human side of the man. I was sorry for the untoward event that deprived him of the nomination in 1920, and am glad that the country now knows him so well that the reason or excuse which once cost him the presidency will cut no figure in the Republican Convention or the coming campaign.

Frank Lowden is strong and vigorous in body and mind, and in all human probability is better equipped for the duties of President than ever before. He was born on the farm of his father, a pioneer settler of Minnesota. He graduated at the Iowa State University and studied law in Chicago. Soon after his admission to the bar he opened an office, and for more than forty years he has been one of the most prominent and successful lawyers in the great city of the Middle West. As a student Mr. Lowden gained distinction both in the Iowa State University and in the Union College of Law. Since his college days he has always been a wide reader and has a well-stored and cultivated mind. Unlike most men, he did not consider himself educated when he left college, but has steadily cultivated and improved his mind by study, travel, and association with his fellow men.

Lawyers take naturally to politics, and Mr. Lowden is no exception to the

rule. For at least thirty years he has been prominent in the political life of his State and nation. He has been a member of Congress for two terms, Governor of Illinois, and is said to have declined a cabinet portfolio.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Lowden has always had a wide acquaintance and strong political backing, he made an excellent business governor. Instead of building up a political machine, he turned his whole attention to the affairs of the State. He appointed only capable and honest men to manage the business of the people of Illinois. The administration was carried on with economy and business efficiency. Under his incumbency useless boards were abolished and political agencies consolidated. Every one familiar with his work as governor concedes that his administration of public affairs was one of the wisest and most economical that Illinois has ever known. Perhaps in this regard it could be called the best.

One may differ with Mr. Lowden's political views, and disagree with him in the broad policies of statecraft. In these matters we all have views and convictions. Still, Mr. Lowden's administration of the office of Governor of Illinois makes it certain that if elected President of the United States he would call to his aid only men of honesty and capacity, and that the nation would have as wise and efficient business administration as it has ever known. He is not simply a business man but he has a vivid imagination and a wide vision, and would not confine his service to merely paring appropriations and haggling over small disbursements, but would consider the needs of the government in the present and the future, and carefully and efficiently provide for those needs.

Many considerations conduce to hu-

man action, and personal ambition is not one of the least of these. Mr. Lowden's age and his past record are both sufficient to make it certain that if he were elected President he would feel that the only political ambition left to him would be to administer the affairs of government with all the wisdom and ability that he could command.

It is not, however, as a political figure, or a candidate, that I am interested in Mr. Lowden. I am quite certain that what I have written on this subject is true, but, much as I believe in an intelligent and efficient administration, to me political policies are of supreme importance. Mr. Lowden, the candidate for President on the Republican ticket, gives me no emotion, but Mr. Lowden the man is full of human interest and concern.

I have long known him at the bar, and in his goings and comings during the last forty years; I have watched his political aspirations and achievements with interest and gratification; but this is personal. What I say of myself can no doubt be said of many thousands who know him as I have known him. When he was the governor of the State he always found most of the Republican members of the legislature ready to help him in his administration. The Democrats were equally his friends. He has a rare personality, a winning smile, a big heart, a generous mind, and a loyalty that wins all who surround him. He has a fine gift for team-work. He is not simply a hand-shaker, but he is a well-wisher to the world in general.

Most of us, in the sordid affairs of life, have learned to see through a smile, to take a "jolly" for what it is worth, to lay little stress upon the shake of the hand; but Frank Lowden convinces every one that all these manifestations

are more than skin-deep, that they come from the heart of a broad, tolerant, and kindly man. Even if he does not mean it, you feel that he is genuine and sincere, and if one meets him in the morning he feels better and happier through the day.

As the governor of a great State Mr. Lowden did his duty as he saw it. He did not give the citizens a political administration. He did not want a second term. He appointed no one to office for the purpose of aiding in a future campaign. He pardoned no one from prison to help a machine. Still he was not afraid to use the pardoning power where it should be used. I remember one case where he saved the life of a negro boy who had no friends, simply because he thought that the boy never had a chance to make his way in life. In another case a girl who was indicted for perjury, in giving false testimony to save her employer, came to my attention. This girl's lawyer was at his wit's end to know what to do; so, before trial, he took her to the governor and asked for a pardon. She told her story, and as he listened, tears rolled down his cheeks. The governor refused the request, but took the lawyer aside and informed him that he would not grant a pardon in advance. He told him to go back and try the case, and, whatever the result, not to let his client get into jail until he could be reached by telephone, when a pardon would be forthcoming. A weaker man than Frank Lowden would have thought of the political effect. He was so strong that he did not need to give weight to any such consideration. Still, these acts, and many other instances, show that Frank Lowden has a heart. There are men who belittle and sneer at the human emotions, and rely only on what

they are pleased to call their reason; but every student of life and men knows that the emotions are more vital to conduct than the intellect, and that the man without a heart is dead.

As a campaigner Mr. Lowden has few equals. He is a scholar, and has spent much of his life in court. Likewise, he has had a long experience on the stump. He is an easy and fluent speaker, has a fine personality, and is a good mixer. He has every quality needful for getting votes. In political considerations his strength as a candidate should not be overlooked.

At this time Mr. Lowden's main strength seems to be with the farmers, especially of the Middle West. This has a tendency to unite the East on some one else. It is seldom that the granger States grow rebellious. This year there is a distinct rumbling across the prairies and plains that make up the Middle West. This unrest has been known to crystallize for Bryan, Peffer, Jerry Simpson, and many others who declaimed loudly against Wall Street and the money-power. In the past it has lent its ear to vigorous attacks upon the gold standard, the trusts, the railroads, and all forms of concentrated wealth. It is one of the anomalies of politics that these forces should now be massed for Lowden. No one would mistake him for one of the old-time granger leaders. He does not resemble them even in the dark. He is well dressed, uses good English, is accustomed to what is called "good society," and has been for a long time a stranger to the pioneer environment in which his father lived. Mr. Lowden was successful as a lawyer; he made money in his profession. He married a daughter of George M. Pullman, the founder of the Pullman Company, and is now a man of wealth. Many years

ago he bought a large tract of fertile land in the beautiful Rock River valley of northern Illinois. It is true that on this farm he raises blooded stock and grain and hay. In this delightful place he has a fine home and barns, and silos and many kine. I never saw the debit-and-credit balance of his farm, so I cannot say whether his land is a profitable venture or not. I would guess that, instead of agriculture supporting him and his family, his income keeps the farm.

A story is told of Horace Greeley, the great agriculturist who owned the New York *Tribune* and likewise had a farm in Connecticut. His paper featured matters of interest to the granger. He used his farm to furnish material for the agricultural department of *The Tribune*. Some one asked Greeley if his farm would keep a family. He answered: "Yes, it will keep a family, but it won't keep mine." I presume that Mr. Lowden is about the same kind of farmer that Horace Greeley was. He likes the country and the beautiful estate, but probably does not plough the fields or milk the cows or get his living from the farm. His estate is one that any man might feel proud and pleased to own, but it is far removed from the farms and conditions where the grangers raise the corn and hogs and grumble about things that they really do not understand. This year the farmers are following Lowden; they do not seem to worry about his culture or his wealth. Their political efforts came to naught when they followed the dreary pilgrimages of Bryan across the prairies and the desert. They listened to his voice and applauded his arraignment of Wall Street and the Trusts, but the East rose up and smote this unorganized army hip and thigh. Mr. Lowden will not wage the same campaign that made Bryan famous at

every crossroads and water-tank on the far-off plains. He is not a Bryan, and has little in common with the orator who told of the farmers' woes. He does know something of the farmers' needs and how small a share of the combined product of America he is able to invest in his tottering banks. Corn and wheat and hogs are not all the harvest of the broad prairies. The farmers garner in a large percentage of the Republican votes, and their backing is worth a great deal to any candidate on Election Day, and is worth much more on convention day. If Mr. Lowden, by the farmers' aid, succeeds in harvesting the farmers' delegates, and, through them, the nomination, I will wager that the Eastern States will not turn and rend him as they did the ubiquitous Bryan when the grangers were wont to follow his tattered banner through heat and dust.

I have always known that the farmer had a just cause for complaint. He has worked hard, but has never received his fair share of the common harvest. I have always sympathized with his cause, but could never find myself agreeing with the remedies proposed. Will the granger fare better at last?

Mr. Lowden has taken the pains to learn something of the farmers' problem. That the farmers have a just cause is plain from what he says. Mr. Lowden tells us that 30 per cent of the population of the United States are farmers, and yet in 1921 they received only 10 per cent of the national income, and that this income has now probably shrunk to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and still the great body of consumers are now paying as much, or more than they should, for the product of the farm. Mr. Lowden further tells us that a corn-crop of less than two and one-half million bushels in 1924 brought more money than a three-million-bushel crop in 1925.

The Southern farmers who raise cotton fare no better. It seems that the less the farmer produces the more he gets for his crop and the less it costs him for his work. Mr. Lowden wisely says that "cotton and corn are sick kings." Still it is one thing to diagnose a disease and quite another to find a remedy. Mr. Lowden tells us that the 30 per cent of farmers produce half the exports of the United States. He has put the farmers' contribution too low. It would seem to me that what the farmer needs is better world markets, and a reduction in the absurd tariff tax that he is obliged to pay on what he buys; but we have no hint of such a remedy from Mr. Lowden. Likewise, he could well have attacked the unconscionable railroad rates which are fixed to pay dividends on watered stock and bonds piled on bonds. In place of these plain and obvious remedies, he talks of impossible co-operative marketing, and the McNeery-Haugen bill. True, he gives only half-hearted support to this vicious and foolish bill, but still he thinks the idea good, or, at least, not bad. Here Mr. Lowden joins issue with the official action of his party, which urged and approved the veto of the act.

It looks as if the farmers of the West are solidly for this vetoed law. In effect they seem to approve of government aid to farmers. Of course, if the grangers are to receive direct dole from the public treasury, there is no reason why lawyers and doctors and all other useful citizens should not be placed on the same charity list.

Mr. Lowden has the ability and the political sagacity to make a strong campaign against all comers. Whether he has chosen wisely to tie himself to the farmer and half-way approve a remedy that would seem to lead to destruction remains for the future to demonstrate.

Seldom, if ever, are political questions decided upon sound principles or by sane reasoning, and doubtless the farmers and the people can be more easily led along a winding path than taken straight to the goal. However, it is not probable that any other candidate will advocate any more direct and obvious measures to give some meed of justice to the farmer.

Mr. Lowden is a believer in a high protective tariff; evidently the higher the better. The country has gone a long way on this attractive road; how much farther can it travel before it brings universal chaos and *hara-kiri*? Every industry and calling is always demanding help. What is government for save to contribute to the individual? At the best, this way of getting rich is like lifting yourself over the fence by your bootstraps; one pushes down while he pulls up. When all get their bit from the favorite trough, then no good can come to any. If the benefit is ever made equal to all, it can be better brought about by the old methods of China—building a wall around the nation and permitting no trade with the outside world.

Of course I am no political prophet; I cannot possibly tell whether the course Mr. Lowden takes on this important question is politically wise or not. In this matter at least I am old-fashioned; I still believe in freedom of trade. I refuse to adopt the modern idea that trade is robbery; I believe that commerce means mutual help; I know that when the favored interests go the limit, they will fight each other for an advantage or they will combine for general plunder. I remember a debate years ago in the United States Senate over some tariff schedule. An able and witty member from North Carolina, Senator Vance, in referring to the question, said

that the tariff bill reminded him of the remarks of a member of the legislature of his State while debating the question of what sort of fish should be used to stock the streams. The member advocated a certain kind because they began by driving out every other fish and ended by eating each other. We may be a long way from the end but we are headed in that direction.

Mr. Lowden's personality, integrity, and ability are beyond question, but his political views are conventional and thoroughly in line with things as they are. While he doubtless has a real sympathy with the farmer who for the most part has lived a life of privation and toil for a skimpy reward, still Wall Street should worry about Mr. Lowden. He was not born with a golden spoon in his mouth; but good health, good ability, a wholesome and kindly nature, combined with the prime factor in the life of men and nation's good luck, have all conspired to make his road easy and his ways sane and safe—at least safe. He thinks and talks of the farmer and the under-dog, but the habits and ways of seventy years are seldom changed. He will never die outside the breastworks. To those who meet him on the path, to the friends he knows, to the wayfarers who journey with him, whether rich or poor, he will always be considerate, helpful, and kind. His fine emotions will never be given to making new paths, to exploring the trackless wastes of human endeavor and human fears and hopes and pains. He will blaze no trails. Neither politically nor personally will he seek the stony roads, the tangled jungles, and the desert fastnesses. He will roll leisurely along smooth highways in Pullman cars. Still, behind him he will leave men, women, and children who have been gladdened



Frank O. Lowden.
From a photograph by Harris & Ewing.

by sincere hand-shakes, a friendly smile, and a kind word. These qualities have their value in the complex reactions which we call life. Mr. Lowden is not a John Brown, an Oliver Cromwell, or a Martin Luther. He is a Gladstone, or a Disraeli, who counts the costs, and will never wander far to explore new fields of political life, or meet in deadly conflict the strongly intrenched champions of ease and convention.

One makes a mistake if he thinks that Mr. Lowden's marriage opened his road to wealth and power. His ambition, force, vigor, and personality brought him success. His marriage, of course, brought him great wealth, but it brought him much more. Mrs. Lowden inherited millions, but Mrs. Lowden is much more than an heiress. She is a woman of tact, of culture, and refinement, and, what is more important, she has broad sympathies, and in unostentatious ways she has devoted a large part of her life and wealth to helping

the unfortunate and those in need. If Mr. Lowden should be elected President of the United States, the White House would be in the keeping of a graceful, tactful woman of fine intelligence and sympathy. Few women have ever been better qualified for this place than Mrs. Lowden.

If Mr. Lowden wins, he will not be a Jefferson, a Jackson, or a Cleveland. The newspapers will not criticise him. The public will not abuse him; he will not create a stir. His administration will be quiet, dignified, intelligent, and businesslike. No scandal will attach to him or the men he calls around to aid him in his task. He will not seek foreign conquest. He will not embroil his country in war. He will try his best to help the United States live at peace at home and abroad. This, too, has its values, especially in a world that is sick, nigh unto death, with carnage, hatred, fear, and universal distrust.

In the next number will appear Everett Colby's portrait of Charles Evans Hughes. Although Mr. Hughes declares he is not a candidate, he is one of our most important figures in world politics.



Senex

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

LAME, I hobble cheerful on:
Old, my armor has no rust:
Death can't take what Life has won:
God alone I fear—and trust.



The Woman-Hater

BY CONRAD AIKEN

IT was half past ten on a night in May, and the three medical students had just been through their notes in histology for the third time. The windows were open, and a sound of dripping could be heard on the stone window-ledge; the desultory drip, gradually slowing, that succeeds a spring shower. One of the men lay face down on a couch, his face pillowed sideways on his bare arms. His eyes were shut. The other two sat in fumed-oak Morris chairs, with their legs stretched out before them, and smoked cigarettes. Empty glasses stood on the floor beside them. They had taken off their coats.

"Well, what do you say, Bill? How about it?"

"I guess it's stopped raining."

"Sure, it ain't gonna rine no more. . . . Let's go."

Bill, retying his loosened necktie, got up and went to the window. He rested his freckled hands on the sill and leaned out.

"Yes—it's stopped, all right. And the stars are coming out. . . ." He turned around, looked down at the man on the couch, and idly dislodged a cushion from the couch-arm, so that it fell on the sleeper's face. "And, by God! I couldn't learn another symptom if I was paid a million dollars for it. Wake up, Pete."

Pete lay unmoving. "Leave me alone," he murmured.

"Oh, come on, Pete. It'll do you

good. You need a little excitement to get the adrenals working."

"No," said Pete. And then with violence: "NO!"

"What time did you tell her we'd meet her, Dil?"

Dil got up and stretched, eyeing his reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece. He smoothed his sleek hair with his hands, with something of an air of vanity. He was dark and handsome.

"I said we'd be at the stage-door at twenty of eleven. . . . What do you say about another little drink? . . . Say, Pete, what's the matter with you, anyway? Why don't you come and meet her? She's a peach. She's a creamer. She isn't any ordinary chorus-girl, you know."

"Women don't interest me," said Pete.

"There he goes again," said Bill. "What's the use?"

"You're both of you damn fools," said Pete. "Just spending your money for nothing. What does she care about you? All she wants is food and somebody to dance with. She just uses you to kill time. She's probably got a couple of husbands in New York."

"You're crazy," said Dil mildly.

He went into a bedroom, and came back with his coat.

"Come on," he said.

"All right," said Bill. "Wait till I get my coat. Sure you won't come, Pete?"

"No, I'm going to bed. And for the love of Pete don't be so damned noisy when you come back. Last night I thought somebody was being murdered."

The two men put on their hats, without comment, and went out. Dil carried a malacca stick with a silver band around it. They went down the stairs in silence, and emerging into the spring night turned to the left.

"It's funny about Pete," said Dil. "I wonder what's the matter with him."

Bill ruminated.

"He was always that way," he said. "That was the way he was all through college."

"Didn't he ever have a girl?"

"Never a girl. Never would go to a dance or anything. You know, it isn't that he's shy, or anything like that. He came into my room once, by accident, when I was giving a tea. And he got along perfectly all right. In fact, my sister was crazy about him. She tried like the devil to get hold of him again. Even called him up on the phone to ask him to dinner. I was there when he answered it. And he just kind of drawled back at her, kidding her along. He just kept saying, 'No, I guess not, thanks,' till she got tired. Gee! she was mad. He didn't bother to give any excuse. Just refused pointblank."

"Maybe he just needs to be waked up."

"Maybe he does. . . ."

They turned to the left again, entering a main thoroughfare, which was crowded and brightly lighted. They passed a lunch-room, and then the portals of a stone church. A lot of sodden confetti was scattered on the wet sidewalk.

"He's right about one thing," said Dil. "This business costs a lot of money. I'm getting kind of low."

"By gosh, *that's* true."

"But then, it's worth it."

"Sure. There was a picture of her in the *Theatre Magazine* last week. It said she was considered the most beautiful woman on the musical-comedy stage."

"Everybody runs after her. I wonder why it is she's taken such a fancy to us. I guess maybe she meets so few men who are decent to her. You know how it is."

"Well, she seems to like us, all right. Anyway, she likes *you*."

"I'm not so sure about that. But she's pretty keen on you, Bill. I could tell it last night by the way she looked at you."

"Oh, go on."

"When she was dancing with you. I had an idea I'd better go home and leave you alone together. But then I thought you might be embarrassed."

Bill gave a flattered and uneasy little laugh.

"That's just the way I felt about you," he said. "I guess maybe she's pretty fond of us both, really. It must be a kind of a relief to a woman like that to feel sure that a man isn't all the time trying to take advantage of her. She feels safe with us. She knows we aren't going to try to make love to her. She feels safe with us."

Dil hung his stick over the crook of his arm.

"You don't suppose she gets bored with us, do you?" he said. "I was wondering last night whether she just thought of us as kids. It was when she was talking about that week-end party she went to at the painter's on Long Island. It sounded pretty gay—almost fast."

Bill pondered. The lights of the theatre-canopy were just ahead of them. The people were beginning to come out, and the line of cars was forming.

"Why should she?" he said. "After all, we're as old as she is. And we aren't either of us fools. . . . Of course a girl like Mae is bound to run into some fast parties. She has to be a good sport. But that doesn't prove anything against her. And you've only got to look at Mae to see that she's nice. And the way she's all the time telegraphing and telephoning to her mother."

Dil sighed.

"Absolutely," he said. "Right turn."

They greeted the doorman at the stage-door with the dignified knowingness of men of the world, and informed him that Miss Melville was expecting them. Dil tapped the ferrule of his stick against the door-jamb. They waited in silence, and other men were waiting also, with their coat-collars turned up. They looked like conspirators. Two chorus-girls came out, two men stepped forward quickly and bowed, taxis came and went.

"She's coming now," said Ollie, the doorman.

"Hello, boys!" she cried. "I didn't see you out in front to-night."

"No, we had to sweat for an exam," said Bill.

She stood on the step, drawing the fur collar against her lovely chin. She smiled amiably at each of them in turn, and they smiled back at her.

"You look fine," said Dil.

"Don't waste time flattering me," she said, "let's get a taxi."

They got a taxi and piled into it and drove to the Shawmut. The hotel lobby was crowded, and so was the grill-room, but they found a booth. The band was playing a fox-trot and people were dancing in the railed-off centre of the floor. A lot of the tables had toy balloons tethered to them, and some of the couples carried balloons with them as they danced.

"Same old crowd," said Mae. "There's grandpa and his cutie. He's got a new pair of spats."

"Would you like a little fox-trot?" said Dil.

"I don't mind a little one. Let's go."

Bill ordered the supper while they danced. Dil was talking to Mae, and she seemed to be listening with great amusement. They took a few turns and came back.

"I've been telling Mae about Pete," said Bill.

"He sounds too fascinating," said Mae. "Tell me some more about him. Does he live with you?"

"Sure, he lives with us," said Dil. "Regular old crab. Got the best head in the class."

"He's a real woman-hater. Won't have a thing to do with them. My sister tried to get him to come to a dinner-dance once, and he turned her down flat."

"What does he say about women?" said Mae. She leaned forward on her elbows. Her eyes were very bright. Then she took out a little mirror and began titivating her eyelashes and nose with a tiny finger-tip. She smoothed the powder round her nostrils.

"Oh, he just says 'women don't interest me.'"

"Well, I'd like a drink," said Mae.

"I've got a flask," said Dil, "and there's some White Rock coming."

"Is my nose all right?"

She snapped shut the lid of the little box and looked brightly from one to the other. Then she opened it again and, tilting her head forward, surveyed the top of her head to make sure that her hair was not disarrayed. She patted a golden wave or two lightly with the palm of her hand.

"Perfect," said Bill.

"Absolutely perfect," said Dil.

The music stopped, the couples drifted back to their booths with trailing and bobbing balloons, and in the distressing silence the waiter opened the White Rock. As soon as he had gone away Dil took out his flask and poured from it into the three glasses. The saxophone began again. Mae subtly swayed her shoulders, narrowing her eyes a little.

"Mm—what I *mean*!" she said, lifting her glass.

"Well, here's to poor old Pete," said Dil.

"Oh, yes, tell me some more about Pete. Is he good-looking?"

"He's red-haired and blue-eyed," said Bill. "Red curly hair. He's not what you'd call handsome exactly—do you think so, Dil?—but he's awfully *nice*-looking. He's terribly innocent."

"This is a nice drink," said Mae. "I needed it badly. Gosh, it was hot in that dressing-room! I thought I would die. I thought I would faint or something. I tell you what, boys, I'm going to bed early to-night."

"Oh, don't say that. The night's still young."

"I'm going to bed at one o'clock on the dot. You see if I don't. Just the same, I'd like to do something exciting, if I weren't so tired."

"Are you feeling tired? This drink will fix you up. We were feeling pretty shot ourselves. We've been working since three this afternoon. But I'm feeling a lot better already. All you need is a little jazz."

"What would you like to do, Mae?" asked Dil. "How about riding out to the Bell-in-Hand and having a dance? Some of the fellows are going to be out there."

Mae considered, her pretty head on one side. She watched the couples dance by, watching with a sort of melancholy,

bored expression. She rested her chin on knitted fingers.

"I want to do something *exciting*," she said. "Gosh, how I hate this sleepy town."

"Oh, it's not so bad," said Bill.

"Sleepy Hollow," said Dil.

"What else does Pete say about women, Dil? I bet some girl turned him down. That's the way it usually is."

"No, nothing like that. It's just the way he is. He's a real woman-hater. We tried to make him come and meet you, but he wouldn't. He said women didn't interest him."

Mae smiled at Dil in a queer sleepy sort of way. Her eyes were very blue and very deep.

"He didn't want to meet me?" she said.

"It would have been the same with anybody," Bill said, a little anxiously. "He never goes out anywhere. Never goes to a show."

"What's he doing now?"

"Now? This minute? Probably gone to bed."

"Well, let's go and wake him up."

Dil laughed. Bill poured out the rest of the White Rock. The glasses were empty.

"By gosh, that would be amusing," said Dil. "I wonder what old Pete would do if we came in and woke him."

"Throw a fit or something," said Bill.

"I'd like to meet a real woman-hater. I've never met one. Does he bite and scratch?"

Dil smoothed his black hair; he was very urbane.

"Oh, no. He's very polite. But the only things that interest him are surgery and hunting. He went big-game hunting in Africa just after he got out of college. Shot a couple of lions, and nearly got killed by a lioness."

"My, my, just think of that. Where was this—in California?"

They laughed, and drank.

"No movie stuff," said Dil. "Honest-to-God Africa. He's got the gun to prove it."

"Well, now, isn't he the little hero," said Mae primly. "Let's go and wake him up and talk to him. I'd like to talk to him. We can go there, can't we?"

"Sure, we can go there."

"That's a swell idea," said Bill. "By gosh, it'll be fun to see Pete in a situation like that! By gosh, I wonder what he'll do. It wouldn't surprise me if he shot you or jumped out of the window."

"No; do you know what I think he'll do? He'll just take one look at Mae and go to sleep again. That's what he'll do. He'll open one eye like a sick hen and then shut it again and tell us to go to hell."

"What will you bet? I'll bet I can make him like me," said Mae. "I'll bet you a dinner. Give me a cigarette, that's a good boy."

"All right, I'll bet you can't."

"Come on, then, let's go."

"Wait till I pay the bill. You go ahead and get a taxi."

Mae and Bill got up and moved through the returning dancers, and a moment later Dil followed them. They walked down the steps from the lobby under the lighted glass canopy and got into a scarlet taxi. The stars were out. Mae sat between them and held their arms, and laughed.

"This is great," she said.

"It's only just round the corner," Bill murmured. "Here it is."

"What—already? We could have walked."

"Well, you'll have walk enough going up the stairs."

"All right, you'll have to push me."

They put their hands against the

small of her back and pushed her, all three of them laughing. Bill took out his key and opened the door. The apartment was dark, and he felt along the wall and switched on the light. Everything was exactly as they had left it—the glasses still on the floor, the window open, and the cushion just where Pete had flung it. A purple galleon was embroidered on the cushion, and there was a rip at one corner.

"He's gone to bed," said Dil. "Just what I said."

"Where does he sleep? In here?"

Mae went to one of the bedroom doors, on tiptoe.

"No, here."

"Let me see him. . . . You leave this to me!"

She flung off her cape and went to the door. Bill reached his hand in and turned on the light. Pete was asleep. His head was twisted a little to one side, and his left arm lay outside the blanket, across his breast. His lips were lightly closed, and his face had the soft and relaxed look of one who sleeps deeply.

"Isn't he *darling*!" Mae whispered. "Sh-h-h!"

She removed her slippers and went to the bed, where for a moment she leaned over the sleeping figure.

"Hello, Pete!" she said softly.

Pete didn't stir. His breath was perfectly even. Mae knelt on the bed, stretched herself out beside him, very gently, and put her arm across him. She leaned her face above his, by degrees allowing him to feel more and more of her weight. Then she inclined her head and gave him a kiss. As she withdrew her face, smiling deliciously, Pete opened his eyes. He didn't move—his face didn't change expression. He looked up at the smiling and beautiful face that hung over him, very much as if he thought he might still be dream-

ing. Then he put his arm around her shoulders and drew her down to him, without saying a word.

Bill and Dil retreated. Bill sank down on the couch, and Dil went to the window. They both felt a little hurt.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Dil.

"Can you beat it?"

"So that's the end of poor old Pete."

Bill went to the door and looked in. Mae was sitting on the edge of the bed, smiling still, and Pete was staring up at her, entranced, as if his visitant were a sort of archangel. Neither of them said anything.

"The drinks are on us," said Bill, "any time you're ready. Come on, Mae, and let the great man get some clothes on."

Mae jumped up and laughed.

"So that's that," she said. "Put on a record, some one, and let's dance. Don't look so gloomy, Bill! . . ."

"By gosh, that was too easy."

"I like him," said Mae. "He's a darling! Why didn't you tell me he was such a darling?"

"Oh, yes, he's a darling, all right," said Dil.

There was a silence, a little awkward, during which Pete got up and shut his door. They could hear him moving round at a great rate, getting dressed. Bill put on a record and wound the phonograph. His eyes met Dil's, and they both looked away. They were both wishing that it hadn't happened. Then the fox-trot began whining, Bill snapped his fingers, and Dil took Mae in his arms, grinning, and started to dance.



Height

BY ANNE SPENCER MORROW

WHEN I was young I felt so small
And frightened, for the world was tall.

And even grasses seemed to me
A forest of immensity

Until I learned that I could grow,
A glance would leave them far below.

Spanning a tree's height with my eye,
Suddenly I soared as high,

And fixing on a star I grew,
I pushed my head against the blue!

Still, like a singing lark, I find
Rapture to leave the grass behind.

And sometimes standing in a crowd
My lips are cool against a cloud.

Spring Blizzard in Montana

BY IRENE H. WILSON

TEN thousand sheep a-lambing on the range,
With forty men to aid them:—smilingly
The sheepman sat his horse and gazed, content,
Over his fecund flocks.

The early grass
Was greening on the miles of sun-swept hills
And down the red-shale gulches: pasturage
To round the old ewes' bags with yellow milk
And bring the new-dropped "woollies" plumb alive,
Quirking their tails, a-bunting and a-bucking
Like unbacked broncos.

Then the blizzard came,
Leaping out of the north with Indian howling,
A wolf for fierceness. Ten long days it sank
Its fangs into the flank of broken earth;
And ten long nights it prowled along the ridges,
While red-eyed, crouching men with bleary lanterns
Groped among snow-wet wool for shivering humps,
All legs and ears and tremulous, feeble bleat,
And bore them to the flaring warmth of fires.

But sheep can stand small grief at such a time.
Bands, drifting with the wind, came to the edge
Of blind cut-banks; close-crowded from behind,
Fell to a crush of tortured, struggling death.
A thousand lambs, numbed by their bitter welcome,
Unwakened, died a-borning. Thousands more,
Following on wabby legs the gaunted ewes
In their vain pawing for deep-buried grass,
Tugging at empty teats, stumbled exhausted
Into the footprints of the haggard storm.

And soon the smooth, inexorable peace
Of snow more white and soft than their own coats
Of crinkled velvet, folded over them,—
Cruel, compassionate, sternly beautiful.

Cane River Portraits

BY WILLIAM SPRATLING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A young artist and architect of New Orleans writes of and draws the "free mulattoes" of Isle Brevelle and other curious Cane River folk.

RED hills, gashed by the great Red River and spread with green, lie in the direction of Natchitoches some three hundred miles above New Orleans. The river, taking a short cut and changing its course overnight at a certain point, left, as a calm divorcée, the beautiful winding Cane River—in reality a lake, smiling and placid. That was many years ago.

Life in this country is little changed. The negroes are much the same as before that time. The crops of cotton and cane and corn are still motivating ideas with those farming; and the broad and fertile fields, extending for miles, are broken only by the lovely green banks of Cane River. Many of the old plantation tracts of five and six thousand acres are still intact. The banks of the river are overhung in parts with tall sweet-gums and cypress, and occasionally studded with palmetto or yucca. The little old whitewashed negro cabins which dot the road or which appear half lost along the little streams of the back plantations complete the setting.

On this particular visit, before Easter, spring planting had been done and people were taking things in a leisurely way. They were almost invariably happy to sit and be drawn, regarding it

as an amusing thing that there wasn't any kodak, only a pencil.

At breakfast, with Messaline serving the big table with her fawnlike and almost animal grace (pink silk stocking shaping head), there was a ready if slightly abashed consent for me to draw her picture.

Messaline was the kind that would get herself out in all her finery for an occasion of this sort, and I had to warn her in advance that I wanted her just so. Later, talking about her children and their various names, she volunteered the information that she herself had been named by her mother after a French lady in Natchitoches. That would make it "Marceline," though the young thing had her doubts about the spelling.

Messaline was there in the kitchen when Dougie sat for her studied portrait. It had been raining, and across the stable lot the banks of Cane River glistened emerald with wet. Suppressed amusement on the part of the chocolate Messaline. "Lawdy, and you wid dat mouf full of snuff." There were further sly confidences of this kind made under breath, with much chuckling,

to Henry, gravely consuming his dish of rice and gravy.

Dougie was proud. She sat silently, her upper lip's protrusion accentuated with an extra load of snuff. Furthermore, she scorned to notice others who passed, though she volunteered information later concerning "that low-down Joe Prudhomme and the res' them northe'n niggers." The drawing finished, Dougie could not be said to be readily appreciative. "Got ole debbil in dem eyes." Another time I heard her say to Messaline in the kitchen: "Why reckon he make my mouf so biglike?"—though it was not that she really minded. She was, in fact, rather flattered. Also highly amused.

The big negress was something of a critic and her criticisms were usually mimickings. The episode to be put on was ordinarily inspired by her neighbors. There was one slender woman Dougie particularly disliked and whom she referred to as "dat 'oman wid de washboard front." It was not two days after the sketchmaking that, as we passed her house in a pirogue in the evening, we heard her giving a lucid account of the business of being drawn, or rather an extravaganza on the making of a portrait. It was somewhat amazing and entirely ridiculous, even if it was, as a take-off, a little broad.

Except that he was too splendid physically, Henry Tyler should have taught school. He was a natural leader among the negroes and was the best hand on the plantation. He was also a good preacher and head of their Masonic Lodge. Moreover, there was a fine spiritual quality about him. Henry loved books.

As an African type he was undoubtedly pure. He was tall and well built,

and when I saw him in the field the great muscles of his shoulders were like carved ebony.

Henry had never been to school himself, and yet he had laboriously taught his three young sons to read. And that was done after the day's work in the field—after ten hours or more of ploughing and chopping cotton. All four worked.

While I made the sketch Henry told me of his ambition to learn about electricity. He was particularly interested in that and in mechanics, though a correspondence-school course in astrology had attractions for him, too. At that time he was absorbed in a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which must be brought out after the drawing was done. There were one or two paragraphs a little hard for him.

It was not pleasant to contemplate what the Chicago Belt of Harlem would do to a man like this. Certainly that purity and kindness would disappear, to be replaced by something less sweet.

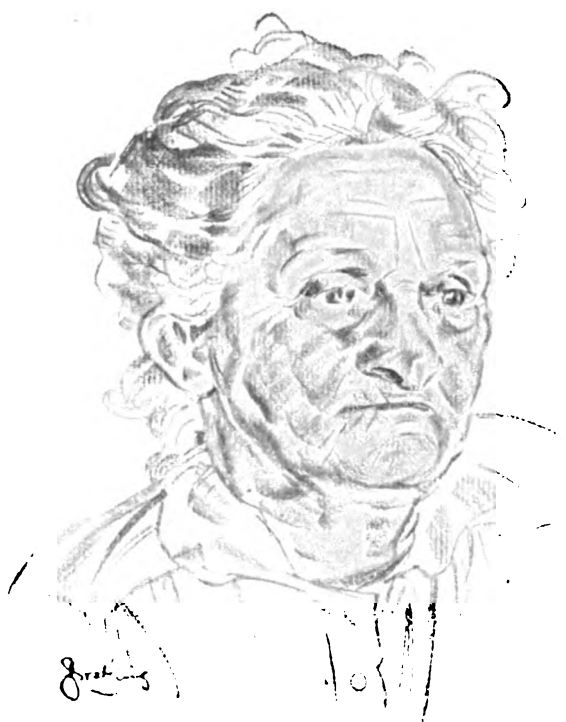
Clément Claiborne was a slave nigger. He had been in the service of the family whose name he bore—the family of the first territorial governor of Louisiana. Within his memory many things had come to pass. To hear him talk was to have conjured up a complete and gorgeous background of the old life on the plantations. Since then Uncle Clément had become famous as a craftsman. He wove the finest baskets in the parish. He was also a friend worth having. We would frequently take walks together and sometimes we would visit Madame Aubert-Rocque.

Madame Aubert was of the oldest generation of what are known there as "free mulattoes." These people, before

**FIVE STUDIES OF
CANE RIVER CHARACTERS**

**FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF
WILLIAM SPRATLING**





Madame Aubert-Rocque.



Messaline.



Margaret Wiggins, "Dougie."



Henry Tyler.



Uncle Clément Claiborne.

the Civil War, were not only prosperous and independent, but were slave-owners as well. Proud and at the same time humble — proud with her own people and with the negroes, and with the white people respectful and charmingly dignified, Madame Aubert lived rather humbly in a small house of mud and half-timber which had been built in the eighteenth century by some of her French forebears. All her life she had lived there on the Isle Brevelle. The Isle Brevelle section, comprised of only a few miles of fertile farm lands, bounded on one side by Cane River, was originally cut off when Red River made its *détour*. It has been exclusively inhabited by these French mulattoes since the early seventeen hundreds when the original settlers came over from Paris. One of them, Tomas Metoyer, was Madame Aubert-Rocque's great-grandfather. Of that gentleman's son, Augustin, I discovered more before the end of the visit.

In front of this bit of provincial France an old-fashioned garden, variously colorful, lay within the confines of a lichen-covered and battered fence of split palings. Madame Aubert, throwing open the blue-green shutters of the front of the house, hastened down the path to meet us. Clément Claiborne retired, dusty hat held in black hands, to rest under a big cottonwood-tree in the yard.

There was something very pure in the atmosphere about this place. Good French was spoken here. Within those mud and hewn-timber walls the place was spotless and shining, the rough wall surfaces heavily whitewashed. There was an accumulation of small religious objects, an old-fashioned crayon portrait or two on the wall, a framed marriage certificate (chromo), and the

three or four "In Memoriam" panels occupied the place of honor over the bed. It all revealed a quiet simplicity and charm of existence freshening to senses dulled by modern city life.

Madame Aubert was pleased and a little excited about being drawn. She was a patient model and talked along at intervals about the old days; about a cousin from Chicago who had died recently and who had been sent all the way back to Isle Brevelle to be buried, and she told me much about the work of the church and the convent school. Augustin had given the church. That was long, long ago, and since then it had burned and been replaced by the present meeting-house. When the drawing was finished I must look at a picture of Augustin. There was talk about the crops, the taxes, the high water in New Orleans. Eight dollars had had to be raised for taxes on the little place that spring. Madame Aubert had been in terrible distress—*et pourquoi non*? One bale of cotton had been hers that winter and what was it now worth? Practically nothing. Cotton! It would be the ruination of the South. We talked about her quilting and were successful in causing to be brought forth from an old chest a collection such as would astonish any antiquary. All the patterns classic to past generations were there, and while the patterns may have been sophisticated, the colors themselves were gay and revealed something more primitive and childlike. They were mostly of cotton, as were other things. Here was this scrupulous room — the simple old four-poster tucked in with the whitest of sheets and counterpane, and piled at the head with pillows in cases slightly worn but immaculately ironed.

She brought forth with naïve pride

a wisp of an old cotton dress. This, she said, was her morning dress. The print had been bought in Natchitoches in 1850 by her mother, and was a simple crinoline of scallops. She should have been painted in it.

There seemed some sort of curious connection between the lives of these people and the soft white material with which their existence had been so closely interwoven—as though their very circumstances had partaken of the same quality. What it had done to them—this thing that was once the strength of the country and was now so powerless to bring prosperity! The effect was of something a little faded in pattern but infinitely vital. Here was Madame Aubert-Rocque in person, detached from the rush of life and still completely concerned with things of the soil which we have almost forgotten existed.

A batten door led into a sort of small storeroom, a lean-to addition to the original house built of vertical boarding. Madame Aubert was apologetic as she led me in. The water had come in the last time it rained and had stained the whitewashed walls. A pane of glass was out in the single small window. Leaned against the long side of the room was the portrait. It was perhaps nine feet tall by six feet wide and the fine old French gilt frame was fully three hands wide, ornamented in the best manner of the period.

Here was a *café-au-lait* Augustin Metoyer done in the grand manner. A tall man dressed in black, with a Prince Albert coat, and, back of the figure, in voluminous folds, a red plush curtain.

The features were distinctly negroid, though suave and well informed. The eyes were intelligent. With one hand there was a graceful gesture toward a toylike church which reposed on green velvet grass just back of marble steps in one corner of the picture. The thing must have been painted just after 1800, possibly by one of the early itinerant artists of that period—perhaps a friend of Audubon's. There were numerous scratches, a bullet-hole, and two large rents—as large as a man's hand—that had been inflicted when Banks's army raided that territory in '61.

Madame Aubert sighed. The priest would not have the portrait in the church. It had been too badly used. And last year all the people of the parish were going to contribute to its reparation, but it had been a bad year and cotton was so low. *Alors!* it would have to stay with her. But, after all, she would not be here much longer. "These young people, what they care for these thing? All they want is money for automobile."

The whole fabric seemed to be slowly disintegrating—before the eyes, as it were. The accident of race suicide. Madame Aubert, to me, was epic. Like something put away by a past generation and quietly forgotten. And then, lo! the pride and glory of a hundred years ago suddenly brought to light and made poignant by a portrait like this, to be discovered in poverty-stricken surroundings. Madame Aubert passed a frail hand gently across the surface of the canvas, removing a heavy streak of gray dust.



Shall We Govern Ourselves?

BY ALBERT C. RITCHIE

Governor of Maryland

The executive of the Maryland Free State, political precedent-smasher, one of the outstanding candidates for the Presidential nomination, discusses certain illusions of democracy and enunciates his political faith.

IF there is any one thing of which the average American is sure, it is that politically he governs himself. It is one of the illusions of democracy that, because our government rests on the "consent of the governed," we therefore actually do govern ourselves. In political theory we do, but in practice we don't. We are developing into the most overgoverned and least self-governing of peoples; and indifference and subservience to the increasing power and changing character of "the government" are becoming a political phenomenon of the first importance.

Under our system the government is not the creator but the creature of our social order, and we the people are the grantors of all its powers and sanctions. When, therefore, we talk of self-government politically, we are dealing mostly with the definition and delimitation of those powers and sanctions. As creators of our government we have reserved to ourselves a certain inalienable sovereignty that inheres in free-men, and certain rights, liberties, and limitations defined in the written and implied covenants of our constitutions. Our cardinal political problem is how best to preserve these limitations and ultimate sovereignties and at the same time maintain our individual and collective rights and liberties.

The actual problems of government in the modern state are, of course, far too complicated, and the accumulated wisdom of centuries of political thinking and experience is much too impressive, to justify any one formula as the sum total of political wisdom; but, whether you guide by the experience of history, or the conclusions of political thinkers, or by a simple faith in democracy, you are certainly justified in asserting that no principle of a sound political science is better established than that centralized government should be held to an irreducible minimum and self-government be favored to the largest possible maximum.

In politics it is easy to regard every period as one of transition or of crisis, and we may delude ourselves in thinking that we are in such a period now. But there are significant omens, for those who care to read the horoscope. Perhaps democracy postulates too much in assuming that the people care to think much about the elemental and fundamental aspects of their government; but surely there is need for such thinking. We must not forget that political democracy is still in the making, and is still a relatively young enterprise, with a future dependent entirely upon the degree of conscious thought and effort which is put upon its develop-

ment. Most of its problems are unsolved, and it is pertinent to ask how their solution may be affected by some of the fundamental changes that are now taking place.

Have conditions so changed that our delimitations of power or the principles laid down by our Constitution for the State and Federal system must now change with them? Does democracy require that the States be regarded as mere arbitrary geographical administrative areas, capable only of local self-government in its more parochial aspects? Must sectional differences, diversities, discords, and needs be made to yield to one central source of power? Has the doctrine of States' rights no longer any legitimate meaning? Have our traditional ideas as to local self-government, the division of powers, and the effective sources of social control, become obsolete? Have we more government, more law, more regulation, more interference with the processes of life and liberty and the government of self, than are necessary?

II

The significant political development of our era probably is not so much a conscious aggrandizement of power in the central government as the unconscious abdication of it in the local units. We are "consenting" to an increase of centralization which means neither an increase of democracy nor political progress. The real issue is not one of this or the other theory of government; of this or that political party; of one conception of sovereignty or of the other; of forgotten States' rights or of triumphant nationalism; or even of democratic or antidemocratic ideals. It is the old, old question of whether our government shall be of, for, and by the

people in fact as well as in theory, and whether, by following the present programme, we are making it more so or less. Is a democracy safe in assuming that the stronger "the government" the stronger the nation?

Political thinkers from Aristotle down have answered that question in the negative, and have given adherence to the principle that always government is best when it governs least. Buckle, in his study of the history of civilization, comes to the conclusion that practically no credit whatever can be given to government, as such, for the progress of European civilization. Governmental measures and activities, he says, have always been the result of social progress and not the cause of it.

Generalizing broadly, we may say that more governments have failed from excess of strength than from weakness. It is the nature of the state and one of those mystic laws of its being to seek power. In a democracy, as in a monarchy, power breeds power and the love of it; and by some law of accretion excess feeds on excess until you not only have the inevitable issue of whether the government is master or servant, but eventually it becomes so rigid, mechanical, top-heavy, and arbitrary, that the free play of the energies, enterprises, and liberties of men is checked.

This, more or less, is the story of all government, from the autocracies of the Cæsars to those of the Lenines and Musolinis, and from the democracies of the Greek city-states to those of twentieth-century America.

It is a common phenomenon of history, as of life, to hold cheapest those things which are most real and hard-won. The right to govern ourselves seems to us so much a part of the natural order, and the idea that we actually

practise it is so ingrained, that we forget the age-long, bitter fight which men waged and are elsewhere still waging to establish it. The political story of "the common man," through primitive family, tribe, village, hundred, or nation—with his witenagemotes, ephors, tribunes, comitia, bishops, guilds, communes, and endless devices to preserve his right to govern himself, on down through the dark periods of universal empire to the Wilsonian dream of universal democracy, could easily be written in terms of this struggle for those rights of self-government which are now beginning to slip away from us.

It may be true that history teaches us only that it teaches us nothing; but surely it is not without significance that the periods in which civilization flowered brightest were precisely those in which centralized government was at a minimum and self-government flourished most. We see this, for example, in the best days of the Hellenic civilization, and in the marvellous outburst of dynamic energy, enterprise, and cultural striving that marked the Renaissance—with its self-governing guilds, communes, and free cities. And illustrations from history could be repeated from the days of "Merrie England" on down. The reason, of course, is that these were periods in which the spirit of liberty had its freest play.

III

In these days of low political vitality it is rather the fashion to regard all talk of liberty as oratorical and poetical and beside the point, and its realities and potentialities are obscured by a deal of false thinking or no thinking at all. But for us to belittle the relation of government to personal liberty is to misconceive the very nature of democracy, or

of our scheme of government. Indeed, the question whether we shall govern ourselves might well be resolved into that of how we can best protect and preserve our liberties.

This was the question uppermost in the minds of the founders. What the colonies feared most when they cast off the yoke of monarchy was the danger of leaving any governmental power loose and unrestrained and undefined. To guard their liberties they applied the idea of a separation of powers. They believed that men had certain inalienable rights, and they enumerated some of these as a bill of rights in their State and national constitutions. All these definitions and limitations, and the character of their governmental mechanism, aimed not at unduly strengthening the government but at limiting it, and so protecting the rights of the individual and his natural and civil liberties.

On the maintenance of these principles and devices rests our possibility to this day of governing ourselves. If we are to maintain them, the division of powers, the distribution of sovereignties, the rights of the States, and the functions of local government must be regarded as realities and zealously respected; for so far they undoubtedly represent the best political mechanism that mankind has yet devised for reconciling the sovereign rights and liberties of the individual with free and effective government.

If the democratic idea of self-government was not new with America, at least we gave it a practical application that was new to the world. Even if our fathers had not come by the idea through their experience in the lands from which they came, they would have evolved it by virtue of the circum-

stances and necessities which confronted them in this New World. What they did evolve, in our State and Federal system, was a new and untried mechanism by which they believed the democratic dream of centuries could be realized and men could attain self-government if they wished it.

Our political history begins with a bitter struggle to realize this dream. Two contending forces fought for mastery then as they are fighting now: the one for centralized, the other for decentralized, political power. While it can hardly be said that we have two mutually repellent schools of reasoned thought on this subject, still, consciously and unconsciously, it represents a line of actual cleavage: to what extent shall "the people" govern or be governed? So far as our two great parties to-day divide on any issue going to the heart of government, it is still on this. One strong for the people, and the other strong for "the government"; one strong for "the king and the powers of the air," the other strong for its subjects and the powers of the earth.

The conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson sprang from impulses deep in the roots of time, and it still continues. The followers of the former favored a strong central government—almost a monarchy—not because they were lacking in love of country or hatred of tyranny, but because they mistrusted the ability of men to govern themselves and feared democracy. As late as 1804 we find John Adams convinced that "democracy will soon waste, exhaust, and murder itself, and cannot last long." Even Washington fears the effects of "the democratic virus getting into the body politic." Nevertheless it was this virus that inoculated the nation and made possible our prosperity;

and it is still the one dynamic force in our national life. Our new school of insurgent historians has probably overstressed the idea that our great Constitution was conceived more in the fear than in the faith of democracy, and was unduly solicitous of the primordial rights of property and the rights of the upper classes; but, even if this be so, it was none the less the spirit of democracy that created our constitutional system and gave it vitality. It may have been born an aristocrat, but it was raised a democrat.

If the democratic principle won out, it was only after a fierce struggle; and the credit for its victory must go largely to Jefferson and his followers. He found "the people" of his times, as of ours, politically inert and indifferent, and he galvanized them into life. Himself an aristocrat and man of large property, it was his faith in the right and ability of "the common man" that shaped the course of our political history. The historic contests of both Jefferson and Jackson represented a conflict of fundamentals and turned on precisely the same deep issues implicit in our present-day problems of more government or less, of strong States or weak, of rights and liberties maintained or surrendered.

It is a shallow criticism which assumes that when we refer to the experience of the past or invoke allegiance to the principles of Jefferson or of the fathers, we are asserting that here are to be found formulas of government which alone can solve the political problems of our present era, in which everything human except human nature is more or less changed. But as stars by which to guide, their precepts and principles tried and true are as fixed and valid now as they were in days of old. The factors in the equation may have

changed and multiplied enormously, but the principles to be applied to their solution have not changed. As Abraham Lincoln said, they "are the definitions and axioms of free society . . . applicable to all men at all times." It is not a question of intellectual allegiance to abstract principles, but of their intelligent application in the light of experience to the concrete problems of this hour. Shall we apply those of the school of Hamilton or of Jefferson?

IV

To-day the school of Hamilton is unquestionably in the ascendant. Centralization of power has proceeded at a pace that would have appalled even his most ardent followers. Evidences of this are patent enough. A mere catalogue of the new activities of the central government would fill this magazine; for, in addition to the functions contemplated by the founders, it now recognizes few limitations to the scope and range of either its powers or its undertakings. It not only regulates commerce on land and sea and sky as between the States, it regulates it intrinsically and within the States. It is itself in business as monopolist, competitor, and adventurer in a thousand lines: in manufacturing, banking, forestry, shipping, ship-building, aviation, irrigation, mining, warehousing, oil, power, etc., etc. It undertakes to regulate, control, supplement, or stifle competition. It attempts to shape the course and spirit of almost every variety of human enterprise. It dictates as to private finance and commerce at home and abroad. It directs and influences directly and indirectly, through subsidies and advice and the magic of actual or supposed power, the internal life and processes of every State. It builds roads, supervises indus-

try, regulates or controls rates, prices, wages, factory conditions, hours of labor, vocational and cultural education, the care of our infants and mothers, and our meat and drink.

If we were to concede the desirability or even the necessity of most of these activities, we still could not afford to overlook their political effects and implications. Growing out of them we see, for instance, an increasing disposition to leave everything to the government, and to look upon it as the great regulator and almoner and ever-present help in time of trouble. We see our traditional spirit of local self-reliance grow weak, and a healthy popular political interest sink into apathy and indifference. Everybody "lies down" to "the government." A minimum of control gives way to a maximum of regulation.

With this comes a system of bureaucracy which always spells tyranny. The army of office-holders grows over five times as fast as the population, and our government becomes steadily the most costly, wasteful, and extravagant on the face of the earth. And the end is not yet! There are still unexploited fields—child and adult labor, education, the producer, the merchandiser, the consumer, the farmer, the press, the church. A live bureaucracy will be glad to bring them all under its jurisdiction. It will be glad to have the corn-grower, the cotton-grower, the wheat-grower walk into its trap. It may even be glad to encourage the popular impulse, always so easily aroused, for "the nationalization" of this, that, or the other, and for new forms of government ownership and fields of control. Now that the Federal courts have discovered that almost nothing is without a "public interest," and "due process of law" is a hammer instead of an anvil, all this can

come easily enough if we grow lax and prefer being governed to governing ourselves.

The growth of a bureaucracy is always in inverse proportion to the decline of self-government. In our own case the number of these bureaus in recent years has multiplied like the locusts of Egypt. Each new progressive law seems to call for a new progressive bureau, which, under the guise of administration and regulation, proceeds to exercise in effect all the powers of government—legislative, executive, judicial: those very powers which our founders were so solicitous to keep separate. Experience shows that just as all bureaus tend to become wasteful, extravagant, and despotic, so by some law of their own being, as it were, they develop primary ends and rights of their own. Around them cluster an army of experts, agents, lobbyists, and outside organizations trying to shape, direct, and capture some of this bureaucratic power for their own private advantage or for that of their clients. Moreover, their activities are tremendously reflected in the operations of the Congress itself, which steadily tends to grow more and more subject to the very bureaus it has created. Their powers of publicity and propaganda, and the procurement of apparent popular support become too strong to permit Congress to abolish or defy them or refuse them appropriations. A really live bureau never dies.

But the real point is not that all this centralization and bureaucratic activity is to be out-of-hand condemned; the object is rather to illustrate how it necessarily tends to make government more arbitrary and remote and different from what the people think it is, until self-government and "consent of the

governed" become political myths. By yielding supinely to these increases of power we are changing not alone the very character and substance of the government itself, but are more or less unwittingly permitting changes which are revolutionizing our constitutional system and doing violence to those principles of liberty and self-government of which so much has here been said.

One need but look, for example, at the latest actual or proposed amendments to the Constitution to see the truth of this. If the Fourteenth Amendment, in effect and by judicial construction "following the election returns," has succeeded in changing the force and temper of our theory of State and Federal limitations and thereby changing the whole course of our constitutional history, it remained for the Sixteenth Amendment to change, or at least make possible a change in the very character of Federal power. If the power to tax is the power to destroy, as we have so often found it to be, then the now unlimited power of the central government "to collect taxes on income from whatever source derived" puts all property and all enterprise at its mercy. It may declare what is or is not income and may take all or part of it and may make its claims retroactive. It may question your personal, domestic, or business relations. It may make you its tax-gatherer from others and follow you to the ends of the earth. It may make such classifications, gradations, and constructions as will compel different men living or dead to give up different proportions of their acquisitions. Under the new dispensation of the Supreme Court as to estate taxes, it may, by indirection, now dictate to the States what their laws of inheritance shall be. In short, here is a new power that came

in without any one stopping to think it through, and which not only is one of taxation but of dictation and confiscation.

The same line of thought applies in such changes as those involved in the Eighteenth Amendment or in the proposed child-labor amendment, or in all that wide range of actual or proposed legislation concerned with giving the Federal Government control over education, marriage and divorce, the organization of corporations, or those many subjects which actually do seem to call for greater uniformity of law and administration. The ends aimed at in most of these cases everybody can approve; it is their deeper political aspects that should make us hesitate. Most of these matters had best be left to those processes of localized effort and self-government which our system of self-governing States makes possible. No central government can handle them in this vast land without becoming unduly bureaucratic and arbitrary and without becoming unduly overloaded and costly.

V

To visualize all this as simply an abstract question of "States' rights" is to miss the point. It is a question more of effectiveness than of rights, of how best to further and protect the right and power of men to govern themselves. To have united the thirteen colonies, with their divergent types and interests, their local prides and prejudices, and their differing social, political, and religious ideals, into one federated union was an accomplishment made possible only by recognizing and respecting those local differences and giving them full legal protection. This was the aim of most of the constitutional limitations and of the bill of rights. These diversi-

ties are to-day not less, but greater; and sound government should continue to recognize them. You can't think politically of "the people" as one solid, composite, homogeneous mass willing to take orders from one central master. There are too many vast sections, groups, classes, and parties, which differ too fundamentally in local and ancestral traditions, in social and economic outlook, and in their modes of life and living, to make them all fit happily into one Procrustean Federal bed.

In our Federal system these differences and divergencies, if respected, become mutually protective and a source of strength. Our diversification of interests and institutions geographically and socially is itself a guaranty of stability and of freedom, if you keep the powers of government reasonably diversified and close to their source and to their impact. Man is the product of his environment, and his government, to be effective, must be also. Human and local contacts, prides, and relations play a far bigger part than formal law in controlling our social or antisocial instincts, and are our most dynamic agencies for promoting political progress and stimulating healthy political activity. It is difficult at best to stimulate this, and when you make government so complicated and remote that no man can understand its operations and know even the faintest fraction of the laws and administrative agencies that govern him, he loses interest in politics or at best confines himself to blind party prejudices or allegiances or to a mere sporting interest in party contests.

We are not fair to the States. The reformer, in his zeal and impatience for many desirable reforms, by concentrating on Washington has not been

fair either to the actual or possible accomplishments of the States, and so has done much to help weaken both their power and their prestige. Experience shows that progressives would have done better to make the local unit a trial-ground for most of their reforms. Here results can be watched and charted at first hand. State constitutions are more easy of amendment; legislatures are closer to the people; and concentrations and abuses of power can more easily be checked.

Why lose faith in the State? Most of our great reforms and proposed changes in organic law to fit modern needs have been of State origin and should be left to State control. If the political mind and ingenuity of one State conceives of this or that possible change, it can put it to the test of experiment and the others can copy. If they do not all copy or cannot all agree, that is their right, and it should be respected. Not to respect it and to force it on them through the medium of a central government is a nullification of this right.

It is precisely here that unnecessary conflicts arise, like those involved in the Eighteenth Amendment and its attempted enforcement by the Federal Congress. One section or group of States undertakes to impose its views, its ideals, or its will upon other States. The call is made upon government to pass and enforce laws which prove unenforceable where they do not have the sanction of "the people's consent." It is all well enough to charge the people of States which don't want such laws with "nullification," but the truth is that, if such laws prove an inevitable nullity in operation, it is because good people feel that their fundamental and inalienable rights of self-government have been nullified by the States which thus

try by force to impose their will on unwilling sisters.

In such cases men feel that violence has been done to the spirit which created the Union, and the natural instinct to exercise the right and liberty to govern themselves in such matters again asserts itself, and the law fails. We have seen this in the South, in the case of the Fifteenth Amendment, and we are seeing it everywhere in the case of the Eighteenth. And every law that fails because good people will not respect it or obey it is a bad law. You don't give it any special sanctity by putting it into the Constitution. People will feel that defiance of such a law is not an evidence of badness or of "nullification," but an assertion of freedom. Where people feel that they are governing themselves they will observe and enforce the laws of their own making.

VI

Our excessive centralization may have been due less to conscious design than to the play of natural forces and inadvertence. Because the individualistic American has always believed in a minimum of government, he has believed he has it. One cannot generalize the broad sweep of a century into a few feeble sentences, but roughly it may be said that the democracy which found itself with the triumphs of Jefferson and Jackson was, in a sense, more social and spiritual than political. It found expression in a triumphant individualism which entered fiercely, to be sure, into the joy of political battle, but for the most part devoted its energies more to conquering a virgin continent than to really thinking through very much about government. The States felt that the limits of Federal power were defined once for all by the Constitution

and could not be materially extended except by amendment, and for more than a full century amendments were not in fashion. The men of that period were quite sure that they were governing themselves, and what they asked of government was chiefly to be let alone.

With the growth of the country a multitude of conditions combined, however, to make an increase of Federal power inevitable. The growth of railroads and new means of intercourse, the wide sweep of interstate business, the rise of cities and the industrial era, all conspired to strengthen the central government. The excessive individualism of our earlier history gave way to a feeling that the national government could best express the collective will of democracy. The various territories which became States and had few of the local prides and traditions of the original colonies naturally looked to the central government as the legitimate source of powers and of favors. A growing sense of social solidarity demanded that various wrongs and injustices which had largely gone politically unnoticed should now receive attention. Men talked of the greater socialization of wealth and of industry, and of the dangers of corporations, trusts, and a rising plutocracy. Everything seemed to call for regulation and for laws and laws and still more laws. To attain this by any processes of self-government or through the States seemed either impossible or too slow. Leaders preached the doctrine of "nationalism with a big stick," and the drive on Washington began—and we are only now beginning to sense the consequences.

All this was helped along by the great development of big business and its idea that its interests could best be

served and protected by a strong central government. The intimate relations of business to tariffs, special franchises, special privileges, and what-not, and its impatience with the uncertainties, annoyances, and lack of uniformity in State laws and administration made this natural enough. Business preferred not to be governed at all, but if this was impossible it preferred one master to forty-eight. But just as business is now beginning to discover that it can and must throw off the incubus of excessive government by developing larger self-governing powers of its own, so likewise there are many other fields and social groupings wherein co-operative endeavor and more self-government from within could serve to check arbitrary government from without. Most of the reforms, changes, and ideals which the social sciences and liberal forces of the country evolve can be translated into effective results far better if their sanctions spring from below rather than from above.

And, in our national passion for standardization, don't let us magnify the importance of uniformity of laws. Where uniformity is essential, we may justly look to the Federal Government to give it; but in an infinite range of territory, divergence and difference and variety are both inevitable and desirable—in local customs, in social ideals and diversions, in taxes, in education, recreation, and what-not. Surely in all this vast area the only permissible government should be local self-government.

VII

In the final analysis most people who favor our increasing centralization of government do so because they lack faith in political democracy and its capacity to govern itself. They see Demos

as ignorant, changeable, trivial, intolerant, politically inert, and given to the worship of many false and foolish idols; but there is no reason to despair of democracy politically if we look upon what it has done. Its record of accomplishment is too impressive. Why not recognize that it has made this great nation what it is; and that it has done more to free the spirit and the energies of men; more to protect religious freedom; more to establish the rights of women, of labor, of the poor; more to prevent social conflicts and stratifications; more to protect the rights of property and the security of acquisitions; and more for education, health, happiness, and the greatest good of the greatest number — than any other political power of all time?

Why, therefore, lose faith in it? Why not concentrate our energies more on its political guidance and on strengthening all those domestic, self-governing possibilities that are inherent in it, instead of concentrating so vehemently on trying to mass power in a central government? In these days, when the individual is lost in the mass, you can rouse his political instincts only by localizing them. He can't be interested in a government too complicated to understand, and he won't be interested in political issues that seem too remote from his local interests. We justly pin great faith in education, in free speech and a free press, as means for making the mind of the nation work and translate itself into "public opinion"; but when government becomes too strong and too delocalized, public opinion senses its political futility and becomes inert and ineffective. Walter Lippman, in his "Phantom Public," contends that "when public opinion attempts to govern directly it is either a failure or a

tyranny." It may be so, but we need not too much confuse public opinion with political democracy, and, if you distribute and localize the governmental agencies through which public opinion in a democracy can politically express itself, it will be neither a failure nor a tyranny.

When all is said, the final test of the virtues of more government or of less turns on which is more conducive to our individual and collective liberties. Here is the crux of the whole matter. While no state can exist without restricting some liberties, no state can long endure without respecting all others. We surrender some liberties to make others safe, and some to make the state safe. Every law is in some degree a limitation of liberty, yet every law that unnecessarily limits it is one more step toward arbitrary government. And there is the eternal problem: how to reconcile liberty and government. The Spencerian formula that every man shall have freedom to do as he wills, provided he does not infringe the equal freedom of any other man, may not be entirely feasible in practice, but it is still to be respected in theory. Man will cheerfully surrender his liberties if convinced that to do so will serve the ends of human existence; but it is a decision that he himself must have the liberty to make, and it must call for no undue suppression of his natural instinct to govern himself.

Here lies the fatal defect of laws of sumptuary interference like prohibition. Men's grievance against prohibition is not that it restricts their drink, but that it restricts their liberty of decision to drink or not to drink. It invades a field in which men instinctively feel that their rights of self-government are sovereign. When the state tries to make my right and my wrong your right and

your wrong, it violates this inalienable sovereignty and substitutes arbitrary government for self-government.

VIII

Finally, if my theme may be carried somewhat to extremes and given a slightly homiletic turn, it may be permissible to add that the ultimate test of whether we should or even can govern ourselves politically is determined by the extent or degree to which we can govern ourselves individually. A high order of self-government, in this sense, would certainly eliminate the most difficult problems and serious ills of all government and is an ideal to which the energies of society and of the state can well be directed. If reformers could

only believe that most reforms must come from within, we should have fewer abortive efforts to obtain them through law. "The kingdom of good and evil" can never spring from a legal code. You could not contemplate the appalling dimensions and intricacies of this whole field of government without a feeling of despair and futility in trying either to comprehend it or to criticize it, if you did not remember that after all it deals only with you and me and by us is made what it is. If democracy is to succeed, it is because you and I remain democrats and recognize that its making is in our hands. If justice is to prevail, it is because *we* do justice. If liberty is to thrive, it is because *we* love liberty. If government is to be free, it is because *we* govern ourselves.



Furniture-Hunting in New England

BY ELEANOR BUTLER ROOSEVELT

SOME years ago we bought an abandoned farm in Vermont. I suppose there may be some people who would not consider it one of the most beautiful and desirable places in the world, but it is just that to me. Its loneliness is one of its charms. No macadam roads encourage automobiles. Electric lights and telephones do not exist. We have learned not to be disturbed when a porcupine pads up and down at night on the piazza, or a family of chipmunks runs races on the roof. Around the garden is a wire fence strung with fluttering rags to keep deer from having first choice of the vegeta-

bles. It is not unusual to find well-defined bear-tracks in the dust of the road.

The white clapboarded house with green blinds is typical of New England. It stands on the side of a hill. On each side of the front door is an enormous sugar-maple, and in the back is an old apple-orchard bounded by a stone wall. Behind the orchard the ground drops steeply into the valley, beyond which rise the green, wooded slopes of Mount Pisgah.

It was great fun doing over the house. We needed a good deal of material, and got it in an unexpected way. While wandering about the country I had

found another house, on the verge of tumbling down. Part of the roof was gone, but the heavy, panelled front door, with its old latch, still hung on its iron hinges; and the floor-boards, some of them eighteen inches wide, were in good condition. Although the stairs were crumbling, the banister-rail could be used. Best of all were two cast-iron fireplaces, or fireframes as they are called, one large and one small. They were exactly alike in detail. The design was charming. Brass ornaments and andirons were gone, but cranes for pots were still in the larger of the two.

All was grist that came to our mill. I made an offer for that house "as is," and bought it for forty dollars.

When we started furnishing, I decided to go around and see what I could pick up in the neighborhood. In that part of Vermont beautiful antiques are rarely to be found. What I hoped for were quaint chairs, spool-beds and drop-leaf tables of cherry or birch, eighty to a hundred years old. Although of no great value these would be thoroughly in keeping with our house.

That summer there was not a farm within a radius of twenty-five miles that I did not visit. Driven by Balocca, who was my husband's orderly during the War, our old Ford service-wagon "flew over the ground like a hunting-hound" from morning to night. Most of the farmers' wives were interested and amused that any one should want to buy their cast-off furniture.

Once we came to a cottage from which every one had apparently gone for the day. I peered through the window but saw no furniture of much consequence until I spied an old bureau painted with a decoration of grapevines. Here was a real prize. Somehow we must find the owners.

We drove along the road and met a man with a team. I asked him who lived in the house we had just passed. He said it belonged to an old man who lived by himself, and who was off hay-ing.

"Turn to the right at the next fork in the road and keep on a spell. You'll come to where he's working. His name is Abner Kingsford."

We took the right fork and kept on a good long spell before we saw any hay-fields. An old man with a white beard was driving a reaper at the other side of a wide meadow. I jumped out of the Ford and made my way toward him.

"Good day," I said.

No answer but a nod.

"Can you tell me if Mr. Abner Kingsford is working here?"

"Hey?"

I repeated my question.

"You'll hev to speak louder, lady. Sometimes I'm just a mite hard o' hearing."

I shouted in his ear. He shook his head. Somewhere I had heard that a high-pitched voice carries best. Drawing a long breath I shrilled at him like an angry parrot:

"Abner Kingsford! *Kingsford!*"

His brown face suddenly wrinkled into a beaming, toothless smile.

"I wuz born in '51," he said gently.

I went back to the car. For three hours we searched for Abner, and finally found him. He laid down his scythe, came to the edge of the road and stood with one foot on the running-board.

"Bureau? Seems to me I hev got a bureau with a kinda design on it. Sell it? Well, now, I don't know. I don't rightly know who that bureau belongs to. Seems like a fella who used to live with us sixteen—no—let's see—guess it

must ha' been seventeen, years ago, asked me to keep it for him. I forget his name, but he might come back 'n' ask for it 'n' then where'd I be? No, ma'am, I couldn't sell that bureau. I just wouldn't know what to say about it afterward."

It was noon and so far we had not found any furniture. We ate some sandwiches, drank cool water from the nearest brook, and resumed our journey.

At the next house we came to I was allowed to go up into the attic. Crawling on my hands and knees under the eaves, I unearthed four beds with turned posts. Instead of having springs or slats, they had holes along the side-pieces through which ropes were threaded to support the mattresses. They were in good condition, although one of them had been painted the dark Venetian red of the barn.

"That was Old Man Jaycock's bed," the woman said. "We bought it at the auction when his things was sold. Bessie, that's my daughter, she's married and lives over Manchester way, she said she wouldn't sleep in it onless 'twas painted. Old Man Jaycock was kind of melancholy for a long time, and one night he up and took the cord out the bed and hung himself. That's the bed. It makes it kind of a curiosity, don't it?"

I hastily explained that, although I could use three beds, four would be too many, and Old Man Jaycock's bed was pushed back into the dark corner from which it had come.

"You might stop at Annie Robinson's and see if she'll sell you anything," the woman continued as we went down the steep stairs. "Two years ago she got a divorce from her husband. Robinson was no account in lots of ways; he drank and used to beat his wife about once in every so often, but

he's a good hard worker when he's sober. Annie owns the farm, and now she has him back as hired man. It works lovely," she added with a sigh, "for now when he raises a row she discharges him and puts him out, and won't take him back till he quiets down."

Just as I was getting into the car she called out: "If you want any real antique furniture, find the widow of the man who fell off the roof!"

It sounded like a detective story.

"Where?" I asked.

"Oh, down Stratton way. She's selling her things, and she has lots of furniture. I forget her name."

We were on the Stratton road, so we continued. At an imposing-looking large house set back from the road, where I really hesitated to stop, they sold me half their piazza chairs. I asked: "Have you happened to hear of a man around here who had an accident some time ago? He fell off a roof, I believe."

"Oh, yes! Sure! He's dead. What was his name, now? His widow sells furniture. That's where you ought to go. It'll help her out, too. Just ask as you go along. Anybody'll tell you."

We drove for miles without seeing so much as a barn, and finally met a boy sauntering down the road, whistling. We stopped, passed the time of day and inquired: "Do you know of any one who has furniture to sell?"

"Yes, ma'am! The lady whose husband fell off the roof a coupler years ago has a lot o' junk she's gettin' rid of.—Ye ain't seen a loose critter anywheres along here, hev ye?"

Strange as it may seem we actually found her, and bought most of her stock. The way we loaded that poor Ford was a shame. We already had three beds and five chairs. To these were added two bureaus, three good-

sized tables, four rocking-chairs, some large picture-frames, two lamps, and a set of glass dishes. This had indeed been a successful day.

Gradually, as the summer went on, we collected enough furniture for the farmhouse. With the help of Balocca, I refinished many of the pieces. He used paint-remover and strong lye, while I sandpapered and polished with oil and pumice until my arms nearly dropped off.

I thought we had covered the ground pretty thoroughly, so I was surprised one day to come across a house we had apparently overlooked. From the outside it was like countless others in New England, but here the resemblance ceased. Inside there was none of the characteristic prim neatness.

A slatternly woman, with two children clinging to her skirt, opened the door. The tiny passage smelled of rotten apples, rancid bacon, and mice. Everything was in disorder, but here and there I caught astonishing glimpses of really good furniture. In the kitchen a beautiful, walnut "thousand-legged" table was littered with dirty breakfast-dishes covered with flies. Up-stairs dingy sheets trailed from a delicately carved mahogany four-post bed. On either side of the bed stood a pair of small drop-leaf tables with claw feet, their tops streaked and spotted with layers of candle-grease. In another room I saw a walnut low-boy on which lay a dish with a half-eaten piece of pie, crawling with ants.

The woman said: "These things are his—my husband's. No, I don't know where they came from. Maybe he'll sell; I don't know. He's working on a cement bridge down the road a piece. You could ask him."

Here was something really worth while. Without waiting to see what

other treasures the untidy little house contained, I hurried down the road to find the husband. We came to the bridge, where half a dozen men were working. Balocca went ahead and spoke to them. Presently a man separated himself from the others and slouched leisurely across the road. This was not at all a New England type. He must have moved into the country; he certainly did not belong here. I tried my best to persuade him to part with even one of his pieces. That thousand-legged table was hard to leave behind. He listened, watching me with a furtive and somewhat hostile air. His answer was in just two words.

"We-ell, no."

That was all. I gave him my address in case he should change his mind. He took it in silence and turned away. Disappointed at being able neither to solve the mystery nor buy the furniture, I drove home.

Autumn came, and we prepared to leave Vermont to return to Oyster Bay. There was a great bustle of "putting-away." Flat stones were placed over the chimneys to keep out snow; mattresses and pillows were hung from the rafters out of reach of mice. In the midst of it came a note from my friend of the cement bridge. He had changed his mind, and wanted to sell his furniture.

"Oh, well," I said, "there's no time to do anything now. Next year I'll drive over there and see about it."

But when next summer came I had lost his letter and forgotten his name. I searched the country for miles around and explored every road, but, incredible as it sounds, I could never again find the little house upon which I had accidentally stumbled. Apparently, no one else had ever "heard tell of it." It had gone, with its lovely furniture, as things vanish in a dream.

The Greene Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case" and "The 'Canary' Murder Case"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—In the old Greene mansion on 53d Street, by the East River, live Mrs. Tobias Greene, who is a paralytic, and her five grown children—two daughters (Julia and Sibella), two sons (Chester and Rex), and an adopted daughter (Ada). At half past eleven on the night of November 8 Julia and Ada are shot in their bedrooms. Julia is killed instantly, but Ada, though wounded in the back, recovers. The police take up the investigation; and Markham, the District Attorney, is also called into the case. Markham is accompanied by his intimate friend, Philo Vance, a young social aristocrat who has helped him unofficially in other investigations. Three nights after Julia's death Chester is shot through the heart while sitting in his bedroom; and three weeks later Rex, as he is about to leave the house to give information to the District Attorney, is also shot down. A few days afterward Ada is found poisoned with morphine, but recovers under the ministrations of a police physician. That same night Mrs. Greene dies as a result of strychnine poisoning.

XXI

A DEPLETED HOUSEHOLD

(Friday, December 3; forenoon)

MARKHAM brought us the news of Mrs. Greene's death before ten o'clock the next morning. The tragedy had not been discovered until nine, when the nurse brought up her patient's morning tea. Heath had notified Markham, and Markham had stopped on his way to the Greene mansion to apprise Vance of the new development. Vance and I had already breakfasted, and we accompanied him to the house.

"This knocks out our only prop," Markham said despondently, as we sped up Madison Avenue. "The possibility that the old lady was guilty was frightful to contemplate; though all along I've been trying to console myself with the thought that she was insane. Now,

however, I almost wish our suspicions had proved true, for the possibilities that are left seem even more terrible. We're dealing now with a cold-blooded calculating rationality."

Vance nodded.

"Yes, we're confronted with something far worse than mania. I can't say, though, that I'm deeply shocked by Mrs. Greene's death. She was a detestable woman, Markham—a most detestable woman. The world will not bemoan her loss."

Vance's comment expressed exactly the sentiment I had felt when Markham informed us of Mrs. Greene's death. The news had of course shaken me, but I had no pity for the victim. She had been vicious and unnatural; she had thriven on hatred, and had made life a hell for every one about her. It was better that her existence was over.

Both Heath and Drumm were wait-

ing for us in the drawing-room. Excitement and depression were mingled in the Sergeant's countenance, and the desperation of despair shone in his china-blue eyes. Drumm revealed only a look of professional disappointment: his chief concern apparently was that he had been deprived of an opportunity to display his medical skill.

Heath, after shaking hands absently, briefly explained the situation.

"O'Brien found the old dame dead at nine this morning, and told Sproot to wigwag to Doc Drumm. Then she phoned the Bureau, and I notified you and Doc Doremus. I got here fifteen or twenty minutes ago, and locked up the room."

"Did you inform Von Blon?" Markham asked.

"I phoned him to call off the examination he'd arranged for ten o'clock. Said I'd communicate with him later, and hung up before he had time to ask any questions."

Markham indicated his approval and turned toward Drumm.

"Give us your story, doctor."

Drumm drew himself up, cleared his throat, and assumed an attitude calculated to be impressive.

"I was down-stairs in the Narcoss dining-room eating breakfast when Hennessey came in and told me the curtains had gone down in the reception-room here. So I snatched my outfit and came over on the run. The butler took me to the old lady's room, where the nurse was waiting. But right away I saw I was too late to be of any good. She was dead—contorted, blue, and cold—and *rigor mortis* had set in. Died of a big dose of strychnine. Probably didn't suffer much—exhaustion and coma came inside of half an hour, I'd say. Too old, you understand, to throw

it off. Old people succumb to strychnine pretty swiftly. . . ."

"What about her ability to cry out and give the alarm?"

"You can't tell. The spasm may have rendered her mute. Anyway, no one heard her. Probably passed into unconsciousness after the first seizure. My experience with such cases has taught me——"

"What time would you say the strychnine was taken?"

"Well, now, you can't tell exactly." Drumm became oracular. "The convulsions may have been prolonged before death supervened, or death may have supervened very shortly after the poison was swallowed."

"At what hour, then, would you fix the time of death?"

"There again you can't say definitely. Confusion between *rigor mortis* and the phenomenon of cadaveric spasm is a pitfall into which many doctors fall. There are, however, distinct points of dissimilarity——"

"No doubt." Markham was growing impatient with Drumm's sophomoric pedantries. "But leaving all explanation to one side, what time do you think Mrs. Greene died?"

Drumm pondered the point.

"Roughly, let us say, at two this morning."

"And the strychnine might have been taken as early as eleven or twelve?"

"It's possible."

"Anyhow, we'll know about it when Doc Doremus gets here," asserted Heath with brutal frankness. He was in vicious mood that morning.

"Did you find any glass or cup by which the drug might have been administered, doctor?" Markham hastened to ask, by way of covering up Heath's remark.

"There was a glass near the bed with what appeared to be sulphate crystals adhering to the sides of it."

"But wouldn't a fatal dose of strychnine make an ordin'ry drink noticeably bitter?" Vance had suddenly become alert.

"Undoubtedly. But there was a bottle of citrocarbonate—a well-known antacid—on the night-table; and if the drug had been taken with this, the taste would not have been detected. Citrocarbonate is slightly saline and highly effervescing."

"Could Mrs. Greene have taken the citrocarbonate alone?"

"It's not likely. It has to be carefully mixed with water, and the operation would be highly awkward for any one in bed."

"Now, that's most interestin'." Vance listlessly lighted a cigarette. "We may presume, therefore, that the person who gave Mrs. Greene the citrocarbonate also administered the strychnine." He turned to Markham. "I think Miss O'Brien might be able to help us."

Heath went at once and summoned the nurse.

But her evidence was unilluminating. She had left Mrs. Greene reading about eleven o'clock, had gone to her own room to make her toilet for the night, and had returned to Ada's room half an hour later, where she had slept all night, according to Heath's instructions. She had risen at eight, dressed, and gone to the kitchen to fetch Mrs. Greene's tea. As far as she knew, Mrs. Greene had drunk nothing before retiring—certainly she had taken no citrocarbonate up to eleven o'clock. Furthermore, Mrs. Greene never attempted to take it alone.

"You think, then," asked Vance, "that it was given to her by some one else?"

"You can bank on it," the nurse assured him bluntly. "If she'd wanted it, she'd have raised the house before mixing it herself."

"It's quite obvious," Vance observed to Markham, "that some one entered her room after eleven o'clock and prepared the citrocarbonate."

Markham got up and walked anxiously about the room.

"Our immediate problem boils down to finding out who had the opportunity to do it," he said. "You, Miss O'Brien, may return to your room. . . ." Then he went to the bell-cord and rang for Sproot.

During a brief interrogation of the butler the following facts were brought out:

The house had been locked up, and Sproot had retired, at about half past ten.

Sibella had gone to her room immediately after dinner, and had remained there.

Hemming and the cook had lingered in the kitchen until shortly after eleven, at which time Sproot had heard them ascend to their rooms.

The first intimation Sproot had of Mrs. Greene's death was when the nurse sent him to draw the reception-room shades at nine that morning.

Markham dismissed him and sent for the cook. She was, it appeared, unaware of Mrs. Greene's death and of Ada's poisoning as well; and what evidence she had to give was of no importance. She had, she said, been in the kitchen or in her own room practically all of the preceding day.

Hemming was interviewed next. From the nature of the questions put to her she became suspicious almost at once. Her piercing eyes narrowed, and she gave us a look of shrewd triumph.

"You can't hoodwink me," she burst out. "The Lord's been busy with his besom again. And a good thing, too! 'The Lord preserveth all them that love

him: but all the wicked shall he destroy.' ”

“‘Will,’ ” corrected Vance. “And seeing that you have been so tenderly preserved, perhaps we had better inform you that both Miss Ada and Mrs. Greene have been poisoned.”

He was watching the woman closely, but it took no scrutiny to see her cheeks go pale and her jaw sag. The Lord had evidently been too precipitously devastating even for this devout disciple; and her faith was insufficient to counteract her fear.

“I’m going to leave this house,” she declared faintly. “I’ve seen enough to bear witness for the Lord.”

“An excellent idea,” nodded Vance. “And the sooner you go the more time you’ll have to give apocryphal testimony.”

Hemming rose, a bit dazed, and started for the archway. Then she quickly turned back and glared at Markham maliciously.

“But let me tell you something before I pass from the den of iniquity. That Miss Sibella is the worst of the lot, and the Lord is going to strike her down next—mark my words! There’s no use to try and save her. She’s—*doomed!*”

Vance lifted his eyebrows languidly.

“I say, Hemming, what unrighteousness has Miss Sibella been up to now?”

“The usual thing.” The woman spoke with relish. “She’s nothing but a hussy, if you ask me. Her carryings-on with this Doctor Von Blon have been scandalous. They’re together, as thick as thieves, at all hours.” She nodded her head significantly. “He came here again last night and went to her room. There’s no telling what time he left.”

“Fancy that, now. And how do you happen to know about it?”

“Didn’t I let him in?”

“Oh, you did?—What time was this? And where was Sproot?”

“Mr. Sproot was eating his dinner, and I’d gone to the front door to take a look at the weather when the doctor walks up. ‘Howdy-do, Hemming?’ he says with his oily smile. And he brushes past me, nervouslike, and goes straight to Miss Sibella’s room.”

“Perhaps Miss Sibella was indisposed, and sent for him,” suggested Vance indifferently.

“Huh!” Hemming tossed her head contemptuously, and strode from the room.

Vance rose at once and rang again for Sproot.

“Did you know Doctor Von Blon was here last night?” he asked when the butler appeared.

The man shook his head.

“No, sir. I was quite unaware of the fact.”

“That’s all, Sproot. And now please tell Miss Sibella we’d like to see her.”

“Yes, sir.”

It was fifteen minutes before Sibella put in an appearance.

“I’m beastly lazy these days,” she explained, settling herself in a large chair. “What’s the party for this morning?”

Vance offered her a cigarette with an air half quizzical and half deferential.

“Before we explain our presence,” he said, “please be good enough to tell us what time Doctor Von Blon left here last night?”

“At a quarter of eleven,” she answered, a hostile challenge coming into her eyes.

“Thank you. And now I may tell you that both your mother and Ada have been poisoned.”

“Mother and Ada poisoned?” She echoed the words vaguely, as if they were only half intelligible to her; and

for several moments she sat motionless, staring stonily out of flintlike eyes. Slowly her gaze became fixed on Markham.

"I think I'll take your advice," she said. "I have a girl chum in Atlantic City. . . . This place is really becoming too, too creepy." She forced a faint smile. "I'm off for the seashore this afternoon." For the first time the girl's nerve seemed to have deserted her.

"Your decision is very wise," observed Vance. "Go, by all means; and arrange to stay until we have settled this affair."

She looked at him in a spirit of indulgent irony.

"I'm afraid I can't stay so long," she said; then added: "I suppose mother and Ada are both dead."

"Only your mother," Vance told her. "Ada recovered."

"She would!" Every curve of her features expressed a fine arrogant contempt. "Common clay has great resistance, I've heard. You know, I'm the only one standing between her and the Greene millions now."

"Your sister had a very close call," Markham reprimanded her. "If we had not had a doctor on guard, you might now be the sole remaining heir to those millions."

"And that would look frightfully suspicious, wouldn't it?" Her question was disconcertingly frank. "But you may rest assured that if I had planned this affair, little Ada would not have recovered."

Before Markham could answer she switched herself out of the chair.

"Now, I'm going to pack. Enough is enough."

When she had left the room, Heath looked with doubtful inquisitiveness at Markham.

"What about it, sir? Are you going to let her leave the city? She's the only one of the Greenses who hasn't been touched."

We knew what he meant; and this spoken suggestion of the thought that had been passing through all our minds left us silent for a moment.

"We can't take the chance of forcing her to stay here," Markham returned finally. "If anything should happen . . ."

"I get you, sir." Heath was on his feet. "But I'm going to see that she's tailed—believe me! I'll get two good men up here who'll stick to her from the time she goes out that front door till we know where we stand." He went into the hall, and we heard him giving orders to Snitkin over the telephone.

Five minutes later Doctor Doremus arrived. He was no longer jaunty, and his greeting was almost sombre. Accompanied by Drumm and Heath he went at once to Mrs. Greene's room, while Markham and Vance and I waited down-stairs. When he returned at the end of fifteen minutes he was markedly subdued, and I noticed he did not put on his hat at its usual rakish angle.

"What's the report?" Markham asked him.

"Same as Drumm's. The old girl passed out, I'd say, between one and two."

"And the strychnine was taken when?"

"Midnight, or thereabouts. But that's only a guess. Anyway, she got it along with the citrocarbonate. I tasted it on the glass."*

"By the by, doctor," said Vance, "when you do the autopsy can you let

* It will be remembered that in the famous Molineux poisoning case the cyanide of mercury was administered by way of a similar drug—to wit: Bromo-Seltzer.

us have a report on the state of atrophy of the leg muscles?"

"Sure thing." Doremus was somewhat surprised by the request.

When he had gone, Markham addressed himself to Drumm.

"We'd like to talk to Ada now. How is she this morning?"

"Oh, fine!" Drumm spoke with pride. "I saw her right after I'd looked at the old lady. She's weak and a bit dried up with all the atropine I gave her, but otherwise practically normal."

"And she has not been told of her mother's death?"

"Not a word."

"She will have to know," interposed Vance; "and there's no point in keeping the fact from her any longer. It's just as well that the shock should come when we're all present."

Ada was sitting by the window when we came in, her elbows on the sill, chin in hands, gazing out into the snow-covered yard. She was startled by our entry, and the pupils of her eyes dilated, as if with sudden fright. It was plain that the experiences she had been through had created in her a state of nervous fear.

After a brief exchange of amenities, during which both Vance and Markham strove to allay her nervousness, Markham broached the subject of the bouillon.

"We'd give a great deal," he said, "not to have to recall so painful an episode, but much depends on what you can tell us regarding yesterday morning.—You were in the drawing-room, weren't you, when the nurse called down to you?"

The girl's lips and tongue were dry, and she spoke with some difficulty.

"Yes. Mother had asked me to bring her a copy of a magazine, and I had

just gone down-stairs to look for it when the nurse called."

"You saw the nurse when you came up-stairs?"

"Yes; she was just going toward the servants' stairway."

"There was no one in your room here when you entered?"

She shook her head. "Who could have been here?"

"That's what we're trying to find out, Miss Greene," replied Markham gravely. "Some one certainly put the drug in your bouillon."

She shuddered, but made no reply.

"Did any one come in to see you later?" Markham continued.

"Not a soul."

Heath impatiently projected himself into the interrogation.

"And say; did you drink your soup right away?"

"No—not right away. I felt a little chilly, and I went across the hall to Julia's room to get an old Spanish shawl to put round me."

Heath made a disgusted face, and sighed noisily.

"Every time we get going on this case," he complained, "something comes along and sinks us.—If Miss Ada left the soup in here, Mr. Markham, while she went to get a shawl, then almost anybody coulda sneaked in and poisoned the stuff."

"I'm so sorry," Ada apologized, almost as though she had taken Heath's words as a criticism of her actions.

"It's not your fault, Ada," Vance assured her. "The Sergeant is unduly depressed.—But tell me this: when you went into the hall did you see Miss Sibella's dog anywhere around?"

She shook her head wonderingly.

"Why, no. What has Sibella's dog to do with it?"

"He probably saved your life." And Vance explained to her how Sproot had happened to find her.

She gave a half-breathless murmur of amazement and incredulity, and fell into abstracted reverie.

"When you returned from your sister's room, did you drink your bouillon at once?" Vance asked her next.

With difficulty she brought her mind back to the question.

"Yes."

"And didn't you notice a peculiar taste?"

"Not particularly. Mother always likes a lot of salt in her bouillon."

"And then what happened?"

"Nothing happened. Only, I began to feel funny. The back of my neck tightened up, and I got very warm and drowsy. My skin tingled all over, and my arms and legs seemed to get numb. I was terribly sleepy, and I lay back on the bed.—That's all I remember."

"Another washout," grumbled Heath.

There was a short silence, and Vance drew his chair nearer.

"Now, Ada," he said, "you must brace yourself for more bad news. . . . Your mother died during the night."

The girl sat motionless for a moment, and then turned to him eyes of a despairing clearness.

"Died?" she repeated. "How did she die?"

"She was poisoned—she took an overdose of strychnine."

"You mean . . . she committed suicide?"

This query startled us all. It expressed a possibility that had not occurred to us. After a momentary hesitation, however, Vance slowly shook his head.

"No, I hardly think so. I'm afraid the person who poisoned you also poisoned your mother."

Vance's reply seemed to stun her. Her face grew pale, and her eyes were set in a glassy stare of terror. Then presently she sighed deeply, as if from a kind of mental depletion.

"Oh, what's going to happen next? . . . I'm—afraid!"

"Nothing more is going to happen," said Vance with emphasis. "Nothing more *can* happen. You are going to be guarded every minute. And Sibella is going this afternoon to Atlantic City for a long visit."

"I wish I could go away," she breathed pathetically.

"There will be no need of that," put in Markham. "You'll be safer in New York. We are going to keep the nurse here to look after you, and also put a man in the house day and night until everything is straightened out. Hemming is leaving to-day, but Sproot and the cook will take care of you." He rose and patted her shoulder comfortingly. "There's no possible way any one can harm you now."

As we descended into the lower hall Sproot was just admitting Doctor Von Blon.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, hastening toward us. "Sibella just phoned me about Mrs. Greene." He looked truculently at Markham, his suavity for the moment forgotten. "Why wasn't I informed, sir?"

"I saw no necessity of bothering you, doctor," Markham returned equably. "Mrs. Greene had been dead several hours when she was found. And we had our own doctor at hand."

A quick flame leaped in Von Blon's eyes.

"And am I to be forcibly kept from seeing Sibella?" he asked coldly. "She tells me she is leaving the city to-day, and has asked me to assist with her arrangements."

Markham stepped aside.

"You are free, doctor, to do whatever you desire," he said, a perceptible chill in his voice.

Von Blon bowed stiffly, and went up the stairs.

"He's sore," grinned Heath.

"No, Sergeant," Vance corrected.

"He's worried—oh, deuced worried."

Shortly after noon that day Hemming departed forever from the Greene mansion; and Sibella took the three-fifteen o'clock train for Atlantic City. Of the original household, only Ada and Sproot and Mrs. Mannheim were left. However, Heath gave orders for Miss O'Brien to remain on duty indefinitely and keep an eye on everything that happened; and, in addition to this protection, a detective was stationed in the house to augment the nurse's watch.

XXII

THE SHADOWY FIGURE

(Friday, December 3; 6 p. m.)

At six o'clock that evening Markham called another informal conference at the Stuyvesant Club. Not only were Inspector Moran and Heath present, but Chief Inspector O'Brien* dropped in on his way home from the office.

The afternoon papers had been merciless in their criticism of the police for its unsuccessful handling of the investigation. Markham, after consulting with Heath and Doremus, had explained the death of Mrs. Greene to the reporters as "the result of an overdose of strychnine—a stimulant she had been taking regularly under her physician's orders." Swacker had typed copies of the item so there would be no mistake as to its exact

* Chief Inspector O'Brien, who was in command of the entire Police Department, was, I learned later, an uncle of the Miss O'Brien who was acting officially as nurse at the Greene mansion.

wording; and the announcement ended by saying: "There is no evidence to show that the drug was not self-administered as the result of error." But although the reporters composed their news stories in strict accord with Markham's report, they interpolated subtle intimations of deliberate murder, so that the reader was left with little doubt as to the true state of affairs. The unsuccessful attempt to poison Ada had been kept a strict official secret. But this suppressed item had not been needed to inflame the public's morbid imagination to an almost unprecedented degree.

Both Markham and Heath had begun to show the strain of their futile efforts to solve the affair; and one glance at Inspector Moran, as he sank heavily into a chair beside the District Attorney, was enough to make one realize that a corroding worry had undermined his habitual equanimity. Even Vance revealed signs of tensity and uneasiness; but with him it was an eager alertness, rather than worry, that marked any deviation from normality in his attitude.

As soon as we were assembled that evening Heath briefly epitomized the case. He went over the various lines of investigation, and enumerated the precautions that had been taken. When he had finished, and before any one could make a comment, he turned to Chief Inspector O'Brien and said:

"There's plenty of things, sir, we might've done in any ordinary case. We could've searched the house for the gun and the poison like the narcotic squad goes through a single room or small apartment—punching the mattresses, tearing up the carpets, and sounding the woodwork—but in the Greene house it would've taken a coupla months. And even if we'd found the stuff, what good would it have done us? The guy that's

tearing things wide open in that dump isn't going to stop just because we take his dinky thirty-two away from him, or grab his poison.—After Chester or Rex was shot we could've arrested all the rest of the family and put 'em through a third degree. But there's too much noise in the papers now every time we give anybody the works; and it ain't exactly healthy for us to grill a family like the Greenes. They've got too much money and pull; they'd have had a whole battalion of high-class lawyers smearing us with suits and injunctions and God knows what. And if we'd just held 'em as material witnesses, they'd have got out in forty-eight hours on *habeas-corpus* actions.—Then, again, we might've planted a bunch of huskies in the house. But we couldn't keep a garrison there indefinitely and the minute they'd have been called off, the dirty work would've begun.—Believe me, Inspector, we've been up against it good and plenty.”

O'Brien grunted and tugged at his white cropped mustache.

“What the Sergeant says is perfectly true,” Moran remarked. “Most of the ordinary methods of action and investigation have been denied us. We're obviously dealing with an inside family affair.”

“Moreover,” added Vance, “we're dealing with an extr'ordin'rily clever plot—something that has been thought out and planned down to the minutest detail, and elaborately covered up at every point. Everything has been staked—even life itself—on the outcome. Only a supreme hatred and an exalted hope could have inspired the crimes. And against such attributes, d' ye see, the ordin'ry means of prevention are utterly useless.”

“A family affair!” repeated O'Brien

heavily, who apparently was still pondering over Inspector Moran's statement. “It don't look to me as though there's much of the family left. I'd say, on the evidence, that some outsider was trying to wipe the family out.” He gave Heath a glowering look. “What have you done about the servants? You're not scared to monkey with *them*, are you? You could have arrested one of 'em a long time ago and stopped the yapping of the newspapers for a time, anyway.”

Markham came immediately to Heath's defense.

“I'm wholly responsible for any seeming negligence on the Sergeant's part in that regard,” he said with a noticeable accent of cold reproach. “As long as I have anything to say about this case no arrests are going to be made for the mere purpose of quieting unpleasant criticism.” Then his manner relaxed slightly. “There isn't the remotest indication of guilt in connection with any of the servants. The maid Hemming is a harmless fanatic, and is quite incapable mentally of having planned the murders. I permitted her to leave the Greenes' to-day. . . .”

“We know where to find her, Inspector,” Heath hastened to add by way of forestalling the other's inevitable question.

“As to the cook,” Markham went on; “she, too, is wholly outside of any serious consideration. She's temperamentally unfitted to be cast in the rôle of murderer.”

“And what about the butler?” asked O'Brien acrimoniously.

“He's been with the family thirty years, and was even remembered liberally in Tobias Greene's will. He's a bit queer, but I think if he had had any

reason for destroying the Greenes he wouldn't have waited till old age came on him." Markham looked troubled for a moment. "I must admit, however, that there's an atmosphere of mysterious reserve about the old fellow. He always gives me the impression of knowing far more than he admits."

"What you say, Markham, is true enough," remarked Vance. "But Sproot certainly doesn't fit this particular saturnalia of crime. He reasons too carefully; there's an immense cautiousness about the man, and his mental outlook is highly conservative. He might stab an enemy if there was no remote chance of detection. But he lacks the courage and the imaginative resiliency that have made possible this present gory debauch. He's too old—much too old. . . . By Jove!"

Vance leaned over and tapped the table with an incisive gesture.

"That's the thing that's been evading me! Vitality! That's what is at the bottom of this business—a tremendous, elastic, self-confident vitality: a supreme ruthlessness mingled with audacity and impudence—an intrepid and reckless egoism—an undaunted belief in one's own ability. And they're not the components of age. There's youth in all this—youth with its ambition and venturesomeness—that doesn't count the cost, that takes no thought of risk. . . . No. Sproot could never qualify."

Moran shifted his chair uneasily, and turned to Heath.

"Whom did you send to Atlantic City to watch Sibella?"

"Guilfoyle and Mallory—the two best men we've got."* The Sergeant smiled with a kind of cruel satisfaction.

* I recalled that Guilfoyle and Mallory were the two men who had been set to watch Tony Skeel in the Canary murder case.

"She won't get away. And she won't pull anything, either."

"And have you extended your attention to Doctor Von Blon, by any chance?" negligently asked Vance.

Again Heath's canny smile appeared.

"He's been tailed ever since Rex was shot."

Vance regarded him admiringly.

"I'm becoming positively fond of you, Sergeant," he said; and beneath his chaffing note was the ring of sincerity.

O'Brien leaned ponderously over the table and, brushing the ashes from his cigar, fixed a sullen look on the District Attorney.

"What was this story you gave out to the papers, Mr. Markham? You seemed to want to imply that the old woman took the strychnine herself. Was that hogwash, or was there something in it?"

"I'm afraid there was nothing in it, Inspector." Markham spoke with a sense of genuine regret. "Such a theory doesn't square with the poisoning of Ada—or with any of the rest of it, for that matter."

"I'm not so sure," retorted O'Brien. "Moran here has told me that you fellows had an idea the old woman was faking her paralysis." He rearranged his arms on the table and pointed a short thick finger at Markham. "Supposing she shot three of the children, using up all the cartridges in the revolver, and then stole the two doses of poison—one for each of the two girls left; and then supposing she gave the morphine to the younger one, and had only one dose left. . . ." He paused and squinted significantly.

"I see what you mean," said Markham. "Your theory is that she didn't count on our having a doctor handy to save Ada's life, and that, having failed

to put Ada out of the way, she figured the game was up, and took the strychnine."

"That's it!" O'Brien struck the table with his fist. "And it makes sense. Furthermore, it means we've cleared up the case—see?"

"Yes, it unquestionably makes sense." It was Vance's quiet, drawling voice that answered. "But forgive me if I suggest that it fits the facts much too tidily. It's a perfect theory, don't y' know; it leaps to the brain, almost as though some one had planned it for our benefit. I rather fancy that we're intended to adopt that very logical and sensible point of view. But really now, Inspector, Mrs. Greene was not the suicidal type, however murderous she may have been."

While Vance had been speaking, Heath had left the room. A few minutes later he returned and interrupted O'Brien in a long, ill-natured defense of his suicide theory.

"We haven't got to argue any more along that line," he announced. "I've just had Doc Doremus on the phone. He's finished the autopsy; and he says that the old lady's leg muscles had wasted away—gone plumb flabby—and that there wasn't a chance in the world of her moving her legs, let alone walking on 'em."

"Good God!" Moran was the first to recover from the amazement this news had caused us. "Who was it, then, that Ada saw in the hall?"

"That's just it!" Vance spoke hurriedly, trying to stem his rising sense of excitement. "If only we knew! That's the answer to the whole problem. It may not have been the murderer; but the person who sat in that library night after night and read strange books by

candlelight is the key to everything. . . ."

"But Ada was so positive in her identification," objected Markham, in a bewildered tone.

"She's hardly to be blamed in the circumstances," Vance returned. "The child had been through a frightful experience and was scarcely normal. And it is not at all unlikely that she, too, suspected her mother. If she did, what would have been more natural than for her to imagine that this shadowy figure she saw in the hall long after midnight was the actual object of her dread? It is not unusual for a person under the stress of fright to distort an object by the projection of a dominating mental image."

"You mean," said Heath, "that she saw somebody else, and imagined it was her mother because she was thinking so hard of the old woman?"

"It's by no means improbable."

"Still, there was that detail of the Oriental shawl," objected Markham. "Ada might easily have mistaken the person's features, but her insistence on having seen that particular shawl was fairly definite."

Vance gave a perplexed nod.

"The point is well taken. And it may prove the Ariadne's clew that will lead us out of this Cretan labyrinth. We must find out more about that shawl."

Heath had taken out his note-book and was turning the pages with scowling concentration.

"And don't forget, Mr. Vance," he said, without looking up, "about that diagram Ada found in the rear of the hall near the library door. Maybe this person in the shawl was the one who'd dropped it, and was going to the library to look for it, but got scared off when she saw Ada."

"But whoever shot Rex," said Markham, "evidently stole the paper from him, and therefore wouldn't be worrying about it."

"I guess that's right," Heath admitted reluctantly.

"Such speculation is futile," commented Vance. "This affair is too complicated to be untangled by the unravelling of details. We must determine, if possible, who it was that Ada saw that night. Then we'll have opened a main artery of inquiry."

"How are we going to find that out," demanded O'Brien, "when Ada was the only person who saw this woman in Mrs. Greene's shawl?"

"Your question contains the answer, Inspector. We must see Ada again and try to counteract the suggestion of her own fears. When we explain that it couldn't have been her mother, she may recall some other point that will put us on the right track."

And this was the course taken. When the conference ended, O'Brien departed, and the rest of us dined at the club. At half past eight we were on our way to the Greene mansion.

We found Ada and the cook alone in the drawing-room. The girl sat before the fire, a copy of Grimm's "Fairy-Tales" turned face down on her knees; and Mrs. Mannheim, busy with a lapful of mending, occupied a straight chair near the door. It was a curious sight, in view of the formal correctness of the house, and it brought forcibly to my mind how fear and adversity inevitably level all social standards.

When we entered the room Mrs. Mannheim rose and, gathering up her mending, started to go. But Vance indicated that she was to remain, and without a word she resumed her seat.

"We're here to annoy you again,

Ada," said Vance, assuming the rôle of interrogator. "But you're about the only person we can come to for help." His smile put the girl at ease, and he continued gently: "We want to talk to you about what you told us the other afternoon. . . ."

Her eyes opened wide, and she waited in a kind of awed silence.

"You told us you thought you had seen your mother——"

"I did see her—I did!"

Vance shook his head. "No; it was not your mother. She was unable to walk, Ada. She was truly and helplessly paralyzed. It was impossible for her even to make the slightest movement with either leg."

"But—I don't understand." There was more than bewilderment in her voice: there was terror and alarm such as one might experience at the thought of supernatural malignancy. "I heard Doctor Von tell mother he was bringing a specialist to see her this morning. But she died last night—so how could you know? Oh, you must be mistaken. I saw her—I *know* I saw her."

She seemed to be battling desperately for the preservation of her sanity. But Vance again shook his head.

"Doctor Oppenheimer did not examine your mother," he said. "But Doctor Doremus did—to-day. And he found that she had been unable to move for many years."

"Oh!" The exclamation was only breathed. The girl seemed incapable of speech.

"And what we've come for," continued Vance, "is to ask you to recall that night, and see if you cannot remember something—some little thing—that will help us. You saw this person only by the flickering light of a match.

You might easily have made a mistake."

"But how could I? I was so close to her."

"Before you woke up that night and felt hungry, had you been dreaming of your mother?"

She hesitated, and shuddered slightly.

"I don't know, but I've dreamed of mother constantly—awful, scary dreams—ever since that first night when somebody came into my room. . . ."

"That may account for the mistake you made." Vance paused a moment and then asked: "Do you distinctly remember seeing your mother's Oriental shawl on the person in the hall that night?"

"Oh, yes," she said, after a slight hesitation. "It was the first thing I noticed. Then I saw her face. . . ."

A trivial but startling thing happened at this moment. We had our back to Mrs. Mannheim and, for the time being, had forgotten her presence in the room. Suddenly what sounded like a dry sob broke from her, and the sewing-basket on her knees fell to the floor. Instinctively we turned. The woman was staring at us glassily.

"What difference does it make who she saw?" she asked in a dead, monotonous voice. "She maybe saw me."

"Nonsense, Gertrude," Ada said quickly. "It wasn't you."

Vance was watching the woman with a puzzled expression.

"Do you ever wear Mrs. Greene's shawl, Frau Mannheim?"

"Of course she doesn't," Ada cut in.

"And do you ever steal into the library and read after the household is asleep?" pursued Vance.

The woman picked up her sewing morosely, and again lapsed into sullen

silence. Vance studied her a moment and then turned back to Ada.

"Do you know of any one who might have been wearing your mother's shawl that night?"

"I—don't know," the girl stammered, her lips trembling.

"Come; that won't do." Vance spoke with some asperity. "This isn't the time to shield any one. Who was in the habit of using the shawl?"

"No one was in the habit. . . ." She stopped and gave Vance a pleading look; but he was obdurate.

"Who, then, besides your mother ever wore it?"

"But I would have known if it had been Sibella I saw——"

"Sibella? She sometimes borrowed the shawl?"

Ada nodded reluctantly. "Once in a great while. She—she admired the shawl. . . . Oh, why do you make me tell you this!"

"And you have never seen any one else with it on?"

"No; no one ever wore it except mother and Sibella."

Vance attempted to banish her obvious distress with a whimsical reassuring smile.

"Just see how foolish all your fears have been," he said lightly. "You probably saw your sister in the hall that night, and, because you'd been having bad dreams about your mother, you thought it was she. As a result, you became frightened, and locked yourself up and worried. It was rather silly, what?"

A little later we took our leave.

"It has always been my contention," remarked Inspector Moran, as we rode down-town, "that any identification under strain or excitement is worthless.

And here we have a glaring instance of it."

"I'd like a nice quiet little chat with Sibella," mumbled Heath, busy with his own thoughts.

"It wouldn't comfort you, Sergeant," Vance told him. "At the end of your *tête-à-tête* you'd know only what the young lady wanted you to know."

"Where do we stand now?" asked Markham, after a silence.

"Exactly where we stood before," answered Vance dejectedly, "—in the midst of an impenetrable fog.—And I'm not in the least convinced," he added, "that it was Sibella whom Ada saw in the hall."

Markham looked amazed.

"Then who, in Heaven's name, was it?"

Vance sighed gloomily. "Give me the answer to that one question, and I'll complete the saga."

That night Vance sat up until nearly two o'clock writing at his desk in the library.

XXIII

THE MISSING FACT

(Saturday, December 4; 1 p. m.)

Saturday was the District Attorney's "half-day" at the office, and Markham had invited Vance and me to lunch at the Bankers Club. But when we reached the Criminal Courts Building he was swamped with an accumulation of work, and we had a tray-service meal in his private conference room. Before leaving the house that noon Vance had put several sheets of closely written paper in his pocket, and I surmised—correctly, as it turned out—that they were what he had been working on the night before.

When lunch was over Vance lay back in his chair languidly and lit a cigarette.

"Markham old dear," he said, "I accepted your invitation to-day for the sole purpose of discussing art. I trust you are in a receptive mood."

Markham looked at him with frank annoyance.

"Damn it, Vance, I'm too confounded busy to be bothered with your irrelevancies. If you feel artistically inclined, take Van here to the Metropolitan Museum. But leave me alone."

Vance sighed, and wagged his head reproachfully.

"There speaks the voice of America! 'Run along and play with your æsthetic toys if such silly things amuse you; but let me attend to my serious affairs.' It's very sad. In the present instance, however, I refuse to run along; and most certainly I shall not browse about that mausoleum of Europe's rejected corpses, known as the Metropolitan Museum. I say, it's a wonder you didn't suggest that I make the rounds of our municipal statuary."

"I'd have suggested the Aquarium——"

"I know. Anything to get rid of me." Vance adopted an injured tone. "And yet, don't y' know, I'm going to sit right here and deliver an edifying lecture on æsthetic composition."

"Then don't talk too loud," said Markham, rising; "for I'll be in the next room working."

"But my lecture has to do with the Greene case. And really you shouldn't miss it."

Markham paused and turned.

"Merely one of your wordy prologues, eh?" He sat down again. "Well, if you have any helpful suggestions to make, I'll listen."

Vance smoked a moment.

"Y' know, Markham," he began, assuming a lazy, unemotional air, "there's a fundamental difference be-

tween a good painting and a photograph. I'll admit many painters appear unaware of this fact; and when color photography is perfected—my word! what a horde of academicians will be thrown out of employment! But none the less there's a vast chasm between the two; and it's this technical distinction that's to be the burden of my lay. How, for instance, does Michelangelo's 'Moses' differ from a camera study of a patriarchal old man with whiskers and a stone tablet? Wherein lie the points of divergence between Rubens's 'Landscape with Château de Stein' and a tourist's snap-shot of a Rhine castle? Why is a Cézanne still-life an improvement on a photograph of a dish of apples? Why have the Renaissance paintings of Madonnas endured for hundreds of years whereas a mere photograph of a mother and child passes into artistic oblivion at the very click of the lens shutter? . . ."

He held up a silencing hand as Markham was about to speak.

"I'm not being futile. Bear with me a moment.—The difference between a good painting and a photograph is this: the one is arranged, composed, organized; the other is merely the haphazard impression of a scene, or a segment of realism, just as it exists in nature. In short, the one has form; the other is chaotic. When a true artist paints a picture, d' ye see, he arranges all the masses and lines to accord with his preconceived idea of composition—that is, he bends everything in the picture to a basic design; and he also eliminates any objects or details that go contr'ry to, or detract from, that design. Thus he achieves a homogeneity of form, so to speak. Every object in the picture is put there for a definite purpose, and is set in a certain position to accord with

the underlying structural pattern. There are no irrelevancies, no unrelated details, no detached objects, no arbit'ry arrangement of values. All the forms and lines are interdependent; every object—indeed, every brush stroke—takes its exact place in the pattern and fulfils a given function. The picture, in fine, is a unity."

"Very instructive," commented Markham, glancing ostentatiously at his watch. "And the Greene case?"

"Now, a photograph, on the other hand," pursued Vance, ignoring the interruption, "is devoid of design or even of arrangement in the æsthetic sense. To be sure, a photographer may pose and drape a figure—he may even saw off the limb of a tree that he intends to record on his negative; but it's quite impossible for him to compose the subject-matter of his picture to accord with a preconceived design, the way a painter does. In a photograph there are always details that have no meaning, variations of light and shade that are harmonically false, textures that create false notes, lines that are discords, masses that are out of place. The camera, d' ye see, is deucedly forthright—it records whatever is before it, irrespective of art values. The inevitable result is that a photograph lacks organization and unity; its composition is, at best, primitive and obvious. And it is full of irrelevant factors—of objects which have neither meaning nor purpose. There is no uniformity of conception in it. It is haphazard, heterogeneous, aimless, and amorphous—just as is nature."

"You needn't belabor the point." Markham spoke impatiently. "I have a rudimentary intelligence. — Where is this elaborate truism leading you?"

Vance gave him an engaging smile.

"To East 53d Street. But before we reach our destination permit me another brief amplification.—Quite often a painting of intricate and subtle design does not at once reveal its composition to the spectator. In fact, only the designs of the simpler and more obvious paintings are immediately grasped. Generally the spectator has to study a painting carefully—trace its rhythms, compare its forms, weigh its details, and fit together all its salients—before its underlying design becomes apparent. Many well-organized and perfectly balanced paintings—such as Renoir's figure-pieces, Matisse's interiors, Cézanne's water-colors, Picasso's still-lives, and Leonardo's anatomical drawings—may at first appear meaningless from the standpoint of composition; their forms may seem to lack unity and cohesion; their masses and linear values may give the impression of having been arbitrarily put down. And it is only after the spectator has related all their integers and traced all their contrapuntal activities that they take on significance and reveal their creator's motivating conception. . . ."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Markham. "Paintings and photographs differ; the objects in a painting possess design; the objects in a photograph are without design; one must often study a painting in order to determine the design.—That, I believe, covers the ground you have been wandering over desultorily for the past fifteen minutes."

"I was merely trying to imitate the vast deluge of repetitive verbiage found in legal documents," explained Vance. "I hoped thereby to convey my meaning to your lawyer's mind."

"You succeeded with a vengeance," snapped Markham. "What follows?"

Vance became serious again.

"Markham, we've been looking at the various occurrences in the Greene case as though they were the unrelated objects of a photograph. We've inspected each fact as it came up; but we have failed to analyze sufficiently its connection with all the other known facts. We've regarded this whole affair as though it were a series, or collection, of isolated integers. And we've missed the significance of everything because we haven't yet determined the shape of the basic pattern of which each of these incidents is but a part.—Do you follow me?"

"My dear fellow!"

"Very well.—Now, it goes without saying that there is a design at the bottom of this whole amazin' business. Nothing has happened haphazardly. There has been premeditation behind each act—a subtly and carefully concocted composition, as it were. And everything has emanated from that central shape. Everything has been fashioned by a fundamental structural idea. Therefore, nothing important that has occurred since the first double shooting has been unrelated to the predetermined pattern of the crime. All the aspects and events of the case, taken together, form a unity—a co-ordinated, interactive whole. In short, the Greene case is a painting, not a photograph. And when we have studied it in that light—when we have determined the interrelationship of all the external factors, and have traced the visual forms to their generating lines—then, Markham, we will know the composition of the picture; we will see the design on which the perverted painter has erected his document'ry material. And once we have discovered the underlying shape of this hideous picture's pattern, we'll know its creator."

(Continued on page 502 of this number.)



Humoresque

BY JAMES BOYD

The author of those novels, "Drums" and "Marching On," which have well-nigh become classic tales of the Revolution and Civil War, writes for the first time of his own experiences in the Great War. It is one of a group of high moments of the war done by fighters who are also writers.

NOTHING but blackness and the void. No lights, no sounds, no firing. Nothing but the blackness through which the ambulances churned. They lurched and stuck and butted into each other. They kept close. They rocked, swung, and hung onto each other's tails like baby elephants lost in the African night. Did they still believe because you wore a trench coat and sat on the first car's seat, peering two inches into the black, that therefore you still knew the way?

The map was no good. The map! It made you laugh to think the way you'd studied it. It was a good map. You'd checked your orders on it. It was easy. On the map a straight, wide road had led right up to the town, eighteen and three-tenths kilometres from the main fork that you had passed the evening before, just as the last wet sullen twilight died and the last guns ceased firing. And on that road, as the map showed it, at pleasingly regular intervals, were three other smaller towns to guide you on your way. You had faithfully memorized that map; and, what is more, you and the company clerk had made tracings of it on toilet-paper and given one to every driver in case the fool got lost. Now there was nobody as lost as you. The road, so trustingly

visualized as paved and poplar-flanked, had turned out to be a maze of wandering ruts among the shell-holes, and in this maze were sometimes brick heaps which might or might not have been your studiously noted towns. And the town where you were supposed to report for duty? It had been explained that the town was still in German hands at the start of the attack, but that nine hours after the zero hour it was to be taken by our troops. You had been impressed by such triumphant precision. But a day spent in the incredible chaos just behind the lines had turned you into a tired old cynic as regards all military competence. There was not a chance that the Americans had taken the town that afternoon, as scheduled. You and your faithful outfit had wrestled and fought your way through chaos, had shaken yourself loose from it, and now were dutifully trying to reach a town held by the enemy.

And not only they and you were lost. The battle itself was gone. You did not know where it was, or if there was one any more. Maybe it had rolled off northward. Or maybe it had died down where it started. Maybe you had run right through the lines that watched each other from their hiding-places in the dark. Your gullet turned to stone.

But if you were through the lines, there ought to be some traffic, some troops, something in the Germans' rear. But if you were still behind your own lines, there ought to be the same. Anywhere there ought to be something beside this black.

"A house, maybe, lieutenant," the driver said. He was a Pennsylvania Dutchman. The day before he had been phlegmatically and unreasonably cheerful when the ambulances were locked in a traffic jam under a harassing fire. But since night had fallen he had not spoken.

"Well, then, stop." Your trench boots hit the mud. Behind, brakes squeaked, the line of ambulances stood still, the motors throbbed.

"Shut those motors off," you said. There was no sound then, in this night.

Across the road a gray shape turned out to be half a chimney. Bricks were scattered about. There might have been quite a few houses there. Maybe a village.

"No, this is not the place," you said. "Crank up."

"But wasn't it the place?" you thought, as soon as you had left it behind. Maybe our barrage the day before had flattened it. If it was the place, that's where you should have stayed. Anyhow, what was the place, what did it look like?

Why couldn't they give a man something to go by? There ought to be a way of telling a man what the place he was ordered to look like. Then when he got to it he would know. This way a man had no chance. Especially with the road gone. They just sent him out with orders not to strike a light. He couldn't even look at his speedometer to see how far he'd travelled. And he

couldn't look at the map. Just to make sure he remembered it. But it might as well have been a map of Asia. They just turned him loose in the dark. That was the staff, all right. But if there was a slip-up he got blamed for it. No excuse went. Blois for him.

It was all luck. The whole business. If you had stayed at that brick heap it might have been the right thing. Or again you might have been tried for failure to go on. No use to figure on that now. You probably wouldn't find the place if you turned back and tried. And now it would never do to turn back, even though the farther you went the bigger the chance of getting into trouble. However bad it would look to roll peacefully into the German lines, it was better than turning back.

The road defined itself, a sickly, phosphorescent blur. This must be the end of no man's land. But what man's land was it? This lost wandering had been going on too long. If only something would occur. Even a couple of iron-hooded Germans, standing guard.

The luminous streak tilted down-hill. A humpbacked bridge made the car heave up. Houses were towering all around. This must be the place.

One door filtered a thread of light. You knocked. The echo came back from the houses. The door groaned open half a foot. A woman held a candle between her ancient, ratty face and yours—just for an instant—squeaked, "les Boches!" the door banged shut, a bolt tumbled home. In the silence two drivers whispered uneasily.

"J'a see that old dame?"

"J'a get the look she give him?"

The houses, cock-eyed and leaning perilously, were around a little cock-eyed square that ran up-hill to a tall black lump that must be the church.

Beyond the lump lay a faint path of light. Somebody there. But who? Behind you the men were thinking the same. There was not a sound. Keeping close to the houses, you tried to glide noiselessly toward it. Your hobnails clicked and scraped on the uneven paving-stones.

Here was the light from an open door, and inside the door—inside that door—a great, big Marine held a great big flapjack in both hands. There was a field-kitchen, too, and a sergeant with a face carved deep in sandstone.

"Sergeant"—you tried to speak in the proper tone of holding this sergeant, this fine, big sergeant, to strict accountability for anything he might say—"what outfit's this?"

"Fifth Marines, sir."

You pretended that this answer was far from all it should be.

"Where's division headquarters?"

"Right here in town, sir."

Right here in town. Right here in town! Could you beat that? How about that for calling the turn? Well! Well! This sergeant was a knock-out, sure enough.

"You know of any place I can park my outfit?"

"What kind of outfit's the lieutenant got?"

"What difference does that make?"

"Ammunition goes down by the engineer dump, but nothing else."

"I've got ambulances," you said irritably. Ambulances would not impress this Marine.

"Down this street, sir, last house on the left, there's an open field." He spoke like a bright boy saying his catechism—his voice was toneless, rapid, precise, and self-admiring. Who did he think he was, anyway?

In the darkness the busses bumped

and nudged each other into line along the open field. In a vaulted cellar across the street the men lit candles and threw down their packs. Everything was snug.

Everything was fine. Now you could catch a little sleep. But first you'd better look around to get the lay of the town.

In the street a figure stood in front of you.

"Monsieur, vous êtes de cette division?"

You couldn't think how to say "Only attached for duty," so you said: "Oui."

"Alors, suivez moi." His voice was crisp, he walked decisively. You followed, as a matter of course. He started down a passageway between two houses. Under cover of the passage he turned on his flash-light. He looked slim and girlish in his gray-blue belted uniform and high laced boots. The passageway was long. You had time to think. Who was this Frenchman? What was the big idea?

"Qu'est ce que vous voulez?"

He turned his pale face and gave you an inscrutable look from large, dark eyes. He stopped in front of a door and pulled a large iron key from his pocket. His flourish, his secrecy were childishly theatrical, but behind the gesture lay something precocious and disturbing. You thought inconsequentially of the impish, ancient small boys who solicited business for the women of Genoa. What was the idea? The passageway behind you was long and dark and narrow. This was a fine place to get bumped off if there was anything wrong about this Frenchman. A fine place to get bumped off, and no one would be the wiser. What was this Frenchman up to, anyway, or was he a Frenchman? The Germans had just been in

the town, and were still only two kilometres away. There was talk of spies and booby-traps.

The door swung inward into total darkness.

"Après-vous, monsieur," you said with immense decision, and took the Frenchman by the arm. Your right hand slid back to your automatic.

The Frenchman's feeble flash-light was lost in the cavern's dark except for two small, green, luminous globes, motionless and close together. Now what the——!

The Frenchman graciously inclined his head. "Une chèvre."

Your mind was stunned. What did that mean, "chèvre"? Chèvre? A goat? A goat. And what was more, you could smell it now.

"But, yes," you said, "a goat, that is true." Your tone was relieved, but non-committal.

"Yes," said the Frenchman, "a very nice goat, and for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, for you, and with pleasure."

This dialogue was getting imbecile. The Frenchman was probably a little touched. Fellows got that way at the front. Funny how talking with a fellow like that made you feel a little touched, too. Your best play would be to pat him on the back and get out. The Frenchman's glance was patient but weary.

"One obtains milk from this goat," he explained; and as if that were not enough, he added: "For the cuisine."

Fresh milk. Milk for flapjacks. Milk for coffee. You were not very bright. The Frenchman knew it, too. How off-set this unfortunate impression?

"How considerate you are, monsieur, but I would not deprive you."

"Myself," said the Frenchman, "I am on the point of departing." He

spoke without the least regret. A goat or two was nothing as long as he was getting out of town. He might be right. Things might not be so good around here to-morrow.

He locked the door and handed you the key.

"Avec mes compliments." You remembered to pull out a package of Camels.

"Accept these, I pray you, monsieur."

"My greatest thanks, monsieur."

"And I thank you, monsieur, very greatly."

He flipped his little gloved hand against the visor of his cap. The light flashed off and he was gone.

In your dream, bricks were sliding down a roof at you. As they lit, you sat up in your bedding-roll. Around in the pale light the men sat up, staring, in their blankets. Down the street there was a sharp crack, and more bricks went tumbling. You took a look at the vaulting. It was the thinnest kind of brickwork. If anything landed on it, you would get the shell in the back of the neck, and all the bricks, too. Beside you, the top-kick stuck his face out of the blanket. It had the square-jawed, pig-headed look of a good top-kick. There were no more cracks among the house-tops. The men crawled out of their blankets and put on their shoes and leggings without talking. Some of them lit cigarettes. You gave the key to the sergeant.

"There's a goat in this shed. Send somebody over to milk her."

The men looked up. The sergeant got out his detail book.

"Zinsser, you're next."

Men spoke.

"Him! He can't milk."

"Zinsser was raised on Second Avenue."

"Zinsser'll lose all our milk."

"Sure, I can milk," said Zinsser.

"Yeah, you can milk, Zinsser!"

"You just put a nickel in her ear and hold out your lily-cup."

"Is that a fact," the sergeant asked, "you was raised in New York, Zinsser?"

"I can milk," said Zinsser.

"Stewart, you'd better go," the sergeant said.

"Go on milk it, Stewart," said Zinsser; "I bet it's a ram."

The street of narrow, crowding houses lay deserted in the pale light. Your unwashed face felt stiff and greasy in the damp air. You opened your mouth and stretched your cheeks. You looked up at the roofs. Some chimneys and gables were gone. But it had been small stuff, 77s, most likely. Across the street, in an empty room, the men were waiting with their mess-kits. They held themselves like dejected, ruffled fowls in the raw air. The next house was the last house on the street. You walked around it to see how the ambulances looked by daylight. It would have been better if they were closer under the lee of the houses, but most likely you would be moving out in a few minutes, and the ground was firm and hard. There were other ambulances mixed up with yours. Their officer was looking at them. He had a face like a dead man's and an arm in a dirty sling.

"They gwine to shell this town," he said.

"Where you from?"

"Alabama."

"You look mighty bad."

"Oh, ah been like this a long time—a long time."

The field hospital was in the town hall, up the hill. The courtyard in front had a low stone wall around it. Behind it, leafless bushes and a rustic fence stood in a sodden garden that looked out over the roofs and the empty, sodden countryside.

A few wounded were in the cellar. You walked back down a stony path behind the back yards of the houses, and sent two ambulances up for them.

You went down into the cellar and sat on your bedding-roll and smoked. Some of the men were there. They asked you how far back the wounded had to be taken, and you said:

"To Toul."

They said nothing. Toul was a long way and the roads were terrible.

In the midst of your smoking, a swift rustling passed overhead and ended in a crack—bang! down the street. After that, a shell passed over every minute or two. It was hard to tell where they were going to land.

"You never hear the one that hits you. That's what I hear them say," remarked the little Jew without conviction.

The truck-driver from Roanoke considered this.

"Whut good would that be?" he demanded. "Whut good would it be to hyear the one that hits you?"

"My God!" exclaimed the little Jew impatiently, "it means if you hear it, it's going not to hit you. It's just a way of saying it," he added defensively.

The truck-driver was not satisfied.

"Whut good's that? Whut I want is to hyear the one that's going to hit me in time to move myse'f."

"Wheeler is right," said the Hopkins student, peering gravely through his spectacles. "All that should have been arranged."

The truck-driver looked pleased with himself.

They were coming over in twos and threes now. The cracking and the rattle of bricks was all over town. A crunching explosion sounded near at hand. A man scuttled down the cellar stairs.

"Say, lieutenant, they just hit the ambulances."

"Anybody hurt?"

"They got two men in that other company."

No one was stirring in the park of ambulances. The ambulances were just as they had been, except that half-way down the line two twisted chassis tilted side by side, and a piece of bloody clothing and a shoe were stretched along the ground. They were not your ambulances; and if they had been, there was no use looking at them. You went back to the cellar. It was just as well. The firing was getting brisk again. Then there was quite a little flurry. A moment later feet scuttled overhead; the cook took off from the top step and landed spinning.

"I'm hit," he said, and pointed to his seat.

Men crowded around solicitously. The cook's meagre posterior showed only the reddening imprint of a brick. Uproar filled the cellar.

"Hit by a brick!"

"Hit in the blank, blank, blank!"

"Sew a wound-stripe on the seat of his pants!"

"All right," said the cook. His voice shook, his eyes blazed with Swedish wrath. "Let me hit one of you guys with a brick and see if you tell me what was it."

The men fell silent. It was not wise to affront a cook. The cook's tragic eyes met yours.

"Lieutenant, the kitchen's gone, and the goat's got out."

Instantly you and the cook were alone. Down from the street came whoops and the sound of running. You followed up the steps. The end of the street was filled with scuttling figures. Arms waved and clutched. Between the figures, now and then appeared a small, distracted goat. A shell smacked somewhere on beyond the square, and stirred her to nobler feats of dodging. You started to run and shout, but then they had her. She instantly collapsed. They came back, running fast, and dove into the alleyway. The supply sergeant's face, benign and anxious, peered out a window across the street.

"Tell the men if that goat gets out again," you shouted, "they're to let her go!"

"Yes, lieutenant," the supply sergeant answered. His voice was harried and placating. "I don't think she'll get out, sir. They've got her in a bedroom now."

The stony path up to the hospital seemed bleak and bare. The shells, which spattered among the houses down the hill, or thumped and grunted in the open fields near by, had no logical timing or direction. It was no use to run. You would as likely run into one. Just ahead, a stone garden-house heaved up in a shower of fragments and black smoke. When the smoke cleared, the garden-house was gone. You did not feel exactly scared, nor exactly sick. You felt as if you were getting your first whiffs of chloroform before an operation. Numb, yet supernaturally alert; apprehensive, yet resigned.

At the entrance to the hospital cellar the smell of men and of blood was cut through by the smell of chloroform.

Funny that you should have thought of the chloroform first, and now be smelling it. But it was so; and suddenly you knew that everything that happened from now on would seem to be something that you had known or thought of just before.

The cellar was filled with smells and wounded men, and a sense of laborious, futile, hopeless bustle. At a table, under a lantern, a doctor in a butcher's apron was doing things to a red, wet hole that closed and opened slowly.

"Where's the evacuation officer?" you asked. "Are you him? How many have you got to go?"

The evacuation officer peered around the dim room.

"We've got about twenty walking cases."

"You'd better send them back in empty trucks. Then we can save the ambulances for the stretchers."

As you talked along and figured it out, the wounded against the wall looked up at you, and looked away again, like dogs who know they are being talked about, but do not know if what is being said means something good for them or bad.

After that, events merged into each other. Time stood still. You walked up or down the stony path to find out how many ambulances were left, how many wounded. When there was no firing, you felt pretty good, because you were always on the job and getting the wounded out in good shape. When the firing was heavy, you thought it was a funny thing that the Signal Corps could not have run a wire between the park and the hospital. It would have saved a lot of dangerous walking. You thought of a few good things to say to the division signal officer, even if he was a colonel. Then the chief signal

officer would say coldly: "Well, lieutenant, did you make a requisition?" And that would be the end of that.

At night the firing slacked off. With the road as it was, it would be better not to move any more wounded till dawn. Planes could not spot the ambulances in the early light. Anyhow, maybe they would not start shelling again.

In the vaulted cellar the first drivers were coming back. They had done sixteen hours at the wheel. Now they could sleep for six. Most of them wanted to smoke and talk, though.

Leaning on an elbow the Boston Irishman fixed you with deep-sunk blue eyes.

"You can't make time, lieutenant. Coming back through no man's land Casey had to walk ahead and feel for shell-holes with his feet."

"And when you're back there they won't take your load. They always send you to another hospital." A Californian spoke with weary resignation. "I went to four. And one bird passed out."

"Was that damn dentist there at Toul when you made it?"

"In the receiving-ward? Yeah. He says: 'Get the hell out of here.' And all the time this bird that passed out was sayin'—" The Californian stopped and stared down at his hands.

"The dirty little squirt. He did the same to me. But I stuck around, and when he was inside I says to the orderly, 'Say, Jack, want a souvenir?' and I flashed a Gott Mit Uns belt. 'You jerk my load out,' I says. And he did."

"Believe me, I don't want to do that stretch to Toul with a hole in my belly."

"You can't help shakin' 'em up."

"My springs are gone, anyhow."

"One bird starts cussin' me. Then

he calls me a son of a bitch. I climb right out. 'Look here,' I says, 'I'm drivin' the best I can. Another squawk out of you and I'll——'"

"They sure get sick, though."

"You said it. The best thing is to salvage a tin hat for 'em to puke in."

Next morning, before the first cold light, the ambulances rolled. Up in the hospital cellar everything was the same. The same doctors cut away and threw junk into a bloody pail. The same wounded seemed to crouch against the wall or lie stiff and staring. It was as though in all these hours we had not gotten anywhere.

After a while a shell hit somewhere in town. Everybody listened and hoped there would be no more. Then another landed. After that it was about the same as the day before.

The drivers when they came up to the courtyard looked bad. Their eyes were red and sunk and their mouths were tight. Some of them had just gotten in at dawn.

If only the wounded would stop coming in, and give you a chance to get ahead of the game.

"Did the cook have chow for you when you got in?" you asked.

"Yeah, he had it."

In the late afternoon you sat in the cellar of the hospital. It was packed. In there you could not hear the shells exploding, but they must be falling pretty fast. From the ground came thumping sounds about like a lazy nigger tamping a hole.

All the rest of the ambulances were due to come up now, so that they could make the run back through no man's land before night fell.

The hard thing was to keep your eyes off the figure in the corner. You had seen it just by accident. A little luck

and you might have missed it. In looking around, your eye had lit on a pair of square-toed German boots sticking out between the handles of a stretcher. You had followed the long, thin bundle up its length. At the other end—at the other end was a red, wet bundle of bandages a little bigger than a man's head—red and wet. Now you did not look at it at all. But you knew that every so often, at terrible intervals, on top of that red, wet lump a little bubble formed, swelled, burst with a snap. Between times there was nothing but the patch of yellow foam.

A klaxon sounded overhead. "Four stretcher cases," you said, and climbed the steps.

Beyond the courtyard, casual shells were falling.

"You can go inside there, under cover, Parsons," you said, "but it's no good, though."

The driver hunched down in his seat. "I'm all right, lieutenant, if they'll load 'er up."

"Come on with those stretchers," you shouted.

Two orderlies toiled out with the first load. It was a big heavy bundle that made the stretcher-poles sag.

"Don't you know enough to take light ones for up top?" You helped them raise it high and slipped the stretcher-handles into the upper slings. They ran the stretcher back into the bus. Another bundle on a stretcher came into the yard. Two more were waiting in the doorway.

The shells were dropping closer. The last stretcher was being loaded. You had one side and a swarthy hospital orderly the other. Another orderly held the feet. A cracking, metallic bang on top of you—the gate-post of the courtyard spouted and burst into smoke. The

orderly let go his side; with a jar, the handle landed on the tail-gate. "You son of a bitch!" You made a pass at him. The orderly ducked and disappeared. The wounded man made no sound; he did not even open his eyes; the color flowed from his cheeks. You shoved the stretcher in.

"Step on her going over the bridge," you said to Parsons.

"I'm going to. They've bumped off two M. P.s down there a'ready."

The shell-fire still was hovering around the courtyard. Another ambulance was coming in. As it stopped, the brick-dust jolted off its roof.

Where were the orderlies with the stretchers? You had seen them waiting in the hallway a moment before—just before that last shell. Where had those lousy orderlies gone? Another shell sent cobblestones spinning slowly. Those lousy orderlies. You turned to run down to the cellar. In front of you stood four dejected wooden figures in dirty German uniforms stripped clean of buttons.

"Load those stretchers." You pointed. As you spoke, the tallest figure clicked his heels, pulled back his shoulders, stared into space. "Into this ambulance. See?" You pointed again.

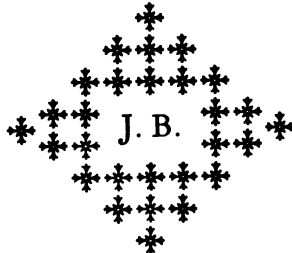
Carefully they brought a stretcher. You showed them how to fit the sling. Carefully they slid it into the ambulance, and went for another with lumbering speed. It was wonderful the way the shells kept far enough away.

From then on the ambulances came in quick succession. The shells wove patterns around them but never landed. The four bedraggled prisoners, like docile, faithful dogs, were solemnly alert and anxious to please. They were watchful and ready. They loaded the ambulances with care and with a swift clumsy dexterity. Between times you made them go inside and gave them cigarettes, at which they threw out their right legs and thumped their heels together.

At dusk the firing stopped. The last ambulance rocked away.

"That'll be all, I guess," the evacuation officer said; "we're pretty well cleaned out here now. And say," he added, as though it were an after-thought, "we're relieved to-night. We're moving back to-morrow."

You were suddenly hungry and tired and cold and filthy. You would go down and see if that brick-battered cook had anything to eat.



“Tea” in an Old House

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

Now “tea” in an old house
Means much more than tea
And nut-bread and cookies
Cut whimsically.

Who enters an old house
Opens a white door,
A fan-light above it
And hollyhocks before.

Who walks through an old house
Walks on braided mats
Past sea-chests, and samplers,
And porcelain dogs and cats.

Who sits in an old house
Fills a Windsor chair,
Or shares a broad settle
While driftwood crackles there.

Who sups in an old house
Handles Flowing Blue,
And Lowestoft, and Willow,
And Sandwich glasses, too.

Who looks in an old house
Sees high-boys and low,
And tilt-tops reflecting
Dipped bayberries’ glow.

Who chats in an old house
Chats of purple cows
Grazing on a jug, or
Of prints where ghosts carouse.

For “tea” in an old house
Means each one of these
Friendly, everyday things,
Quaint with memories!



Three Wagons

BY RICHARD B. FOWLER

Author of "Practicality in Practice"

ILLUSTRATION BY STAFFORD GOOD

CHARLEY FRICK sat on a box in the obscuring shadow of a warehouse. Before him was the railroad yard with its night sounds and its steel rails catching the reflections of signal-lights at intervals. Across half a dozen tracks stood a huge freight-engine, steaming and dripping. The open fire-box lit the cab with its glow, revealing indistinctly the head and shoulders of the fireman. Behind the engine was half a mile of freight-cars, the long line only dimly visible in the semidarkness except at each street crossing where two or three cars came within the radius of an electric light.

Back where the red lantern on the side of the caboose marked the end of the train, the yards were wider, with more tracks. On some of the tracks were standing switch-engines and side-tracked box cars. A lantern moved with a swaying motion close to the ground, coming from the caboose to the engine.

In the other direction, about four blocks away, was the passenger-station, brilliantly lighted. Taxis waited around it. A train was due. In the air hung an invigorating odor of smoke and steam.

This was the living world to Charley. To-night he felt more keenly than usual its undertone of excitement, its perpetual newness, and its warm friendliness. Men moved back and forth out there in the yards, now in plain view and now like shadows. All of Charley's nerves

and instincts had been crying to return to this during the past six weeks that he and Buck had spent following the harvest up from Oklahoma. He could scarcely realize that he was home again. The sense of freedom and the world beyond were the things that made his home whether he was in Woodbine, Iowa, or Atlanta, Georgia. To-night they were going to Canfield. To-morrow they would deposit their wages in the bank there as they had done after every harvest for the past eight years. It didn't take any money for them to live while they were healthy and able to do a day's work occasionally. But some day they might need money. Charley had convinced Buck of that.

Yes, to-morrow they would be in Canfield! Charley rose from the box and walked back and forth a few times in the shadows. He had been born in Canfield and had lived there until he was sixteen years old. That explained his choice of a bank for depositing his money every year. Mr. Winter, who had continued to be a friend of Pop's even after he got to be a big business man, was in that bank. He would tell people that Charley wasn't any regular bum. Bums didn't work in the harvest every year and save up until they had a thousand dollars. Pop would know and Mom. But Mom didn't care now. She had been dead for six months.

Charley wished he had gone to see

his mother, at least once. Of course it would have been a big risk for him to have taken. She might have convinced him that he ought to stay home. She lived for her belief in what she called "a body's duty," in an honest day's work and in her idea of respectability. It had been a kind of religion with her, a faith that she didn't want to reason out. Pop was the same way. It was sickening, the seriousness with which he would hitch up his team to the wagon at six-thirty in the morning, always at six-thirty. All day he would haul boxes and trunks, getting his loads from the two freight-houses and the passenger-stations. He had been to those places every day for years. There were certain joking remarks that he always made to the baggage-hustlers and flunkies around the freight-yards. At night he would come home to tell just what he had said and what somebody else had said. He would figure up how much freight there had been and say that he wasn't charging enough. After supper he would sit out on the porch in his cane-bottom chair, smoking his pipe, until, with his usual yawn, he would stretch his tired little body and go to bed. Day after day his life was going, just like that. He used to brag that for five years he had not been ten miles from the Union Pacific depot. And Pop did it deliberately. He had seen Grandpa do the same way, at exactly the same work, and eventually die. Charley had helped his father back Grandpa's old wagon under the shed roof out in the back yard, where it stood with the tongue reaching out into the yard in everybody's way.

"I reckon we'll just let it stay there," Pop had said. "It don't seem right to do away with it when it went right along with the old man for twenty-odd year.

We'll keep it the same as we keep his old Bible and rockin'-chair."

Yes, Charley believed that there was more of Grandpa in the wagon and Bible and old rocking-chair than there was in the body that they had buried. And the most of him was in the wagon. Pop had solemnly put a board under the end of the tongue. After looking at it for a minute, he had crawled to the seat of his own wagon and driven away to get a load of trunks.

Charley had once been afraid that he, too, might drift into such slavery. But now, thank God, he was free! At the very heart of his life was freedom. There were those rails leading off into the darkness, east and west, north and south. In box cars or on top of them, on the blinds or the tender of a fast passenger, he and Buck could be carried anywhere in the continent. Usually they didn't even make sure of the destination of a train. To the east were the cities, all alive and all different; good shows for twenty cents, unconverted saloons where a bunch of grimy men, who had never seen each other before, could sit around in a haze of smoke, eating hamburgers, drinking beer, inhaling the odor of frying grease, and talking about real places and real men. In those cities were crowds of breathing, living people from everywhere.

To the west was the cattle country, where a railroad-station was a little shed set down in the open plain with two or three naked store buildings, a few bare houses, and a half-dozen windmills around it; not a sign of a tree anywhere. He and Buck could loaf there and breathe deep for a day or two. Beyond that were the mountains, where they could walk a few yards from the right of way and look straight down a thousand feet. They could lie flat on the top

of a box car, going forty miles an hour, and look at snow a mile in the air. Then, on the other side of the mountains was California, the place to go in the winter-time.

Buck ought to be coming pretty soon. He had gone to find out what train went to Canfield.

Those freight-cars all gathered together out there. In a few days that train would be split up. Steel rails would carry the cars in forty different directions. Two months from now some of them might be in the teeming freight-yards at Brooklyn; one, perhaps, would be standing on a siding at Miami; another could be rolling along through the mountains toward Mexico City; while still another was taking on a load at Seattle. He and Buck might be near or on any one of them. Charley had tried to tell Buck about that; but, of course, Buck didn't understand such things.

The activity of men in the yards indicated that something would be moving right away. Charley sat down and watched with interest.

Buck emerged out of the shadow of a sidetracked Pullman car a few yards away. A shiver rattled through the freight-train.

"Do we take that one, Buck?" Charley asked in a quick, low voice as soon as Buck had come close.

Buck stopped beside him casually. His teeth showed in the semidarkness. "No, this outfit goes the wrong way; Minneapolis. But there's a passenger comin', see? It goes straight through for Canfield. Nice for us; ain't it?"

"Any dicks out there, Buck?"

"Yeah, the yard's full of 'em."

This was indeed a happy return to the road; a through passenger to ride on, and railroad detectives on the job to give it additional interest.

The huge freight-engine, with loud coughs, got its heavy load under way. The cars moved by at a rolling, rhythmic speed. On top of one of them a brakie signalled with a lantern. In a few minutes the rear lights of the caboose blinked at them from far down the track. It was on its way to Minneapolis.

The passenger-train came from the other direction. First a whistle shrieked in the distance, sending Charley eagerly to his feet. The headlight came in view; a growing roar vibrated through the air; then, coming nearer, it died down suddenly, giving way to a ringing bell and sporadic coughs; the track was flooded with light. And the passenger-locomotive drew its line of dimly lighted cars past Charley and Buck to its stopping-place in front of the station. It was very beautiful to Charley, that black, raging animal of an engine that could hound its way across the country at fifty miles an hour. As he and Buck walked to the place where they would catch the train on its way out, Charley wanted to run or whistle or shout or do any of the things that would give expression to his rising spirits and incidentally get them run out of the yards.

It was only a few minutes later that they stood in the blind of the first baggage-car, sensing the gathering speed that was carrying them out once more into the world of real life after six weeks away from it. A business street with its rows of lights and electric signs, the crossing-bell ringing, and halted automobiles flashed before them. Then they passed the semibusiness streets. And the town fell away until it was nothing but a blinking constellation of lights far in the rear. They were in the open country.

Charley and Buck crawled to the top

of the tender and sat down comfortably. Above them rolled a cloud of smoke. The shriek of the whistle, only a few feet from them, burst against their ears as they approached crossings. The flat land around them was the wheat country, peaceful and alluring by the light of the three-quarters moon that had just risen to the east. Charley liked to watch dreamily the fields dotted indistinctly with wheat shocks. He lay back against the partition that separated the water-tank from the coal and drew refreshingly from a cigarette. It looked like a different world now that he was leaving it. He could easily forget these fields as they had been every day for the past six weeks; miles of wheat shocks and yellow stubble reaching out to a flat sky-line, the focussed hot rays of the close-hanging sun, the rattling binders always dropping more rows of bundles to be stood into rows of shocks, always an insufferable sameness; sweat and tired muscles. But he was getting away from all that, now. The roar of the train was lulling music; the wind beat by him at fifty miles an hour; overhead were the stars, and to the east was the moon. Charley felt very near to everything out here. He looked at Buck sitting solemnly beside him, his old black hat pulled half over his eyes, and three inches of bare shin, between pants' leg and shoe-top, glistening in the moonlight.

Charley spoke to him in a voice that was no louder than necessary to make himself heard. "A week from now we may be in New York at Jack Annin's joint, Buck."

"Yeah, might be." Buck stretched out his leg in physical comfort.

"Or we might be in Quebec."

"Depends on the trains we get."

"Or New Orleans."

"It don't make a damn bit of difference to me."

Of course Buck didn't understand these things.

Canfield. Charley and Buck stood uncertainly before the substantial Roman front of Mr. Winter's bank. That morning they had spent loafing around town, for the greater part of the time at the Union Pacific depot, where Charley had thought he might get a glimpse of Pop, his slim five feet six struggling under the sagging weight of a trunk. He had seen Joe Sweeny, who had always been Pop's especial rival, driving off with a load of baggage.

Charley looked at the brass-bound door before him. As a last-minute idea, he turned down and buttoned the collar of his khaki shirt; he rather wished he had bought a tie. He tightened the belt that held up the loose folds of his pants and straightened his cap on his head like a real gent would wear it. Mr. Winter, if he happened to be around, could not say that Charley had looked like a bum.

"Let's get the dough stored and move on out of this burg," Buck said impatiently as he led the way into the bank. They ignored their impressive, marble surroundings and walked directly to one of the cages.

"One hundred and thirty-six cool smackers, Buddy," Buck explained suavely to the studious-looking young man before him. "Put that in with what's already here and mark me down for one grand; mebbe more. Not so bad for a travelling man; is it, fellah?"

When Buck had finished, Charley took his place before the cage.

"Mr. Winter wants to see you. Wait a minute, please," the young man said and was gone.

Mr. Winter wanted to see him? Charley was puzzled. He hadn't come in contact with the banker since the time, three years before, when he had talked to him about settling down and getting a job. If there was any more of that stuff, he'd just beat it on out of here.

Mr. Winter appeared from an office door. Charley wanted to get away; the banker was so neat, clean, and thoughtful-looking.

"How do you do, Charley?" The man's greeting was solemn. He shook hands mechanically.

"Hello." Charley shifted his weight from the right foot to the left and looked at a marble pillar.

"I have bad news for you, my boy. Your father is dead."

"What?"

"Yes, he died two weeks ago. We tried to locate you, but were not able to do it. I thought you would be in here sooner or later. As the administrator, I have taken charge of the estate."

"Pop's dead?" Charley tried to comprehend it. His mother's death had made him feel sad, probably more so and for a longer time than this would. But Pop! He had never thought of Pop dying.

"Two weeks ago yesterday it was. They called me out there before he died."

Charley experienced a queer, uncertain feeling. It seemed that Pop's death had upset things; he didn't know exactly what, just things in general. He had always felt that the old man would keep right on doing what he called his duty, shifting baggage and being respectable, for years yet.

"Yes, the doctor said it was from an internal injury that resulted when he fell with a box of freight. It's sad, very

sad. Since you are his only child, all our sympathy goes out to you."

"Yeah." Charley looked at the wrinkled toe of his long, pointed shoe. He ought to say something. The responsibility for saying the right thing seemed instantly to have settled on him because he was the only child. He wished he was sitting on top of a box car going forty miles an hour. Mr. Winter was still talking. It was his place to listen.

"Now if your friend will meet you later, we'll talk over our business on the way out to your house. My car is just outside."

Business! Yes he knew that a person's dying meant a settling up of some kind.

"I'll wait down by the U. P. Station," Buck said as he shambled toward the door. Buck was a good guy.

Charley felt funny riding in an automobile.

"Yes, I think there are only minor debts. I have statements for those. I think when everything is settled that, in addition to the house and personal effects, I will be able to turn over to you about fifteen hundred in cash," Mr. Winter was continuing his statement on the estate.

The last words caught Charley's attention. "Of Pop's money?" he said uncertainly.

"Yes, naturally."

"But that's the saving-account Pop thought so much of."

Mr. Winter nodded and half smiled. "Yes, he's been adding to it ever since he finished paying for the house twelve years ago."

"And I'm to take it?"

"Of course. You are his heir, you know. We'll fix out the papers when everything is settled."

That money seemed too important to Charley to be handed around so lightly.

It was coming to him just simply by signing his name. He had already worked and saved up the thousand dollars that would take care of him if he ever got sick or in trouble. This other money had too much of Pop tied up in it. It was too big a thing. And yet something would have to be done with it.

The car bumped along a street that had been familiar to Charley when he had lived near it. He had forgotten how drab it was; not that he minded its being ugly. But those houses! That one, white in some remote past, with the gables and the sagging porch; and that painted red brick, two-story thing, a flat, cold surface to the street with four naked windows and an unporched door glaring from it; they were dead. They could shelter only shrivelled lives. There was the building where he had gone to school.

He wondered if he and Buck could make it in to Kansas City to-night. It was only a two-hour run on a through passenger.

They turned into a street that jerked the car more than did the one they were leaving. It was startlingly familiar. The buildings on it had changed only to deteriorate. The car stopped. They were in front of a gray house set well back in a bare yard. One maple-tree stood in front of it. Charley stared silently. Pop never had been able to get grass to grow in the yard. Funny how little that house looked to have so much room in it. A person might think it had only one story if it wasn't for the dormer extending out of an otherwise straight, shed roof. It looked empty, as if no one had lived in it for years. It was as dead as those houses on the other street.

"Well, how does your house look to you?" Mr. Winter asked in an effort to be pleasant.

"All right." His house? Charley hadn't thought of that. What could he do with a house? Sell it? He remembered hearing Pop say that it had taken eighteen years for him to finish paying for the place.

"Now we'll just step in and look around," Mr. Winter said affably as he got out of the car.

Charley followed him along the walk. Pop's dying had certainly confused things.

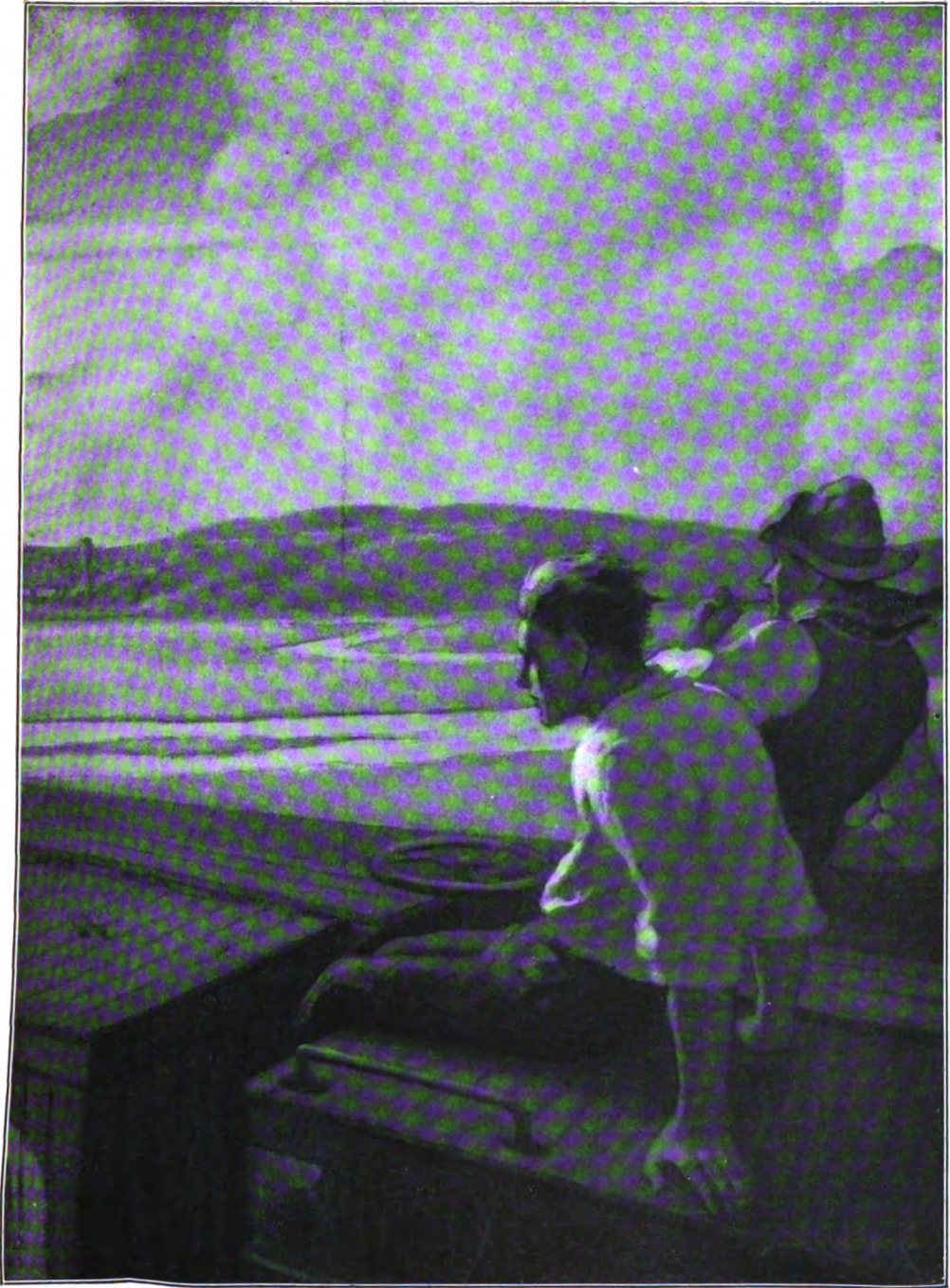
Charley felt queer and unnatural when he stood aside to let Mr. Winter unlock the door. He thought probably it was his business to take the lead in looking at the old house instead of leaving it to an outsider. They entered the sitting-room. It was the same old place, a little shrunken in size, perhaps. It had never occurred to him that Pop and Mom would ever leave it.

"I have had the things here listed. They are of no great value, I think," Mr. Winter explained in a businesslike voice.

"No, not much, I guess."

There was the wicker chair that Mom used to like when she sat down to sew. The bottom sagged. Shoved back against the wall was Grandpa's old rocker, the high back padded with faded cloth. In the middle of the room stood the claw-footed library-table. Grandpa's Bible was on it. The big, roll-top desk in the corner had been Pop's pride. He used to sit in front of it sorting over his hauling bills, smoking a cigar for the occasion. It made him feel like a business man. On the wall was Pop and Mom's wedding-picture. Mom always said it made her feel old to look at it.

"I guess there's no need of going over the whole house, now," said Mr. Winter after a brief survey. "You know



He and Buck could be carried anywhere in the continent.

From a painting by Stafford Good.

in general what's here. And you can see what shape things have been left in. The point is now, what are you going to do with all this stuff?"

Charley was silent.

"Of course you might leave some things with the house and sell it furnished. But there isn't much that anybody would want. Those old chairs, for instance, are not good for anything but kindling. That desk you might get five dollars for from a second-hand store. The pictures and books, of course, are worthless."

"That was Grandpa's Bible," Charley said in a low voice.

"Yes. It's too bad it's so bulky or you might take it along with you."

"That picture there is of Pop and Mom when they were married," Charley continued.

"Yes, yes. Your father always kept things like that. He had his own ideas about what was important. The home ranked next to the job with him, I guess. He thought it was his duty to keep things going. We'll just step out into the back yard now and see how things are out there." Mr. Winter started to lead the way. Charley opened the door for him.

The back yard was the same as it had always been, littered with corn-stalks and sacks. An old hickory feed-basket lay upside down on the ground. Pop had always liked to pause with a basket of corn on his arm to tell how he had joked with somebody that day or how much freight he had hauled.

Charley stopped when he looked toward the old, open-front shed. There was Grandpa's weather-beaten old wagon still standing where they had left it that day when Pop had said: "It don't look right to do away with it when it went along with the old man for twen-

ty-odd year." There it stood with the tongue reaching out into the yard. And the other old wagon next to it, left in the same useless way, must have been Pop's. It was evidently worn out too. Yes, there was no doubt about its being Pop's. It had been in good condition when Charley had last seen it; but he remembered that odd wheel that they had put on to replace one that was broken. That brake was familiar, too. It had been Pop's own invention. For a moment Charley felt that Pop ought to come out of the stable to hitch up and drive away. The two wagons there, side by side—Grandpa and then Pop—just the same.

But the shed had been lengthened to make room for another wagon that stood beside Pop's and Grandpa's; a new one! Whose was that?

Charley could not analyze or explain it, but he felt that he was facing an unavoidable combination of circumstances. He wondered if he was helpless. He paid no attention to Mr. Winter, who continued to talk.

"Yes, your father bought that new wagon only the month before he died. Didn't get to use it much. You might get a pretty good price for that. The others are just junk. Your horses are over at a neighbor's. Well, we might as well drive back to the bank." Mr. Winter turned to go.

Charley looked again at the three wagons, their tongues side by side reaching out into the yard. Grandfather, father, and— He followed Mr. Winter.

"Well, what shall we do with all that stuff?" Mr. Winter asked when they were again riding in the car.

"I'll let you know to-morrow." Charley answered very quietly. He remembered that he had planned to get

into Kansas City to-night. He might do it. Why not?

Evening came. Charley and Buck sat together in the open door of a side-tracked box car. Signal-lights burned red and green. There were the tracks leading off east to the live and mysterious cities, and west to the plains and the mountains. They connected with other tracks leading everywhere. A little way from where they sat was a passenger-engine, its headlight unimpressive in the gray evening. Behind it was a row of lighted cars and a dispersing crowd on the platform of the Union Pacific Station.

"She'll be comin' any minute now," said Buck.

"Yes." Charley looked straight ahead.

"She ought to get into Kansas City in two hours. Mebbe we could mount a hot-shot out o' there yet to-night. Be in St. Louis to-morrow. We might see some boys in that joint on Market Street."

"And maybe next week we'd be in Jack Annin's place havin' a hell of a good time." Charley spoke the words slowly. He wondered what would happen to everything if he just left to-night and never said anything more to Mr. Winter—that money Pop had worked twelve years to save, that house and the things in it. He didn't know. They were his responsibility now. And yet why should he have to take things that he didn't want, even if they were all that was left to show for Grandpa and Mom and Pop's ever having lived? He could forget all that. But there were the wagons out in the shed, grandfather's, father's, and—son's. All afternoon he had been able to reason only to that point. The breath of life hung over the railroad-tracks to-night.

Five minutes they sat there like that. Buck's eyes were turned to the ground. Three inches of his shins glistened from the reflection of a near-by light. He looked up, speaking with a nervous effort. "We might take a notion to make it down into Old Mexico from Kansas City. It makes a feller feel funny and different bein' down there."

Charley straightened his cap on his head.

The engine gave a short toot, then a cough. Its headlight was a little more far-reaching now that darkness had deepened slightly.

"We'll have to get ready to mount her," Buck said anxiously. "First blind all right?"

Charley looked at him. Buck was a good guy, the best there was.

The engine was approaching slowly.

"Are you goin'?" Buck persisted.

Charley was silent. Buck jumped to the ground and Charley followed. The engine was not thirty yards from them.

"We'll have to get ready," Buck tried to impress him.

"No, old fellow, I'm not going."

The words came with difficulty.

"But—but—" The light of the cab was almost above them. "But—hell!" Buck strove for words.

"It's my duty, Buck, that's all."

The engine had passed. Their hands clasped and Buck stepped across two intervening tracks and swung himself into the darkness of the second blind.

Charley watched the train until it disappeared, a row of lights, around a bend in the yards. There were switch-engines, sidetracked box cars, and more steel rails up that way. Over it all hung an elusive odor of smoke. The departing train whistled in the distance.

Charley walked back past the passenger-station, now almost deserted. He

saw a stooped man climb to the seat of a big dray-wagon and heard him cluck to his horses as he drove away. It was Joe Sweeny, Pop's especial rival. The man seemed as if he were an upright projection, a part of the wagon, and

nothing more, as he disappeared in the dim light. And Charley turned his steps in the direction of the gray house and the shed where three wagons stood in a row, their tongues reaching out into the yard.



The Church and Social Uplifters

BY U. R. BELL

Author of "The Beneficent Barrier of Sects"

THE promoters of new things are often looked upon as freaks and radicals. That is especially true in the realm of ideas. It is true that their enthusiasm sometimes submerges their good judgment. Yet, after all, society is greatly indebted to them. It profits by the mistakes and the errors of those who have ventured into realms unexperienced. A few years ago it was discovered that Jesus talked about the kingdom of God more than anything else. It was also discovered that the kingdom of God was a social order, a society of human beings. This discovery was heralded abroad as the social gospel. Its promoters, however unwise they may have been in the application of this new discovery, started something that is here to stay. As we look back over the years, the application of the social gospel has gone through similar stages that society has experienced in the application of the locomotive, the automobile, and the airplane. By experience we learn how to use new things in a practical way and also to perfect the thing itself. We begin with

a mere idea, a suggestion which must be perfected as well as its application. The social gospel is still in the experimental stage.

The pastor of long experience has developed a different point of view on the question of the social gospel and its application from that of the average reform secretary or professor. In the end the man who is closest to the people to whom the application of the social gospel is to be made is the man who is going to have the last effective word concerning it.

Every pastor knows that the masses who compose local congregations throughout the country are very conservative and are slow to take on anything new in religion. If he has preached the social gospel, which many more of them have done than have been given credit for it, it was done necessarily in shrouded language. When he became specific he intimated that he was referring to a situation in the West if he preached in the East, or in the North if he preached in the South. He could be as specific as he wished to be

about so-called personal sins. He could talk about the dancers, the card-players, and theatre-goers in their very presence and get away with it. The people were used to that and more or less expected it. But when he attacked some local business, some local institution, or some local social sore he was obliged to speak of it indirectly, as if he were speaking of some existing situation in some far-away place. Otherwise he was reminded that business is business and that he was hired to save souls. The average pastor has not been the coward, however, on social questions that he has been represented to be. His place of leadership is not adapted to traits of radicalism. However progressive or radical he may be at heart, he knows what his hold upon his people as a pastor involves better than the secretary and the professor.

Consequently the open and above-board enthusiastic social-gospel advocates have been found in larger numbers proportionately among professors, secretaries, and independent religious leaders who have served organizations and institutions subsidiary and unattached to the local church. The Y. M. C. A., for instance, has been a haven for many enthusiastic social-gospel advocates. Reform movements, organizations, and institutions of all kinds have thrived as never before with a leadership for whom the church provided no place in her local programme. These subsidiary movements, however, that are of a reform nature have depended upon the church at large for life and support. Pulpits all over the land, regardless of denominational tenets, have been thrown open to them, where dramatic appeals were made for funds to carry on. Addresses eulogizing some movement that was going to be

the means of saving mankind from the one sore that was the root of all our ills were directed to the listener's pocket-book. The visits of professional reformers who never forgot to take up a collection could be expected many times during the course of a church year.

They could say things that many a pastor dared not to say. But the significant thing was not that they could speak as they did, but that they could do things that they did. They could do things that no pastor could do, and in many instances things that no pastor would do. The reformer was obliged to get results or else lose the sanction and the support of the church at large upon which he depended. The fact that he was unattached to a local congregation and unhandicapped by local or denominational oversight enabled him to use methods by which he succeeded that would have been the undoing of most pastors in the average American pulpit.

What has happened? A change in attitude has taken place. For example, take the Anti-Saloon League. It is the most powerful organization of its kind, and the ideal of many of them. If reports are true, and there seems to be no reason to doubt them wholly, even though exaggeration must be admitted, the powers that be in the Anti-Saloon League have practised tactics commonly attributed with horror and shame to the opposition. In defense the Anti-Saloon League maintains that it takes fire to put out fire. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, has been its policy when expediency spoke. Such a policy is based upon the proposition that the end justifies the means. That is the trend of religious subsidiary reform movements that have lived off the church at large. If reformation requires a crook to catch a crook, it is not sur-

prising that the church is becoming more and more suspicious of the professional reformer and social uplifter. Consequently the pulpits of the land are not as eager as formerly to welcome him. In fact, hundreds of pulpits are no longer available.

In the meantime, however, the church has become more daring with the social gospel than she used to be. Yet, so far as the local congregation is concerned, she is about as cautious as ever. But the reform business, which has been very largely supported by the church, still thrives. While she has become suspicious of organically unattached reform movements over which she has had no direct control, she has developed and put into the field a secretarial force to which she is more and more intrusting the application of the social gospel. Several denominations now have their own social-reform bureaus, agencies, and organizations which are responsible to the denomination and which are controlled with the same directness as that which applies to the missionary and benevolent agencies of the church.

The significant thing about this more recent development in the church is that these denominational social-reform agencies tend to drift toward Washington, D. C. The Methodists, for example, have established a powerful institution in our national capital. Why locate in Washington? They are following in the footsteps of the organizations that they have superseded. They seek primarily to bring pressure to bear upon legislation. Will they become any less scrupulous as time goes on than the agencies previously supported by the money which now supports them? We have no assurance that denominational control of church agencies is a guaran-

ty to infallibility. The same demand that success be attained which brought so much pressure upon previously unattached organizations will be made upon these denominational reform boards. In reality, so far as the local congregation is concerned, the situation is about the same. The layman who now contributes to social reforms through his denominational agency knows but very little more about its real policy than he knew about the policy of the unattached and uncontrolled agencies that he formerly supported. The only difference is that his faith in the church has not been shaken, as it has been in the Anti-Saloon League, for example. So, in addition to the support still given to the unattached social-reform agencies, the church is generously supporting her own denominational reform agencies. With the same demands made upon these agencies that were made upon the unattached agencies, the church may expect to find the layman's faith shaken in her sooner or later if present policies are pursued.

The influence wielded by the church directly upon legislation is no longer a dream. So real has it become that much of the church, even among the masses, is becoming intoxicated with power. History certainly sustains our fear of the danger that, once the church realizes her political power, which expresses itself directly in legislation, the element of persuasion will cease to be a virtue.

The church can never hope to fulfil her mission in the world on any basis save that of persuasion, reason, and education. There is nothing that kills the teachableness in man any quicker than the application of force. Educators, after long years of experience and study

of the problems, are now telling us that we cannot expect to develop men by forcing culture down them. The only way by which men are developed is by pulling out of them that which is in them rather than forcing into them that which does not find a natural and sympathetic reception from within. The moment the church forgets that redemption comes from within, by the root of education, reason, and persuasion, her destiny is about at an end so far as her contribution to a permanent social order is concerned.

There is the question of prohibition, for example. It is a subject upon which most of us have given some consideration. For years the church and subsidiary organizations that were specifically of a reform nature taught temperance, reasoned with men, and persuaded them, until prohibition became a law. Many of us have no personal objections to the law. But since prohibition has become a law, what has become of teaching, education, and persuasion on the question of temperance? We seldom hear anything about it. Law-enforcement has taken its place, and we are now rearing a generation that knows little or nothing about liquor save that it is against the law to possess it and use it. Whether the law is a good law or a bad law, it can never be enforced by merely enforcing it. The argument is sometimes advanced in support of the prohibition law that it is unlawful to commit murder. Why not do away with the law on murder? The fact of the matter is that the law has precious little to do with prohibiting murder. It takes something more than the law to

restrain murder. Not until the violation of a law is felt to be an insult to society by both the lawbreaker and the law-abider can a law ever become effective and remain so. It is in the realm where legal effectiveness is produced that the church makes her lasting and permanent contribution to society. It is in the realm where force is least effective that the church is destined to do her redemptive work.

Immorality, when it is in the heart, will express itself. If it cannot find an outlet in one way, it readily finds it in another. Consequently there is no end to and no hope in the legislation of morals. Such a programme is a futile one; yet the application of the social gospel is not a futile one.

There is a developing wing of thought in the Protestant Church, primarily in the pastorate, that believes in the social gospel but that is becoming more and more suspicious of the present trend in the application of it. These men, who constitute a growing group, are not returning to a gospel of watchful waiting until the judgment day, when the Lord is expected to right all our social ills, but they are preaching a gospel of life that can be administered to society and made effective only in and through the individual. Group or mass salvation by groups and masses is to them an idle dream. The gospel is to them a social gospel, but individualistic in that its socialism is confined first to the production of social beings rather than a society. If the experience of the past is of sufficient value upon which to venture a prophecy, this latter group is on the right road.



New Negroes for Old

BY HARRISON RHODES

Author of "How to Be Ill," "How to Deal with the Doctor," etc.

AN American Negro, of a blackness which of late years seems to be fading from the race, was recently taken to Italy in service, and there was known by a Venetian girl who cooked for one of his employer's friends. To this gentleman she came one day with a rather startling plan for his servant's future. She knew, so she said, an admirable and easy way for the dark man to become light. All he had to do was to wash, night and morning, in milk which had been boiled and allowed afterward to cool. He would soon become white. There could be no doubt, she asserted, of the efficacy of the plan; she had herself known Sicilians who had employed the method, and had become much lighter in color. She admitted that in a place like Venice, where milk was not very good, and was very expensive, the "patient" might be well advised to begin by making only the face and hands white, and only upon his return to America to bleach the whole body. Then she added, with pious and reverent enthusiasm, he might become a Catholic, and so, she rather prettily and touchingly concluded, he would be white not only without but within.

It was a project of which so much might be said that it cannot all be said here. The immediate question in Venice became whether this particular Negro wanted to become white. Do Negroes want to become white? Are they not in America already becoming so?

It is not meant in actual color of the skin. There is no intention of discussing miscegenation or any such matters. But is the Negro really becoming white within and without? Some people seem to fear that he is. This, if a compliment, is at least double-edged. One might stop to ask, just how well do we think of to-day's whites?

It is quite true that if Abraham Lincoln could for a brief period revisit this land, he would in many ways scarcely recognize the Union he preserved or the race he freed. Of the Negroes, he would find even some of the physical and outward characteristics changed, especially of the females of that race. No one can say what hair-straightening may yet mean to the colored people. Topsy is already out of fashion—soon she may be non-existent, and with her may have passed a great deal that the whites liked. The Topsy of to-day has bobbed and waved hair instead of crinkly wool. Her cheeks are often flushed with rouge, her lips carmined. She is freely covered with powder. Her clothes are, nowadays, of the smartest fashion. Her skirts are as short as the next one's; she does not hesitate to dispense with sleeves, and in the morning to wear any kind of openwork, which in happier, earlier, and more primitive days would idiomatically have been said to "let the meat show." If you should meet her out walking, even in some desolate backwoods, you would find that she has the most modish high heels and silk stock-

ings of the universal "sunkist" color. The old handkerchief worn like a turban is as rare as a broad-brimmed hat—it is all just like any white young girl.

The change is more than external. With the vastly improved financial condition of the Negro (if it be essentially so great an improvement), his life too is changing. Black people's houses are now being built with quite enough bathrooms to wash them white within and without. They have their radios, their phonographs, their theatres, both moving-picture and the old-fashioned or real kind; their restaurants, both the day and the night kind. Their music has conquered the world, and to it they dance everywhere publicly the Charleston and the Black-Bottom.

It is very common, in rich centres like Harlem, that a colored person will say, in answer to any questions about vacation plans, that he or she is going abroad for the summer. It is nothing, so it is freely said, for Negroes to go to Europe. Blacks travelling in Europe are not yet as usual as whites, though only last winter in a smart, rather distinguished hotel in one of the European capitals, there were a couple of Negroes, man and wife, staying in excellent rooms on their return from a trip around the world. Paris, always in advance, already finds it necessary to advertise an all-white cabaret, though this guaranty may possibly refer to the stage rather than to the audience.

In America itself Negro luxury is not unknown: there are occasional colored people who go to our great resorts, and such a thing as a yacht at, say, Palm Beach is not unknown. Years ago, at a banquet of Negroes in a private room of a French restaurant in New York, a leading guest turned down his wine-

glass, a fact which amused me very much when I heard of it. The glass was an idea of the proprietor, who hoped it would be needed. Yet if there had been wine, this colored gentleman had shown his views.

It may as well be realized that there is no possibility of stopping the spread of knowledge in America. Years ago a famous Southern senator said bitterly that "If a nigger knows anything, he can always go behind a scrub-palmetto and tell another nigger." You can't educate one person and leave all the others in ignorance. You can't have America growing in wealth every year and one race alone in the community staying where it was. Delightful and wise as it might be, you cannot have it both ways. There is no possible necessity of discussing the value and beauty of progress. The fact is that the world, in every part of it, *does move*. There may be all kinds of astonishing things in store for us.

It is, for example, the firm conviction of the writer that domestic service is a thing doomed soon enough wholly to disappear from the world. Some people say that then, of course, we must all employ Negro servants. Yes, surely, if we can get them. But by that time it is possible that the Negro may feel as strong an antipathy to the profession as the Caucasian does now and, unless slavery can be reintroduced, not much can be done about it. And this is not likely!

Any one who knows anything about Negro education of course recognizes the old point of view of the patron who seemed to feel that colored schools, especially industrial ones, were really running to provide servants for distressed white housewives. Some of the Negroes, either the most outrageous or

the wisest, said that they didn't especially object to white women's learning to cook, but that their great object was to elevate their own race, and nothing else.

All these matters are, however, controversial, and so may be left aside. The point to be made and admitted is that a certain feeling of disappointment is being felt by that part of the public which has been, often for so long, interested in the welfare of Negroes, and in the many institutions designed to improve them. And this feeling must be well examined and faced by all those of either race who have the interests of the colored race at heart. Some of those who have striven to elevate the black man probably may now fear (although they are not always quite frank about saying so) that they have succeeded too well; have, in fact, elevated him too high.

They find he is now too civilized, too prosperous, and so disinclined to work; too self-assured, too rich, and as they would possibly put it, too much inclined to feel himself a citizen and an American.

On this last point something may be said. It used to be said of Negroes that it was not their fault that they were slaves; it might now, with equal justice, be said that it is not their fault that they are free. If emancipation had not come when it did, it might probably have come now or a little before, at least so many philosophers think, and the wish to be American is violently contagious. And, indeed, we can scarcely complain of that. We are, most of us, inclined to feel that this is a great country; really it is as much America's fault as the Negro's if he wants to be American. If it is our doing that he is free, we, not he, ought to be blamed for the

evil consequences, if there be any. People say he does not "know his place." But events and the change of the world have done much to confuse him as to exactly where his "place" is. To-day almost no one does know that about himself.

The truth really is that the Negro has lost his special character, that is, the peculiar individual quality that marked him and unquestionably pleased many of us who liked him and wished to be his benefactors. Gradually he is coming to speak almost like the whites, unless, as sometimes happens with the better-educated Negroes, he speaks a little better. His voice was always pleasant enough. When the words were ignorant and comic, that was all right, but when they are at least as correct as our own, the soft voice becomes almost a reproach. And the well-beloved true Negro words, where are they? Where, indeed, would be Mrs. Malaprop without her mistakes? Her chances would be pretty "puny," to employ the word that still may be occasionally heard. The fact is that, modernized, the Negro is no longer "quaint." He has unhappily almost lost his charm.

But is not charm a thing which is everywhere disappearing from the world? Is that not why people try to revive folk-singing and dancing, and in some European country districts put all the hotel servants in what, of old, used to be the peasant costumes, under the assumption that charm can so easily be called back? Is there, in fact, from certain points of view, any one part of the world, or any one man in the world, any more spoiled than any other? Charm indeed has now become a matter of theatrical production. If we whites want charming blacks, we may be able to get them on the stage, though

probably they will be masquerading whites—black-faced artists.

This must be thought of in any attempt to do justice to the present state of the so-called Negro problem. And one must remember solemnly how many years' tears and blood have been shed over it, and how many martyrs, black and white, have suffered in the cause of freedom. Now that freedom has, at least partly, come, is it to either white or black less sweet? But there is no doubt that again the Negro race is on trial.

Of course, perhaps so also is the white. It was a great pleasure to try to help a race so greatly in need of being helped, to uplift one so definitely down. It was constantly flattering to the self-esteem of the helper. Now things are ever so little changed. But perhaps more wisdom and more real goodness than ever are needed to help the Negro now that his case seems less pitiable, less spectacular, less moving emotionally. The process of a race growing accustomed to being no longer wholly inferior and without rights, but now with admittedly some rights, a race which

has so long drunk of our fountains in America that it is constantly being tempted to feel itself wholly American—such a process is sure to be full of difficulties. If it is hard to be an inferior race, it is as hard to be a superior race—it is, perhaps for both, even harder to be just Americans in the truest and best sense of the word.

If for the time being the whites are less interested in helping the Negro, it is time for him to help himself. Perhaps then the God he so thoroughly believes in will help him. For many years there will be many whites who will want to help what seems to them the "under-dog." But the time has probably come for the black to bear some of the burden which the white is inclined to cast down; some of the new prosperity, some of the new education, some of the new pride of race, if it really exists, must be turned to the service of race. There must be new sacrifices, new sufferings. But a new hallelujah will go up from all who have watched the Negro tread the long road that led from slavery toward the future. And Abraham Lincoln could come back.



Tragedy

BY EVE BERNSTEIN

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL MARTIN

IT was nine o'clock when Bart opened his eyes. Surely there must be something the matter with the clock. He stared at the hands for fully a minute. Some member of the family always called him at eight. According to this, he was already late for school. If the clock was right, it was useless to hurry now, and if it was wrong, well, he had a few minutes anyway. He closed his eyes again, reflecting upon the fact that to-morrow he would be nine years old, and his father had promised him a silver wrist-watch. It would be wonderful having one to show the boys. It would make them open their eyes.

Suddenly he heard a stifled sob. A strange, ominous silence followed—a terrifying silence that made his blood run cold. Perhaps mamma was worse. She had been so sick the night before. He sprang out of bed and ran to her room.

Aunt Mil met him at the door of his mother's room and led him out before he could see her. There were tears in her eyes, and her face was contorted as if with pain.

"Now don't cry, Bart," she whispered. "Mother has been very sick, you know. A little while ago she passed away. You may go in to see her a little later. She will never speak to you again. You will never, never see her any more." And she burst into sobbing, pressing Bart close to her side.

Then she dried her eyes and slipped

back into the room. Bart looked in from the door. At first he could see nothing except his father who was sitting on the edge of the bed, his head bent and his broad shoulders heaving ever so slightly. His father was crying, and he had never cried before. Bart's throat contracted. A slight movement of his father's arm revealed the lifeless form on the bed. Bart stood motionless. It was hard to comprehend just what had happened. Just a few minutes before, his mother could talk and laugh, and now she was silent, and so very, very white. He walked into the room and stood by the bed, unable to keep his eyes off the body that had been his mother's, but he did not weep. A little later, however, when they were all in the living-room, Bart could not stop thinking about it. It was that—death—that happened to everybody. It would happen to father, and to Aunt Mil—and to him, and perhaps it would be to-day or to-morrow or the day after. One could never tell. Was it like going to sleep? But no, it couldn't be. How would it feel not to know what was going on? And mamma! She would never talk to him again.

He began to cry softly. Gradually his crying became loud, uncontrollable sobbing. He became hysterical. He quieted down intermittently, only to go into another spasm. His father held him on his lap and rocked him as if he were an infant. When his weeping

had turned into sporadic sobbing, he helped him to dress and turned him over to Aunt Mil for some breakfast.

When twelve o'clock came, Bart seated himself at the window to watch the boys on their way home. Three of them had stopped in front of the house for a game of potsy. One drew the squares carefully on the sidewalk with a piece of chalk, and the other two looked around for little stones with which to play the game. When action started, Bart pictured himself skipping triumphantly over the squares and kicking the stone in just the right place each time. He knew he could do as well as any of them. His face brightened. He got up quickly, left the house, and joined the boys. He would show them! Oh, yes—and he must tell them why he was not at school.

A week later, in the quiet of a bereaved household, Bart was preparing for his return to school. As he dressed himself, he regarded his reflection in the mirror. He was pale and a trifle worn. When he had finished dressing, he walked down the stairs slowly, quietly, conscious that he was the centre of an event of tremendous importance. At breakfast Aunt Mil looked at him with eyes that said: "You poor boy, I understand." And Bart was overcome with self-pity. Then, when his father left him with a "See you tonight, old man," he expanded his chest and stretched himself to his full height, realizing all the importance of his nine years. He liked that—"Bart, old man"—and he repeated it to himself all the way to school.

During the entire week that Bart had been at home, he had looked forward to his return to the classroom. He had never liked school, but he knew that on

that first day he would be the one absorbing interest. As he walked into the room, his head throbbed with excitement. Every face had been turned to him, and he felt burning, envious glances from the boys as well as soft, compassionate ones from the girls. He greeted those nearest to him with a perfunctory nod, noticing the while that the teacher had looked at him rather intently and then turned away, as if she did not wish to be caught watching him.

Bart had never before anticipated any class with such enthusiasm as he did the one in arithmetic that day. He despised the subject. In spite of his father's many lectures in regard to the matter, he had never been able to make himself study for it, and Miss Miller was never wrong in anticipating a "zero" mark for him every time she called upon him for a recitation. But to-day was different. He had not prepared his lesson, of course, and he could sit through the entire period with a clear conscience. There was an excuse for his unpreparedness. He leaned back in his seat with an expression of deep concentration while the recitation was going on, without hearing a word of what was said. He was conscious of his pallor—and his tragedy—and still more conscious of the sly glances that came his way from every direction of the room. Suddenly the expression of profound concentration changed to one of dejection and despair. He had a way of drawing his mouth down at the corners which he knew was effective. A tear trickling down his colorless cheek just then would be most appropriate, and Bart found that it was not an insurmountable difficulty. It came, another followed, and then he blew his nose violently. He wiped the tears away



It was Miss Miller's first opportunity to tell him how sorry she was.

quickly with his hand and looked up at Miss Miller with his liquid eyes which told the story of his utter misery. Miss Miller saw what he wanted her to see. Her usually stern, hard lips parted for just an instant in a smile of sweetness and understanding. She, who had always been so inimical to him! Bart felt an inner gratification at this sudden turn of affairs.

Recess time came. It was Miss Miller's first opportunity to tell him how sorry she was. Her long, thin face with its greenish-gray eyes, which always reminded Bart of a cat's eyes, suddenly became kind, and he saw—this he would never forget—a tiny tear working its way into the corner. Bart was glad that the boys had looked back on their way out of the room in time to see Miss Miller bending over his desk and talking to him in a low voice. When she had left, he lifted himself from his seat slowly and reluctantly, and walked out of the building.

He did not join the other boys in their games. He merely stood near the stone steps and watched them running over the playground, some roller-skating, some jumping rope, some racing, others playing ball. Two boys passed, singing a school song, and Bart puckered up his mouth to join them in a whistle. Just in time he remembered—and his face became morose once more.

At the other end of the field Chet Parks, who had dropped out of a game of handball, stood watching him, hesitating as to whether or not to approach Bart. The memory of a previous scrap was still fresh in their minds. Now Bart felt exultant. Chet was envious of the tragedy which had made Bart such an outstanding figure of importance, and now he longed to be friendly again, if only to "show" the other boys a thing

or two. He was merely waiting for a word from Bart to run over to him and grasp his hand warmly. But Bart pretended that he did not even see him. Slowly the other came, as if almost afraid to approach him, and still Bart simulated preoccupation. Then he heard his voice.

"Want to join a game of handball, Bart?" softly, sheepishly. For he now felt that nothing could be quite so wonderful, in spite of the fact that he was jealous of Bart, as to be able to show the other boys that he—and not the others—was in Bart's confidence.

"Not now, Chet. Thanks." The barrier had been broken. It was really what both of them had wanted all along, and each rejoiced that to-morrow they would again be walking together on the playgrounds.

Late that afternoon Bart walked home alone. None of the boys had had the courage to offer his companionship. He thought of the events of the day with a sense of satisfaction and reviewed each incident in his mind. Then he thought of to-morrow, his meeting with Chet, and the compassionate face of Miss Miller. Perhaps after all he would try to prepare a good arithmetic lesson for to-morrow.

He soon found himself humming the music of his school song, and when he came to the part where one phrase is repeated twice, he sang the words to it, "For the good old L. G. School," and then sang them again. He continued to repeat the same phrase over and over again, each time in a different key, finally starting in bass and ending way up in treble until his young thin voice became nothing but a screech. As he continued to sing in the same impossible key, he tried the phrase with increased speed each time, as well as with

a different note at the end. He walked in time with the music.

As he neared the house, he could not help thinking of the tea Aunt Mil would have ready for him, and the luscious piece of orange cake—or muffins.

And as he walked up the steps of his house slowly and deliberately, conscious of his pallor and the awful tragedy in his home, feeling old and experienced, he sang the last line of his school song in the key of G.



The Cloud-Racer

BY KATHARINE DAY LITTLE

"Oh, years and years ago, I used to race
The clouds," he pondered, paused, and I could see
Again, how, lifting ardent eyes, he'd run
Across the meadow, till his chosen cloud,
His own, most special cloudlet, suddenly
Was fringed with white intolerable light,
So blinding that he halted, panting, there
Where through long grasses wanders slowly on
Our thread of brook, too small to mirror clouds.
"And you can see now if you look," he says,
And lifts me up a most important knee,
All sweetly rounded still, all bare and brown,
"Here's where I fell once, racing with my cloud.
But that, of course, was long ago," he said,
Eyes heavy with the passing wraiths of years—
The five eternities that intervene
Between those madcap hours, and soberer days
More suited to the stately age of ten.
"Oh, years and years ago, I raced the clouds!"





As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



I WAS particularly interested in the choice of the pall-bearers; not merely because of the fact that six men of such literary distinction could not possibly be found among Americans, but because not a single one of the six is known exclusively as a novelist. Ever since the year 1898 Thomas Hardy had wished to be known as a poet or dramatist, rather than novelist; he firmly believed that his poems were better than his novels, that they more accurately expressed his personality, and that after his death he would be among the English poets. His career as a novelist lasted twenty-five years, and as a poet thirty years. He published seven volumes of lyrics, and it is believed and hoped that another volume will appear; he published two poetical tragedies: "The Dynasts" and "The Queen of Cornwall." He felt strongly that American critics had not, as a rule, sufficiently emphasized the importance of his poems; he felt that Americans still regarded him as the author of "Tess" and of "The Return of the Native."

It is interesting to remember that an exact parallel can be found in the case of his friend and contemporary, the late George Meredith. He always insisted that fiction was his kitchen wench, whereas poetry was his muse.

Therefore, at the funeral of Hardy in Westminster Abbey, the choice of pall-bearers emphasized the poet and dramatist, rather than the novelist—Sir James Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Rud-

yard Kipling, Alfred E. Housman, John Galsworthy, Sir Edmund Gosse. Every one of these men, except Mr. Housman, has published novels; but Barrie and Shaw are known almost exclusively as dramatists, Galsworthy is as well known as a playwright as he is as a novelist, Kipling is more distinguished for his poetry than his prose, Gosse is a poet and critic, and Housman a lyrical poet. Had it been Hardy the novelist who was buried in the Abbey, the pall-bearers might have included H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole.

From the king to the humblest peasant, there was sincere mourning for the death of Hardy; his eminence in four fields of art—architecture, prose-fiction, drama, and lyrical poetry—would have made him a world figure, but the beauty of his character, his sympathy, kindness, modesty, gentleness, made an equally deep impression on all sorts and conditions of men.

With all my heart I hope that Mrs. Hardy will write the life of her great husband; she knew him better than any one else, she is herself a professional author, and she has the requisite taste and intelligence.

In the New York *Herald Tribune* for January 22 there is an article by Ford Madox Ford on Thomas Hardy which among many interesting remarks contains the astounding statement that Ford heard Hardy say he was a practising member of the Anglican

Church. To be sure, Samuel Butler said that his own views were the same as those held by the advanced wing of the Broad Church; but the diabolical Butler was a master of irony, and that remark was a two-edged sword. Now whatever Hardy was, he was emphatically not a hypocrite; he had less of hypocrisy than of anything else. What on earth did Hardy mean? If he was reported as saying that he loved the church ritual and often attended the services, well and good; he was brought up in the Church, was an ecclesiastical architect, and must have loved the old traditions. Probably no man ever had less respect for God and more respect for His house. But a practising member? Then John Morley was a Fundamentalist and Leslie Stephen an Evangelical Methodist.

I have in my library a little book published over three hundred years ago. The title is "A General Survey of All Knowledge." I have often shown it to visitors, who have shared my amusement in its comprehensive name, and I have often declared how impossible it would be to set forth such a work in these days of specialized research. But now comes the American poet and critic Clement Wood and launches one volume of 650 pages, called "The Outline of Man's Knowledge. The Story of History, Science, Literature, Art, Religion, Philosophy." So that's that. If you want to know enough of everything to talk intelligently on anything, all you have to do is to buy this book. Naturally, the author has not sufficient time for many qualifications. Abraham Lincoln is admirably called "gentle Abraham Lincoln, rationalist and atheist from the age of twenty-nine to his death." I don't know which appellation he would

have resented more, "gentle" or "atheist." Again: "Serene Greece and Palestine produced serene gods." Serene? If the Greek gods were alive to-day, every one of them would be in jail. Golly, what a book!

If one wishes to know what the Episcopal Church in America thinks of religion and these present times, I recommend "Christ in the World of To-day, A record of the Church Congress in the United States on its fifty-third anniversary." There is an Introduction by Bishop Slattery, and the main subjects discussed in separate addresses are: "Moral Standards in an Age of Change," "New Thought and Health Cults," "How Can Christianity Satisfy the Religious Needs of All Races?"—Catholic and Protestant points of view—"The Relation of Christianity to Political and Industrial Democracy," "Some Aids to Personal Religion," etc. This is a book filled with information and bristling with suggestions.

Here is a new book by an eminent scientist, "The New Reformation," by Michael Pupin. This is written for the general public, and by a man who knows what he is talking about. It is a work of learning, of wisdom, of inspiration.

Last night Emil Ludwig came to New Haven to lecture on Bismarck, and I had the pleasure of a long and intimate talk with him. I was impressed not only by the range of his knowledge but by the sincerity and charm of his character. He is a very remarkable person, even greater than his already great reputation. After the lecture, he answered questions flung at him by members of the audience; and, although he was at a disadvantage by the exchange being conducted in English, his answers

were so witty and so wise that he captivated his hearers.

It is seldom that I read the biography of a well-known man and find my conception of his character completely changed; though I often read the biography of a w. k. m. and find that my opinion of the biographer is even lower and more contemptuous than the opinion he wishes me to hold of his intended victim. But I have just read "The Father of Little Women," by Honoré Willsie Morrow, with the result that my feelings toward A. Bronson Alcott have been altered from black to white. I had always thought that he would have been an excellent specimen for the third book of "Gulliver's Travels"; that he had the eccentricities of genius without genius; that he was compounded in equal parts of crank and bore; that the only good thing he ever produced was Louisa.

Well, I advise any others who know as little about him as I did to read this biography, in which Mrs. Morrow quotes copiously from his diaries. As a school-teacher, he seems to have been about two hundred years ahead of his time. He actually thought pupils—even very young ones—should be encouraged to do their own thinking.

Unlike some teachers, he was entirely willing that his pupils should at any time be publicly tested; and, although his audacity in publishing the answers that his pupils gave cost him his job, and permanently stopped his career, no one can read these "Conversations on the Gospel" (pp. 166-187) without marvelling at the results obtained by Alcott's methods. The exact words of the children are printed. Remember that only two of the children were twelve years old; the others were ten or under.

I ought to have known that Alcott

had a great mind; because Emerson thought so, and it was impossible to deceive Emerson in a matter of that kind.

Tom Cushing has published in attractive form his successful play, "The Devil in the Cheese," which had such a long and prosperous run at Charles Hopkins's theatre in New York last year.

The accomplished actress Peggy Wood has written a little book on the beloved John Drew, called "A Splendid Gypsy." Her account of the trip across the United States taken by the all-star company with "Trelawny of the Wells" is highly entertaining, and the tribute to Mr. Drew is beautiful in its homage and tenderness. The book proves that in addition to her histrionic gifts Peggy Wood is a literary artist.

On January 9, at the Shubert Theatre in New Haven, and under the direction of Winthrop Ames, Mr. George Arliss, for the first time in his life, appeared in a Shakespearian rôle. It was a memorable night. The play ran smoothly, it was steadily interesting, the whole cast was adequate, Peggy Wood made a brilliant and charming Portia, neglecting the statuesque for the human; but naturally the chief interest centred on Mr. Arliss's interpretation of Shylock. I had seen in this rôle Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Richard Mansfield, Walter Hampden, Edward Sothorn, Ernst von Possart, David Warfield. Edwin Booth was the most terrifying; he was an awe-inspiring monster, and his final cry, "Come, *prepare*," still rings in my ears. The poorest was Henry Irving, for it seemed to me that in representing him as a sympathetic character he ceased to be impressive. Mr. Arliss made him sinister but thoroughly human; he was a patrician; he had that air toward his

Christian adversaries that comes only from a sense of superiority; he knew and they knew that they had need of him, for they wanted money and he had it. He spoke his lines quietly but with a suggestion of illimitable reserved power. Next to his Disraeli, I think Shylock is Mr. Arliss's greatest performance. The whole production showed the impeccable taste and intelligence and artistic skill characteristic of Winthrop Ames.

Speaking of the eternally interesting subject of words, I hail with joy the latest (I fervently hope not the last) book by the accomplished Professor Ernest Weekley, of University College, Nottingham, called "More Words, Ancient and Modern." This book deals only with compounds, "obvious or disguised." His preface is disarming: "The author feels a certain diffidence in reappearing so soon in print, but he has reason to believe that a small but kindly public is good enough to take an interest in his etymological recreations and to regard with gentle tolerance his incurable habit of wandering from the point." Look up the following words: *blue-stockings*, *cheesemonger*, *hodge-podge*, *point-blank*, *tenter-hooks*, *Tuesday*. The average man can give you the origin of all the days of the week except *Tuesday*. Try him on that.

An extremely good book on health and the care of the body is "What You Should Know About Health and Disease," written by Doctor Howard W. Haggard, with an Introduction by Professor Yandell Henderson. All the organs and various parts of the body are described and explained, and there are over seventy illustrations. In addition to these clear descriptions, plenty of sound advice is given as to the preserva-

tion of health, prevention of disease, and its cure. I have never seen a better book of the kind for young men and women. It is a pity that the publishers made it so intolerably heavy, as it is a gymnastic exercise to hold it. Perhaps that was the intention. The only omission I noticed was advice about bathing. Cleanliness is of course constantly emphasized, but as to hot, cold, or tepid baths I found no information.

I wish to nominate for the Ignoble Prize the *Cold Bath*. Thousands of middle-aged and elderly men and women apparently regard it as necessary to go through this sacrificial rite every morning, and at any time after exercise. I believe that many, very many, have seriously injured themselves and shortened their lives by icy bathing. It is all right, perhaps desirable, for boys and girls in sound and rugged health. Until I was nearly forty I labored under the delusion that an ice-cold bath early in the morning and immediately after violent exercise was the proper thing. I finally gave it up because of the ill effects that followed it. But for many years after, I thought it necessary to follow a hot bath with very cold water; I thought it was dangerous to take a hot bath without an icy chaser. Well, that is all nonsense. A hot bath and a good rub, that is my prescription; leave the horrible ice to those who insist on martyrdom. Remember that Dante made the lowest pit of hell consist of ice.

I also nominate for the Ignoble Prize those who take the icy bath and brag about it. Folly is bad enough in itself without boasting of it.

I recommend, not to sophisticated but to intelligent and enlightened readers, Maurice Baring's new novel, "Tinker's Leave." This is a charming and

original story, laid in England, Paris, and Russia. The characters are highly diverting; the early scenes in Paris will remind one somewhat of Sanger's circus in "The Constant Nymph." Maurice Baring is one of my favorite authors; there is a quality in his books that irresistibly appeals to me. . . . I call the attention of the editor and publishers of this Magazine to the fact that the hero goes to the Japanese front in the Russian War as a photographer for what the Russians call *Skreibner's Magazine*, the most important periodical published in New York. (Advt.)

Mr. Baring is as ignorant of astronomy as other novelists; he has a crescent moon rising after sunset.

The American poet, critic, and philosopher, T. S. Eliot, delivered an address in England before the Shakespeare Association on March 18, 1927, on "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca." It has since been published, and I confidently recommend it to Shakespeare students. It is full of pungent criticism of Shakespeare, of books on Shakespeare, and of human nature. And yet I think his interpretation of Othello's last speech is only partly true. Mr. Eliot says:

What Othello seems to me to be doing in making this speech is *cheering himself up*. He is endeavouring to escape reality, he has ceased to think about Desdemona, and is thinking about himself. Humiliation is the most difficult of all virtues to achieve; nothing dies harder than the desire to think well of oneself. Othello succeeds in turning himself into a pathetic figure, by adopting an *aesthetic* rather than a moral attitude, dramatising himself against his environment. He takes in the spectator, but the human motive is primarily to take in himself.

This is interesting, and the reader of this paragraph should turn to that last tragic speech and test it for himself. I

cannot agree with Mr. Eliot that Othello has ceased to think about Desdemona; it is because he cannot stop thinking about her that he kills himself.

An excellent travel-book is "Morocco from a Motor," by Paul E. Vernon, with 48 full-page illustrations in color. It is written in a sprightly fashion, and one envies the author his experiences. All those who can afford it should follow suit.

The young American poet Lucius Beebe has produced an admirable critical essay, "Edwin Arlington Robinson and the Arthurian Legend," in which he discusses the three poems, "Merlin," "Lancelot," and "Tristram," pointing out the philosophy underlying these works of art. This is thoughtful and penetrating criticism; there is so much interest in Robinson's masterpiece, "Tristram," that this new interpretation of its significance should find many readers.

It is not often I am able to print a hitherto unpublished letter of Browning's; but my friend Charles Sessler, of the famous bookshop in Philadelphia, made me a Christmas present.

19. Warwick Crescent, W.
Nov. 10. '77

My dear Mr. Kingsland,

I make haste to inform you that I never heard till this moment of your calling here—which needed no kind of apology: I shall always be delighted to see you, and so will my sister—on whom, if I am away, you may generally count. But we were, both of us abroad for two months—all August and September—and your visit may have occurred during our absence.

I well know your kind sympathy and generous zeal; it has been very good of you to speak up for me so boldly. That omitted line has long been observed and regretted by me—it happened thro' the printer's leaving out the previous leaf, as it stood in the original edition; and *this* edition being stereotyped

does not allow of the insertion I would gladly effect: should I be able in a future edition to replace the line, I will certainly do so.

This is a hurried note,—as I am obliged to go out; but it answers its purpose if it repeats my thanks—and induces *you* to repeat your visit to

Yours cordially ever
R. BROWNING.

Browning was often embarrassed by his admirers; but he was grateful for Kingsland's support.

My State of Connecticut has three smashing big rivers; reading from left to right, they are the Housatonic, the Connecticut, and the Thames. I have always pronounced the last-named like its English prototype, *Tems*. Last week I heard an address by President Marshall, of Connecticut College, which is situated on the bank of this river, and he called it *Tems*. Now I am informed by Edward P. Eggleston, of New London, that the correct pronunciation is *Thames*, "th" as in *thin*, and the word rhyming with *James*. Mr. Eggleston wrote to the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, and he was informed that the English and Canadian rivers of that name are called *Tems*, but the Connecticut one must be called *Thāmz*. On writing to the same authority again, he received further information to the effect that the dictionaries, etc., published in the nineteenth and early twentieth century gave *Thāmz*; but Webster's International Dictionary, which in 1907 gave only *Thāmz*, in 1926 gives *Tems*, "locally also *thamz*, *tamz*."

I imagine that the majority of New London people call it *Thāmz*, but *Tems* is gaining and is bound to win.

I am sorry to disappoint Mr. Eggleston, but I cannot possibly frame my mouth to say *Thāmz*.

I can say without ahems,
Yale beat Harvard on the *Tems*:
But of all outlandish rames,
Probably the worst is *Thames*.

For the Ignoble Prize, Doctor Anne E. Perkins, of Helmuth, N. Y., nominates "insofar."

Nearly every day brings me a letter from some Ailurian, and if I thought that the majority of my readers shared my adoration of cats, I would gladly print more of these epistles. Here is a note from A. Merton, of Pasadena, Calif.:

In an introduction to Walter Pater's "Renaissance" Arthur Symons said Walter Pater was particularly fond of cats, especially of a great black Persian that shared the study of his London house. Once at Oxford he told me that M. Bourget had sent him the first volume of his "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," and that the cat had got hold of the book and torn up the part containing the essay on Baudelaire and "as Baudelaire was such a lover of cats I thought she might have spared him!"

A curious omission (which I have never observed) is noted for me by Theodore Mack, of Fort Worth, Texas:

Speaking of "Ignoble Prizes" are you aware that the average Texan is oblivious of the past tense? In my forty years practice in Texas, I have heard the average Texan time and again use the expression, "I *taken* cold"; "I *taken* my car, etc."; "He *taken* his departure" etc., etc. So often have I heard the "linguistic lapse," that I have often wondered whether my English was at fault? In reading testimony given in the trial courts, listening to alleged preachers and persons who ordinarily employ pure English, my experience has been that my fellow citizens as a rule believe that the word "took" is obsolete. You know that there are some persons who repeat a lie so often, that with each iteration and reiteration they verily believe the statement to be true. And it may be that hearing the error so repeatedly my mind becomes obfuscated.

On the important question of trial by jury, I have received an excellent proposal from Mr. C. R. Russell, of West Haven, Conn.:

As you know there has been some and I might say, much controversy over our present jury system. As it is now great hardship is often brought about by calling men from their labors, clerical or otherwise; I know what it means to go before a judge and beg to be excused from serving. It takes on the nature of humiliation, and makes a man feel small as if he was shirking the duties he owes to the laws of the land.

There are at the present time a great many elderly men (I am one) out of employment, chiefly on account of grey hairs which mean the approach of latter days.

My suggestion would be to have permanent juries made up of these elderly men, many of whom have keen active minds and when on duty their thoughts are not running away from the court room nor are they thinking how much their regular work is running behind.

F. Q.

Had the Faery Queene Club done nothing except to draw the following letter, it would have justified itself. Let me add that the handwriting is as legible as print, and the hand apparently as firm as a sculptor's.

Lombard, Ill., 17 Jan. 1928.

I am asking to be let into the Faerie Queen Club, and, as I am at the middle of my ninety-ninth year, perhaps you will seat me among the seniors at the feast.

I found myself reading the F. Q. somewhat philologically. In my boyhood I was exposed, for a year or more, to the archaisms and clownisms of a fearfully belated man, and I find much of his misfit vocabulary in Spenser.

If I should be set near the head of the table, I will send my bottle down the line to that little girl-child of sixteen whom you admitted in November.

Yours most truly,

JOSIAH T. READE.

Marshall M. Brice, head of the department of English at Staunton Mili-

tary Academy, Virginia, writes that during the last three years he read the entire poem through four times, getting the original impetus from a course at the University of Wisconsin.

Lillian Ida Clearwater, of Arcola, Ill., read the whole poem in a "stall" at the Harvard College Library, in connection with a most stimulating course given at Radcliffe by Professor Lowes.

Dean Alice Logan Wingo, of the Berry Schools, Mount Berry, Ga., has just finished reading the F. Q., and writes that she has

... had genuine pleasure in reading it and taking notes on every canto of the six books and the fragment of the seventh. I wonder why no one had ever told me of the delightful pageant of seasons and months in the Canto VI, Book VII., with each month gaily riding in on his or her (only one *her*) sign of the Zodiac. I think it is delicious!

As to the Big Four, an interesting letter from Allan D. Millard, a civil engineer of Beardstown, Ill., informs me he is sure that Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Charles F. Crocker, and Mark Hopkins were the original Big Four.

And here is a letter written on a train by Robert Hammond Murray, of Mexico City:

About the Big Four, I've a vague recollection of having heard somewhere that the inspiration came from the mammoth of all Gargantuan Big Fours—four aces. This may be a clue. Perhaps one reason why "Gallegher" is not popular with journalists—one of which craft I used to be—is that it is a pretty bad newspaper story—in fact, one of the worst, judging it on a basis of what should go into a newspaper story to make it good, and realistic. I'm not saying this because I did not like Davis, for I knew him, and did like him and admired his pencraft as a whole.

Great is Copeland of the Harvardians, with me! For he put into his Reader that gem of all Christmas stories, Dickens' "Seven

Poor Travelers," which as a seasonable tale can give the wallow-wash (excepting in spots) "Carol" cards and spades and tan its pelt off. In thus doing Copeland placed the 18 karat hall-mark upon his own critical judgment and vindicated the writer's years-long John-the-Baptisting among a desert and scoffing generation, wedded to its "Carol" idol.

Another suggestion on the Big Four comes from the music-composer Percy Lee Atherton:

I earnestly wish you would trace back the curious fact, not even mentioned in "Fowler's" (bought wholly on your recommendation): one of its few and disappointing omissions! of the apparently meaningless discrepancy between four and fourteen and forty! My *guess* is that it came about as a sort of protection in the surface resemblance between fourteen and forty (originally written, of course, forty). But if this be so, why does no dictionary that I have consulted (and especially the otherwise all-satisfying "Fowler's") deign even to note the oddity?

Tima Newsom Sullivan, of Natchez, Miss., comments on John Galsworthy:

I'm sure that Mr. John Galsworthy knows his ENGLISH but I'm equally as sure that he does *not* know his SOUTHERN UNITED STATES. In his story in January SCRIBNER's, A Silent Wooing, he had Francis Wilmot say, "The Harrisons can tote the others." We learn later that he means Harrison will transport the others in a car. No Southerner—and we are told that Wilmot is a Southerner—would use the word *tote* in that sense, Mr. Webster to the contrary. The word, as used in the South, has a meaning that sets it apart from all other words meaning to carry, or transport. It means to carry on or about the person. The negro *totes* his cotton-basket on his shoulder; the mammy *totes* her baby in her arms; the modern youth—so I've been told—*totes* his flask in his hip pocket. But to *tote a person in a car!* Ye gods and little fishes, we have never *hearn tell* of such!

Ignoble Prize? Yes!

Doctor Frederick T. Wright, of Douglas, Ariz., on *meticulous*:

I was out of the country the greater part of last year and did not see SCRIBNER, therefore missed your comments on "Modern English Usage." As it seemed to be a rather recent book, I thought it might not have come your way.

Have you time to listen a moment while I say something about *meticulous*? Many years ago an educated Englishman who seemed to know his Latin, (at any rate he carried a pocket edition of Horace about with him), suggested to me, or rather asserted, that this word is derived from the Latin *meta*, being the word for the goal-posts which were set up in the stadium at opposite ends of the race-course. Obviously it was the aim of the charioteers to make their turns just as closely as possible to the *metae*. The closer they came the better their chances. I am not enough of a philologist to know whether such a derivation is conceivable, but it seems a much more satisfactory derivation, if one may so speak, than from *metus*. If one is *meticulous* in the sense of the accepted derivation, he is acting with a feeling of impending danger; he is afraid something will happen to him if he does not act in exactly the right manner; with my (sic) definition or derivation he is getting as near as he can to doing something in a very careful and exact manner. This comes nearer to meaning what we mean it to mean, if you see what I mean!

One thing more: I have a theory, wholly insusceptible of proof, that Stevenson is responsible for the present vogue of the word. I saw the word for the first time in his yarn The Wrecker. I had never come across it before, though my reading had been fairly extensive. The story was published, as you may remember, in SCRIBNER's, and in that form, and afterwards as the book, was undoubtedly widely read, as just at that time everyone was reading Stevenson. First one and then another of our budding authors saw the word and liked it, and its use spread by geometrical progression. It was all right for him to use it a single time, but alas! he didn't realize what sorrow he was entailing upon succeeding generations.

Meticulous as "timid" was used in the sixteenth century; as "overscrupulous" it first appears in the nineteenth.

R. L. S. probably gave, or added, much to its vogue.

Miss Clearwater, of the F. Q. Club, speaking of the nomination of "somebody's else," says Wooley's "New Handbook of Composition," p. 267, declares both forms to be acceptable. Well, that sounds like the wild and wooley. "Somebody's else" is intolerable.

Miss Emily S. Steele, of Washington, writes about the little noun *ire*. She encloses in her letter Exhibits A, B, and C, "showing the torture inflicted on this poor substantive by the head-line writers of the Washington press" as follows:

Exhibit A

COMMITTEE IS IRED BY BLANTON
TACTICS

(Washington Times, Jan. 16)

Exhibit B

BLANTON IRES COMMITTEE

(Washington Times, Jan. 16)

Exhibit C

IREN BY STORE DISPLAY

(Washington Post, Jan. 23)

The Pocket Paper-cutter. A short time ago Mr. H. I. Phillips, the brilliant and witty columnist of the New York *Sun*, described the agonies of a man cutting the leaves of a book with his hands and fingers. And now comes the following admirable suggestion from Richard K. Hawes, of Fall River, Mass.:

After much consideration, I submit that what this country needs is a reasonably priced pocket paper cutter. My wife was unable to find one for me at Christmas time, even in Boston. Yet a demand would certainly be found if the supply were adequate. This was the situation that made Henry Ford's fortune; given the supply, the demand will meet it.

The more I think upon the state of the Union, the more I am convinced that a good pocket paper cutter will create a revolution

in our family life. There are men in my class who still read books. It is fair to assume that such men may be found among the alumni of every college. Many of these have occasion to cut the pages of a new book. Those who have never done so will be stimulated to attempt it by the beauty of the new paper cutter. Once the joys of cutting the pages of a new book have been tasted, I predict that men will stay home nights, the attendance at banquets will diminish, children will gather breathless about the head of the family, the radio will be silenced lest it interfere with the rhythm of the cutter, and perhaps an opportunity to restore the pleasures of reading aloud will once more be afforded.

Look upon the dark picture that is now before us. The head of the household slips into the living room or library quietly, with a package in hand. The mistress says, "What is that?" Evasively the answer is "Oh, something Mr. Lauriat (Brentano,) (Rosenbach) sent me." If this passes without comment, the head of the family sinks into his chair, adjusts the reading light, and remains motionless, to quiet his head.

Up to this moment all is well. But the H. O. F. now reaches for the table paper cutter. The proper phrase at this point is "Dammit, where's my paper cutter?" The response should be "Jack had it fixing his skates." On certain feast days, when the cook is out, the response may be, "I opened a can of crab meat with it." In either case, the joy of the thing has gone—the peace of the home destroyed. The H. O. F. must either find a ruined paper cutter, or procure a table knife from the pantry. Whatever is done, the tragedy is that he must arise from his chair. I have known divorces starting from less than this. Yea, much less.

Now if the H. O. F. had on his watch chain one of Phelps's Patented Pocket Paper cutters (note alliteration) the evening would proceed pleasantly until bed time. No restlessness would occur, no urge to leave the house to seek diversion.

George L. Fox, Yale '74, writes me about the word *snab*:

I am surprised that you did not know when you were in college (1883-87) the Yale slang word *snab* for pretty girl. It was very common in the 60s and 70s. I tested

two or three '80 men on it, and they all knew it, except strange to say, Nod Osborn . . . my memory holds a striking instance of the popularity of the word at the Wooden Spoon Exhibition, July 30, 1868: the Latin Salutatory on that occasion was of course a parody of the regular Latin Salutatory. . . . The orator was a man of immense size and presence, W. S. Bissell of Buffalo, afterwards law partner of Cleveland and a member of his cabinet . . . he addressed the feminine portion of the audience somewhat as follows: "Mulieres, puellae, sorres, amicae . . . et snabae."

The Pioneer, a journal published in Allahabad, India, has in its issue for December 9, 1927, an interesting article by Frederic Whyte. He is commenting on the names included in the latest supplementary volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which contains the biographies of notable British subjects who died between the years 1912-21. Mr. Whyte asks this question: How many of these will be known to our great-grandchildren? Among the literary lights are Henry James, William De Morgan, Rupert Brooke, Stephen Phillips, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Humphry Ward, James Elroy Flecker, W. T. Stead. Mr. Whyte mentions a conversation he had with Lord Milner a few years ago, in which Lord Milner said that Stead was one of the ten most remarkable men he had ever met. On being asked for the other nine, the only man of letters he mentioned was Kipling; other notables were Gladstone, Chamberlain, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Cromer, and

Cecil Rhodes. I feel certain that Stead is not so well known in America as in Great Britain; I can hardly believe he is among the immortals. But William De Morgan?

It is certain that our younger generation are not reading the novels of William De Morgan; yet it seems equally certain that such novels cannot perish. "Joseph Vance" was published in 1906; the author was a man of sixty-five, with no popular reputation. His novel contained two hundred and eighty thousand words. He wrote it in longhand, and the MS. looked like a bale of cotton. It was of course refused by publishers. Then Mr. Lawrence, who said it was too long, but that he wished it were longer, took it to the enterprising publisher, the late William Heinemann, and said: "You have got to read it." Mr. Heinemann replied: "I'll be damned if I do!" But he did and published it, and it had an enormous sale.

Let me say now to old and young: if you are going on a long journey by land or sea, and want to carry one book that will capture and hold your interest for many hours, you cannot do better than to take "Joseph Vance." In spite of the fact that it is not now being read very generally, I believe it will never die.

Three centenaries are to be commemorated in 1928: the birth of Tolstoi, the birth of Ibsen, the death of Schubert.



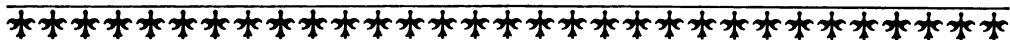
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THE FIELD OF ART

Chardin and His Contribution to Painter's Painting

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



ALL great artists are great craftsmen, but some of them are detached from the rest through their peculiarly close alliance with their means of expression. Hence the critical isolation of "painter's painting," as a phenomenon in and by itself delightful. I remember the droll observation of an artist friend who had discovered that Fra Angelico "did not know how to paint." John La Farge chuckled derisively when I repeated it to him. He knew—none could know better—what mastery of painted surface went into the old Florentine's portrayal of a blue drapery against a white wall. But the modern iconoclast's remark was understandable. He was really thinking of the qualities set free when the Van Eycks turned from the egg medium of tempera, and, through the use of linseed-oil, opened the way for the development of modern technique. There is nothing lovelier in art than the even, delicate, decorative surface of an Italian Primitive, but the genius of oil-paint is another thing and has a glory of its own. The type dedicated to its integrity has, when it is authoritative, an absolutely singular accent. How personal are the effects of a Velasquez or a Manet, a Vermeer or an Alfred Stevens, a Frans Hals or a Frank Duveneck! But every one of these painters subscribes to the same fundamental principle, to that of the manipulation of pigment as a definitely absorbing exer-

cise. It is a germinal type, this painter's painting, one especially appealing to the modern imagination, with its interest in method, and I love to dwell upon it. I love particularly to dwell upon Chardin, and I watch with intense interest for every sign of American appreciation of that eighteenth-century Frenchman.

Every occasion on which his tradition is affirmed here is, for me, a red-letter day. I rejoiced when the Wildenstein Gallery brought forward, a year or so ago, no fewer than nineteen of Chardin's works. I rejoiced again when the Frick Museum acquired La Serinette, a masterpiece, and whenever I get on the track of another Chardin in this or that collection, I feel specially rewarded. Only recently his spell has been revived in New York. Sir Robert Abdy, the English dealer, fetched over from Paris a marvellous version of La Bénédicité, one in which the familiar composition in the Louvre is extended to permit the entrance of another figure, on the left. Then Sir Joseph Duveen acquired Lord Leconfield's picture of La Mère Laborieuse, a jewel likewise known through a version in the Louvre. One does not talk of replicas where Chardin is concerned. He simply repeated himself and made each picture of his an original. There was nothing mechanical about his operations, either. An artist curious as to his color secrets asked him about them. "On se sert de couleurs," he replied, "on peint avec le

sentiment." Patiently, slowly, with a warm and serene emotion, he developed his exquisite harmonies. A picture of his is an organic growth, a true work of creative art.



One of the things contributing to make it unique, too, is his essential aloofness from the régime under which he made his way. Jean-Baptiste Siméon Chardin, son of the king's billiard-table maker, was born at Paris on November 2, 1699. He died a man of eighty. He was thus a lad at the time of the accession of Louis XV, and lived through the reign of that monarch's successor—lived long enough to touch hands with David, his complete antithesis. It was a tremendous span and it embraced the high tide of a movement which it would have seemed impossible for him to escape. The eighteenth century was a period compact of cynicism and artifice, light, ineffably graceful, governed by social conditions which were nothing if not tinctured by courtly taste. Chardin knew all about its charm. *La Serinette* is in the key of an urbane world. But that "sentiment" with which he painted had its origin in a totally different point of view. Of all the writers who have touched upon him, from Diderot down to the Goncourts, and M. Dayot in his magnificent folio, none has said anything truer than this sentence of Lady Dilke's: "He is not so much an eighteenth-century French artist, as a French artist of pure race and type." His roots strike deep. He is French in that he is sane, balanced, keeps his eye on the object, saturates his art in sincerity and truth. Fashion could not form him. The "fête champêtre" could not hold him. He was too simply human.

They say that he made the usual troubled start, his father looking to him for billiard-tables rather than pictures, but, as usual again, inborn instinct prevailed and he was soon busy in the atelier of one Pierre-Jacques Cazes, a painter once of some celebrity but long since forgotten. He found a better master in Noël-Nicolas Coypel, and had some experience under Van Loo when that artist was furbishing up Primaticcio's gallery at Fontainebleau. We hear of him as a member of the Academy of St. Luke, haven of artists who, according to Grimm, "had not enough of either talent or reputation to win entrance into the Royal Academy." But that did not long content him. All the biographers relate with relish the story of his invasion of the more august institution. He set ten little paintings of still life in an anteroom for the members to see as they passed in to one of their meetings, and the merits of these works seem to have excited universal approval. They were taken for the products "d'un bon peintre Flamand," and his début was secure. On September 27, 1725, being then in his twenty-sixth year, Chardin was cordially received into the Academy. He was identified with it all his life long, rising to official rank within its membership and ultimately dwelling in apartments in the Louvre. He was appointed "hanger" of the Salon. The king bought pictures from him. So did Frederick the Great. The Comte de Tessin in Sweden, presiding over the construction and embellishment of the royal palace at Stockholm, became the intermediary through whom the pictures by Chardin still in that country were purchased. Decidedly the master was successful—though it may be noted in passing that there was a curious disparity between his renown



La Serinette.

From the painting by Chardin in the Frick Museum.



La Mère Laborieuse.

From the painting by Chardin shown at the Duveen Gallery.



Le Bénédicité.

From the painting by Chardin shown by Sir Robert Abdy.



Le Lièvre.

From the painting by Chardin shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.



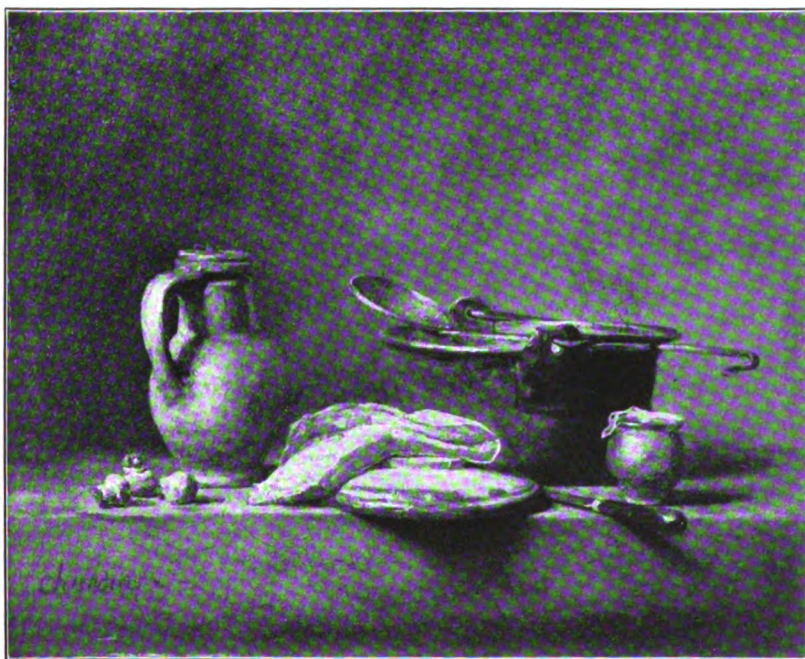
Les Bouteilles de Savon.

From the painting by Chardin shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.



Le Jeune Homme au Violon.

From the painting by Chardin in the Louvre.



Nature Morte.

From the painting by Chardin shown at the Wildenstein Gallery.



Reunion d'Amateurs.
From the drawing by Chardin.



L'Homme à la Boule.
From the sanguine by Chardin in the
Louvre.



Étude.
From the drawing by Chardin.

and his financial aggrandizement. Nominally, the Academy was a factor in his rise. But though he was in it he was not of it.

In the biography by Mr. Furst there is a confessedly fanciful but still very pretty picture of a quite possible scene. In it we are asked to watch "M. Chardin de l'Academie royale de peinture et sculpture dress in his best suit of clothes, see him put on a short wig . . . and go, on Sunday, the 17th of November, 1740, to Versailles, in order to be presented by M. le Contrôleur Général, to His Majesty, who had expressed the wish to see two of the painter's pictures, *La Mère Laborieuse* and *La Bénédicité*—both of which were examined by His Majesty and duly purchased." It is a picture legitimately to be kept in mind, for it is "in character," and supports the proper conception of Chardin as a representative figure in the eighteenth century, "arrived," officially recognized, a pillar of the epoch. But the bases of that pillar were in neither the boudoirs nor the drawing-rooms of the great—they were in the homes of the bourgeoisie and even in their kitchens.



Criticism has always been a little at a loss as to the precise date of his first explorations of those more modest interiors. He began, as I have said, with still life. When did he think of tackling the figure? Lady Dilke, weighing the rather confused evidence, is inclined to doubt the theory of his having waited until he was nearly forty. I need not pursue that obscure phase of the subject here, merely saying that the hypothesis that he did not delay so long is confirmed by the works. They do not suggest a painter at any time hesitating

about his *métier*. The same technical proficiency that gave the still-lives to the world in such excellent form, so soon, must fairly early in the painter's career have been wreaked upon figure subjects. There are too many resemblances of style and facture and color for the two categories to be widely separated in point of time. In both fields you follow him accompanied by the echo of Diderot's exclamation on Chardin's art in the Salon of 1759: "It is always nature, always truth!" And, I would add, it is always beauty, the beauty of superlative *painting*.

The studies of still life perhaps most illuminatingly expose the fact, for in them the subject is so emphatically but a peg on which to hang the niceties of execution. Diderot, it is true, made much of the pure realism in them. "You could take the bottles by the neck if you were thirsty," he said. "The peaches and the grapes give you an appetite." Chardin himself was keen upon this veracity of his. One of the stories about him relates to his young days with Coppel, who asked him to paint in a gun in a hunting portrait. Chardin was deeply impressed by the solicitude his master showed for every point involved in the accurate representation of the weapon. I remember *Le Lièvre* in the Wildenstein exhibition aforementioned. Everything about that picture was amazingly exact, as exact as it would have been made by one of those Little Old Masters of the Dutch school whose influence upon Chardin is unmistakable. The hair was miraculously defined. The very deadness of the animal was somehow perfectly registered. But the picture also made me think of Velasquez and Vermeer in its sensuous beauty, in the brilliance with which insensate objects were metamor-

phosed into so much heavenly painted surface. It was so whenever he touched still life, even when he went a little outside his accustomed sphere, and, increasing his scale and dipping into conventionalized composition, challenged Oudry. When he is satisfied with a casual theme, with fruit carelessly arranged, a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, then he is in his own kingdom and brings off his *coup* with a conquering stroke indescribably exhilarating to the beholder.



I love his still life "this side idolatry," but I confess that I am even happier when he widens his range and paints *La Serinette*, or *La Toilette de Matin*, or *Les Bouteilles de Savon*—when he paints women and children in the atmosphere of a domesticity that is merely adorable, or when he moves below to the scullery and paints *La Fontaine* or *La Pourvoyeuse*. Here the subject counts as it does not count in the world of still life, and it has, indeed, a rich historical significance. After the exclusively sophisticated and glittering pageant unrolled by Watteau, Lancret, Moreau, and the rest, it is well to forget its "silver flutes" and to foregather with the simpler denizens of eighteenth-century France, exchanging heartless wit for tender gentleness, a courtly carriage for the ordinary walk and demeanor of ordinary men, women, and children. The children particularly are enchanting images of a gracious and genuine life. It is a mistake to undervalue Chardin as the preserver of a social panorama. If he could afford to paint with "sentiment," we may surely afford to sympathize with what was humanly true in him, even with that which was, if you like, sentimental and anecdotic. His sweetness is "of the centre." It

springs from the soul. It has the universality which belongs to great art. But it is Chardin's technique that finally validates it, his masterful grasp upon form, his sturdy brushwork, and, above all, his pure and delicately harmonized browns and grays, and supremely lovely whites. No one like Chardin for a perfect white, or gray, or rose! He culls his tints as though from flowers, yet he gives them body, splendid body, and leaves a canvas almost "fat."



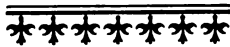
It is amusing to observe the gusto with which Diderot backed him up. Hogarth's rash assertion that "France hath not produced one remarkable good colorist," only drove Chardin's countryman to an outburst of pride in him. "This man," he said, "is the greatest colorist of the Salon, perhaps one of the greatest colorists in the whole realm of art. I cannot pardon that impudent Webb for having written a treatise on art without citing a single Frenchman. Neither can I pardon Hogarth for having said that the French school possessed not even a mediocre colorist. That is a lie, Monsieur Hogarth, that is ignorance or platitude on your part. . . . Paint better, if you can; learn how to draw, but stop writing. . . . For the last thirty years Chardin has been a great colorist."

He was a greater colorist than he was a draftsman. I do not think he was a particularly brilliant stylist in this field. There are only a few drawings recognized as his, and in those few the line seems to me rather that of a school than that of a sharply individualized master. In portraiture, too, the slender and often doubtfully authentic testimony that exists leaves him, as to drawing, a figure of his period, chiefly. But he

drew with adequacy always, and he painted not for his period but for all time. There is something very wholesome about Chardin in substance, and he is equally honest, equally enduring, in form. He paints soundly, powerfully, beautifully. Painting humble motives having naught to do with the color and movement of the fashionable world upon which the art of his period was largely dependent, he imposed himself upon that world with an irresistible gesture. He could portray a kitchen-maid with the liveliest sympathy and yet remain one of the aristocrats of his school, with a hint of the grand style in his blood. And there is no old master more vitally modern, more eloquent in our day and generation of the everlasting virtues of painter's painting.

First and last the lesson he enforces is just the lesson of consummate workmanship, yet his paintings embody a trenchant rebuke for those artists who fancy that manual dexterity can be

profitably exercised in a vacuum. As I have endeavored to show, a penetrating sympathy was inseparable from his genius. When he delineated a child building houses of cards or blowing soap-bubbles, he was truly interested in his subject. The levities of his time, so important to so many of his contemporaries, left him cold; but for life in homespun, so to say, he had a positively enkindled feeling. And then he saw it so beautifully! If he shared anything with those sparkling contemporaries of his, it was their clairvoyance for grace, their gift for endowing any figure with a certain suavely vivacious charm. Chardin is full of charm. His pictures take you captive through their technique and they stay in the mind with a reality that touches the heart. Never in their presence can we forget that if he painted with a brush and colors, he painted also, as he said, with "sentiment."



A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.

The Greene Murder Case

(Continued from page 448 of this number)

"I see your point," said Markham slowly. "But how does it help us? We know all the external facts; and they certainly don't fit into any intelligible conception of a unified whole."

"Not yet, perhaps," agreed Vance. "But that's because we haven't gone about it systematically. We've done too much investigating and too little thinking. We've been sidetracked by what the modern painters call documentation—that is, by the objective appeal of the picture's recognizable parts. We haven't sought for the abstract content. We've overlooked the 'significant form'—a loose phrase; but blame Clive Bell for it!"*

"And how would you suggest that we set about determining the compositional design of this bloody canvas? We might dub the picture, by the way, 'Nepotism Gone Wrong.'" By this facetious remark, he was, I knew, attempting to counteract the serious impression the other's disquisition had made on him; for, though he realized Vance would not have drawn his voluminous parallel without a definite hope of applying it successfully to the problem in hand, he was chary of indulging any expectations lest they result in further disappointments.

In answer to Markham's question Vance drew out the sheaf of papers he had brought with him.

"Last night," he explained, "I set down briefly and chronologically all the outstanding facts of the Greene case—that is, I noted each important external factor of the ghastly picture we've been contemplating for the past few weeks. The principal forms are all here, though I may have left out many details. But I think I have tabulated a sufficient number of items to serve as a working basis."

He held out the papers to Markham.

"The truth lies somewhere in that list. If we could put the facts together—relate them to one another with their correct values—

* Vance was here referring to the chapter called "The Aesthetic Hypothesis" in Clive Bell's "Art." But, despite the somewhat slighting character of his remark, Vance was an admirer of Bell's criticisms, and had spoken to me with considerable enthusiasm of his "Since Cézanne"

we'd know who was at the bottom of this orgy of crime; for, once we determined the pattern, each of the items would take on a vital significance, and we could read clearly the message they had to tell us."

Markham took the summary and, moving his chair nearer to the light, read through it without a word.

I preserved the original copy of the document; and, of all the records I possess, it was the most important and far-reaching in its effects. Indeed, it was the instrument by means of which the Greene case was solved. Had it not been for this recapitulation, prepared by Vance and later analyzed by him, the famous mass murder at the Greene mansion would doubtless have been relegated to the category of unsolved crimes.

Herewith is a verbatim reproduction of it:

GENERAL FACTS

1. An atmosphere of mutual hatred pervades the Greene mansion.
2. Mrs. Greene is a nagging, complaining paralytic, making life miserable for the whole household.
3. There are five children—two daughters, two sons, and one adopted daughter—who have nothing in common, and live in a state of constant antagonism and bitterness toward one another.
4. Though Mrs. Mannheim, the cook, was acquainted with Tobias Greene years ago and was remembered in his will, she refuses to reveal any of the facts in her past.
5. The will of Tobias Greene stipulated that the family must live in the Greene mansion for twenty-five years on pain of disinheritance, with the one exception that, if Ada should marry, she could establish a residence elsewhere, as she was not of the Greene blood. By the will Mrs. Greene has the handling and disposition of the money.
6. Mrs. Greene's will makes the five children equal beneficiaries. In event of death of any of them the survivors share alike; and if all should die the estate goes to their families.
7. The sleeping-rooms of the Greenes are arranged thus: Julia's and Rex's face each

other at the front of the house; Chester's and Ada's face each other in the centre of the house; and Sibella's and Mrs. Greene's face each other at the rear. No two rooms inter-communicate, with the exception of Ada's and Mrs. Greene's; and these two rooms also give on the same balcony.

8. The library of Tobias Greene, which Mrs. Greene believes she had kept locked for twelve years, contains a remarkably complete collection of books on criminology and allied subjects.

9. Tobias Greene's past was somewhat mysterious, and there were many rumors concerning shady transactions carried on by him in foreign lands.

FIRST CRIME

10. Julia is killed by a contact shot, fired from the front, at 11.30 P. M.

11. Ada is shot from behind, also by a contact shot. She recovers.

12. Julia is found in bed, with a look of horror and amazement on her face.

13. Ada is found on the floor before the dressing-table.

14. The lights have been turned on in both rooms.

15. Over three minutes elapse between the two shots.

16. Von Blon, summoned immediately, arrives within half an hour.

17. A set of footprints, other than Von Blon's, leaving and approaching the house, is found; but the character of the snow renders them indecipherable.

18. The tracks have been made during the half-hour preceding the crime.

19. Both shootings are done with a .32 revolver.

20. Chester reports that an old .32 revolver of his is missing.

21. Chester is not satisfied with the police theory of a burglar, and insists that the District Attorney's office investigate the case.

22. Mrs. Greene is aroused by the shot fired in Ada's room, and hears Ada fall. But she hears no footsteps or sound of a door closing.

23. Sproot is half-way down the servants' stairs when the second shot is fired, yet he encounters no one in the hall. Nor does he hear any noise.

24. Rex, in the room next to Ada's, says he heard no shot.

25. Rex intimates that Chester knows more about the tragedy than he admits.

26. There is some secret between Chester and Sibella.

27. Sibella, like Chester, repudiates the burglar theory, but refuses to suggest an alternative, and says frankly that any member of the Greene family may be guilty.

28. Ada says she was awakened by a menacing presence in her room, which was in darkness; that she attempted to run from the intruder, but was pursued by shuffling footsteps.

29. Ada says a hand touched her when she first arose from bed, but refuses to make any attempt to identify the hand.

30. Sibella challenges Ada to say that it was she (Sibella) who was in the room, and then deliberately accuses Ada of having shot Julia. She also accuses Ada of having stolen the revolver from Chester's room.

31. Von Blon, by his attitude and manner, reveals a curious intimacy between Sibella and himself.

32. Ada is frankly fond of Von Blon.

SECOND CRIME

33. Four days after Julia and Ada are shot, at 11.30 P. M., Chester is murdered by a contact shot fired from a .32 revolver.

34. There is a look of amazement and horror on his face.

35. Sibella hears the shot and summons Sproot.

36. Sibella says she listened at her door immediately after the shot was fired, but heard no other sound.

37. The lights are on in Chester's room. He was apparently reading when the murderer entered.

38. A clear double set of footprints is found on the front walk. The tracks have been made within a half-hour of the crime.

39. A pair of galoshes, exactly corresponding to the footprints, is found in Chester's clothes-closet.

40. Ada had a premonition of Chester's death, and, when informed of it, guesses he has been shot in the same manner as Julia. But she is greatly relieved when shown the footprint patterns indicating that the murderer is an outsider.

41. Rex says he heard a noise in the hall and the sound of a door closing twenty minutes before the shot was fired.

42. Ada, when told of Rex's story, recalls also having heard a door close at some time after eleven.

43. It is obvious that Ada knows or suspects something.

44. The cook becomes emotional at the thought of any one wanting to harm Ada, but says she can understand a person having a reason to shoot Julia and Chester.

45. Rex, when interviewed, shows clearly that he thinks some one in the house is guilty.

46. Rex accuses Von Blon of being the murderer.

47. Mrs. Greene makes a request that the investigation be dropped.

THIRD CRIME

48. Rex is shot in the forehead with a .32 revolver, at 11.20 A. M., twenty days after Chester has been killed and within five minutes of the time Ada phones him from the District Attorney's office.

49. There is no look of horror or surprise on Rex's face, as was the case with Julia and Chester.

50. His body is found on the floor before the mantel.

51. A diagram which Ada asked him to bring with him to the District Attorney's office has disappeared.

52. No one up-stairs hears the shot, though the doors are open; but Sproot, down-stairs in the butler's pantry, hears it distinctly.

53. Von Blon is visiting Sibella that morning; but she says she was in the bathroom bathing her dog at the time Rex was shot.

54. Footprints are found in Ada's room coming from the balcony door, which is ajar.

55. A single set of footprints is found leading from the front walk to the balcony.

56. The tracks could have been made at any time after nine o'clock that morning.

57. Sibella refuses to go away on a visit.

58. The galoshes that made all three sets of footprints are found in the linen-closet, although they were not there when the house was searched for the revolver.

59. The galoshes are returned to the linen-closet, but disappear that night.

FOURTH CRIME

60. Two days after Rex's death Ada and Mrs. Greene are poisoned within twelve hours

of each other—Ada with morphine, Mrs. Greene with strychnine.

61. Ada is treated at once, and recovers.

62. Von Blon is seen leaving the house just before Ada swallows the poison.

63. Ada is discovered by Sproot as a result of Sibella's dog catching his teeth in the bell-cord.

64. The morphine was taken in the bouillon which Ada habitually drank in the mornings.

65. Ada states that no one visited her in her room after the nurse had called her to come and drink the bouillon; but that she went to Julia's room to get a shawl, leaving the bouillon unguarded for several moments.

66. Neither Ada nor the nurse remembers having seen Sibella's dog in the hall before the poisoned bouillon was taken.

67. Mrs. Greene is found dead of strychnine-poisoning the morning after Ada swallowed the morphine.

68. The strychnine could have been administered only after 11 P. M. the previous night.

69. The nurse was in her room on the third floor between 11 and 11.30 P. M.

70. Von Blon was calling on Sibella that night, but Sibella says he left her at 10.45.

71. The strychnine was administered in a dose of citrocarbonate, which, presumably, Mrs. Greene would not have taken without assistance.

72. Sibella decides to visit a girl chum in Atlantic City, and leaves New York on the afternoon train.

DISTRIBUTABLE FACTS

73. The same revolver is used on Julia, Ada, Chester, and Rex.

74. All three sets of footprints have obviously been made by some one in the house for the purpose of casting suspicion on an outsider.

75. The murderer is some one whom both Julia and Chester would receive in their rooms, in negligé, late at night.

76. The murderer does not make himself known to Ada, but enters her room surreptitiously.

77. Nearly three weeks after Chester's death Ada comes to the District Attorney's office, stating she has important news to impart.

78. Ada says that Rex has confessed to her

that he heard the shot in her room and also heard other things, but was afraid to admit them; and she asks that Rex be questioned.

79. Ada tells of having found a cryptic diagram, marked with symbols, in the lower hall near the library door.

80. On the day of Rex's murder Von Blon reports that his medicine-case has been rifled of three grains of strychnine and six grains of morphine—presumably at the Greene mansion.

81. The library reveals the fact that some one has been in the habit of going there and reading by candle-light. The books that show signs of having been read are: a handbook of the criminal sciences, two works on toxicology, and two treatises on hysterical paralysis and sleep-walking.

82. The visitor to the library is some one who understands German well, for three of the books that have been read are in German.

83. The galoshes that disappeared from the linen-closet on the night of Rex's murder are found in the library.

84. Some one listens at the door while the library is being inspected.

85. Ada reports that she saw Mrs. Greene walking in the lower hall the night before.

86. Von Blon asserts that Mrs. Greene's paralysis is of a nature that makes movement a physical impossibility.

87. Arrangements are made with Von Blon to have Doctor Oppenheimer examine Mrs. Greene.

88. Von Blon informs Mrs. Greene of the proposed examination, which he has scheduled for the following day.

89. Mrs. Greene is poisoned before Doctor Oppenheimer's examination can be made.

90. The *post mortem* reveals conclusively that Mrs. Greene's leg muscles were so atrophied that she could not have walked.

91. Ada, when told of the autopsy, insists that she saw her mother's shawl about the figure in the hall, and, on being pressed, admits that Sibella sometimes wore it.

92. During the questioning of Ada regarding the shawl Mrs. Mannheim suggests that it was she herself whom Ada saw in the hall.

93. When Julia and Ada were shot there were, or could have been, present in the house: Chester, Sibella, Rex, Mrs. Greene, Von Blon, Barton, Hemming, Sproot, and Mrs. Mannheim.

94. When Chester was shot there were, or could have been, present in the house: Sibella, Rex, Mrs. Greene, Ada, Von Blon, Barton, Hemming, Sproot, and Mrs. Mannheim.

95. When Rex was shot there were, or could have been, present in the house: Sibella, Mrs. Greene, Von Blon, Hemming, Sproot, and Mrs. Mannheim.

96. When Ada was poisoned there were, or could have been, present in the house: Sibella, Mrs. Greene, Von Blon, Hemming, Sproot, and Mrs. Mannheim.

97. When Mrs. Greene was poisoned there were, or could have been, present in the house: Sibella, Von Blon, Ada, Hemming, Sproot, and Mrs. Mannheim.

When Markham had finished reading the summary, he went through it a second time. Then he laid it on the table.

"Yes, Vance," he said, "you've covered the main points pretty thoroughly. But I can't see any coherence in them. In fact, they seem only to emphasize the confusion of the case."

"And yet, Markham, I'm convinced that they only need rearrangement and interpretation to be perfectly clear. Properly analyzed, they'll tell us everything we want to know."

Markham glanced again through the pages.

"If it wasn't for certain items, we could make out a case against several people. But no matter what person in the list we may assume to be guilty, we are at once confronted by a group of contradictory and insurmountable facts. This *précis* could be used effectively to prove that every one concerned is innocent."

"Superficially it appears that way," agreed Vance. "But we first must find the generating line of the design, and then relate the subsidiary forms of the pattern to it."

Markham made a hopeless gesture.

"If only life were as simple as your æsthetic theories!"

"It's dashed simpler," Vance asserted. "The mere mechanism of a camera can record life; but only a highly developed creative intelligence, with a profound philosophic insight, can produce a work of art."

"Can you make any sense—æsthetic or otherwise—out of this?" Markham petulantly tapped the sheets of paper.

"I can see certain tracteries, so to speak—certain suggestions of a pattern; but I'll admit the main design has thus far eluded me.

The fact is, Markham, I have a feeling that some important factor in this case—some balancing line of the pattern, perhaps—is still hidden from us. I don't say that my résumé is insusceptible of interpretation in its present state; but our task would be greatly simplified if we were in possession of the missing integer."

Fifteen minutes later, when we had returned to Markham's main office, Swacker came in and laid a letter on the desk.

"There's a funny one, Chief," he said.

Markham took up the letter and read it with a deepening frown. When he had finished, he handed it to Vance. The letter-head read, "Rectory, Third Presbyterian Church, Stamford, Connecticut"; the date was the preceding day; and the signature was that of the Reverend Anthony Seymour. The contents of the letter, written in a small, precise hand, were as follows:

THE HONORABLE JOHN F.-X. MARKHAM,

Dear Sir: As far as I am aware, I have never betrayed a confidence. But there can arise, I believe, unforeseen circumstances to modify the strictness of one's adherence to a given promise, and indeed impose upon one a greater duty than that of keeping silent.

I have read in the papers of the wicked and abominable things that have happened at the Greene residence in New York; and I have therefore come to the conclusion, after much heart-searching and prayer, that it is my bounden duty to put you in possession of a fact which, as the result of a promise, I have kept to myself for over a year. I would not now betray this trust did I not believe that some good might possibly come of it, and that you, my dear sir, would also treat the matter in the most sacred confidence. It may not help you—indeed, I do not see how it can possibly lead to a solution of the terrible curse that has fallen upon the Greene family—but since the fact is connected intimately with one of the members of that family, I will feel better when I have communicated it to you.

On the night of August 29, of last year, a machine drove up to my door, and a man and a woman asked that I secretly marry them. I may say that I am frequently receiving such requests from runaway couples. This particular couple appeared to be well-bred dependable people, and I concurred with their wishes, giving them my assurances that the

ceremony would, as they desired, be kept confidential.

The names that appeared on the license—which had been secured in New Haven late that afternoon—were Sibella Greene, of New York City, and Arthur Von Blon, also of New York City.

Vance read the letter and handed it back.

"Really, y' know, I can't say that I'm astonished——"

Suddenly he broke off, his eyes fixed thoughtfully before him. Then he rose nervously and paced up and down.

"That tears it!" he exclaimed.

Markham threw him a look of puzzled interrogation.

"What's the point?"

"Don't you see?" Vance came quickly to the District Attorney's desk. "My word! That's the one fact that's missing from my tabulation." He then unfolded the last sheet and wrote:

98. Sibella and Von Blon were secretly married a year ago.

"But I don't see how that helps," protested Markham.

"Neither do I at this moment," Vance replied. "But I'm going to spend this evening in erudite meditation."

XXIV

A MYSTERIOUS TRIP

(Sunday, December 5)

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was scheduled that afternoon to play a Bach Concerto and Beethoven's C-Minor Symphony; and Vance, on leaving the District Attorney's office, rode direct to Carnegie Hall. He sat through the concert in a state of relaxed receptivity, and afterward insisted on walking the two miles back to his quarters—an almost unheard-of thing for him.

Shortly after dinner Vance bade me good night and, donning his slippers and house-robe, went into the library. I had considerable work to do that night, and it was long past midnight when I finished. On the way to my room I passed the library door, which had been left slightly ajar, and I saw Vance sitting at his desk—his head in his hands, the summary lying before him—in an attitude of oblivious concentration. He was smoking, as

was habitual with him during any sort of mental activity; and the ash-receiver at his elbow was filled with cigarette-stubs. I moved on quietly, marvelling at the way this new problem had taken hold of him.

It was half past three in the morning when I suddenly awoke, conscious of footsteps somewhere in the house. Rising quietly, I went into the hall, drawn by a vague curiosity mingled with uneasiness. At the end of the corridor a panel of light fell on the wall, and as I moved forward in the semidarkness I saw that the light issued from the partly open library door. At the same time I became aware that the footsteps, too, came from that room. I could not resist looking inside; and there I saw Vance walking up and down, his chin sunk on his breast, his hands crammed into the deep pockets of his dressing-gown. The room was dense with cigarette-smoke, and his figure appeared misty in the blue haze. I went back to bed and lay awake for an hour. When finally I dozed off it was to the accompaniment of those rhythmic footfalls in the library.

I rose at eight o'clock. It was a dark, dismal Sunday, and I had my coffee in the living-room by electric light. When I glanced into the library at nine Vance was still there, sitting at his desk. The reading-lamp was burning, but the fire on the hearth had died out. Returning to the living-room, I tried to interest myself in the Sunday newspapers; but after scanning the accounts of the Greene case I lit my pipe and drew up my chair before the grate.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Vance appeared at the door. All night he had been up, wrestling with his self-imposed problem; and the devitalizing effects of this long, sleepless concentration showed on him only too plainly. There were shadowed circles around his eyes; his mouth was drawn; and even his shoulders sagged wearily. But, despite the shock his appearance gave me, my dominant emotion was one of avid curiosity. I wanted to know the outcome of his all-night vigil; and as he came into the room I gave him a look of questioning expectancy.

When his eyes met mine he nodded slowly.

"I've traced the design," he said, holding out his hands to the warmth of the fire. "And it's more horrible than I even imagined." He was silent for some minutes. "Telephone Markham for me, will you, Van? Tell him I

must see him at once. Ask him to come to breakfast. Explain that I'm a bit fagged."

He went out, and I heard him calling to Currie to prepare his bath.

I had no difficulty in inducing Markham to breakfast with us after I had explained the situation; and in less than an hour he arrived. Vance was dressed and shaved, and looked considerably fresher than when I had first seen him that morning; but he was still pale, and his eyes were fatigued.

No mention was made of the Greene case during breakfast, but when we had sought easy chairs in the library, Markham could withhold his impatience no longer.

"Van intimated over the phone that you had made something out of the summary."

"Yes." Vance spoke dispiritedly. "I've fitted all the items together. And it's damnable! No wonder the truth escaped us."

Markham leaned forward, his face tense, unbelieving.

"You know the truth?"

"Yes, I know," came the quiet answer. "That is, my brain has told me conclusively who's at the bottom of this fiendish affair; but even now—in the daylight—I can't credit it. Everything in me revolts against the acceptance of the truth. The fact is, I'm almost afraid to accept it. . . . Dash it all, I'm getting mellow. Middle-age has crept upon me." He attempted to smile, but failed.

Markham waited in silence.

"No, old man," continued Vance; "I'm not going to tell you now. I can't tell you until I've looked into one or two matters. You see, the pattern is plain enough, but the recognizable objects, set in their new relationships, are grotesque—like the shapes in an awful dream. I must first touch them and measure them to make sure that they're not, after all, mere abortive vagaries."

"And how long will this verification take?" Markham knew there was no use to try to force the issue. He realized that Vance was fully conscious of the seriousness of the situation, and respected his decision to investigate certain points before revealing his conclusions.

"Not long, I hope." Vance went to his desk and wrote something on a piece of paper, which he handed to Markham. "Here's a list of the five books in Tobias's library that showed signs of having been read by the nocturnal visitor. I want those books, Markham

—immediately. But I don't want any one to know about their being taken away. Therefore, I'm going to ask you to phone Nurse O'Brien to get Mrs. Greene's key and secure them when no one is looking. Tell her to wrap them up and give them to the detective on guard in the house with instructions to bring them here. You can explain to her what section of the book-shelves they're in."

Markham took the paper and rose without a word. At the door of the den, however, he paused.

"Do you think it wise for the man to leave the house?"

"It won't matter," Vance told him. "Nothing more can happen there at present."

Markham went on into the den. In a few minutes he returned.

"The books will be here in half an hour."

When the detective arrived with the package Vance unwrapped it and laid the volumes beside his chair.

"Now, Markham, I'm going to do some reading. You won't mind, what?" Despite his casual tone, it was evident that an urgent seriousness underlay his words.

Markham got up immediately; and again I marvelled at the complete understanding that existed between these two disparate men.

"I have a number of personal letters to write," he said, "so I'll run along. Currie's omelet was excellent.—When shall I see you again? I could drop round at tea-time."

Vance held out his hand with a look bordering on affection.

"Make it five o'clock. I'll be through with my perusings by then. And thanks for your tolerance." Then he added gravely: "You'll understand, after I've told you everything, why I wanted to wait a bit."

When Markham returned that afternoon a little before five Vance was still reading in the library; but shortly afterward he joined us in the living-room.

"The picture clarifies," he said. "The fantastic images are gradually taking on the aspect of hideous realities. I've substantiated several points, but a few facts still need corroboration."

"To vindicate your hypothesis?"

"No, not that. The hypothesis is self-proving. There's no doubt as to the truth. But—dash it all, Markham!—I refuse to accept it until every scrap of evidence has been incontrovertibly sustained."

"Is the evidence of such a nature that I can use it in a court of law?"

"That is something I refuse even to consider. Criminal proceedings seem utterly irrelevant in the present case. But I suppose society must have its pound of flesh, and you—the duly elected Shylock of God's great common people—will no doubt wield the knife. However, I assure you I shall not be present at the butchery."

Markham studied him curiously.

"Your words sound rather ominous. But if, as you say, you have discovered the perpetrator of these crimes, why shouldn't society exact punishment?"

"If society were omniscient, Markham, it would have a right to sit in judgment. But society is ignorant and venomous, devoid of any trace of insight or understanding. It exalts knavery, and worships stupidity. It crucifies the intelligent, and puts the diseased in dungeons. And, withal, it arrogates to itself the right and ability to analyze the subtle sources of what it calls 'crime,' and to condemn to death all persons whose inborn and irresistible impulses it does not like. That's your sweet society, Markham—a pack of wolves watering at the mouth for victims on whom to vent its organized lust to kill and flay."

Markham regarded him with some astonishment and considerable concern.

"Perhaps you are preparing to let the criminal escape in the present case," he said with the irony of resentment.

"Oh, no," Vance assured him. "I shall turn your victim over to you. The Greene murderer is of a particularly vicious type, and should be rendered impotent. I was merely trying to suggest that the electric chair—that touchin' device of your beloved society—is not quite the correct method of dealing with this culprit."

"You admit, however, that he is a menace to society."

"Undoubtedly. And the hideous thing about it is that this tournament of crime at the Greene mansion will continue unless we can put a stop to it. That's why I am being so careful. As the case now stands, I doubt if you could even make an arrest."

When tea was over Vance got up and stretched himself.

"By the by, Markham," he said offhandedly, "have you received any report on Sibella's activities?"

"Nothing important. She's still in Atlantic

City, and evidently intends to stay there for some time. She phoned Sproot yesterday to send down another trunkful of her clothes."

"Did she, now? That's very gratifyin'." Vance walked to the door with sudden resolution. "I think I'll run out to the Greenses for a little while. I sha'n't be gone over an hour. Wait for me here, Markham—there's a good fellow; I don't want my visit to have an official flavor. There's a new *Simplicissimus* on the table to amuse you till I return. Con it and thank your own special gods that you have no Thöny or Gulbranssen in this country to caricature your Gladstonian features."

As he spoke he beckoned to me, and, before Markham could question him, we passed out into the hall and down the stairs. Fifteen minutes later a taxicab set us down before the Greene mansion.

Sproot opened the door for us, and Vance, with only a curt greeting, led him into the drawing-room.

"I understand," he said, "that Miss Sibella phoned you yesterday from Atlantic City and asked to have a trunk shipped to her."

Sproot bowed. "Yes, sir. I sent the trunk off last night."

"What did Miss Sibella say to you over the phone?"

"Very little, sir—the connection was not good. She said merely that she had no intention of returning to New York for a considerable time and needed more clothes than she had taken with her."

"Did she ask how things were going at the house here?"

"Only in the most casual way, sir."

"Then she didn't seem apprehensive about what might happen here while she was away?"

"No, sir. In fact—if I may say so without disloyalty—her tone of voice was quite indifferent, sir."

"Judging from her remarks about the trunk, how long would you say she intends to be away?"

Sproot considered the matter.

"That's difficult to say, sir. But I would go so far as to venture the opinion that Miss Sibella intends to remain in Atlantic City for a month or more."

Vance nodded with satisfaction.

"And now, Sproot," he said, "I have a particularly important question to ask you. When you first went into Miss Ada's room on the night she was shot and found her on the floor

before the dressing-table, was the window open? Think! I want a positive answer. You know the window is just beside the dressing-table and overlooks the steps leading to the stone balcony. *Was it open or shut?*"

Sproot contracted his brows and appeared to be recalling the scene. Finally he spoke, and there was no doubt in his voice.

"The window was open, sir. I recall it now quite distinctly. After Mr. Chester and I had lifted Miss Ada to the bed, I closed it at once for fear she would catch cold."

"How far open was the window?" asked Vance with eager impatience.

"Eight or nine inches, sir, I should say. Perhaps a foot."

"Thank you, Sproot. That will be all. Now please tell the cook I want to see her."

Mrs. Mannheim came in a few minutes later, and Vance indicated a chair near the desk-light. When the woman had seated herself he stood before her and fixed her with a stern, implacable gaze.

"Frau Mannheim, the time for truth-telling has come. I am here to ask you a few questions, and unless I receive a straight answer to them I shall report you to the police. You will, I assure you, receive no consideration at their hands."

The woman tightened her lips stubbornly and shifted her eyes, unable to meet Vance's penetrating stare.

"You told me once that your husband died in New Orleans thirteen years ago. Is that correct?"

Vance's question seemed to relieve her mind, and she answered readily.

"Yes, yes. Thirteen years ago."

"What month?"

"In October."

"Had he been ill long?"

"About a year."

"What was the nature of his illness?"

Now a look of fright came into her eyes.

"I—don't know—exactly," she stammered.

"The doctors didn't let me see him."

"He was in a hospital?"

She nodded several times rapidly. "Yes—a hospital."

"And I believe you told me, Frau Mannheim, that you saw Mr. Tobias Greene a year before your husband's death. That would have been about the time your husband entered the hospital—fourteen years ago."

She looked vaguely at Vance, but made no reply.

"And it was exactly fourteen years ago that Mr. Greene adopted Ada."

The woman caught her breath sharply. A look of panic contorted her face.

"So when your husband died," continued Vance, "you came to Mr. Greene, knowing he would give you a position."

He went up to her and touched her filially on the shoulder.

"I have suspected for some time, Frau Mannheim," he said kindly, "that Ada is your daughter. It's true, isn't it?"

With a convulsive sob the woman hid her face in her apron.

"I gave Mr. Greene my word," she confessed brokenly, "that I wouldn't tell any one—not even Ada—if he let me stay here—to be near her."

"You haven't told any one," Vance consoled her. "It was not your fault that I guessed it."

When Mrs. Mannheim left us a little later Vance had succeeded in allaying her apprehension and distress. He then sent for Ada.

As she entered the drawing-room the troubled look in her eyes and the pallor of her cheeks told clearly of the strain she was under. Her first question voiced the fear uppermost in her mind.

"Have you found out anything, Mr. Vance?" She spoke with an air of pitiful discouragement. "It's terrible alone here in this big house—especially at night. Every sound I hear..."

"You mustn't let your imagination get the better of you, Ada," Vance counselled her. Then he added: "We know a lot more now than we did, and before long, I hope, all your fears will be done away with. In fact, it's in regard to what we've found out that I've come here to-day. I thought perhaps you could help me again."

"If only I could! But I've thought and thought..."

Vance smiled.

"Let us do the thinking, Ada.—What I wanted to ask you is this: do you know if Sibella speaks German well?"

The girl appeared surprised.

"Why, yes. And so did Julia and Chester and Rex. Father insisted on their learning it. And he spoke it too—almost as well as he spoke English. As for Sibella, I've often heard her and Doctor Von talking in German."

"But she spoke with an accent, I suppose."

"A slight accent—she'd never been long in Germany. But she spoke very well German."

"That's what I wanted to be sure of."

"Then you do know something!" Her voice quavered with eagerness. "Oh, how long before this awful suspense will be over? Every night for weeks I've been afraid to turn out my lights and go to sleep."

"You needn't be afraid to turn out your lights now," Vance assured her. "There won't be any more attempts on your life, Ada."

She looked at him for a moment searchingly, and something in his manner seemed to hearten her. When we took our leave the color had come back to her cheeks.

Markham was pacing the library restlessly when we arrived home.

"I've checked several more points," Vance announced. "But I've missed the important one—the one that would explain the unbelievable hideousness of the thing I've unearthed."

He went directly into the den, and we could hear him telephoning. Returning a few minutes later, he looked anxiously at his watch. Then he rang for Currie and ordered his bag packed for a week's trip.

"I'm going away, Markham," he said. "I'm going to travel—they say it broadens the mind. My train departs in less than an hour; and I'll be away a week. Can you bear to be without me for so long? However, nothing will happen in connection with the Greene case during my absence. In fact, I'd advise you to shelve it temporarily."

He would say no more, and in half an hour he was ready to go.

"There's one thing you can do for me while I'm away," he told Markham, as he slipped into his overcoat. "Please have drawn up for me a complete and detailed weather report from the day preceding Julia's death to the day following Rex's murder."

He would not let either Markham or me accompany him to the station, and we were left in ignorance of even the direction in which his mysterious trip was to take him.

XXV

THE CAPTURE

(Monday, December 13; 4 p. m.)

It was eight days before Vance returned to New York. He arrived on the afternoon of Monday, December 13, and after he had

had his tub and changed his clothes, he telephoned Markham to expect him in half an hour. He then ordered his Hispano-Suiza from the garage; and by this sign I knew he was under a nervous strain. In fact, he had spoken scarcely a dozen words to me since his return, and as he picked his way down-town through the late afternoon traffic he was gloomy and preoccupied. Once I ventured to ask him if his trip had been successful, and he had merely nodded. But when we turned into Centre Street he relented a little, and said:

"There was never any doubt as to the success of my trip, Van. I knew what I'd find. But I didn't dare trust my reason; I had to see the records with my own eyes before I'd capitulate unreservedly to the conclusion I'd formed."

Both Markham and Heath were waiting for us in the District Attorney's office. It was just four o'clock, and the sun had already dropped below the New York Life Building which towered above the old Criminal Courts structure a block to the southwest.

"I took it for granted you had something important to tell me," said Markham; "so I asked the Sergeant to come here."

"Yes, I've much to tell." Vance had thrown himself into a chair, and was lighting a cigarette. "But first I want to know if anything has happened in my absence."

"Nothing. Your prognostication was quite accurate. Things have been quiet and apparently normal at the Greene mansion."

"Anyhow," interposed Heath, "we may have a little better chance this week of getting hold of something to work on. Sibella returned from Atlantic City yesterday, and Von Blon's been hanging round the house ever since."

"Sibella back?" Vance sat up, and his eyes became intent.

"At six o'clock yesterday evening," said Markham. "The newspaper men at the beach ferreted her out and ran a sensational story about her. After that the poor girl didn't have an hour's peace; so yesterday she packed up and came back. We got word of the move through the men the Sergeant had set to watch her. I ran out to see her this morning, and advised her to go away again. But she was pretty thoroughly disgusted, and stubbornly refused to quit the Greene house—said

death was preferable to being hounded by reporters and scandal-mongers."

Vance had risen and moved to the window, where he stood scanning the gray sky-line.

"Sibella's back, eh?" he murmured. Then he turned round. "Let me see that weather report I asked you to prepare for me."

Markham reached into a drawer and handed him a typewritten sheet of paper.

After perusing it he tossed it back on the desk.

"Keep that, Markham. You'll need it when you face your twelve good men and true."

"What is it you have to tell us, Mr. Vance?" The Sergeant's voice was impatient despite his effort to control it. "Mr. Markham said you had a line on the case.—For God's sake, sir, if you've got any evidence against any one, slip it to me and let me make an arrest. I'm getting thin worrying over this damn business."

Vance drew himself together.

"Yes, I know who the murderer is, Sergeant; and I have the evidence—though it wasn't my plan to tell you just yet. However"—he went to the door with grim resolution—"we can't delay matters any longer now. Our hand has been forced.—Get into your coat, Sergeant—and you, too, Markham. We'd better get out to the Greene house before dark."

"But, damn it all, Vance!" Markham expostulated. "Why don't you tell us what's in your mind?"

"I can't explain now—you'll understand why later——"

"If you know so much, Mr. Vance," broke in Heath, "what's keeping us from making an arrest?"

"You're going to make your arrest, Sergeant—inside of an hour." Though he gave the promise without enthusiasm, it acted electrically on both Heath and Markham.

Five minutes later the four of us were driving up West Broadway in Vance's car.

Sproot as usual admitted us without the faintest show of interest, and stood aside respectfully for us to enter.

"We wish to see Miss Sibella," said Vance. "Please tell her to come to the drawing-room—alone."

"I'm sorry, sir, but Miss Sibella is out."

"Then tell Miss Ada we want to see her."

"Miss Ada is out also, sir." The butler's unemotional tone sounded strangely incon-

gruous in the tense atmosphere we had brought with us.

"When do you expect them back?"

"I couldn't say, sir. They went out motoring together. They probably won't be gone long. Would you gentlemen care to wait?"

Vance hesitated.

"Yes, we'll wait," he decided, and walked toward the drawing-room.

But he had barely reached the archway when he turned suddenly and called to Sprout, who was retreating slowly toward the rear of the hall.

"You say Miss Sibella and Miss Ada went motoring together? How long ago?"

"About fifteen minutes—maybe twenty, sir." A barely perceptible lift of the man's eyebrows indicated that he was greatly astonished by Vance's sudden change of manner.

"Whose car did they go in?"

"In Doctor Von Blon's. He was here to tea——"

"And who suggested the ride, Sprout?"

"I really couldn't say, sir. They were sort of debating about it when I came in to clear away the tea things."

"Repeat everything you heard!" Vance spoke rapidly and with more than a trace of excitement.

"When I entered the room the doctor was saying as how he thought it would be a good thing for the young ladies to get some fresh air; and Miss Sibella said she'd had enough fresh air."

"And Miss Ada?"

"I don't remember her saying anything, sir."

"And they went out to the car while you were here?"

"Yes, sir. I opened the door for them."

"And did Doctor Von Blon go in the car with them?"

"Yes. But I believe they were to drop him at Mrs. Riglander's, where he had a professional call to make. From what he said as he went out I gathered that the young ladies were then to take a drive, and that he was to call here for the car after dinner."

"What!" Vance stiffened, and his eyes burned upon the old butler. "Quick, Sprout! Do you know where Mrs. Riglander lives?"

"On Madison Avenue in the Sixties, I believe."

"Get her on the phone—find out if the doctor has arrived."

I could not help marvelling at the impassive way in which the man went to the telephone to comply with this astonishing and seemingly incomprehensible request. When he returned his face was expressionless.

"The doctor has not arrived at Mrs. Riglander's, sir," he reported.

"He's certainly had time," Vance commented, half to himself. Then: "Who drove the car when it left here, Sprout?"

"I couldn't say for certain, sir. I didn't notice particularly. But it's my impression that Miss Sibella entered the car first as though she intended to drive——"

"Come, Markham!" Vance started for the door. "I don't like this at all. There's a mad idea in my head. . . . Hurry, man! If something devilish should happen . . ."

We had reached the car, and Vance sprang to the wheel. Heath and Markham, in a daze of incomprehension but swept along by the other's ominous insistence, took their places in the tonneau; and I sat beside the driver's seat.

"We're going to break all the traffic and speed regulations, Sergeant," Vance announced, as he manœuvred the car in the narrow street; "so have your badge and credentials handy. I may be taking you chaps on a wild-goose chase, but we've got to risk it."

We darted toward First Avenue, cut the corner short, and turned up-town. At 59th Street we swung west and went toward Columbus Circle. A surface car held us up at Lexington Avenue; and at Fifth Avenue we were stopped by a traffic officer. But Heath showed his card and spoke a few words, and we struck across Central Park. Swinging perilously round the curves of the driveways, we came out into 81st Street and headed for Riverside Drive. There was less congestion here, and we made between forty and fifty miles an hour all the way to Dyckman Street.

It was a nerve-racking ordeal, for not only had the shadows of evening fallen, but the streets were slippery in places where the melted snow had frozen in large sheets along the sloping sides of the Drive. Vance, however, was an excellent driver. For two years he had driven the same car, and he understood thoroughly how to handle it. Once we skidded drunkenly, but he managed to right the traction before the rear wheels came in contact with the high curbing. He kept the siren horn

screeching constantly, and other cars drew away from us, giving us a fairly clear road.

At several street intersections we had to slow down; and twice we were halted by traffic officers, but were permitted to proceed the moment the occupants of the tonneau were recognized. On North Broadway we were forced to the curb by a motorcycle policeman, who showered us with a stream of picturesque abuse. But when Heath had cut him short with still more colorful vituperation, and he had made out Markham's features in the shadows, he became ludicrously humble, and acted as an advance-guard for us all the way to Yonkers, clearing the road and holding up traffic at every cross-street.

At the railroad tracks near Yonkers Ferry we were obliged to wait several minutes for the shunting of some freight-cars, and Markham took this opportunity of venting his emotions.

"I presume you have a good reason for this insane ride, Vance," he said angrily. "But since I'm taking my life in my hands by accompanying you, I'd like to know what your objective is."

"There's no time now for explanations," Vance replied brusquely. "Either I'm on a fool's errand, or there's an abominable tragedy ahead of us." His face was set and white, and he looked anxiously at his watch. "We're twenty minutes ahead of the usual running time from the Plaza to Yonkers. Furthermore, we're taking the direct route to our destination—another ten minutes' saving. If the thing I fear is scheduled for to-night, the other car will go by the Spuyten Duyvil Road and through the back lanes along the river——"

At this moment the crossing-bars were lifted, and our car jerked forward, picking up speed with breathless rapidity.

Vance's words had set a train of thought going in my mind. The Spuyten Duyvil Road—the back lanes along the river. . . . Suddenly there flashed on my brain a memory of that other ride we had taken weeks before with Sibella and Ada and Von Blon; and a sense of something inimical and indescribably horrifying took possession of me. I tried to recall the details of that ride—how we had turned off the main road at Dyckman Street, skirted the palisades through old wooded estates, traversed private hedge-lined roadways, entered Yonkers from the Riverdale Road, turned again from the main highway past the

Ardsey Country Club, taken the little-used road along the river toward Tarrytown, and stopped on the high cliff to get a panoramic view of the Hudson. . . . That cliff overlooking the waters of the river!—Ah, now I remembered Sibella's cruel jest—her supposedly satirical suggestion of how a perfect murder might be committed there. And on the instant of that recollection I knew where Vance was heading—I understood the thing he feared! He believed that another car was also heading for that lonely precipice beyond Ardsley—a car that had nearly half an hour start. . . .

We were now below the Longue Vue hill, and a few moments later we swung into the Hudson Road. At Dobbs Ferry another officer stepped in our path and waved frantically; but Heath, leaning over the running-board, shouted some unintelligible words, and Vance, without slackening speed, skirted the officer and plunged ahead toward Ardsley.

Ever since we had passed Yonkers, Vance had been inspecting every large car along the way. He was, I knew, looking for Von Blon's low-hung yellow Daimler. But there had been no sign of it, and, as he threw on the brakes preparatory to turning into the narrow road by the Country Club golf-links, I heard him mutter half-aloud:

"God help us if we're too late!"*

We made the turn at the Ardsley station at such a rate of speed that I held my breath for fear we would upset; and I had to grip the seat with both hands to keep my balance as we jolted over the rough road along the river level. We took the hill before us in high gear, and climbed swiftly to the dirt roadway along the edge of the bluff beyond.

Scarcely had we rounded the hill's crest when an exclamation broke from Vance, and simultaneously I noticed a flickering red light bobbing in the distance. A new spurt of speed brought us perceptibly nearer to the car before us, and it was but a few moments before we could make out its lines and color. There was no mistaking Von Blon's great Daimler.

"Hide your faces," Vance shouted over his shoulder to Markham and Heath. "Don't let any one see you as we pass the car ahead."

I leaned over below the panel of the front door, and a few seconds later a sudden swerve

* This was the first and only time during my entire friendship with Vance that I ever heard him use a Scriptural expletive.

told me that we were circling about the Daimler. The next moment we were back in the road, rushing forward in the lead.

Half a mile further on the road narrowed. There was a deep ditch on one side and dense shrubbery on the other. Vance quickly threw on the brakes, and our rear wheels skidded on the hard frozen earth, bringing us to a halt with our car turned almost at right angles with the road, completely blocking the way.

"Out, you chaps!" called Vance.

We had no more than alighted when the other car drove up and, with a grinding of brakes, came to a lurching halt within a few feet of our machine. Vance had run back, and as the car reached a standstill he threw open the front door. The rest of us had instinctively crowded after him, urged forward by some undefined sense of excitement and dread foreboding. The Daimler was of the sedan type with small high windows, and even with the lingering radiance of the western sky and the dashboard illumination I could barely make out the figures inside. But at that moment Heath's pocket flash-light blazed in the semidarkness.

The sight that met my straining eyes was paralyzing. During the drive I had speculated on the outcome of our tragic adventure, and I had pictured several hateful possibilities. But I was wholly unprepared for the revelation that confronted me.

The tonneau of the car was empty; and, contrary to my suspicions, there was no sign of Von Blon. In the front seat were the two girls. Sibella was on the further side, slumped down in the corner, her head hanging forward. On her temple was an ugly cut, and a stream of blood ran down her cheek. At the wheel sat Ada, glowering at us with cold ferocity. Heath's flash-light fell directly on her face, and at first she did not recognize us. But as her pupils became adjusted to the glare her gaze concentrated on Vance, and a foul epithet burst from her.

Simultaneously her right hand dropped from the wheel to the seat beside her, and when she raised it again it held a small glittering revolver. There was a flash of flame and a sharp report, followed by a shattering of glass where the bullet had struck the windshield. Vance had been standing with one foot on the running-board leaning into the car, and, as Ada's arm came up with the revolver, he had snatched her wrist and held it.

"No, my dear," came his drawling voice, strangely calm and without animosity; "you sha'n't add me to your list. I was rather expecting that move, don't y' know."

Ada, frustrated in her attempt to shoot him, hurled herself upon him with savage fury. Vile abuse and unbelievable blasphemies poured from her snarling lips. Her wrath, feral and rampant, utterly possessed her. She was like a wild animal, cornered and conscious of defeat, yet fighting with a last instinct of hopeless desperation. Vance, however, had secured both her wrists, and could have broken her arms with a single twist of his hands; but he treated her almost tenderly, like a father subduing an infuriated child. Stepping back quickly he drew her into the roadway, where she continued her struggles with renewed violence.

"Come, Sergeant!" Vance spoke with weary exasperation. "You'd better put handcuffs on her. I don't want to hurt her."

Heath had stood watching the amazing drama in a state of bewilderment, apparently too nonplussed to move. But Vance's voice awakened him to sharp activity. There were two metallic clicks, and Ada suddenly relaxed into a listless attitude of sullen tractability. She leaned panting against the side of the car as if too weak to stand alone.

Vance bent over and picked up the revolver which had fallen to the road. With a cursory glance at it he handed it to Markham.

"There's Chester's gun," he said. Then he indicated Ada with a pitying movement of the head. "Take her to your office, Markham—Van will drive the car. I'll join you there as soon as I can. I must get Sibella to a hospital."

He stepped briskly into the Daimler. There was a shifting of gears, and with a few deft manipulations he reversed the car in the narrow road.

"And watch her, Sergeant!" he flung back, as the car darted away toward Ardsley.

I drove Vance's car back to the city. Markham and Heath sat in the rear seat with the girl between them. Hardly a word was spoken during the entire hour-and-a-half's ride. Several times I glanced behind me at the silent trio. Markham and the Sergeant appeared completely stunned by the surprising truth that had just been revealed to them. Ada, huddled between them, sat apathetically with closed eyes, her head forward. Once I noticed

that she pressed a handkerchief to her face with her manacled hands; and I thought I heard the sound of smothered sobbing. But I was too nervous to pay any attention. It took every effort of my will to keep my mind on my driving.

As I drew up before the Franklin Street entrance of the Criminal Courts Building and was about to shut off the engine, a startled exclamation from Heath caused me to release the switch.

"Holy Mother o' God!" I heard him say in a hoarse voice. Then he thumped me on the back. "Get to the Beekman Street Hospital—as quick as hell, Mr. Van Dine. Damn the traffic lights! Step on it!"

Without looking round I knew what had happened. I swung the car into Centre Street again, and fairly raced for the hospital. We carried Ada into the emergency ward, Heath bawling loudly for the doctor as we passed through the door.

It was more than an hour later when Vance entered the District Attorney's office, where Markham and Heath and I were waiting. He glanced quickly round the room and then looked at our faces.

"I told you to watch her, Sergeant," he said, sinking into a chair; but there was neither reproach nor regret in his voice.

None of us spoke. Despite the effect Ada's suicide had had on us, we were waiting, with a kind of conscious-stricken anxiety, for news of the other girl whom all of us, I think, had vaguely suspected.

Vance understood our silence, and nodded reassuringly.

"Sibella's all right. I took her to the Trinity Hospital in Yonkers. A slight concussion—Ada had struck her with a box-wrench which was always kept under the front seat. She'll be out in a few days. I registered her at the hospital as Mrs. Von Blon, and then phoned her husband. I caught him at home, and he hurried out. He's with her now. Incidentally, the reason we didn't reach him at Mrs. Riglander's is because he stopped at the office for his medicine-case. That delay saved Sibella's life. Otherwise, I doubt if we'd have reached her before Ada had run her over the precipice in the machine."

He drew deeply on his cigarette for a moment. Then he lifted his eyebrows to Markham.

"Cyanide of potassium?"

Markham gave a slight start.

"Yes—or so the doctor thinks. There was a bitter-almond odor on her lips." He shot his head forward angrily. "But if you knew——"

"Oh, I wouldn't have stopped it in any case," interrupted Vance. "I discharged my wholly mythical duty to the State when I warned the Sergeant. However, I didn't know at the time. Von Blon just gave me the information. When I told him what had happened I asked him if he had ever lost any other poisons—you see, I couldn't imagine any one planning so devilish and hazardous an exploit as the Greene murders without preparing for the eventuality of failure. He told me he'd missed a tablet of cyanide from his dark-room about three months ago. And when I jogged his memory he recalled that Ada had been poking round there and asking questions a few days before. The one cyanide tablet was probably all she dared take at the time; so she kept it for herself in case of an emergency."*

"What I want to know, Mr. Vance," said Heath, "is how she worked this scheme. Was there any one else in on the deal?"

"No, Sergeant. Ada planned and executed every part of it."

"But how, in God's name——?"

Vance held up his hand.

"It's all very simple, Sergeant—once you have the key. What misled us was the fiendish cleverness and audacity of the plot. But there's no longer any need to speculate about it. I have a printed and bound explanation of everything that happened. And it's not a fictional or speculative explanation. It's actual criminal history, garnered and recorded by the greatest expert on the subject the world has yet known—Doctor Hans Gross, of Vienna."

He rose and took up his coat.

"I phoned Currie from the hospital, and he has a belated dinner waiting for all of us. When we have eaten, I'll present you with a reconstruction and exposition of the entire case."

* As I learned later, Doctor Von Blon, who was an ardent amateur photographer, often used half-gramme tablets of cyanide of potassium; and there had been three of them in his dark-room when Ada had called. Several days later, when preparing to redevelop a plate, he could find only two, but had thought little of the loss until questioned by Vance.

XXVI

THE ASTOUNDING TRUTH

(Monday, December 13; 11 p. m.)

"As you know, Markham," Vance began, when we were seated about the library fire late that night, "I finally succeeded in putting together the items of my summary in such a way that I could see plainly who the murderer was.* Once I had found the basic pattern, every detail fitted perfectly into a plastic whole. The technic of the crimes, however, remained obscure; so I asked you to send for the books in Tobias's library—I was sure they would tell me what I wanted to know. First, I went through Gross's 'Handbuch für Untersuchungsrichter,' which I regarded as the most likely source of information. It is an amazing treatise, Markham. It covers the entire field of the history and science of crime; and, in addition, is a compendium of criminal technic, citing specific cases and containing detailed explanations and diagrams. Small wonder it is the world's standard cyclopædia on its subject. As I read it, I found what I was looking for. Ada had copied every act of hers, every method, every device, every detail, from its pages—from *actual criminal history*! We are hardly to be blamed for our inability to combat her schemes; for it was not she alone who was deceiving us; it was the accumulated experience of hundreds of shrewd criminals before her, plus the analytic science of the world's greatest criminologist—Doctor Hans Gross."

He paused to light another cigarette.

"But even when I had found the explanation of her crimes," he continued, "I felt that there was something lacking, some fundamental *penchant*—the thing that made this orgy of horror possible and gave viability, so to speak, to her operations. We knew nothing of Ada's early life or of her progenitors and inherited instincts; and without that knowledge the crimes, despite their clear logic, were incredible. Consequently, my next step was to

* I later asked Vance to rearrange the items for me in the order of his final sequence. The distribution, which told him the truth, was as follows: 3, 4, 44, 92, 9, 6, 2, 47, 1, 5, 32, 31, 98, 8, 81, 84, 82, 7, 10, 11, 61, 15, 16, 93, 33, 94, 76, 75, 48, 17, 38, 55, 54, 18, 39, 56, 41, 42, 28, 43, 58, 59, 83, 74, 40, 12, 34, 13, 14, 37, 22, 23, 35, 36, 19, 73, 26, 20, 21, 45, 25, 46, 27, 29, 30, 57, 77, 24, 78, 79, 51, 50, 52, 53, 49, 95, 80, 85, 86, 87, 88, 60, 62, 64, 63, 66, 65, 96, 89, 67, 71, 69, 68, 70, 97, 90, 91, 72.

verify Ada's psychological and environmental sources. I had had a suspicion from the first that she was Frau Mannheim's daughter. But even when I verified this fact I couldn't see its bearing on the case. It was obvious, from our interview with Frau Mannheim, that Tobias and her husband had been in shady deals together in the old days; and she later admitted to me that her husband had died thirteen years ago, in October, at New Orleans after a year's illness in a hospital. She also said, as you may recall, that she had seen Tobias a year prior to her husband's death. This would have been fourteen years ago—just the time Ada was adopted by Tobias.* I thought there might be some connection between Mannheim and the crimes, and I even toyed with the idea that Sproot was Mannheim, and that a dirty thread of blackmail ran through the situation. So I decided to investigate. My mysterious trip last week was to New Orleans; and there I had no difficulty in learning the truth. By looking up the death records for October thirteen years ago, I discovered that Mannheim had been in an asylum for the criminally insane for a year preceding his death. And from the police I ascertained something of his record. Adolph Mannheim—Ada's father—was, it seems, a famous German criminal and murderer, who had been sentenced to death, but had escaped from the penitentiary at Stuttgart and come to America. I have a suspicion that the departed Tobias was, in some way, mixed up in that escape. But whether or not I wrong him, the fact remains that Ada's father was homicidal and a professional criminal. And therein lies the explanat'ry background of her actions. . . ."

"You mean she was crazy like her old man?" asked Heath.

"No, Sergeant. I merely mean that the potentialities of criminality had been handed down to her in her blood. When the motive for the crimes became powerful, her inherited instincts asserted themselves."

* We later learned from Mrs. Mannheim that Mannheim had once saved Tobias Greene from criminal prosecution by taking upon himself the entire blame of one of Tobias's shadiest extra-legal transactions; and had exacted from Tobias the promise that he would adopt Ada and care for her in event of his own death or incarceration. Also, I imagine that Tobias, in his youth, was sentimentally interested in Mrs. Mannheim; but there is, of course, no proof of such an attachment.

"But mere money," put in Markham, "seems hardly a strong enough motive to inspire such atrocities as hers."

"It wasn't money alone that inspired her. The real motive went much deeper. Indeed, it was perhaps the most powerful of all human motives—a strange, terrible combination of hate and love and jealousy and a desire for freedom. To begin with, she was the Cinderella in that abnormal Greene family, looked down upon, treated like a servant, made to spend her time caring for a nagging invalid, and forced—as Sibella put it—to earn her livelihood. Can you not see her for fourteen years brooding over this treatment, nourishing her resentment, absorbing the poison about her, and coming at length to despise every one in that household? That alone would have been enough to awaken her congenital instincts. One almost wonders that she did not break forth long before. But another equally potent element entered the situation. She fell in love with Von Blon—a natural thing for a girl in her position to do—and then learned that Sibella had won his affections. She either knew or strongly suspected that they were married; and her normal hatred of her sister was augmented by a vicious and eroding jealousy. . . .

"Now, Ada was the only member of the family who, according to the terms of old Tobias's will, was not compelled to live on the estate in event of marriage; and in this fact she saw a chance to snatch all the things she craved and at the same time to rid herself of the persons against whom her whole passionate nature cried out in deadly hatred. She calculated to get rid of the family, inherit the Greene millions, and set her cap for Von Blon. There was vengeance, too, as a motivating factor in all this; but I'm inclined to think the amatory phase of the affair was the prim'ry actuating force in the series of horrors she later perpetrated. It gave her strength and courage; it lifted her into that ecstatic realm where anything seemed possible, and where she was willing to pay any price for the desired end. And there is one point I might recall parenthetically—you remember that Barton, the younger maid, told us how Ada sometimes acted like a devil and used vile language. That fact should have given me a hint; but who could have taken Barton seriously at that stage of the game? . . .

"To trace the origin of her diabolical

scheme we must first consider the locked library. Alone in the house, bored, resentful, tied down—it was inevitable that this pervertedly romantic child should play Pandora. She had every opportunity of securing the key and having a duplicate made; and so the library became her retreat, her escape from the gruelling, monotonous routine of her existence. There she ran across those books on criminology. They appealed to her, not only as a vicious outlet for her smouldering, repressed hatred, but because they struck a responsive chord in her tainted nature. Eventually she came upon Gross's great manual, and thus found the entire technic of crime laid out before her, with diagrams and examples—not a handbook for examining magistrates, but a guide for a potential murderer! Slowly the idea of her gory orgy took shape. At first perhaps she only imagined, as a means of self-gratification, the application of this technic of murder to those she hated. But after a time, no doubt, the conception became real. She saw its practical possibilities; and the terrible plot was formulated. She created this horror, and then, with her diseased imagination, she came to believe in it. Her plausible stories to us, her superb acting, her clever deceptions—all were part of this horrible fantasy she had engendered. That book of Grimm's 'Fairy-Tales'!—I should have understood. Y' see, it wasn't histrionism altogether on her part; it was a kind of demoniac possession. She lived her dream. Many young girls are like that under the stress of ambition and hatred. Constance Kent completely deceived the whole of Scotland Yard into believing in her innocence."

Vance smoked a moment thoughtfully.

"It's curious how we instinctively close our eyes to the truth when history is filled with substantiating examples of the very thing we are contemplating. The annals of crime contain numerous instances of girls in Ada's position who have been guilty of atrocious crimes. Besides the famous case of Constance Kent, there were, for example, Marie Boyer, and Madeleine Smith, and Grete Beyer.* I wonder if we'd have suspected them——"

* An account of the cases of Madeleine Smith and Constance Kent may be found in Edmund Lester Pearson's "Murder at Smutty Nose"; and a record of Marie Boyer's case is included in H. B. Irving's "A Book of Remarkable Criminals." Grete Beyer was the last woman to be publicly executed in Germany.

"Keep to the present, Vance," interposed Markham impatiently. "You say Ada took all her ideas from Gross. But Gross's handbook is written in German. How did you know she spoke German well enough——?"

"That Sunday when I went to the house with Van I inquired of Ada if Sibella spoke German. I put my questions in such a way that she could not answer without telling me whether or not she, too, knew German well; and she even used a typical German locution—'Sibella speaks very well German'—showing that that language was almost instinctive with her. Incidentally, I wanted her to think that I suspected Sibella, so that she would not hasten matters until I returned from New Orleans. I knew that as long as Sibella was in Atlantic City she was safe from Ada."

"But what I want to know," put in Heath, "is how she killed Rex when she was sitting in Mr. Markham's office."

"Let us take things in order, Sergeant," answered Vance. "Julia was killed first because she was the manager of the establishment. With her out of the way, Ada would have a free hand. And, another thing, the death of Julia at the start fitted best into the scheme she had outlined; it gave her the most plausible setting for staging the attempted murder on herself. Ada had undoubtedly heard some mention of Chester's revolver, and after she had secured it she waited for the opportunity to strike the first blow. The propitious circumstances fell on the night of November 8; and at half past eleven, when the house was asleep, she knocked on Julia's door. She was admitted, and doubtless sat on the edge of Julia's bed telling some story to explain her late visit. Then she drew the gun from under her dressing-gown and shot Julia through the heart. Back in her own bedroom, with the lights on, she stood before the large mirror of the dressing-table, and, holding the gun in her right hand, placed it against her left shoulder-blade at an oblique angle. The mirror and the lights were essential, for she could thus see exactly where to point the muzzle of the revolver. All this occupied the three-minute interval between the shots. Then she pulled the trigger——"

"But a girl shooting herself as a fake!" objected Heath. "It ain't natural."

"But Ada wasn't natural, Sergeant. None of the plot was natural. That was why I was so anxious to look up her family history. But

as to shooting herself; that was quite logical when one considers her true character. And, as a matter of fact, there was little or no danger attaching to it. The gun was on a hair-trigger, and little pressure was needed to discharge it. A slight flesh wound was the worst she had to fear. Moreover, history is full of cases of self-mutilation where the object to be gained was far smaller than what Ada was after. Gross is full of them. . . ."

He took up Volume I of the "Handbuch für Untersuchungsrichter," which lay on the table beside him, and opened it at a marked page.

"Listen to this, Sergeant. I'll translate the passage roughly as I read: '*It is not uncommon to find people who inflict wounds on themselves; such are, besides persons pretending to be the victims of assaults with deadly weapons, those who try to extort damages or blackmail. Thus it often happens that, after an insignificant scuffle, one of the combatants shows wounds which he pretends to have received. It is characteristic of these voluntary mutilations that most frequently those who perform them do not quite complete the operation, and that they are for the most part people who manifest excessive piety, or lead a solitary life.*'" . . . And surely, Sergeant, you are familiar with the self-mutilation of soldiers to escape service. The most common method used by them is to place their hand over the muzzle of the gun and blow their fingers off."

Vance closed the book.

"And don't forget that the girl was hopeless, desperate, and unhappy, with everything to win and nothing to lose. She would probably have committed suicide if she had not worked out the plan of the murders. A superficial wound in the shoulder meant little to her in view of what she was to gain by it. And women have an almost infinite capacity

* "Selbstverletzungen kommen nicht selten vor; abgesehen von solchen bei fingierten Raubanfällen, stösst man auf sie dann, wenn Entschädigungen erpresst werden sollen; so geschieht es, dass nach einer harmlosen Balgerei einer der Kämpfenden mit Verletzungen auftritt, die er damals erlitten haben will. Kennlich sind solche Selbstverstümmelungen daran, dass die Betreffenden meistens die Operation wegen der grossen Schmerzen nicht ganz zu Ende führen, und dass es meistens Leute mit übertrieben pietistischer Färbung und mehr einsamen Lebenswandels sind."—H. Gross, "Handbuch für Untersuchungsrichter als System der Kriminalistik," I, pp. 32-34.

for self-immolation. With Ada, it was part of her abnormal condition.—No, Sergeant; the self-shooting was perfectly consistent in the circumstances. . . .”

“But in the back!” Heath looked dumbfounded. “That’s what gets me. Whoever heard——?”

“Just a moment.” Vance took up Volume II of the “Handbuch” and opened it to a marked page. “Gross, for instance, has heard of many such cases—in fact, they’re quite common on the Continent. And his record of them indubitably gave Ada the idea for shooting herself in the back. Here’s a single paragraph culled from many pages of similar cases: *‘That you should not be deceived by the seat of the wound is proved by the following two cases. In the Vienna Prater a man killed himself in the presence of several people by shooting himself in the back of the head with a revolver. Without the testimony of several witnesses nobody would have accepted the theory of suicide. A soldier killed himself by a shot with his military rifle through the back, by fixing the rifle in a certain position and then lying down over it. Here again the position of the wound seemed to exclude the theory of suicide.’*”*

“Wait a minute!” Heath heaved himself forward and shook his cigar at Vance. “What about the gun? Sproot entered Ada’s room right after the shot was fired, and there wasn’t no sign of a gun!”

Vance, without answering, merely turned the pages of Gross’s “Handbuch” to where another marker protruded, and began translating:

“*Early one morning the authorities were informed that the corpse of a murdered man had been found. At the spot indicated the body was discovered of a grain merchant, A. M., supposed to be a well-to-do man, face downward with a gunshot wound behind the ear. The bullet, after passing through the brain, had lodged in the frontal bone above*

* “Dass man sich durch den Sitz der Wunde niemals täuschen lassen darf, beweisen zwei Fälle. Im Wiener Prater hatte sich ein Mann in Gegenwart mehrerer Personen getötet, indem er sich mit einem Revolver in den Hinterkopf schoss. Wären nicht die Aussagen der Zeugen vorgelegen, hätte wohl kaum jemand an einen Selbstmord geglaubt. Ein Soldat tötete sich durch einen in den Rücken gehenden Schuss aus einem Militärgewehr, über das er nach entsprechender Fixierung sich gelegt hatte; auch hier wäre aus dem Sitz der Wunde wohl kaum auf Selbstmord geschlossen worden.”—*Ibid.*, II, p. 843.

*the left eye. The place where the corpse was found was in the middle of a bridge over a deep stream. Just when the inquiry was concluding and the corpse was about to be removed for the post mortem, the investigating officer observed quite by chance that on the decayed wooden parapet of the bridge, almost opposite to the spot where the corpse lay, there was a small but perfectly fresh dent which appeared to have been caused by a violent blow on the upper edge of the parapet of a hard and angular object. He immediately suspected that the dent had some connection with the murder. Accordingly he determined to drag the bed of the stream below the bridge, when almost immediately there was picked up a strong cord about fourteen feet long with a large stone at one end and at the other a discharged pistol, the barrel of which fitted exactly the bullet extracted from the head of A. M. The case was thus evidently one of suicide. A. M. had hung the stone over the parapet of the bridge and discharged the pistol behind his ear. The moment he fired he let go the pistol, which the weight of the stone dragged over the parapet into the water.’** . . . Does that answer your question, Sergeant?”

* “Es wurde zeitlich morgens dem UR. die Meldung von der Auffindung eines ‘Ermordeten’ überbracht. An Ort und Stelle fand sich der Leichnam eines für wohlhabend geltenden Getreidehändlers M., auf dem Gesichte liegend, mit einer Schusswunde hinter dem rechten Ohre. Die Kugel war über dem linken Auge im Stirnknochen stecken geblieben, nachdem sie das Gehirn durchdrungen hatte. Die Fundstelle der Leiche befand sich etwa in der Mitte einer über einen ziemlich tiefen Fluss führenden Brücke. Am Schlusse der Lokalerhebungen und als die Leiche eben zur Obduktion fortgebracht werden sollte, fiel es dem UR. zufällig auf, dass das (hölzerne und wettergraue) Brückengeländer an der Stelle, wo auf dem Boden der Leichnam lag, eine kleine und sichtlich ganz frische Beschädigung aufwies, so als ob man dort (am oberen Rande) mit einem harten, kantigen Körper heftig angestossen wäre. Der Gedanke, dass dieser Umstand mit dem Morde in Zusammenhang stehe, war nicht gut von der Hand zu weisen. Ein Kahn war bald zur Stelle und am Brückenjoche befestigt; nun wurde vom Kahne aus (unter der fraglichen Stelle) der Flussgrund mit Rechen an langen Stielen sorgfältig abgesucht. Nach kurzer Arbeit kam wirklich etwas Seltsames zutage: eine etwa 4 m lange starke Schnur, an deren einem Ende ein grosser Feldstein, an deren anderem Ende eine abgeschossene Pistole befestigt war, in deren Lauf die später aus dem Kopfe des M. genommene Kugel genau passte. Nun war die Sache klarer Selbstmord; der Mann hatte sich mit der aufgefundenen Vorrichtung auf die Brücke begeben, den Stein über das Brückengeländer gehängt und sich die Kugel hinter

Heath stared at him with gaping eyes.

"You mean her gun went outa the window the same like that guy's gun went over the bridge?"

"There can be no doubt about it. There was no other place for the gun to go. The window, I learned from Sproot, was open a foot, and Ada stood before the window when she shot herself. Returning from Julia's room she attached a cord to the revolver with a weight of some kind on the other end, and hung the weight out of the window. When her hand released the weapon it was simply drawn over the sill and disappeared in the drift of soft snow on the balcony steps. And there is where the importance of the weather came in. Ada's plan needed an unusual amount of snow; and the night of November 8 was ideal for her grisly purpose."

"My God, Vance!" Markham's tone was strained and unnatural. "This thing begins to sound more like a fantastic nightmare than a reality."

"Not only was it a reality, Markham," said Vance gravely, "but it was an actual duplication of reality. It had all been done before and duly recorded in Gross's treatise, with names, dates, and details."

"Hell! No wonder we couldn't find the gun." Heath spoke with awed disgust. "And what about the footprints, Mr. Vance? I suppose she faked 'em all."

"Yes, Sergeant—with Gross's minute instructions and the footprint forgeries of many famous criminals to guide her, she faked them. As soon as it had stopped snowing that night she slipped down-stairs, put on a pair of Chester's discarded galoshes, and walked to the front gate and back. Then she hid the galoshes in the library."

Vance turned once more to Gross's manual.

"There's everything here that one could possibly want to know about the making and detection of footprints, and—what is more to the point—about the manufacturing of footprints in shoes too large for one's feet.—Let me translate a short passage: '*The criminal*

dem rechten Ohre ins Hirn gejagt. Als er getroffen war, liess er die Pistole infolge des durch den Stein bewirkten Zuges aus und diese wurde von dem schweren Steine an der Schnur über das Geländer und in das Wasser gezogen. Hierbei hatte die Pistole, als sie das Geländer passierte, heftig an dieses angeschlagen und die betreffende Verletzung erzeugt."—*Ibid.*, II, pp. 834-836.

may intend to cast suspicion upon another person, especially if he foresees that suspicion may fall upon himself. In this case he produces clear footprints which, so to speak, leap to the eyes, by wearing shoes which differ essentially from his own. One may often in this way, as has been proved by numerous experiments, produce footprints which deceive perfectly.* . . . And here at the end of the paragraph Gross refers specifically to galoshes—a fact which very likely gave Ada her inspiration to use Chester's overshoes. She was shrewd enough to profit by the suggestions in this passage."

"And she was shrewd enough to hoodwink all of us when we questioned her," commented Markham bitterly.

"True. But that was because she had a *folie de grandeur*, and lived the story. Moreover, it was all based on fact; its details were grounded in reality. Even the shuffling sound she said she heard in her room was an imaginative projection of the actual shuffling sound she made when she walked in Chester's huge galoshes. Also, her own shuffling, no doubt, suggested to her how Mrs. Greene's footsteps would have sounded had the old lady regained the use of her legs. And I imagine it was Ada's original purpose to cast a certain amount of suspicion on Mrs. Greene from the very beginning. But Sibella's attitude during that first interview caused her to change her tactics. As I see it, Sibella was suspicious of little sister, and talked the situation over with Chester, who may also have had misgivings about Ada. You remember his *sub-rosa* chat with Sibella when he went to summon her to the drawing-room. He was probably informing her that he hadn't yet made an accusation against Ada, and was advising her to go easy until there was some specific proof. Sibella evidently agreed, and refrained from any direct charge until Ada, in telling her grotesque fairy-tale about the in-

* "Die Absicht kann dahin gehen, den Verdacht von sich auf jemand anderen zu wälzen, was namentlich dann Sinn hat, wenn der Täter schon im voraus annehmen durfte, dass sich der Verdacht auf ihn lenken werde. In diesem Falle erzeugt er recht auffallende, deutliche Spuren und zwar mit angezogenen Schuhen, die von den seinigen sich wesentlich unterscheiden. Man kann, wie angestellte Versuche beweisen, in dieser Weise recht gute Spuren erzeugen."—*Ibid.*, II, p. 667.

† "Über Gummiiüberschuhe und Galoschen s. Look; Chem. u. Phot. bei Krim. Forschungen: Düsseldorf, II, p. 56."—*Ibid.*, II, p. 668.

truder, rather implied it was a woman's hand that had touched her in the dark. That was too much for Sibella, who thought Ada was referring to her; and she burst forth with her accusation, despite its seeming absurdity. The amazing thing about it was that it happened to be the truth. She named the murderer and stated a large part of the motive before any of us remotely guessed the truth, even though she did back down and change her mind when the inconsistency of it was pointed out to her. And she really did see Ada in Chester's room looking for the revolver."

Markham nodded.

"It's astonishing. But after the accusation, when Ada knew that Sibella suspected her, why didn't she kill Sibella next?"

"She was too canny. It would have tended to give weight to Sibella's accusation. Oh, Ada played her hand perfectly."

"Go on with the story, sir," urged Heath, intolerant of these side issues.

"Very well, Sergeant." Vance shifted more comfortably into his chair. "But first we must revert to the weather; for the weather ran like a sinister motif through all that followed. The second night after Julia's death it was quite warm, and the snow had melted considerably. That was the night chosen by Ada to retrieve the gun. A wound like hers rarely keeps one in bed over forty-eight hours; and Ada was well enough on Wednesday night to slip into a coat, step out on the balcony, and walk down the few steps to where the gun lay hidden. She merely brought it back and took it to bed with her—the last place any one would have thought to look for it. Then she waited patiently for the snow to fall again—which it did the next night, stopping, as you may remember, about eleven o'clock. The stage was set. The second act of the tragedy was about to begin. . . .

"Ada rose quietly, put on her coat, and went down to the library. Getting into the galoshes, she again walked to the front gate and back. Then she went directly up-stairs so that her tracks would show on the marble steps, and hid the galoshes temporarily in the linen-closet. That was the shuffling sound and the closing door that Rex heard a few minutes before Chester was shot. Ada, you recall, told us afterward she had heard nothing; but when we repeated Rex's story to her she became frightened and conveniently remembered having heard a door close. My word!

That was a ticklish moment for her. But she certainly carried it off well. And I can now understand her obvious relief when we showed her the pattern of the footprints and let her think we believed the murderer came from outside. . . . Well, after she had removed the galoshes and put them in the linen-closet, she took off her coat, donned a dressing-gown, and went to Chester's room—probably opened the door without knocking, and went in with a friendly greeting. I picture her as sitting on the arm of Chester's chair, or the edge of the desk, and then, in the midst of some trivial remark, drawing the revolver, placing it against his breast, and pulling the trigger before he had time to recover from his horrified astonishment. He moved instinctively, though, just as the weapon exploded—which would account for the diagonal course of the bullet. Then Ada returned quickly to her own room and got into bed. Thus was another chapter written in the Greene tragedy."

"Did it strike you as strange," asked Markham, "that Von Blon was not at his office during the commission of either of the crimes?"

"At first—yes. But, after all, there was nothing unusual in the fact that a doctor should have been out at that time of night."

"It's easy enough to see how Ada got rid of Julia and Chester," grumbled Heath. "But what stops me is how she murdered Rex."

"Really, y' know, Sergeant," returned Vance, "that trick of hers shouldn't cause you any perplexity. I'll never forgive myself for not having guessed it long ago,—Ada certainly gave us enough clues to work on. But, before I describe it to you, let me recall a certain architectural detail of the Greene mansion. There is a Tudor fireplace, with carved wooden panels, in Ada's room, and another fireplace—a duplicate of Ada's—in Rex's room; and these two fireplaces are back to back on the same wall. The Greene house, as you know, is very old, and at some time in the past—perhaps when the fireplaces were built—an aperture was made between the two rooms, running from one of the panels in Ada's mantel to the corresponding panel in Rex's mantel. This miniature tunnel is about six inches square—the exact size of the panels—and a little over two feet long, or the depth of the two mantels and the wall. It was originally used, I imagine, for private communica-

tion between the two rooms. But that point is immaterial. The fact remains that such a shaft exists—I verified it to-night on my way downtown from the hospital. I might also add that the panel at either end of the shaft is on a spring hinge, so that when it is opened and released it closes automatically, snapping back into place without giving any indication that it is anything more than a solid part of the woodwork——”

“I get you!” exclaimed Heath, with the excitement of satisfaction. “Rex was shot by the old man-killing safe idea: the burglar opens the safe door and gets a bullet in his head from a stationary gun.”

“Exactly. And the same device has been used in scores of murders. In the early days out West an enemy would go to a rancher’s cabin during the tenant’s absence, hang a shotgun from the ceiling over the door, and tie one end of a string to the trigger and the other end to the latch. When the rancher returned—perhaps days later—his brains would be blown out as he entered his cabin; and the murderer would, at the time, be in another part of the country.”

“Sure!” The Sergeant’s eyes sparkled. “There was a shooting like that in Atlanta two years ago—Boscomb was the name of the murdered man. And in Richmond, Virginia——”

“There have been many instances of it, Sergeant. Gross quotes two famous Austrian cases, and also has something to say about this method in general.”

Again he opened the “Handbuch.”

“On page 943 Gross remarks: *‘The latest American safety devices have nothing to do with the safe itself, and can in fact be used with any receptacle. They act through chemicals or automatic firing devices, and their object is to make the presence of a human being who illegally opens the safe impossible on physical grounds. The judicial question would have to be decided whether one is legally entitled to kill a burglar without further ado or damage his health. However, a burglar in Berlin in 1902 was shot through the forehead by a self-shooter attached to a safe in an exporting house. This style of self-shooter has also been used by murderers. A mechanic, G. Z., attached a pistol in a china-closet, fastening the trigger to the catch, and thus shot his wife when he himself was in another city. R. C., a merchant of Budapest, fastened a re-*

volver in a humidor belonging to his brother, which, when the lid was opened, fired and sent a bullet into his brother’s abdomen. The explosion jerked the box from the table, and thus exposed the mechanism before the merchant had a chance to remove it. . . .* In both these latter cases Gross gives a detailed description of the mechanisms employed. And it will interest you, Sergeant—in view of what I am about to tell you—to know that the revolver in the china-closet was held in place by a *Stiefelknecht*, or bootjack.”

He closed the volume but held it on his lap.

“There, unquestionably, is where Ada got the suggestion for Rex’s murder. She and Rex had probably discovered the hidden passageway between their rooms years ago. I imagine that as children—they were about the same age, don’t y’ know—they used it as a secret means of correspondence. This would account for the name by which they both knew it—‘our private mail-box.’ And, given this knowledge between Ada and Rex, the method of the murder becomes perfectly clear. To-night I found an old-fashioned bootjack in Ada’s clothes-closet—probably taken from Tobias’s library. Its width, overall, was just six inches, and it was a little less than two feet long—it fitted perfectly into the communicating cupboard. Ada, following Gross’s diagram, pressed the handle of the gun tightly between the tapering claws of the bootjack,

* “Die neuesten amerikanischen Schutzvorrichtungen haben direkt mit der Kasse selbst nichts zu tun und können eigentlich an jedem Behältnisse angebracht werden. Sie bestehen aus chemischen Schutzmitteln oder Selbstschüssen, und wollen die Anwesenheit eines Menschen, der den Schrank unbefugt geöffnet hat, aus sanitären oder sonst physischen Gründen unmöglich machen. Auch die juristische Seite der Frage ist zu erwägen, da man den Einbrecher doch nicht ohne weiteres töten oder an der Gesundheit schädigen darf. Nichtsdestoweniger wurde im Jahre 1902 ein Einbrecher in Berlin durch einen solchen Selbstschuss in die Stirne getötet, der an die Panzertüre einer Kasse befestigt war. Derartige Selbstschüsse wurden auch zu Morden verwendet; der Mechaniker G. Z. stellte einen Revolver in einer Kredenz auf, verband den Drücker mit der Türe durch eine Schnur und erschoss auf diese Art seine Frau, während er tatsächlich von seinem Wohnorte abwesend war. R. C. ein Budapester Kaufmann befestigte in einem, seinem Bruder gehörigen Zigarenkasten, eine Pistole, die beim Öffnen des Deckels seinen Bruder durch einen Unterleibsschuss tödlich verletzte. Der Rückschlag warf die Kiste von ihrem Standort, sodass der Mördermechanismus zu Tage trat, ehe R. C. denselben bei Seite schaffen konnte.” —*Ibid.*, II, p. 943.

which would have held it like a vise; then tied a string to the trigger, and attached the other end to the inside of Rex's panel, so that when the panel was opened wide the revolver, being on a hair-trigger, would discharge straight along the shaft and inevitably kill any one looking into the opening. When Rex fell with a bullet in his forehead the panel flapped back into place on its spring hinge; and a second later there was no visible evidence whatever pointing to the origin of the shot. And here we also have the explanation for Rex's calm expression of unawareness. When Ada returned with us from the District Attorney's office, she went directly to her room, removed the gun and the bootjack, hid them in her closet, and came down to the drawing-room to report the foot-tracks on her carpet—foot-tracks she herself had made before leaving the house. It was just before she came down-stairs, by the way, that she stole the morphine and strychnine from Von Blon's case."

"But, my God, Vancel!" said Markham. "Suppose her mechanism had failed to work. She would have been in for it then."

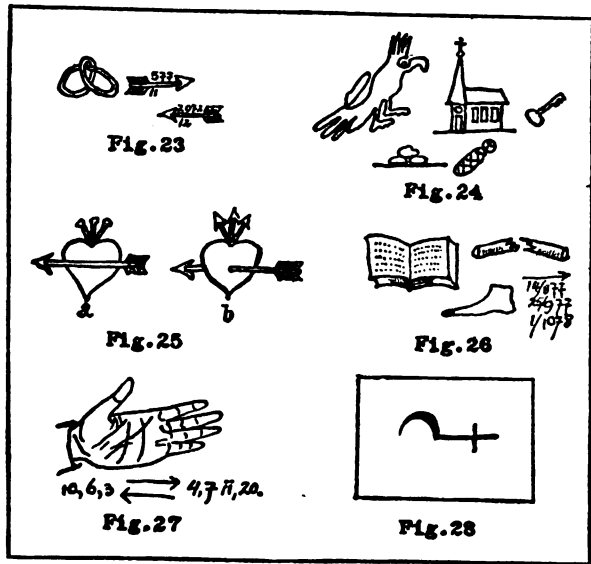
"I hardly think so. If, by any remote chance, the trap had not operated or Rex had recovered, she could easily have put the blame on some one else. She had merely to say she had secreted the diagram in the chute and that this other person had prepared the trap later on. There would have been no proof of her having set the gun."

"What about that diagram, sir?" asked Heath.

For answer Vance again took up the second volume of Gross and, opening it, extended it toward us. On the right-hand page were a number of curious line-drawings, which I reproduce here.

"There are the three stones, and the parrot, and the heart, and even your arrow, Sergeant. They're all criminal graphic symbols; and Ada simply utilized them in her description. The story of her finding the paper in the hall was a pure fabrication, but she knew it would pique our curiosity. The truth is, I suspected the paper of being faked by some one, for it evidently contained the signs of several types

of criminal, and the symbols were meaninglessly jumbled. I rather imagined it was a false clue deliberately placed in the hall for us to find—like the footprints; but I certainly didn't suspect Ada of having made up the tale. Now, however, as I look back at the episode it strikes me as deuced queer that she shouldn't have brought so apparently significant a paper to the office. Her failure to do so



was neither logical nor reasonable; and I ought to have been suspicious. But—my word!—what was one illogical item more or less in such a mélange of inconsistencies? As it happened, her decoy worked beautifully, and gave her the opportunity to telephone Rex to look into the chute. But it didn't really matter. If the scheme had fallen through that morning, it would have been successful later on. Ada was highly persevering."

"You think then," put in Markham, "that Rex really heard the shot in Ada's room that first night, and confided in her?"

"Undoubtedly. That part of her story was true enough. I'm inclined to think that Rex heard the shot and had a vague idea Mrs. Greene had fired it. Being rather close to his mother temperamentally, he said nothing. Later he voiced his suspicions to Ada; and that confession gave her the idea for killing him—or, rather, for perfecting the technic she had already decided on; for Rex would have been shot through the secret cupboard in any

event. But Ada now saw a way of establishing a perfect alibi for the occasion; although even her idea of being actually with the police when the shot was fired was not original. In Gross's chapter on alibis there is much suggestive material along that line."

Heath sucked his teeth wonderingly.

"I'm glad I don't run across many of her kind," he remarked.

"She was her father's daughter," said Vance. "But too much credit should not be given her, Sergeant. She had a printed and diagrammed guide for everything. There was little for her to do but follow instructions and keep her head. And as for Rex's murder, don't forget that, although she was actually in Mr. Markham's office at the time of the shooting, she personally engineered the entire *coup*. Think back. She refused to let either you or Mr. Markham come to the house, and insisted upon visiting the office. Once there, she told her story and suggested that Rex be summoned immediately. She even went so far as to plead with us to call him by phone. Then, when we had complied, she quickly informed us of the mysterious diagram, and offered to tell Rex exactly where she had hidden it, so he could bring it with him. And we sat there calmly, listening to her send Rex to his death! Her actions at the Stock Exchange should have given me a hint; but I confess I was particularly blind that morning. She was in a state of high nervous excitement; and when she broke down and sobbed on Mr. Markham's desk after he had told her of Rex's death, her tears were quite real—only, they were not for Rex; they were the reaction from that hour of terrific tension."

"I begin to understand why no one upstairs heard the shot," said Markham. "The revolver detonating in the wall, as it were, would have been almost completely muffled. But why should Sproot have heard it so distinctly down-stairs?"

"You remember there was a fireplace in the living-room directly beneath Ada's—Chester once told us it was rarely lighted because it wouldn't draw properly—and Sproot was in the butler's pantry just beyond. The sound of the report went downward through the flue and, as a result, was heard plainly on the lower floor."

"You said a minute ago, Mr. Vance," argued Heath, "that Rex maybe suspected the old lady. Then why should he have accused

Von Blon the way he did that day he had a fit?"

"The accusation primarily, I think, was a sort of instinctive effort to drive the idea of Mrs. Greene's guilt from his own mind. Then again, as Von Blon explained, Rex was frightened after you had questioned him about the revolver, and wanted to divert suspicion from himself."

"Get on with the story of Ada's plot, Vance." This time it was Markham who was impatient.

"The rest seems pretty obvious, don't y' know. It was unquestionably Ada who was listening at the library door the afternoon we were there. She realized we had found the books and galoshes; and she had to think fast. So, when we came out, she told us the dramatic yarn of having seen her mother walking, which was sheer moonshine. She had run across those books on paralysis, d' ye see, and they had suggested to her the possibility of focussing suspicion on Mrs. Greene—the chief object of her hate. It is probably true, as Von Blon said, that the two books do not deal with actual hysterical paralysis and somnambulism, but they no doubt contain references to these types of paralysis. I rather think Ada had intended all along to kill the old lady last and have it appear as the suicide of the murderer. But the proposed examination by Oppenheimer changed all that. She learned of the examination when she heard Von Blon apprise Mrs. Greene of it on his morning visit; and, having told us of that mythical midnight promenade, she couldn't delay matters any longer. The old lady had to die—*before Oppenheimer arrived*. And half an hour later Ada took the morphine. She feared to give Mrs. Greene the strychnine at once lest it appear suspicious. . . ."

"That's where those books on poisons come in, isn't it, Mr. Vance?" interjected Heath. "When Ada had decided to use poison on some of the family, she got all the dope she needed on the subject outa the library."

"Precisely. She herself took just enough morphine to render her unconscious—probably about two grains. And to make sure she would get immediate assistance she devised the simple trick of having Sibella's dog appear to give the alarm. Incidentally, this trick cast suspicion on Sibella. After Ada had swallowed the morphine, she merely waited until she began to feel drowsy, pulled the bell-cord,

caught the tassel in the dog's teeth, and lay back. She counterfeited a good deal of her illness; but Drumm couldn't have detected her malingering even if he had been as great a doctor as he wanted us to believe; for the symptoms for all doses of morphine taken by mouth are practically the same during the first half-hour. And, once she was on her feet, she had only to watch for an opportunity of giving the strychnine to Mrs. Greene. . . ."

"It all seems too cold-blooded to be real," murmured Markham.

"And yet there has been any number of precedents for Ada's actions. Do you recall the mass murders of those three nurses, Madame Jegado, Frau Zwanzigger, and Vrouw Van der Linden? And there was Mrs. Belle Gunness, the female Bluebeard; and Amelia Elizabeth Dyer, the Reading baby-farmer; and Mrs. Pearcey. Cold-blooded? Yes! But in Ada's case there was passion too. I'm inclined to believe that it takes a particularly hot flame—a fire at white heat, in fact—to carry the human heart through such a Gethsemane. However that may be, Ada watched for her chance to poison Mrs. Greene, and found it that night. The nurse went to the third floor to prepare for bed between eleven and eleven-thirty; and during that half-hour Ada visited her mother's room. Whether she suggested the citrocarbonate or Mrs. Greene herself asked for it, we'll never know. Probably the former, for Ada had always given it to her at night. When the nurse came down-stairs again Ada was already back in bed, apparently asleep, and Mrs. Greene was on the verge of her first—and, let us hope, her only—convulsion."

"Doremus's *post-mortem* report must have given her a terrific shock," commented Markham.

"It did. It upset all her calculations. Imagine her feelings when we informed her that Mrs. Greene couldn't have walked! She backed out of the danger nicely, though. The detail of the Oriental shawl, however, nearly entangled her. But even that point she turned to her own advantage by using it as a clew against Sibella."

"How do you account for Mrs. Mannheim's actions during that interview?" asked Markham. "You remember her saying it might have been she whom Ada saw in the hall."

A cloud came over Vance's face.

"I think," he said sadly, "that Frau Mannheim began to suspect her little Ada at that point. She knew the terrible history of the girl's father, and perhaps had lived in fear of some criminal outcropping in the child."

There was a silence for several moments. Each of us was busy with his own thoughts. Then Vance continued:

"After Mrs. Greene's death, only Sibella stood between Ada and her blazing goal; and it was Sibella herself who gave her the idea for a supposedly safe way to commit the final murder. Weeks ago, on a ride Van and I took with the two girls and Von Blon, Sibella's venomous pique led her to make a foolish remark about running one's victim over a precipice in a machine; and it no doubt appealed to Ada's sense of the fitness of things that Sibella should thus suggest the means of her own demise. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Ada intended, after having killed her sister, to say that Sibella had tried to murder *her*, but that she had suspected the other's purpose and jumped from the car in time to save herself; and that Sibella had miscalculated the car's speed and been carried over the precipice. The fact that Von Blon and Van and I had heard Sibella speculate on just such a method of murder would have given weight to Ada's story. And what a neat ending it would have made—Sibella, the murderer, dead; the case closed; Ada, the inheritor of the Greene millions, free to do as she chose! And—'pon my soul, Markham!—it came very near succeeding."

Vance sighed, and reached for the decanter. After refilling our glasses he settled back and smoked moodily.

"I wonder how long this terrible plot had been in preparation. We'll never know. Maybe years. There was no haste in Ada's preparations. Everything was worked out carefully; and she let circumstances—or, rather, opportunity—guide her. Once she had secured the revolver, it was only a question of waiting for a chance when she could make the footprints and be sure the gun would sink out of sight in the snow-drift on the balcony steps. Yes, the most essential condition of her scheme was the snow. . . . Amazin'!"

There is little more to add to this record. The truth was not given out, and the case was "shelved." The following year Tobias's will was upset by the Supreme Court in

Equity—that is, the twenty-five-year domiciliary clause was abrogated in view of all that had happened at the house; and Sibella came into the entire Greene fortune. How much Markham had to do with the decision, through his influence with the Administration judge who rendered it, I don't know; and naturally I have never asked. But the old Greene mansion was, as you remember, torn down shortly afterward, and the estate sold to a realty corporation.

Mrs. Mannheim, broken-hearted over Ada's death, claimed her inheritance—which Sibella generously doubled—and returned to Germany to seek what comfort she might among the nieces and nephews with whom, accord-

ing to Chester, she was constantly corresponding. Sproot went back to England. He told Vance before departing that he had long planned a cottage retreat in Surrey where he could loaf and invite his soul. I picture him now, sitting on an ivied porch overlooking the Downs, reading his beloved Martial.

Doctor and Mrs. Von Blon, immediately after the court's decision relating to the will, sailed for the Riviera and spent a belated honeymoon there. They are now settled in Vienna, where the doctor has become a *Privatdocent* at the University—his father's Alma Mater. He is, I understand, making quite a name for himself in the field of neurology.

THE END.

In our search for a serial to follow Mr. Van Dine's detective story, we realized that this magazine could not offer an ordinary conventional novel as a successor to "The Greene Murder Case."

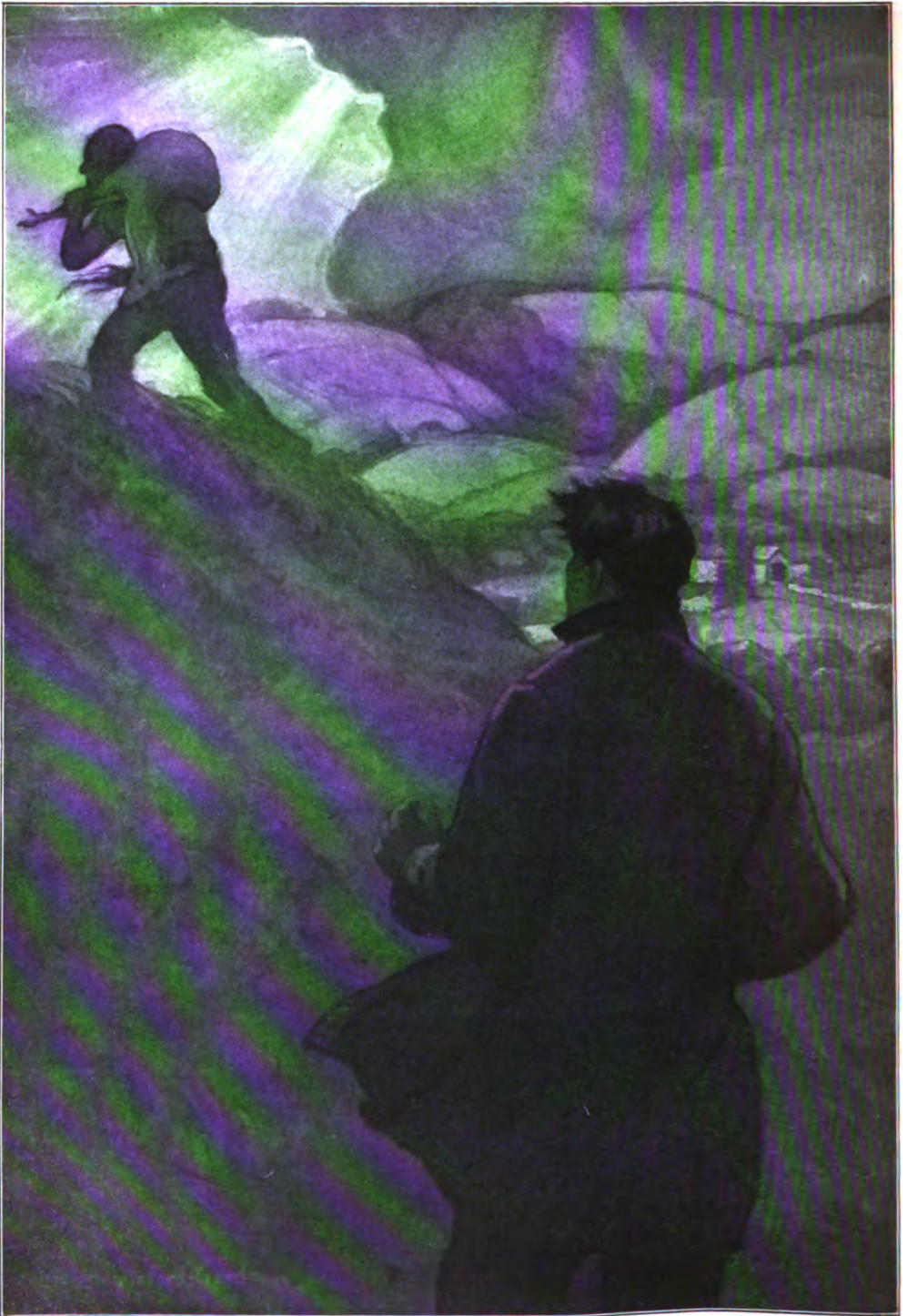
With enthusiasm, we present in the May number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the first instalment of

SEVEN DAYS WHIPPING

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

In describing the book, one is at a loss for comparatives. One thinks of James Joyce, of Edgar Allan Poe, even of that fantastic play, "Beggar on Horseback." None of them fits, although all of them suggest something of the truth. "Seven Days Whipping" has certain qualities of Joycean introspection, the fascination of Poe's stories, an atmosphere of fantastic mystery, a revelation of forces hidden deep in the primitive in all of us.

This time the complete story will be presented in three parts, instead of four used in the Van Dine stories. The author is in somewhat the same position with regard to the public as was Mr. Van Dine when we began "The 'Canary' Murder Case" just a year ago. The two detective stories have introduced a new master of the form to thousands of people. "Seven Days Whipping" is as remarkable in an entirely different way, bringing to light a young writer who, we are confident, will be the talk of the next few months.



Some irresistible force, bred of his own fear and reluctance, pulled La Place after him.

From a painting by Stafford Good.

—See "Seven Days Whipping," page 551.



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"Seven Days Whipping"

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

Author of "Demigods"

THIS story is a study of the mood of two men under extraordinary circumstances: a court, a storm, the birth of a child, and an attempted killing. One is "civilized." The other is a barbarian. In the chapters of this novel a transformation takes place. The atmosphere is one of immeasurable suspense. The author really presents an enigma to his reader in such a manner as to create a psychological thriller. A novel of this *genre* is rarely met with, and in this case the author has composed a story of unusual originality.

Mr. Biggs's first novel, "Demigods," met with critical approval. "Seven Days Whipping" is a work of greater power, originality, and interest. Its serialization is frankly an experiment. No magazine has ever published its like. We warn readers who begin "Seven Days Whipping" that they will be unable to put it aside until the situation suggested in this instalment resolves itself. It may even intrude into your dreams. We confidently present "Seven Days Whipping," a story as different from the ordinary novel as "The Greene Murder Case" is from the usual detective yarn.—Here in Mr. Biggs's book is mystery of a new kind.

THE EDITOR.





“Seven Days Whipping”

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

Author of “Demigods”

THE library was empty when he entered it. It consisted of three large rooms running east along the line of the court-house with Mason Square, ending in the judges' chambers: his own, Henshaw's, and Ward's. Ward would not be present to-day, since he was presiding at Court of General Sessions in Essex County. Henshaw, however, might be expected at any time. None the less he felt that he might be sure of thirty minutes more to himself.

He desired to be alone, to speak to no one, to see no person. He was aware that there was no chance of effecting this. The wish had dominated him, however, since he had left his home that morning. The freshness of the six-mile drive had dispelled his depression for a time, but the cessation of the motion of his car, the ending of the road in the yard of the court-house had brought back to him revulsion and a feeling of increasing dread.

Throughout the drive he had been able to review his situation impersonally, almost without fear. His psychical assets, he felt, far outweighed his liabilities. He was a judge of a Superior Court, moderately wealthy, endowed from his birth with position and prospects. Behind him stretched an uninterrupted service of ten years upon the bench, rendered carefully and with a meticulous regard for justice. His word as a jurist upon a matter of law, his legal standing, must be admitted to be impeccable. The law, he felt, was a sharp sword in his hands. It might cut not only the offender but him who wielded it. A matter of nice adjustment

arose before him in every case. He must not cut too far but far enough. He must not see futility but hope. He must perceive justice where justice was possible.

Justice he sometimes knew to be a shadow of a shadow which shortly ceased to be even that—appositely a straw which when grasped became a bar of iron with which a man's life might be beaten out. Upon these occasions he felt that his was a small black figure upon the bench, ironically prepared and ready to judge his fellow men. Doubtless his lack of assertiveness accentuated this. He did not have the square solidity, the obvious determination, that Henshaw possessed. The high, vaulted court-room, the distances from wall to wall, the silences that followed his spoken words, reduced him at times to fear, an incredulity concerning himself and his world. Neither Henshaw nor Ward was ever so troubled by his obvious duty. They saw only the facts before them, were not concerned with nuances of feeling and imagination that rose to vex himself.

These emotions were due, he knew, to certain psychical weaknesses inherent in him and to his careful early training. The son of a lawyer, a judge of this very court, he had been educated for his profession almost from the time he had been born. Naturally studious, this training had rendered him sedentary. He was inclined to be sensitive, generous, quick to believe himself at fault. He was nervous at times, always retiring, but entirely candid. There were few men at the bar better liked than he.

His father had died when he was a

boy of twelve, his mother shortly thereafter. He had inherited a small fortune, and with it the inward characteristics and outward appearance of the elder Stawell Ball La Place. He had the same delicate features, the aquiline nose, the firm mouth and chin, the steady gray eyes, that his father had possessed. Like his father he had the instinct to reduce his affairs, his life, to rote. His tradition was one of careful thought, one in which facts must be presented by some competent agency to him who is to do the thinking. The estate which he had inherited from his father had provided him with an adequate income at that age when most young men are required to struggle for the bare necessities of life. Even when he had been admitted to the bar he continued to expend a portion of this income in further careful training. By virtue of his independent position, in his practice he had devoted himself solely to such cases as interested him. These cases involved matters of law of more than usual interest. He was quite incapable of trying a case before a jury. Since he had been upon the bench his qualities had become embodied in a local proverb—“La Place is splendid on demurrer, bad on trial.”

He occasionally felt that perhaps he was too tender, overcivilized, too far removed from the pit and arena of his own court. The business of the court sickened him at times. He recalled a woman who had come before him at the beginning of his first term upon the bench. He had sentenced her. “Your honor is as a stone to her weeping.” The words had sprung into his mind. It was as if a judge, impalpable but serene, were bringing judgment to himself. He had expected some phrase of condemnation and disaster to follow.

Subsequently he had insulated himself from similar shocks.

Generally, however, he felt confidence in himself, deftness, and surety when upon the bench. Everything in the court-room became placed, fixed, and immovable. He was able to find his way about with perfect ease. He became endowed with a sense of physical well-being, a belief that his work was competently performed.

He was now fifty-one years of age. He had no feeling of it, still ordered his life with the meticulous care that he had always devoted to it—subject to the single incredible exception which now had arisen to harass him. Margaret had become his single concern. She was now forty-four years of age, too old perhaps for the arduous task of bearing him a first child. This day was the twelfth anniversary of their wedding. There would not be long to wait.

He found the situation unbelievable, a stark tale for which he had no heart. Ten years had passed since he had bought the Rivervale estate. He had built his house upon a hill above the creek, had christened it “Rofters’ Rock.” From it his wife and he had never stirred. The river ran mute at their feet, a placid red stream trailing the aspens along its bank. The hills encircled them. Surely, could there be permanency, this was it. It was this feeling that he knew he most prized.

All his life he had carefully cultivated it. It entailed, he knew, an exact regard for all the details of his life, a precise passion for the destruction of all that was irregular, all that threatened the norm of his existence. He was aware that he had a tendency to push reality from him, that he possessed a horror of the raw circumstances of human life, of the immense carelessness of nature.

Events piled upon one without allowing a chance to inspect or categorize them. Fate was a bounding ball. His energies had been ceaselessly given in the avoidance of change. His greatest concern had been the erection of a barrier against the erosion of events. The physical emblems of his tranquillity had become his wife and his estate.

Margaret perhaps was not threatened gravely. Her condition had been described as uncomfortable but not dangerous. All preparations had been made. "Mrs. La Place's health is excellent. You have nothing to fear." This was the perception of a doctor. His fears were probably groundless, and yet, if they were not——

The electric clock in the room's alcove hummed and snapped a minute from the chain before it. He perceived that it was quarter to ten. Within fifteen minutes he would have to go upon the bench. This day was close to being the last day of the term. June, the last month before the long vacation, was always difficult. Now, however, they were fairly through the ruck, with most of the business of term-time behind them. To-day he would have little to do. An argument or two, a motion in the Aitken matter, a number of sentences to pass, and, depending to some extent upon Judge Henshaw, who would sit with him, he would be done. Thereafter he would escape to Riverdale and would not return until Monday. This afternoon, Saturday, and Sunday would remain solely his own and Margaret's. Perhaps by Monday Margaret's affair would be over and done.

Upon his desk, when he entered his chambers, was little to distract his attention, nothing upon which his mind might bite to relieve its anxiety. The sunlight from the square glanced

through the latticed windows, creating a pool of brightness upon the rug at his feet. There was the distant sound of conversation in the corridors leading from the central hall of the court-house, and, dimly heard by him, the clicking of heels upon the tessellated floor. Otherwise the passing minutes were lost in the stillness of his own room.

Automatically he visualized the scene which was being prepared for Henshaw and himself in the court-room upon the floor above, saw in anticipation the desultory gathering in the public seats, the casual entry of the attorneys to the bar. Thereafter, as he and Henshaw entered the room, would follow the sharp rap of the bailiff and the command "Rise!" and the droning "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye" of the crier as the court was opened. The two judges, with downcast eyes, would remain standing upon the dais until this invocation had ceased, ogling a dead justice upon the bar before them, to be called back to life by the barbaric chanting of the crier. To La Place invariably this seemed ineffectual.

None the less in this procedure he found quietude and a sense of startling power. *As it was, so it should always be!* His father had served as senior judge upon the very bench upon which he now found himself. Doubtless many times upon the judges' dais he had occupied the identical chair used by his father. In this fact he found significance. To look upon the same broad desk, the same bar, dock, jury-box, arena, the identical judicial scene upon which his father had gazed caused him to feel intrenched and strong. In this room he was able to hold under his fingers the tide of events.

Judge Henshaw had come in. La Place heard him draw the curtains of

the window. Shortly thereafter he appeared in the doorway. Henshaw was direct, square-browed, a man in whom doubt never arose. For this reason he was quick where La Place was vacillating, prone to act while La Place thought. Bald, save for tufts of iron-gray hair upon the sides of his head, slightly prognathous of jaw, he had the habit of thrusting his chin into the words of contesting attorneys and asking questions so pertinent as to be discomfiting. He had the virtue of the quick, sharp *ruling* and a feeling for facts. None the less he was not as able a judge of the law as La Place.

The two men presented a decided contrast to each other. Henshaw was without the background of a family tradition in the law; had, in fact, begun his career as a stenographer in a lawyer's office, had studied for the bar against overwhelming odds, and had been admitted to practice without the prospect of a client. His success had been due to his own energy and ability. He had married young and happily, and was now widowed and childless. He was cheerful, always active, very strong. Prior to his appointment as a judge he had been a keen and energetic politician. He was in all things intensely practical, had no compunction in sentencing a man for years or to death. He was fair. Extraordinary circumstances were required to evoke his rage. He was without humor save of the simplest kind, never troubled by the uneasy puzzle of existence. He possessed one invariable trick of speech—the phrase “state the facts.” A matter was either to the point or it was not. There was no possible gradation.

The two men were not antipathetic, however, each having in general a warm regard for the other's qualities.

La Place at times deemed Henshaw to be lacking in tact and stubborn, not aware of the things which he, La Place, saw plainly. Henshaw, for his part, thought La Place oversubtle, feeling his way when the path was in fact too plain for doubt. For La Place's legal instinct, however, Henshaw possessed an infinite respect.

There ensued a brief conversation between the two men. It was desultory, inconsequential, a shade annoying to La Place, who had no desire to talk. Henshaw inquired as to Mrs. La Place's condition, was briefly informed that her health was excellent. “I have little doubt that you'll be glad when it is over,” Henshaw said. “But you'll find that these things are not as bad as people say they are.” Thought La Place: “How can he know how I feel!” They were interrupted by a page who informed them that it was a few minutes past ten o'clock.

Both judges prepared to go on the bench. La Place put on his robe and beckoned Henshaw to precede him up the stairs. The page followed them.

The staircase was narrow—scarcely two feet wide—and very steep. Theoretically reserved for the use of the judges, it was known and used by all who frequented the court-house and afforded as little privacy as an open court. At its head sounded voices, laughter, and the distant crying of a child. The passage to the court was crowded. A number of men were gathered around a clay urn filled with sand at the far entrance, extinguishing their cigarettes or knocking out their pipes preparatory to going before the bar. From the stenographer's room adjoining the passage came the voice of an attorney, recognized by La Place, shouting to a client over the telephone. La Place was able

to catch the words: "I tell you he must come here at once if he wants me to take the matter up. I'll not wait." Thought La Place: "I wonder what it is that he'll not wait for. . . . I should be glad to wait." The page held open the door before them and the two judges entered court.

There was movement and a rustling as attorneys, clients, and spectators got to their feet. Leading to the judges' dais was a short flight of steps. Henshaw mounted them rapidly, La Place following more slowly. Upon the dais, back of the judges' desk, were five great swivel chairs of rattan and wood, their head-pieces padded with faded plush. Two of these chairs had been pushed back to the wainscoting of the wall. The remaining three, however, were at the desk itself. Henshaw seated himself in the first, La Place in the second. In this position they would remain throughout the morning. They would be sufficiently close to each other to be able to confer in low tones upon their rulings, yet so far apart that each would maintain a strict judicial identity. La Place, as senior judge, after briefly conferring with his colleague, would deliver the opinion of the court. The page seated himself in one of the chairs at the back of the dais and commenced to read a newspaper which he drew from his pocket.

So seated, the heads of the two judges were level with the eyes of those standing within the bar. Their position gave them a complete view of every part of the court. The room itself was very large, almost as high as deep, a great cube wainscoted to the ceiling. The bar was in the middle distance. The dock was just within the area created by it, loosely chained off from the rest of the floor. Within the dock,

awaiting sentence by the court, were four male prisoners. A guard was seated just beyond them. In the public seats were a few men and women, litigants perhaps, but more probably idlers who had left the square to escape the increasing heat of the June day. One woman was peeling a tangerine and throwing strips of the skin upon the floor. Another apparently slept. Immediately before the judges' dais, at two counsel-tables, were a number of attorneys arranging their papers and preparing for argument.

La Place thought: "I hope this will not take long. I don't want it to go on interminably."

Eden was heard first on behalf of two plaintiffs, a mother and daughter who were attempting to secure a share of a trust estate. Thought La Place: "Eden is a new kind of an attorney. No one of us would have appeared in court with a soft collar and a yellow tie." The point of law was an interesting one, however—a question of the degree of certainty required in a legal instrument. Henshaw spoke to him once. "It's like the old Headley case," he said. "You remember. The case of Fraser and Headley. Judge Reed sat in that one." He called the page to him, handed the young man a slip of paper marked with a reporter number, and bade him bring the volume to the bench. Eden spoke on. La Place found his attention wandering, endeavored to concentrate upon the argument, and failed. He found himself on the point of dozing. As he listened with half-open eyes the courtroom seemed to hum like a hive of bees. The sound brought to his mind a task which he had planned for this afternoon at Rivervale—Margaret permitting—the removal of the honey from a natural comb in the old Fouracre house,

where a swarm of bees had hived. *Margaret permitting*. An odd phrase to have come into his mind. It implied that he was displeased with her, displeased with her condition. Suddenly he realized that the strain of the last few days had been greater than he had thought.

Eden gave way to Melville; Melville to Christie; Brazelton followed. The argument ended as abruptly as it had begun. Briefs were ordered submitted. Counsel left the court. Henshaw yawned audibly.

There remained the task of sentencing the four prisoners. La Place found that counsel for one of them was not present and that the probation officer to whom was intrusted the difficult task of looking up the record and history of each convicted defendant was not yet ready to report. He suggested a short recess to Henshaw. Going back to his chambers, he succeeded in getting his house upon the telephone. One of the maids answered it. Yes, Mrs. La Place was quite well. She was lying down, in fact, and had said that she didn't wish to be disturbed. La Place stated that he would be home soon. The morning was almost done. The business of sentencing four men would not take long.

When he returned to the court-room he found Henshaw already upon the bench, the probation officer ready to report. The first prisoner, a young negro, was ordered to stand up. His body was angular, lath-lean, and spindling. His posture was that of a limp Jim Crow dancer struck motionless in the heat of the dance, stuck against a wall to cool. La Place found him grotesque, heard Henshaw delivering sentence in short, crisp words: “James Fargo, you have pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny. This is your third

offense and conviction. It is the intention of this court to pass upon you a sentence which you will understand. The sentence of this court is . . .”

Henshaw finished. The breath went out of the negro like air from a pricked balloon. Thought La Place: “That is done.” *Generous?* He found that the uncompleted phrase in his mind was “Generous with time.” Henshaw, he felt, had been oversevere. It was now incumbent upon himself to sentence the next two prisoners, brothers, white men, convicted of highway robbery. To-day he found difficulty in making up his mind as to what sentence he would impose. His nervousness was increasing. The best way to sentence a man was with a lightning-quick stroke, like a boxer delivering a blow.

“Stand up!”

The two men rose before him as if pulled up by a rope. There they were, in plain view. It was apparent that they were brothers. There was probably ten years' difference between their ages. Ten years. When the younger man left the workhouse he would be the age of his older brother who stood beside him waiting for judgment. La Place knew that *now*. He looked at the record before him.

“Jonas Hanbury, Paul Hanbury, you have been convicted of the crime of highway robbery. Your trial was fair and for the offense of which you were accused you had no defense. It was an accident that you did not kill the man you attempted to rob. Your sentence shall be commensurate with the gravity of your crime. The sentence of the court is: First, that you and each of you pay the cost of prosecution. Secondly, that you pay a fine of five hundred dollars. Thirdly, that each of you be whipped with one hundred lashes. Last, that

each of you be committed to the trustees of the Cecil County workhouse and be there imprisoned for the term of ten years, beginning upon this day and ending upon the seventh day of June, 1937. Sheriff, take the prisoners."

Only one prisoner remained. La Place had never seen him before, presumed him to have been tried before Henshaw, who was bound thereby to deliver sentence. To his surprise he found that Henshaw was waiting for him to sentence the prisoner.

"The old fellow isn't mine," said Henshaw. "But I know who he is. He was tried by Ward. Convicted of trapping muskrats out of season in another man's marsh. Young Smith was appointed by court to defend him, but he told Judge Ward that he couldn't get a word out of him. Couldn't even find out his real name. I think the old man's a little touched."

La Place looked at the prisoner more closely. It was a shame, under the circumstances, that he should be compelled to waste time upon another man's mystery. Ward should have been present to deliver sentence. In his absence the duty devolved upon La Place as senior judge. He ordered the prisoner to stand up. The old man made no answer, gave no sign that he had heard.

"I don't think he understands you," said Henshaw. He ordered the guard to bring the prisoner before the bench.

The guard removed the loose chain from the end of the dock and prodded the old man to his feet. Thereafter he was led to the open space between the counsel-tables. Here he stood, as silent and motionless as before.

La Place saw that he was very old—so old, in fact, that he was unable even to hazard a guess as to his age. Though bent with age, the man was tall and

possessed a head of pure-white hair. His features were aquiline, his nose long and cruel, and there was a glitter in his ancient eyes. He had the aspect of gazing upon some event far beyond the confines of the court-room, an event immemorially ancient and strange. More extraordinary, however, was his skin, red in color like red clay but possessing less sheen, darker in fact. La Place was in doubt both as to his race and blood. His mind sought a solution. There was something familiar about the old man, something which touched a vague chord in La Place's memory. Certainly he was not a native. His thought broke. He abandoned the search as useless.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The old man made a reply which was unintelligible to La Place. The probation officer repeated it. "He says that his name is 'Ironquois,' your honor."

Upon hearing this, the old man spoke again in a deep voice. "Ironquois," he said, and was again silent.

La Place grew impatient. "Who is he?" he asked.

"The old man lives down on the edge of the Middleborough Marsh, your honor, on the riverside," said the officer. "It's about five miles back from Bowl's Corner. His nearest neighbor is a cranberry-farmer by the name of Bates. He says that the old fellow came down there twenty years ago, and he ain't able to see anything wrong in him. Other people say different about him, though."

"What do they say?" asked La Place.

"They say that he dynamites fish in the river when he wants to catch some and that he and his son or grandson, whichever it may be, make their living poachin' muskrats."

“What’s your name and where are you from?” La Place demanded of the prisoner.

The old man bent upon his judge an enigmatic glance, then looked deliberately into the corner of the room. It was plain that he did not intend to answer. La Place grew angry.

“Where’s the son or grandson that you spoke of?” he inquired of the officer.

“We haven’t been able to find him, your honor. He came out to the workhouse while the old man was there waiting for sentence, but he only stood around outside. Somebody said he was around the court-house this morning, but we can’t find him now.”

“Is the old fellow sane?” asked Henshaw.

“I hardly know what to tell you, your honor,” said the officer. “He isn’t civilized. They lost all patience with him out at the workhouse. He defecated in his cell and wouldn’t clean it up. He raised the devil the five days he was there.”

It was now nearly twelve o’clock. La Place was very anxious to be gone. Margaret would be awake now, was doubtless looking for him. The prisoner remained erect and motionless, in his eyes the same enigmatic and ceaseless stare. What was it he was watching? La Place asked himself. Was there some panorama unrolling itself upon the walls of the court, some incredible writing which the old man could read? Who was he? What could he be? The name was strange, yet the sound of it was familiar. *Ironquois*. It stirred some memory in La Place’s mind. A vague momentary uneasiness, infinitely elusive, the merest shadow, hung over him, rendered him indecisive. Where had he seen the old man before? What quality in him did he find familiar? He was in-

clined to attribute his feelings to his state of mind. The old man was not mysterious. No latent force moved within him that carried him beyond the borders of the real.

“What is his first name?” he asked.

“Joseph.”

The sentence formed itself on his lips. “Joseph Ironquois, you have been tried and found guilty. The court has no alternative but to impose sentence upon you. It is as follows: First, that you pay the costs of prosecution. Secondly, that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars. Last, that you be committed to the trustees of the Cecil County workhouse and be there imprisoned for the term of one year, beginning upon this day and ending upon the seventh day of June, 1928. Sheriff, take the prisoner.”

The four prisoners were taken from the room. The judges descended from the bench. The hands of the clock stood at exactly twelve o’clock. La Place hurried to his chambers and prepared for the street. He still had a number of errands to do, a package to collect for Margaret, a pair of goggles to buy to protect his eyes in his afternoon’s work. These duties would require but a short time. He went to his car, had as usual a little trouble in starting it. He drove to the King Street Market and got the parcel required by Margaret. The goggles he bought at a hardware-store, taking pleasure in describing to the interested clerk the purpose for which he desired them. For the first time in the day he felt quiet and at ease. The hive should be gotten out that afternoon. All would go well with Margaret.

II

La Place lived as he said on the unfashionable side of the country, if there could be fashion in woods and trees.

Rivervale was six miles west and south of the city and five miles south of the Medina pike. Upon the Medina pike lay the larger estates which grew out from the city in a wider radius every year. At the time of La Place's coming to the country the land beyond the old tollhouse along the Medina pike had been given over to farming. Now one might drive for several miles past the terraces, lawns, and walls of well-established country places. This terrain was surprisingly level for many miles; the road was excellent; the drive in to town was short; and for these reasons most of the larger estates had been planned and placed in this direction. South of the pike, however, the character of the country changed. The land suddenly became hilly, was thickly wooded, and contained a number of small streams which drained into Red Clay Creek. Rivervale itself was at the bottom of a long slope and was directly upon the river. A dirt road led past it, and from this road a covered bridge gave access to La Place's estate which, beginning with the stream and the small race which backed it, ran up the hill upon which his house was placed, continued up a greater shoulder, and culminated in a ridge that quartered the sky. This ridge La Place believed to be the highest point in the country, higher in fact than a more vaunted point upon the pikeside. From it one could watch the meanderings of the Red Clay; see the green, brown, and yellow of the farmers' fields laid off in geometric patterns; watch crisp blue smoke curl from roof-trees minute and distant. The shoulder of the hill was flanked with heavy woods upon its top, the creek running in a broad U around the foot of the slope. This shoulder was like a great wave cresting over and protecting the

house and the lesser declivity beneath it.

Rivervale itself was an anomaly. A family of ironmasters, settling here in the early part of the nineteenth century, had built, for the use of their workmen, four small stone houses and beyond these a forge. Their own house had been placed upon the top of the first slope. A path ran down to the forge through a row of willow-trees. Of this family, at the time the estate was purchased by La Place, nothing remained except their houses and their dismantled forge. To the house upon the hill, commonly referred to as the "master's house," La Place had added a wing. The structure thus created was all of stone, comfortable and unpretentious. The workmen's houses remained uninhabited. One, however, La Place had fitted up as a workshop. It contained a carpenter's bench and tools—rarely used, though La Place deemed himself capable of making such repairs as were required about the house—a desk, pens, ink, paper, and books. This building, the smallest and oldest of the four, was also the one farthest removed from the house. To it La Place retreated when he desired to make his solitude more complete.

Back of the dwelling-house itself was a small informal garden centred about a row of four apple-trees, which in their turn served to conceal the garage from the house. Beyond was the river, turning here to meet the covered bridge, later turning again to flow past the meadow below the workshop, and disappearing at last through the narrow gorge of the hills. La Place had purchased the estate with the conscious desire for solitude, for a place in which Margaret and he might be undisturbed. His nearest neighbor was a mile

away. Without going to the top of the big hill one could not even see the smoke from the distant chimneys. At the bottom of the great hill was a small Italian colony composed of four or five families stranded here by the shutting down of a quarry a mile or so to the west. They existed happily, however, living as they could in a manner which seemed to La Place to be miraculous. A number of the men, from time to time, did odd jobs at Rivervale, cutting a winter's supply of wood or piling up stone for a wall. Upon one occasion La Place had hired all of the men in the colony and had kept them engaged for a period of about two weeks in laying a new pipe-line from the spring upon the hill to the house below it. La Place had found them to be a genial, happy people, good neighbors save for their inveterate propensity to poach rabbits and pheasants from his fields and woods. He himself did not care to hunt—in fact, had not fired a gun in years. His greatest pleasure was in working about his place, laying off the small improvements which were necessitated by changing conditions, performing some of the smaller tasks about the estate. The heavier work was done by a young man who drove in his small car to Rivervale every day. He, Willey, ran the electric-light plant, charged the storage-batteries, washed the two automobiles belonging to La Place; even, if circumstances required it, took Margaret's marketing-list to the city and filled it. In general, however, La Place delighted in performing this duty himself. The work inside the house was done by two maids, sisters by the name of Crawley, Englishwomen whom Mrs. La Place had brought to this country at the time of her marriage. They were efficient servants, elderly and careful, who pos-

sessed but one fault. They were a little timorous of being left alone in what they termed “deep country” upon those exceptional occasions when the La Places happened to go out.

In the twelve years that he had been at Rivervale La Place had learned to know every cut upon the sky-line, every tree which stood upon the hills. The sound of the river had become a whisper in his ears scarcely discernible from the murmur of the wind through the pine-trees in the valley or the shrilling of the cicadas in the grass. The river, red and placid, had put time beyond its bank, carried with it that hint of distance that lent security to his heart. The Red Clay flows past towns whose names are soft as summer air. Lenape watches its even flow; Montchanin marks its passing. At Rivervale the elders move and dip in the slow and even current. To La Place the river marked the flow of his own and Margaret's life, half somnolent, secure, and thoughtful.

As he drove from the city La Place's thoughts centred upon the river. The familiar places passed—the square and ancient windmill upon the Forresters' estate, the great field of wheat, ripening and nodding beyond the Thompsons' gate. The windmill would turn how many times before he, La Place, would be gathered to his fathers? How many times would wheat be drilled into the Thompsons' field, be cut and harvested and the field cleared while he was still a man? An odd phrase occurred to him—“that walks and talks and wears a coat.” The windmill times without number. A dozen plantings of the field? Eighteen? Nineteen? A year would come when all was at an end—for him. How many plantings of wheat would his child see? Had he had such

thoughts before? Morbid, perhaps, but at least they indicated life. Margaret's life and his own were hopelessly intermingled with the existence of their child. A man was not a subject for anthropology, as Henshaw insisted. Man needed but one rule of life—how to render secure himself and all that was his. That was all.

He turned into the covered bridge. The river was low. The silver of the stream was just visible between the planks. The lattice of the walls made alternate flashes of light and shadow in his face. The flooring rolled like a beaten drum beneath the wheels of his car, echoing and re-echoing against the hills and down the stream. He never failed to think that this was a singular way for a quiet man to enter upon his home—a tramping like that of an army behind him. Upon crossing the bridge he was always possessed of the same desire—to nail a ship's figurehead above its entrance upon the Rivervale side. He had seen many such upon his one trip to England, figures of mermaids, of Lorelei, of Tritons and Neptunes grasping great hammers, lying in a yard along the Thames. At night the bridge, dimly seen, hung over space, not unlike the bow of a ship of the line, but one on which he never cared to voyage.

Emerging from its shadow he looked at the terrace around the house on the hill above, half hoping to see Margaret reclining in one of the wicker chairs upon it. The terrace was empty. The house showed no sign of life. It remained deserted in the hot sunshine. The lawn leading to it was freshly cut. There was the smell of baking earth, the faint sweetness of the grass. The house stood like a rock upon the hill. Surely into this tranquillity nothing could obtrude itself. The thought

brought back to him an undercurrent of worry and vexation.

He drove his car to the garage, brought the parcels from it. A walk flagged with stone led to the house. At the door he stopped and called. Margaret was in her room, as he had expected. He gave his parcels to the maid who appeared, was told that lunch was almost ready, and went up-stairs.

Margaret was lying upon her bed, holding her knitting on a level with her eyes, a position which he was sure must be uncomfortable for her. He hesitated to tell her this. In the last few months he had had difficulty in making sure how she would accept his suggestions. "You see I'm back," he said. She put her knitting down. A thought quickly came to La Place's mind. "She's on the point of tears. She's just about to cry. I must get her over this." He was mistaken in this, however. Her humor seemed better than when he had left her in the morning. It seemed that she had been out, had walked some distance, had returned to sleep. She was quite at ease.

In the twelve years of their married life La Place had never succeeded in precisely estimating his wife's character. She possessed nuances, shadows and depths, which persistently eluded him. A portion of his difficulty La Place was inclined to ascribe to racial and national characteristics. Mrs. La Place was an Englishwoman, the daughter of a former bishop of Calcutta, who had been invalided to Merioneth on the west coast of England as a result of tropical fever. He had died in the year that La Place had met his daughter. The Gleneths, who believed themselves to be of Scottish descent, though in reality their origin was lost, had lived in Merioneth, Carnarvon, and

Montgomery for a far greater length of time than the La Place or Stawell genealogies had been established in their counties. In this fact La Place took a singular pride.

La Place's meeting with his wife had been ordinary enough. He had been sent abroad as one of a commission of three, paying his own expenses, to investigate certain phases of English law. He had met Margaret in London. They had been married almost at once, very quietly, and had embarked for America within a space of two weeks. They had come home by way of the Azores and had there taken passage upon a sailing vessel bound for Norfolk. This idea, which to La Place had seemed outlandish and unheard of, had been Margaret's and had worked out with unsurpassed success. The ship, oddly named *The Portland Elder*, was a three-masted schooner, quite modern in equipment and loaded with a safe cargo of lumber. The voyage had taken all of a month. These thirty days, which La Place had looked forward to with squeamishness and horror, he now looked back upon as among the happiest of his life. They had constituted almost his only taste of adventure. Margaret, throughout the trip, had been almost beside herself with delight. Very carefully nurtured, brought up under the rigidity of that ancient system in which an unmarried woman was presumed to have the mind and thoughts of a schoolgirl, her marriage and this voyage had unlocked her emotions, permitting her to taste realities of which she had always dreamed. She delighted in the lines of the ship against the sky, the rough humor of the sailors, the smell of the oakum and tar exuded from the planks of the vessel under the heat of the sun. In a short time she had

picked up sailors' argot, talked of "bights" and "running lines," was able with the help of a ship's officer to compute the run from the logging-meter. La Place, who had seen his wife solely in her father's house, where, in the position of the unmarried daughter verging upon middle age, she had been awkward, ill-at-ease, almost timorous, began to be troubled at this change. Their marriage, in a certain sense, had been hasty. He had given to this, the most important venture of his life, far less consideration than ordinarily he devoted to a problem of law. None the less he loved his wife with an adoration that was complete. Upon their arrival at Norfolk all his fears had evaporated. The short skirt and sweater, which, though appropriate to the voyage, had seemed to him slightly hoydenish and unwomanly, were put away and were never worn again. Sometimes he felt that in his attitude she had found unspoken condemnation. He always hoped that this had not been the case.

At Norfolk she had proceeded to become, by some metamorphosis not plain to him, the identical prototype of her English self. She had purchased furniture for their home as might any other woman, had taken decorous interest in her surroundings, in all things had tacitly reassured him. They had proceeded north by easy stages, stopping to purchase household goods as the opportunity offered. They had arrived in Wilmington late upon a very hot August night and had driven at once to the house of a friend who had vacated his home for them.

Throughout the last stage of their journey, by train from Baltimore, La Place had been consumed by a growing excitement. The Pullman had been very hot, the train crowded. Margaret,

unaccustomed to the heat, had been slightly ill. None the less he had spent the greater part of his time in peering into the darkness beyond the car-windows. He had noted the rivers, the stations through which the train flashed, the small towns along the line, with the feeling, always increasing, that he was coming home, as if he were a boy returning from school to his father's house. He had the same light-heartedness, the same desire to see, to talk, rare in him. He recalled the stifling heat of the old French Street station, the smell of the street, the familiar and polyglot odors, the cries of the hackmen around the station's entrance, their trailing whips and broken horses. The street would be lighted as it always was. The arc-lights would flare with their aura of dancing gnats. The long vista of the street, the squat and sombre houses would be the same. He had endeavored to explain his feelings to Margaret, had found her moody and disinclined to talk. Her attitude had been quickly forgotten in his excitement.

They had driven from the station with their luggage piled about them. They had dined late, and thereafter had sat upon the porch. The scene was familiar to La Place. The house faced upon a broad triangle. A small green park was in the centre. In this park he had played as a child, could recall when the small pediment of the monument in the park's centre had been so high that he could not lift himself upon it without aid. His excitement had subsided. He felt at ease and quiet.

Margaret and he had talked of their plans. He had just reiterated his intention of buying a small place in the country. Suddenly he was surprised at the tone of her voice. "You must find such a place," she said. "I should like to

live there with you." Beyond the porch was a small flight of steps leading to a garden. Without warning, she had risen to her feet and had walked down them. Her dress remained a white shadow in the darkness, dimly seen by him. Suddenly he was afraid. He followed her into the garden and had found her sobbing. With difficulty he had quieted her. He inquired again and again as to what had disturbed her. It was with difficulty that he had succeeded in getting her to speak at all.

"I couldn't help thinking of our ship," she had said. "Those poor young fellows out there!"

With the passing of time he had comprehended more fully what she had meant. An essence of life, escaping her, had left her desolate. None the less she had quickly forgotten it. In the morning she was quite herself, had even been inclined to be vexatious.

La Place had started immediately upon his search for a suitable place to live. At first he had gone alone, desiring, for some reason not plain to him, to be the first to see his land; later Margaret had joined him. Rivervale had been purchased at a price so low as to delight them both. With amazing energy Margaret had set about rebuilding it. The wing had been added. The walls were built of stone pulled from the base of the ancient forge. A new road was built. Planting was done. The garden was laid out. La Place's books were put into the new library. Thereafter they were at home.

In La Place's recollection they had moved into the house upon a November afternoon eleven years ago. He recalled the great fire which they had lighted in the fireplace to dry out the house. They had dined that evening as upon an occasion of state, with lighted

candles celebrating the first year of their marriage. They had been very happy. Throughout the ensuing eleven years their happiness had not decreased. None the less La Place never fully understood his wife. She possessed certain qualities which resembled iron. She exacted a rigid obedience from her two maids, who, in fact, seemed to expect this. She was capable of quick fury if any one trespassed upon the estate. Upon the crest of the high hill a man walking stood out in silhouette against the sky. Several times she had warned such trespassers off. La Place was inclined to be much more easy-going, much less jealous of his property and land. The house she managed with unfaltering zeal. In time there had developed between La Place and herself the mutual gift of divining each other's thoughts. Upon occasion he had found this to be embarrassing. Margaret was quick to comprehend his moods, to know with certainty when he had had a hard or troublesome day. Both had the unfortunate gift of being afflicted with the other's nerves. This led to trivial irritations, quickly sustained and as quickly forgotten. They went out but rarely, never remaining long, were glad to return again to each other's society.

He now helped her from the bed. She stood up, put mules upon her feet and a bright gown about her shoulders. Together they descended the stairs toward the dining-room. The mules, loose upon her feet, clicked against the stairs. La Place felt that he would never forget the sound.

In the dining-room their chairs faced each other across the narrow table. The room was painted white and shone brightly with the June sun. La Place

could see that she was very tired. Lines were apparent upon her forehead, at her nose and throat. His concern increased, but he refrained at this time from asking her how she felt.

The lunch was of the sort which La Place particularly liked, simple and plain. There was cottage cheese, almost his favorite dish. He was surprised to find that his appetite was acute. He had presumed that he would have none. At the time of leaving his chambers he had been troubled with a slight headache. It had now disappeared. He ate largely. Margaret for her part took very little, merely tasting the food which stood before her.

They talked. La Place outlined his plans for the afternoon. They looked entirely to the securing of the honey from the natural hive in the old Four-acre house. He would require, he said, about two hours to complete this task. He would attempt to get the bees into a hive which he had purchased for this purpose, and to cause the swarming by a light smoking of the hive. The smudges were prepared already. He would then cut out the comb.

He thought that there was no doubt that the bees were ready to swarm. The brood-cells were completely capped with hard white wax; the hive had been built as high against the ceiling of the room as was possible to build it. It was plain that no further time could be wasted. If he delayed, the colony might swarm of itself and be lost. He thought that he should be through this work by five, if not before. At any rate he would be within easy calling distance of the house, or Margaret could send one of the Crawley sisters for him if she found she needed him. It would be best, he thought, if she herself did not come down to watch him work even at a dis-

tance. The sun was hot and she would be more comfortable in the house. Might they not have tea together about five o'clock? He would be through then.

Margaret replied that she would arrange this. She thought that she would lie down again this afternoon. A short sleep would make her feel more comfortable. She would watch him at his work from the house. She could see him from her window. La Place clearly understood that she said these things merely to show her interest in that which so plainly interested him. She would not look from the window, but would remain quietly upon her bed. He knew that she was giving little heed to what he was saying. Her attention was elsewhere, arrested, held in check, by the event which portended in both their lives. He might expect this.

Dessert was served. Margaret took none of it, but refused to let the maid take her cup of tea from the table. She continued to stir the liquid in the cup. Only her finger-tips, lightly clasping the spoon, seemed to be involved in this motion. La Place perceived that she had drawn to herself a still, cold strength, a kind of hardened tranquillity.

They left the table. La Place helped her to her feet. They went to the library, where she disposed herself comfortably in a chair. La Place worked at his accounts, drew a number of checks, wrote a letter or two. Margaret was silent. Looking up, he perceived that she had gone to sleep. He opened the door as quietly as possible and went out into the garden.

It was now close to three o'clock and time that he went to work if he was to remove the hive that afternoon. None the less he delayed, taking pleasure in

the sunlight and the crunching of the gravel beneath his feet. The hollyhocks were out. Twelve great blossoms fronted the garden wall. He had never seen stalks so high. The cut of the twelve heads were on a plane with the distant river when he viewed them from the upper end of the garden.

The flowers were red and gold, motionless in the tranquil air. A slight haze hung over the distant hills. The earth was fairly baking beneath the sun. Though there was no wind, upon the western horizon a dark cloud was gathering. Possibly there was to be a storm. The heat of the day suggested it. No matter—if it did not affect the telephone. He might need that to summon help for Margaret later in the day. Leaving the garden, he returned to the house. The library curtains were drawn. Peering through them, he saw that Margaret was still asleep in her chair. She lay inert, her hands folded on her lap. The white, drawn look had disappeared from her face. Her lips were curled. She seemed to be smiling. He would let her sleep. There would be time enough to wake her.

He had stored the equipment which he needed for his work of clearing out the hive in the workshop. He required only one additional item—a veil. Margaret, he knew, had several veils. He would go to her room and take one.

He entered the house by the back door, passing through the kitchen. The Crawley sisters were still at lunch. One of them exclaimed in a startled voice "The judge!" as she saw him, and then relapsed into embarrassed silence. He went up the kitchen stairs to the second floor. Margaret's room was at the opposite end of the house from the library. He need have no fear of waking her. None the less he moved as silently as a

thief. She often displayed an uncanny knowledge of what he was doing when, so far as he was aware, she had no apparent means of informing herself. She might awake now and call to him. He must not disturb her.

He found her room to be in slight disorder. Her knitting lay where she had dropped it before lunch. Two long red needles were still thrust through it. She seemed to be making a child's sweater. He was unable to keep himself from picking it up and examining it. It was very small, but complete save for the arms. It was difficult to imagine a child, his child, in it. That would be about November, however. The sweater seemed to be meant for a boy. He felt that that would probably not be the case. None the less he experienced a feeling of pride. The affair would soon be over now.

He conducted a search for the veil through the drawers of Margaret's bureau. He was careful not to disturb anything. If he felt it necessary to pick an article up to look underneath or around it, he was careful to note its exact position and replace it just as he had found it. His search was like uncovering the past. He found handkerchiefs which he had purchased for Margaret upon their wedding-trip, a pile of letters tied with a ribbon, each addressed in Mrs. Gleneth's straight, angular hand. It had been some time since Margaret had received a letter from her mother. Odd how one neglected to write to friends, relatives, and even to one's parents. In this respect people were much like animals. In maturity a child forgot its parents, who in turn seemed content to be forgotten.

The veil was not found. He went through drawer after drawer, disarranging, he feared, many articles. One

drawer was devoted solely to dresses; another, to underclothes and stockings; a third contained gloves and a number of small boxes. In the latter—his curiosity being aroused, he opened several—were stored carefully with the strange discrimination of a child or of a magpie innumerable odds and ends, jewelry, trinkets, a broken daguerreotype, hairpins, and ribbons. These last disclosures strangely embarrassed him. He felt almost as if he had indecently obtruded upon Margaret's secrets. For some reason not plain to him he felt this juxtaposition of articles to be pathetic and moving.

Among the last of the boxes, however, he found three veils. He unfolded the largest and examined it. It was closely knit, brown in color, and at least a yard square. He was sure that it was just what he needed. He put back the others and hastened from the room.

The path to the workshop led through the long row of trees from the house. As he went down it he looked at his watch and discovered it to be just three o'clock. He had sufficient time to complete his work. The clouds upon the western horizon showed no signs of having advanced. It would not rain for two hours at least. That was desirable, since a storm after the hive had swarmed and before the bees were recovered would be sure to result in the loss of the colony. He found himself looking toward his task with keen anticipation.

The workshop was a small, two-storied building of stone. The lush grass of the meadow ran around it. Behind it was a hedge of honeysuckle which seemed alive with bees. These were doubtless workers from his hive.

The faint droning of their wings came to him as he dressed. He removed his suit and put on a pair of long-trou-

sered denim overalls and a flannel shirt. The collar of the shirt he tied up around his throat with twine. All literature that he had read upon the business of beekeeping had warned him that the throat was the most vulnerable spot. He recalled a sentence from a technical book upon the subject: "Great care should be exercised in protecting the throat. Bees occasionally get between the collar and the skin where they are difficult to dislodge." The recollection of this warning caused a shiver to run down his spine. He must be careful. Thereafter he put on a heavy coat which reached below his waist. He removed his shoes, put on slippers and galoshes over them, tucking cotton in around his ankles so that no space might intervene between the canvas and his stockings.

The protection of his face gave him the greatest difficulty. He pinned the veil with safety-pins around the leather band of his hat and set it upon his head. He inspected this arrangement in a large, cracked mirror hung from the wall of the room and found it to be imperfect. A large area at the back of his head and neck was unprotected. He removed the veil from the hat and attempted to place it exactly as desired. The later arrangement he deemed to be satisfactory. He put on the goggles which he had purchased that morning and adjusted them to his eyes. He felt sure that his face was adequately protected.

Looking at himself in the mirror, he was amazed at his appearance. He looked like a diver, like an inhabitant of Mars, like some strange creature with a man's body and a troll's head. The goggles enlarged the blackness of his eyes, making him seem to wear a mask. The veil gave him a curiously mincing look.

The gray wadded lining of the coat had split out from its retaining fabric, creating the effect of marrow jutting from broken bones. His appearance was equivocal, not unlike that of a greatly enlarged insect, very little like that of a man.

Whichever it was, it delighted him. He laughed aloud, turning himself this way and that before the mirror. The effect, he thought, was more ludicrous from the side. He put his fingers to his face and adjusted the veil. This gesture he recognized as precisely similar to the one which he employed in trying on a new hat. The comparison pleased him immensely. "I'll take this one," he said. "If it's not too expensive." He laughed again.

He had difficulty walking. The effect of the cotton packed between the galoshes and his stockings was surprising. He felt as if his feet had enlarged themselves while his ankles remained the same size as before. His costume also was immensely hot. His forehead was already running with sweat. He found that he had forgotten to bring down the new hive, which he had stored upon the second floor of the workshop. The hive was a large square frame composed of three sections, made of wood, brassed at the edges, and weighing nearly fifty pounds. It was, in fact, a shipping-hive, a matter which he had ascertained only after he had purchased it. The day was an exceedingly hot one to carry this bulk the eighth of a mile from the workshop to the Four-acre house. Then, too, the smudges, four in number, should be taken up. They were broom-handles, straw wound about their ends, which had been soaked in tar and dried. They were clumsy to carry and of no little weight. He did not dare to undertake the work with

only one smudge or two. Since he had made them himself, he had doubt of their efficiency.

He solved these difficulties by procuring a wheelbarrow from the back of the building. Into it he placed the hive, the smudges, and a pair of canvas gloves. Pushing the wheelbarrow before him, he proceeded to the Fouracre house.

The road was an ancient one, beaten out by the passage of wagons from the stream to the forge. So closely had the earth upon it been packed, however, that it was still smooth and traversable. At the last of the four stone cottages it turned sharply to the right and proceeded up the hill toward his own house. This portion of the road was in poor condition. A fence marked its edge as it went up the hill, and there were still visible upon its surface the ruts of its former use, but elsewhere burdock-bushes, growing with wild thyme and brambles, had obliterated it. Below it, however, was the meadow. Here the fences had been kept in repair, and a gate fastened with a latch divided the road from the field beyond. This gate was just below the steps of the Fouracre house, and a rotting pump, the handle of which had been worn thin with use, stood before it.

By this pump La Place stopped. There was no sign of life upon the hill above. The curtains both of Margaret's room and the library were drawn, plainly indicating that she was still asleep. The lawn, gently rising to the trees, was coolly inviting. La Place, anticipating the pleasure of iced tea under the trees, turned away with a sigh. Removing his hat and the veil he succeeded with some exertion in drawing water from the old pump and wet his forehead, wrists, and neck. The water was

brackish, smelling unpleasantly, but chillingly cold. Revived, he again adjusted his hat and veil, drew on the gloves, and went into the house.

The hive was in an old cupboard, in a room upon the second floor. Two windows, devoid of glass, gave a view of the meadow, the river, and the woods beyond. The woods rose with the hill, creating a black and angular line against the sky. The trees ran down to the meadow and the river curved away from their juncture. Standing beside the hive, La Place was afforded a complete view of this terrain.

At the present time, however, the hive claimed his attention to the exclusion of all else. The chance that had placed this cupboard—the sole remaining piece of furniture in the house—as a shelter and convenience for a colony of bees both puzzled and pleased him. The cupboard was a relic of the former tenant, an old wood-cutter whom La Place had befriended. All of the man's furniture had been removed by his relatives at the time of his death except this cupboard, which was as sound a piece as any the old fellow had possessed. La Place presumed that it had simply been forgotten when the rest of the furniture had been taken away.

The hive itself was in the upper part of the cupboard and was at least a foot and a half deep. The comb was built against the rear, the side, and one of the doors of the cupboard. The other door, composing the front, was off. The space which lay between the rear wall and the door's edge was solid with comb. Several entrances to the hive were apparent. Into them bees drew themselves, disappeared, returned, worked about the outside of the hive, and occasionally flew, buzzing, through the open windows into the meadow be-

yond. New bees appeared from time to time as the field-workers returned laden with nectar for the hive, their legs brushed with pollen. They moved like slow black bullets across the room, and with the passage of time so many had passed before La Place's eyes that each seemed to leave a slight black line hanging in the air behind it.

Their movements were immensely businesslike and acute. The feet of each worker returning to the hive were placed within a hair's breadth of the position assumed by the worker preceding it. Not an instant was lost; not an unnecessary movement was made. The thin stream of bees coming to the hive and leaving it might have been directed by some tiny machine of preternatural accuracy. Throughout the whole of this activity the hive itself hummed, muttered, and seemed to sustain a gentle, regular pulsation not unlike the beating of a heart.

La Place had in mind a precise method to pursue, both in the procuring of the honey and the rehousing of the colony itself. He desired first to locate the position of the queen in the hive, then to ascertain the position of the honey-cells—in general, so he had been informed, set out near the centre of the hive. The colony, swarming from the smoke of his smudges, inevitably would cluster near the top of the cupboard, forming about their queen. As the smoke increased, more bees would be forced from the hive to join the phalanx clustering above. There would follow the "swa-rrum!—swa-rrum!" of the workers' wings, the mutter, the humming would mount, rising, swelling into the song of the swarm. Thereafter the whole colony would rise into the air like a black ball with whirling, shifting edges, and would pass into the

safety of the meadow beyond the windows, where, if all went well, the workers would reform, clinging about their queen as nucleus, upon an outcropping limb of some tree. Nothing could stop this flight when once it had achieved momentum, but when the swarming was at an end it would be an easy matter to "shake down" the colony into the new hive.

Thus exactly had La Place planned the operation of cleaning out the hive. He was able, he thought, to picture each successive stage of the process in his mind's eye. The bees would leave the Fouracre house from the open window upon his left, would cling for a time to the house's jutting eaves in a black and molten jelly. It would then be necessary for him to use the second smudge and under its impetus the swarm would move in a furious, swinging ball across the meadow to some tree along the river-bank. Here, he supposed, the colony would form about the queen. But to what tree, upon what limb? The new hive was too heavy to be moved quickly. Perhaps it would be best to place it in position now.

Putting down his unlighted smudges, he went down-stairs and out into the field. The new hive was still upon the wheelbarrow. He unfastened the gate that led to the meadow and moved the hive through it, bracing the box upon his knees. The meadow was full of holes, small marshes created by drainage from the hill above. He was panting and almost exhausted when he reached the fast land at the river's edge. He put the hive at the foot of an oak-tree and started back to the Fouracre house.

So thoroughly engrossed was he in his task that he had lost all count of time. No thought of Margaret came

into his mind. All his energies were directed solely to the problem of securing the honey and of saving the colony of bees. The weather alone gave him concern. The clouds upon the western horizon were advancing fast, looming ever more blackly against the sky. It was obvious that there was to be a devil of a storm. The heat itself demanded it, but in his judgment rain would be delayed for several hours—until about dark, he thought. None the less it would be well to hurry.

He reascended to the second floor of the Fouracre house and again inspected the hive. To his surprise, the number of bees returning from the fields had greatly increased. Scarcely a moment passed without one placing its feet upon the sill of the workers' entrance. The bees' movements seemed quicker, less deliberate. Even as he gazed the procession increased in speed. Bees arrived by twos and threes, buzzing out of the meadow above the lush grass that surrounded the house. So rapid did this flow become that the workers' entrances seemed constantly filled, successive pairs of small black legs filliping down into the darkness of the hive. The hive itself took up a new, strange note. Whereas before it had beaten steadily, rhythmically, like a sleeping heart, now its pulsation was spasmodic, irritated.

La Place, watching the hive, was in doubt as to what these changes meant. Either the colony was preparing to swarm of its own volition, or the approaching storm was increasing the tension within the hive, causing the field bees to return for shelter and the hive to be “stuck down” against rain. In either case it would be well for him to hurry.

He took up the smaller of the two

smudges, breaking the ends of the straws in order that they might ignite more readily. He found it necessary to remove his gloves before he could strike the match. The smudge crackled into flame with a vehemence that surprised him. The smoke rose gray, stinking, bitterly acrid in his nostrils. His veil seemed to give him no protection from it. He thrust the smudge into position beneath the hive and pulled the doors of the cupboard partially to in order to keep the vapor in. Thereafter he stood back and awaited developments.

These came rapidly. The smoke rose about the hive as if it were a sacrifice upon an altar. The sides of the cupboard grew gray and disappeared. The hive itself became indistinguishable. He said to himself: “That’s a devil of a lot of smoke. It ought to bring out something!” Quite suddenly he perceived that the dry wood of the shelf beneath the hive had caught fire from the smudge and was now burning brightly. If the fire spread, cupboard, hive, and house would go up in a single brilliant holocaust. There was nothing with which to extinguish this fire. A quick glance about the room convinced him of this. “I must use my coat,” he thought and forthwith stripped it from his shoulders. It was necessary for him to cut the string which held the collar about his throat. Thereafter he formed the coat into a club and began to beat the flame from the burning wood. As he bent over to do this he was stung below the line of his shoulder-blades and again at the throat. The stings were like small flashing swords impinging in his flesh and caused him involuntarily to straighten up and brush frantically at the attacking bees which he could not even see. As he did so, he felt the feet of a third bee upon the right-hand

side of his neck. He was able to brush it away and was not stung again.

He was now intolerably hot—almost stifling from the heat of his exertions and the smoke-filled air of the room. The flames had died out of the burning cupboard, though the charred wood continued to smoke. He withdrew the smudge from the shelf beneath the hive and with it recklessly beat the remaining panes of glass from the two windows in the room. As he did so he was surprised at his own violence. It was, he felt, unlike him to destroy property for the sake of his own comfort, but the result justified the means, for the smoke in the room diminished rapidly. He cast the smudge through a window into the meadow. As he did this he noticed for the first time that the black cloud of the approaching storm now seemed to stand squarely above the crest of the hill. The sky to the west gaped black. The storm was almost at hand. He thought: "It's too late to stop the swarm. I should have waited." Suddenly he realized that he could not have waited throughout the length of this afternoon harassed by thoughts of Margaret.

He turned back to the colony. The smoke had cleared from the cupboard and he could see the hive plainly. Its outside surfaces were black with crawling bees. The hive itself gave forth a long-drawn, beating ululation of bees' wings. The sound was vibrant with latent, violent energy, a warning of the gestation of events within the hive. It was obvious that the colony was about to swarm, was waiting only for a signal, the appearance of the queen.

Upon the cells was thrown up suddenly a small ridge of bees, a froth of black. It mounted even as La Place looked upon it, grew in size, and formed

itself into the semblance of a bow-knot. In the centre was the queen, easily recognizable by her size. The wings in the knot hummed so swiftly that his eye could not follow them. The knot writhed over upon its side, the queen retaining her position, and formed again. He watched, bewildered. More and more bees moulded themselves into the group. Suddenly came the sound of the swarm—a "swar-u-u-um-swar-u-u-um-swar-u-u-um!" The knot rose into the air, became a ball; bees flew like bullets to join it. In the centre of the nucleus flew the queen. Around her seemed a hard core of bees. Beyond this was a molten fringe which grew, dispersed, volleyed frantically against planes of the air. The whole moved, like a planet with its attending satellites, across the room, passed through the west window and out into the meadow. A number of bees, like crazy stragglers following a retreating army, flew in the ruck and vanished with the swarm. The line led, as La Place had expected, toward the river, but as the swarm approached the trees which fronted the stream the colony disappeared. The humming grew fainter and fainter. None the less he felt that the swarm would not cross the river. He would be able to recover them if the storm did not intervene.

The room now seemed very still. La Place had not realized before how much noise the swarming had made. The air, however, was still full of bees. A number moved aimlessly about the face of the hive; a few more, lost from the swarm, came in from the meadow. Now was the time of crisis in securing honey from the hive. Discipline broken, confused and frightened, subject to a kind of strange madness, the bees would attempt to beat back into the comb, choking it; would attempt to loot

the honey and would forthwith die in the cells. To secure free comb, it would be necessary to act at once.

Stifling in his heavy garments, afraid as yet to take them off, La Place hastily examined the hive. The honey-cells, he thought, were in a long curving arch beginning near the window upon his left and running the entire length of the top of the cupboard. Beneath these tiers were the brood-cells. It would be necessary for him to cut between them. This he prepared to do. He brought the tub to the cupboard and took up the knife. He decided that it would be best to work from the right of the hive to the left, cutting first through the thickest of the comb. None the less he felt hesitancy, as if he were about to cut into the tissue of a living body. The knife was sharp. He placed the point of it against the wall of the hive and pressed the blade through with both hands. As he did so came the first loud peal of thunder. He saw that the sky above the wood where the river turned under the lea of the hill was black with cloud.

He worked carefully, despite this. The walls of the hive gave steadily under the edge of the knife. These cells were in fact honey-cells. The knife grew sticky with amber fluid. He was cutting too high, perhaps, wasting honey. He went lower down upon the hive, into the brood-cells. As he cut, his wonder grew. Each cell was exactly hexagonal in shape, thus giving the maximum capacity for the amount of wax used. It troubled him to think of the months of work represented in the comb that he was destroying so quickly. From time to time it was necessary to brush bees away from the path of the knife. They caused him little trouble, however. As he removed the comb he

placed it in the tub. He reached the middle of the hive, where lay the thickest portion.

The air was heavy with the certain presage of the storm. A small fitful wind rustled through the windows and died away. There was an ominous and oppressive quiet. La Place continued to cut into the hive. Engrossed as he was in his work, none the less his eyes brought to his brain a tale of movement, of some change, in the far distance at the end of the meadow, where the wood came down to the curving bow of the stream. This was a prolongation of the shoulder of the great hill. The message was repeated as he worked. Definitely a man was emerging into the meadow from the thickets that edged the wood. “Odd,” thought La Place. “How could he have gotten there?” The woods were deep. Beyond were rolling hills, more woods, and the untilled acres of outlying farms. He continued his work of securing the honey.

In an instant his abstraction vanished. The man was moving steadily down the meadow toward the Fouracre house. His progress was swift, almost a trot, possessing an aspect of easy, supple muscle, but—and this centred La Place’s attention—upon his shoulders he bore some heavy burden, as yet indistinguishable, but seeming to be the body of some dead animal.

The man came closer steadily. La Place was able to perceive details of his features, his clothes, certain characteristics of his movements. He wore a blue shirt, open to the waist; ragged trousers, which, far too large for him, apparently were folded about his hips and there tied with a bright scarf. He was well above average height, possessing a smoothness, a dexterity of physical

movement, which, considering the roughness of the terrain over which he passed, seemed remarkable. "He walks as if he had no heels to his shoes!" thought La Place. Try as he might he could not make out the color of the man's skin. He was either light olive or red. Probably the fellow was an Italian—there were many such in the neighborhood—or an *Indian*? The thought was fantastic! The intruder was closer now. His arms, bare almost to the shoulder, were bent upward in support of the burden which he carried on his back. What could it be? A dead animal of some sort? "Good heaven!" cried La Place suddenly. "*The fellow is an Indian and he is carrying a dead deer!*"

He withdrew the knife from the comb. This double apparition was so unbelievable as to cause his hands to shake. The man's head, devoid of any covering, was now a forbidding silhouette against the sky. The features were aquiline; the skin *was* red. The dead weight of the deer rolled limply on his shoulders. The fellow must be strong to bear such a weight so easily. "A young buck with horns of four." The story-book phrase recurred to La Place's mind. The deer's throat was freshly cut. Incredible! No garden in this county had contained a deer. The whole thing was bewildering—impossible!

He dropped the knife, left the hive to itself, and went to the window. The storm was about to break. The wind was straight from the west, whipping the dried leaves that lay about the house into eddies. The trees that stood upon the river-bank were bent in a haze already flecked with rain. There followed the snapping of limbs. Thought La Place: "There's an end of my bees. I shall never see them again." His thought was detached, was hurled by

him into the rising bedlam of the storm, was thrown at the enigmatic figure advancing across the meadow.

The intruder was now almost at hand. La Place, if he had leaned from the window, might have touched him upon the shoulder. Instead he instinctively drew back out of sight into the shelter of the room. For the first time he perceived something purposeful, something ominous, in this incredible advance. This figure was truly flesh and blood. The deer was as real as the storm which now loosed a fury of rain upon the house. It would be well simply to let the incident pass, not tamper with some manifest destiny that was moving beyond the borders of his own life. Yet he had the feeling, provocative, frightening, that this stark apparition was in search of himself.

The rain fell in sheets. The room was darkened. He waited to see what the Indian would do. The gate leading from the meadow to the road was open. The road went to the covered bridge, thence gave upon the whole of the county. This ghost had only to walk straight on to vanish forever from his sight, to remain inexplicable, vague, a figure in a phantasmagoria. He wished nothing more. But at the end of the wall of the Fouracre house the Indian hesitated, turned partially back. La Place saw that his hair lay dank upon his head, that his face was drawn with exhaustion. The rain beat upon his shoulders, ran down the dripping body of the deer. For an instant the man paused, seemed to look about him. La Place felt himself to be enmeshed in a dream in which all motion was suspended. The thought flashed through his mind: "Now's the time. Will he turn—or will he go on? *Oh, will he go on!*" As if he had received the sugges-

tion and was determined to do the opposite, the Indian settled the deer more firmly upon his shoulders and turned up the rutted lane that led to La Place's house.

He moved swiftly. La Place, now thoroughly alarmed, ran after him, not even taking time to remove his burdensome clothing. The cotton, thrust between his galoshes and his stockings, became soaked at once. His coat absorbed water and seemed weighted with lead. The veil, he himself realized, was a colossal absurdity under the circumstances. He attempted to tear it from his face as he ran, failed, and struggled on. So heavily encumbered in his movements that his muscles ached, struggling against the storm which almost blinded him, he felt himself to be taking part in a nightmare so fantastic and tormenting that his sanity would not survive it.

The road was very steep. The terrain up which it ran was knee-deep in grass and weeds. Only the ruts remained unchoked and clear. Down these ran such rivulets of water that the road seemed like a brook. He had not appreciated the violence of the storm. The Indian was well before him. Through the wet denim of his shirt La Place perceived the ripple and play of the muscles at his waist. His rain-soaked trousers gave the effect of nudity. The fellow's legs were like specimens bared beneath a surgeon's knife. Small knots of sinew visibly moved across the calves. His arms, supporting the deer, never varied their position. He moved up the hill as if it were level ground.

Some irresistible force, bred of his own fear and reluctance, pulled La Place after him. It was as if an ever-shortening rope led from the waist of this incredible figure to his own waist.

He could not have stopped if he had tried. As the distance between them shortened, La Place began to feel something akin to embarrassment, like one who, having observed some fantastic machine from a distance, is now called upon to operate it. "What shall I do when I reach him?" he thought. Immediately he gave the answer to himself. "Tell him to get off the place! I can't have him here."

His fear mounting, he called out: "Stop! What do you want?" The fantastic creature before him gave no heed. He called again: "Stop, I tell you! What do you want?" The man made no reply. Shouted La Place suddenly: "You have heard. You have heard, none the less!" This phrase senselessly repeated itself in his mind as he continued his interminable struggle up the hill.

He was now directly behind the Indian's back. The muzzle of the deer was brown. "Chalk-brown in death." The animal itself was sleek and fat as a trout. This he found horrible, more horrible in fact than the long gash which circled its throat. The deer lolled upon the Indian's shoulders, swayed gently with his stride. Was any of this fantasy to be believed! Was this Indian, demon, death, thrust into his life for some incredible purpose? He could not rid his mind of the belief that this man had come in search of him. Why then did he not speak! He shouted again—this time with all his strength. "Who are you! What do you want!"

The man turned his head to look at him, seemed to gaze through him at some point upon the rain-washed horizon. They had now reached the turn of the road by the ruined barn, and together were moving straight toward the house now not more than a hundred yards away. Practically, they were al-

ready beneath Margaret's windows. Thought La Place: "This can't happen! She shan't see this!" At some point he had succeeded in tearing off his veil. His head and face were bare. He realized that he was panting, that he was almost exhausted by the speed of the ascent and the weight of his rain-soaked clothes. "I shall have to stop," he said to himself. "But I shall stop this first." It was now past six o'clock. Willey had gone long ago and there was no chance of his return. If only some one whom he knew would drive in! For the first time he appreciated the courage of an officer who makes an arrest, wished that he had the stature of a giant. The fellow could pull him into ribbons. Yet, primarily, it was not fear for his own safety that deterred La Place from an open attack. It was, he realized with increasing exasperation, fear that he would make himself ridiculous. After all, what had the man done? Produced a deer from some unknown source—committed a trespass? Were these major crimes? Should he call constable or sheriff? Quite suddenly he found himself cursing with a dreadful vehemence: "God damn it! Get off of here!"

They had reached the house. The Indian, without a word, cast the dead deer upon the single stone step before the front door. The animal's head rested upon one of the two irons which flanked the step. The gash in the throat was thrust up as the head sagged back.

This La Place found immeasurably

disconcerting. In a sense his way into his own house was barred. The Indian leaned panting against the wall. La Place perceived that his right hand was bloody. Probably it had come in contact with the deer's throat as he had thrown the animal down. La Place felt that he could never forget the scene. The light was fading fast. The Indian remained motionless. La Place perceived that he was young, lithe as a snake, though very tired. In his eyes burned a sombre purpose. His attitude, as he leaned against the wall, was deprecating, almost humble, but sullen, seemingly marked by an unspoken question or demand. The rain guttered upon the two from the roof above, swept in from the circle of the drive. La Place was long past caring, retained but one purpose—to drive this intruder from his land. Beside himself with anger and fear, he cried again: "Who are you! What do you want?"

The Indian spoke for the first time.

"Take the deer, plees," he said. His face suddenly became dark with emotion. An ominous tone entered his voice. He seemed almost to threaten. "You take the deer!" he said.

La Place stepped over the animal's body and into the house, slipping the bolt of the door behind him. His first thought was of Margaret. If she were still asleep, he would have the opportunity to telephone to Wilmington, summon a constable, and have this man removed. Margaret need never know. He said to himself: "*The savage! The damned savage!*"

(To be continued.)





Charles E. Hughes

BY EVERETT COLBY

Although Mr. Hughes declares he is not a candidate, his handling of the Havana Conference of the Pan-American Union has brought him into even greater prominence than before. Everett Colby, well-known lawyer, former State senator in New Jersey, fellow trustee of Brown University, and closely connected with Mr. Hughes's 1916 campaign for the presidency, paints a revealing portrait of the person beneath the Hughes exterior.

ALTHOUGH I had known Charles E. Hughes for many years, I never felt that I knew him well until I helped to make him a moving-picture star and put him on the silver screen. When I say I helped to make him a star in the moving-picture world, I exaggerate. Mr. Hughes was not a star. In fact, his shortcomings as a special feature for a matinée performance were painfully evident. Even his best friends in those days could hardly call him handsome or a romantic figure. He couldn't scale a wall, rope a horse, or throw a steer. He had no attractive vices, no alluring human weakness.

When I was a boy he was known as the good young man in our church, and was held up to me by my parents as a model for me to follow. I was told to notice the way he walked, with his head up, his shoulders back, and his toes out, and never with his hands in his pockets. Needless to say, at the age of sixteen these veiled comparisons with my own imperfections did not endear Mr. Hughes to me or inspire me to emulate the object of my parents' admiration.

When I thought of all these things and remembered that Mr. Hughes wrote essays on the "Limitations of the

Human Mind" and the "Evils of Light Literature" before he was out of short trousers, I began to wonder if I had not undertaken too much when I contracted to reveal Mr. Hughes to the world in a moving picture as a human being, a good fellow, and a genial soul.

But perhaps it would be better to go back and tell something of how this all came about.

In the year 1916, after Mr. Hughes had been nominated by the Republican National Convention, he spent the summer in a small town on Long Island, where the representatives of the press immediately foregathered. Twice a day the candidate interviewed the newspaper men and gave them such news of the progress of the campaign as he thought would be of public interest. The campaign, however, had hardly gotten under way when word was received by the Republican Campaign Committee, of which I was a member, that the reporters assigned to cover Mr. Hughes were in open revolt. They complained that they were uncomfortably housed, that the food was execrable, that the town afforded no amusements, and that Mr. Hughes himself was as cold as a fish. They said there was no color in his interviews, and that if he

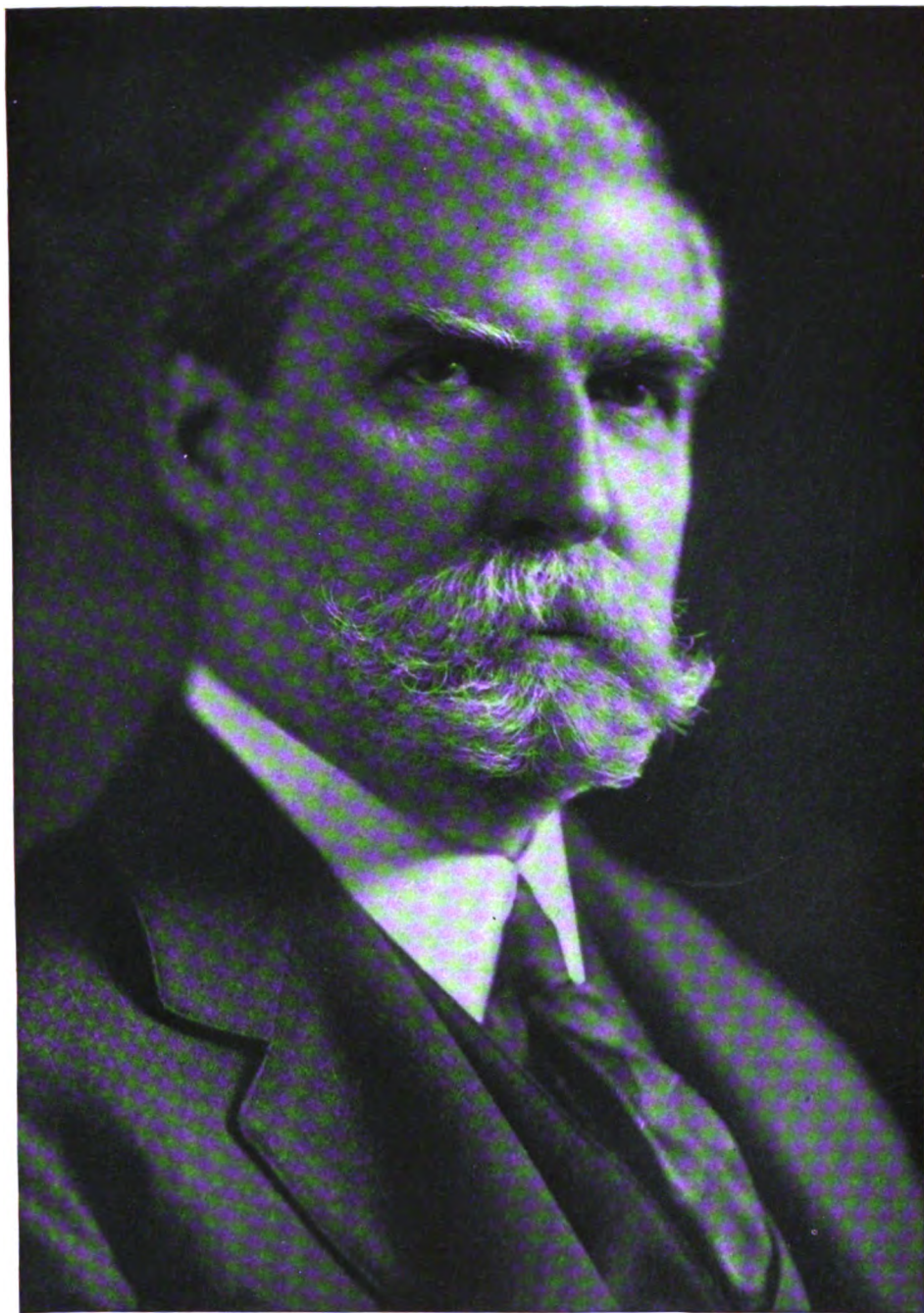
didn't thaw out and become a little more human and communicative, they might just as well go home.

It was a serious situation. Something had to be done, and as I was living at no great distance from the candidate's home, to me was assigned the responsibility of quelling the riot. With the valor of inexperience, I undertook the task. My first diplomatic move was to invite the newspaper men to a luncheon ordered with the abundant hospitality that springs from knowledge that some one else is to pay the bill. My strategy was perfect. The food was good, the talk was good, the crowd was good, the stories were—amusing. Before lunch was half over I was convinced that given half a chance every man present would proclaim Mr. Hughes the jolliest rogue and greatest mixer of all time. I therefore suggested that we visit the candidate as a delegation of Long Island farmers and request that he state his position on the Congressional appropriation for the distribution of free seeds to the tillers of the soil. No sooner had I stated the proposition than it fired my imagination. I saw its vast possibilities. The candidate's speech was already ringing in my ears: "The Republican party, my fellow countrymen, of which I am the standard-bearer, has from the days of Lincoln to those of William Howard Taft ever been the friend of the farmer and of the seed. Has not the Republican party caused the warm rains to fall and the sun to shine that seeds might spring from Mother Earth and ripen into golden harvest? What, on the other hand, has been the record of the Democratic party on this vital issue? What has it done for seeds? Nothing but invite the storm and flood to come that they might ravish and destroy the fruits thereof and

send gaunt famine stalking through the land. Did Lincoln free the slave to chain the farmer to seedless, unproductive soil? No, no I say, a thousand times, no! (Cheers.) I hold aloft the standard of this great cause. Let him who dares snatch it from the hand of Hercules. At the coming of Armageddon I shall plant it on the high places of the field. From this resolve I shall not re-seed." What an opportunity! Would he not leap at this great chance to be a little human as a trout leaps from water for the fly? How the papers would play it up—"Candidate Reveals the Real Hughes—Captivates Newspaper Men with His Wit and Humor." Within half an hour the stage was set and we were waiting on the steps of the candidate's home for his appearance. I had sent word to Mr. Hughes explaining the part he was to play in the drama and begged him not to muff the ball. Word was soon received, however, that Mr. Hughes was too busy to come out and would receive the correspondents at five o'clock, the appointed hour.

For a few moments there was complete silence. Then came murmurs, raucous, malevolent, discordant, "Zero Hour," "Alone in the Arctic," "Farthest North." With these animadversions our intrepid heroes, having reached the Pole, harnessed their dogs, packed their sledge, turned their faces toward the south and began their long and weary march over the frozen snows.

Shortly after this agonizing experience the Republican National Committee decided to produce a moving picture with Mr. Hughes as the central figure to prove to the voters of the country that the Republican candidate was a person of normal human reflexes and reactions in spite of what seemed to be



Charles Evans Hughes.
From a photograph by Harris & Ewing.

overwhelming evidence to the contrary. For some reason never satisfactorily explained, I was made chairman of the committee to produce the picture. We went to work. With the enthusiasm of archæologists looking for an ancient tomb, we dug into the private life of Mr. Hughes looking for a skeleton. Frankly, we were out for sin. Had Mr. Hughes ever cut up, misbehaved, or raised the devil, we were going to know it. Anything short of murder in the first degree would be a godsend. In the absence, however, of a good crime, a misdemeanor involving a reasonable amount of moral turpitude would help a lot. Perhaps he had once smoked cubes behind the barn, been arrested for disorderly conduct, or found painting a caricature of some professor on the college pump. No such luck, however, rewarded our efforts. We found nothing but a clean, honest, capable record, without one redeeming smudge. It couldn't have been worse. The picture, therefore, was dull. I do not remember distinctly all the features of the reel, but I do remember it began with the National Capitol and ended with a picture of the candidate with a fadeaway into the White House. One picture I do recall. We had Mr. Hughes standing at the mouth of a coal-mine togged out in full miner's regalia—overalls, pickaxe, shovel, head-lamp, and all. This was to show his close touch with the masses. Of this picture I was always a little ashamed until last summer when I saw President Coolidge represented as Rawhide Cal in chaps and sombrero mounted on a cow-punching bronco with a wicked eye. The effect was painful. We at least made Mr. Hughes at the mouth of the mine look as though he knew one end of his pick from the other.

The only excuse for this reference to the moving picture is that while it was being made I became better acquainted with Mr. Hughes than ever before, and discovered that the idea of his character I had carried in my mind for so many years was not at all true to life. It was misshapen and out of focus. It was natural that this should be so. My judgment had been formed by prejudice, rumor, and propaganda. As a boy I had thought of Mr. Hughes as too good for any use. Later I heard that he was austere and cold, and finally, when he entered public life, I saw him cartooned as "Charles the Baptist," dressed in long frock coat, moth-eaten silk hat, baggy trousers, shoes that turned up at the toes, his non-conformist umbrella tucked under his arm, and his whiskers the home of nesting birds. All these things undoubtedly contributed to make the mental picture grotesque and unreal. It was, of course, a judgment without any basis of fact whatever and, therefore, of no value. And yet it was a judgment such as millions of our countrymen form when estimating public men, especially during a period of political excitement and on the approach of a presidential election. No attempt is made to secure accurate information about the candidates or to discriminate or weigh their respective merits. Partisanship decrees that every candidate is either good or bad, saint or sinner, wise or foolish, prince or mountebank, intelligent or moron, patriot or traitor. There is no middle ground. We throw a purple mantle over the candidate of our own party and an indictment over our opponent, and by so doing conceal the deformities and virtues of both from the public view. Although a very great man, to millions of Republicans Woodrow Wilson was a villain of the deepest

dye. Although human and with defects of character, to millions of Democrats he was immaculate, and to touch the hem of his garment was deemed a sacred privilege. The reaches of character and personality between these two extremes were not explored. It seems always to be so. Each side repeats the jargon, gibber, and gossip of party leaders until shibboleths and party cries are substituted for true values, fair criticism, and sound judgment. Mr. Hughes has suffered this experience. When he was appointed Secretary of State, a national weekly, widely read, said that he was a menace to the Republic and more dangerous than all the Communists in all the countries of the world put together. By others he was hailed as a god straight from the temples and olive-groves of Mount Olympus to set the world aright and "restitute the government to the people." There you have two widely different views of Mr. Hughes, and one is just as good as the other, and neither is any good at all. He is not a menace and he is not a god. Somewhere between these two extremes is the Mr. Hughes of real life whom it has been my privilege to know. Let us see what manner of man he is.

First, is he human? This question has been asked me so many times that I should like to answer it, but in order to do so we must understand what the questioner has in mind. If the person who makes the inquiry is thinking of Mr. Hughes as a possible candidate for office, and is himself a politician of a certain type, he wants to know if Mr. Hughes is a "hail-fellow-well-met." In the elegant and polite language of the day, a "hail-fellow-well-met" is known as a "regular fellow." He has in mind a person who shakes hands immoderately, calls men by their first names

readily, and slaps people on the back heartily. He is thinking of a man whose gifts to the poor are made by public proclamation, and whose cheery word and kindly smile are little more than political assets and rules of business conduct; in a word, a man who would be at home and make a hit with the folks in the little green house on K Street. If that is what is meant by human, Mr. Hughes does not fill the bill.

Again, if the questioner is an extreme radical, he doubtless wants to know if Mr. Hughes is sufficiently human to advocate the equal division of all wealth, including his own fat fees. He also wants to know if Mr. Hughes will advocate the disarming of this country's military forces without waiting for other nations to do the same, and, if really human, he expects him to proclaim the millennium without delay, and outlaw selfishness, fear, and greed from the human heart. If that is what is meant by human, I must again answer in the negative.

If, on the other hand, the questioner asks if Mr. Hughes is friendly, responsive, liberal, loyal, and keen of wit, and not too critical of the shortcomings of others; if he is charitable in his judgments and quick to help those less fortunate than himself; then I say if these characteristics make a person human, I answer in the affirmative without hesitation or equivocation.

The first evidence I had that Mr. Hughes was quite like other men and subject to the same frailties that beset the rest of us was during a game of golf. I had run down to see him on some matter that had arisen at Republican National Headquarters, and on my arrival he suggested that we might have a game and discuss business thereafter. For the first few holes his ball flew as

straight as the crow flies, and as we walked along I tactlessly brought up the matter upon which we wanted his advice, without waiting until we had finished the round. Suddenly he topped his ball. His next shot was sliced into the rough, while his next dribbled into a trap, whereupon he turned around and abused me like a pickpocket for spoiling his game by talking shop. Could anything be more human? As the rebuke was well deserved and my offense quite inexcusable, I should have expressed regret and offered my apology, but I was so encouraged and delighted at seeing our candidate lose his temper that I forgot my manners and offered up a little prayer of thanksgiving for this conclusive evidence that Mount Olympus, after all, was not his permanent abode. As we were walking up to the house after this unfortunate affair, I wanted to ask Mr. Hughes if he would give me a few lessons in the game and teach me one or two of his strokes, but my courage failed. I wanted to ask the question because once when a reporter inquired of Mr. Hughes whether he understood French, he replied: "No, but I taught it."

While I have never made a book of Mr. Hughes's wise and witty maxims, I am sure if one were compiled it would confirm my assertion that Mr. Hughes is unquestionably of human origin and is now engaged in very profitable terrestrial occupations.

It is painful for me again to recall the moving picture, but it was on the dramatic day when it was first given to the world that I saw Mr. Hughes at his best. It was the day on which I received notice that the picture was completed and ready to be put upon the screen. It happened that the candidate was speaking in Montclair that eve-

ning, so it was arranged to give him a private performance in one of the picture houses of the town in the afternoon. No one was present but Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, the somewhat nervous and exhausted committee, and two or three representatives of the press. It seems that, although photographed many times by moving-picture cameras, he had never seen a picture of himself projected on the screen. His surprise and amusement were very evident and his running comments extremely amusing. Assuming the character of a voter who had never had the privilege of meeting the candidate, Mr. Hughes soon made it evident that the candidate was not making a hit with the voter. He directed sharp criticisms at his clothes, his walk, his need of a hair-cut, and his whiskers, and added that if the Republican candidate for President looked like that, his place was not in the White House but in the morgue. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Hughes congratulated the committee on its success in producing such a remarkable piece of propaganda, and flattered us by saying that we had portrayed his character so perfectly that he had decided to vote—for Woodrow Wilson.

There is one more point to which I want to refer in discussing the human element in Mr. Hughes's composition, and that is his tolerance in matters of faith and religion, which is such a conspicuous feature of his character and such a distinctive mark of broad sympathies and understanding. In my judgment it is the best thing about him, and I hope that, although he has said that he is not a candidate for the presidency, he will take a leading part in the campaign, especially should the Democratic party nominate as its candidate the Gov-

ernor of New York. I say this because I feel sure that if the ugly figure of religious bigotry should raise its diseased and leprous face during the progress of the campaign, Mr. Hughes would smite it with a flaming blade. I must confess that this knowledge of his generous attitude came to me as something of a surprise, as it did not appear in the mental picture to which I have already referred. I am sure it was also a surprise to many of his fellow countrymen who knew that he was the son of a Baptist clergyman, that he was marked from his youth for the Baptist ministry, and that he graduated from a New England Baptist college. With this background many people assume that he must be a man of narrow view and unsympathetic attitude—an assumption not justified by the spirit of modern New England, by the attitude of modern Baptists, or by the character of the man himself. This I know from personal knowledge as a witness of his ten-year struggle as a Fellow of Brown University to have the charter of the college amended so that any alumnus might, without regard to race or creed, participate in the administration of its affairs as a member of the corporation.

It was during the debates on this subject both before the committee appointed to investigate the subject and before the corporation after the report of the committee had been submitted that I heard from Charles E. Hughes some of the most inspiring words on religious liberty and religious toleration to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen. I shall never forget one meeting at which Mr. Hughes answered a member of the board who had presented with great sincerity and no little feeling the arguments of the conservative group, who charged that if we liberal-

ized the charter and made it possible to admit Catholics to the councils of the university, it would be an act of bad faith and a betrayal of the founders of the college. Without showing the least animus, and in a spirit of kindness and conciliation, Mr. Hughes took up the arguments one by one, and with extraordinary cogency and intellectual vigor disposed of them with withering effect. His words were as sharp and incisive as the crack of a rifle; his logic fell with the driving power of a sledgehammer, relentless, crushing, pulverizing. The collapse of the opposition was inevitable; its dissolution complete. There was nothing left of his opponent but a little dust that settled lightly on the ancient charter of the college which in the year 1764 was the most liberal of its day—probably the first college charter in the world to proclaim absolute liberty of conscience in the organic law of the institution—but which in 1925 had become narrow, rigid, and illiberal, and was, therefore, no longer a suitable conveyance to carry forward the broad intention of the founders of the university. It was a great victory for Mr. Hughes and the principle of religious toleration, and furnished additional evidence of his breadth of view and liberal attitude of mind.

It might be interesting to know how Mr. Hughes himself accounts for the wide belief that he is cold and aloof. During a recent conference I told him that I was writing an article for SCRIBNER's and that the editor had begged me to make him as human as the truth would permit. At this Mr. Hughes was much amused. "What," he said, "is my humanity to be discovered again? It's discovered periodically but somehow they won't let me stay discovered. I don't understand

it. What's more, it makes me tired. When I was in college the men of my class thought I was human enough to elect me Class Prophet. This meant that I was assigned to make the so-called funny speech at Commencement. Think of that—the funny speech!" He beamed with delight. "Furthermore, I was frequently asked to preside at class dinners because they said I had a light touch and was fairly good at keeping the ball in the air on occasions of that kind. Then came my fall from grace. In the investigations of the Gas Trust and the life-insurance companies there was such a mass of statistics and figures which I was obliged to master that the public got the impression that I was nothing but an adding-machine, with no human qualities whatever. That's where the trouble began. Later, when governor, my humanity was rediscovered, and for a brief period I basked in the warmth of a reputation for being quite like other people. No sooner, however, did I become accustomed to that reputation than I got into trouble with the Republican state organization and again became inhuman. The trouble seems to be that I don't stay put. As a matter of fact, I don't feel that I have changed at all, and fail to recognize any of the fluctuations in mood and spirit with which I am so frequently charged." In spite of what Mr. Hughes says about not having changed, I cannot but feel that he has changed radically since 1916; perhaps not in character or point of view, but surely in what might be called the externals. In the first place, he has spruced up and is much better turned out and groomed than he was in his crusading days. Furthermore, he is much more approachable, more genial, and, apparently at least, takes more pleasure in general so-

cial contacts. I say general social contacts because no one is better company than Mr. Hughes when he is with friends. I not only know this from personal experience but from those who have been with him in the woods and who always find him companionable, adaptable, gay-spirited, keen, and with a stock of good stories in his duffel-bag and kit. In my judgment, his reputation for coldness and austerity is not the result of his conduct during the investigation of the Gas Trust and insurance companies, but comes from a natural reserve and dignity which is as much a part of his nature as a boisterous manner or spirit of camaraderie may be to another. It is not, however, an indication of unfriendliness, of hauteur, or of pride. I cannot but feel, too, that years of prodigious intellectual effort and close confinement to the most exacting labor, together with a hopeless incapacity to dissemble or acquire the light, transient affability of the politician, have made him appear less cordial on the surface than he actually is at heart. A still deeper reason, however, for what some people think to be his lack of the human or magnetic spark is an interesting conflict of character between Hughes the extreme individualist in personal relations and Hughes the co-operationist in the broader realm of statesmanship. This point I shall try to explain later.

Now let us consider some of his other characteristics. How about his mind? There is probably none better in the country; at least, I know of none more powerful, independent, flexible, resourceful, retentive, analytical, or practical. Perhaps there is a lack of the imaginative quality, but of that I am not sure. Otherwise it is a perfect mechanism. On all the matters to which he

has applied this wonderful thinking-machine I need not dwell. His work as an investigator, his accomplishments as Governor of the State of New York, his masterly leadership at the Pan-American Conference in Havana, his work at the bar and on the Supreme Court of the United States are matters of common knowledge. His administration as Secretary of State, however, I want to examine with some care, because it is during this period that one sees his philosophy and political methods at play better than at any other time in his career.

When Mr. Hughes was suggested for the position of Secretary of State, his appointment was violently opposed by the group in the United States Senate known as the "Bitter-enders" or "Irreconcilables." There were other good reasons, however, for his appointment, the most important being that he was the best person possible to reconcile the two conflicting points of view respecting our foreign policy—the one favoring close co-operation with Europe in efforts to maintain the peace of the world and the other favoring a policy of isolation and fearing that any mingling of our interests and those of Europe would lead to our discomfiture, if not to national disaster. It will be seen that events justified the President's choice.

At the time Mr. Hughes took over the office of Secretary of State there were many perplexing problems awaiting solution. There was the trouble with Mexico and the dispute with Japan over the Island of Yap; the intricate question of German reparations, the Russian demand for recognition, the Knox Resolution declaring the end of the war with Germany, the Colombian Treaty and the Treaty of Versailles

with its Covenant of the League of Nations, and the Protocol of Signature of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice. While none of these problems was settled to the complete satisfaction of any one, yet few will deny that they were handled with consummate skill and intelligence. An examination of his approach to these problems reveals an attempt to apply two well-defined policies: first, an insistence that the interests of the United States be recognized and protected in every quarter of the globe, and, second, a corollary to the first, an acknowledgment that this insistence on our rights and the protection of our interests carried with it a reciprocal obligation to do our share in all intelligent and constructive international efforts to draw the nations of the world together in more peaceful accord. In the attempted application of these principles, Mr. Hughes frequently found himself facing a dilemma. When he was forced to assert our rights and interests in terms that seemed to many unduly harsh and peremptory, he was unable to apply the corollary, balance his policy, and take the sting from his diplomatic notes by lending the good offices of our government in co-operative international adventures when appropriate occasion arose for so doing. This gave rise to much bitter feeling and caused us to be looked upon as selfish, imperious, and unfriendly. But these unhappy consequences cannot be laid at the door of Mr. Hughes. It must be remembered that the authority of the Secretary of State is limited by the views of the President and the authority of the Senate, and it was Mr. Hughes's unhappy plight during the first part of his administration of the State Department to

have the President entirely under the influence of the Irreconcilables, while the Irreconcilables themselves were entirely under the influence of their own intellectual infirmities and distempers. It was, therefore, impossible to get anything done by direct methods, or even by indirect methods if it was necessary to submit the proposal to the Senate. In fact, the test of a statesman's genius in this country to-day is often his ability to accomplish useful things without letting the Senate know what's going on. When there is need of relief from an embarrassing situation which the complexes and phobias of the Senate have brought to pass, some private citizen must leave his desk or some "ambassador of good-will" fly the sea or swim a channel to counteract the influence of a legislative body that has a capacity for mischief that has seldom, if ever, been excelled. There is no news in all this, however. Since the days of John Hay, a few members in the Senate of the United States have balked every attempt to secure the ratification of treaties that would carry the world forward in the high endeavor to outlaw war as a means of settling international disputes.

But perhaps I do the Senate an injustice. I know there is a sect, rapidly dying out, that believes it serves some useful purpose by virtue of its mere negotiations. That may be true and, if so, its merits should be recognized. I read in the public press recently that the people of Chicago were planning to erect a monument on the spot where the cow kicked over the lamp that caused the great and destructive fire of 1871. If the monument is to be a memorial to the cow in recognition of notable achievement, on the same theory of reward for public service it might be fit-

ting for a grateful Republic to erect a monument to the Senate of the United States.

And so I repeat that Mr. Hughes cannot be held responsible for the failure of policies to which he was committed both by his personal inclinations and his own public declarations.

Acting as the President's adviser in matters affecting our foreign relations, Mr. Hughes urged upon Mr. Harding with earnestness and conviction the ratification of the Versailles Treaty with the reservations he had prepared. The Senate, however, was obdurate. It refused to yield an inch. Not only that. It was by some senators broadly intimated that if the proposed treaty was sent to the Senate they would not only kill it but would refuse to vote on any other measure, domestic or foreign, until the draft treaty was withdrawn from its files. Mr. Hughes's conduct under the circumstances was characteristic. Two courses were open to him. He could resign, or remain in office and do the best he could. If he resigned, which was the easy thing to do, he could not explain publicly his reasons for so doing without disloyalty to the President. That course would, therefore, be barren of result and only make possible the appointment of a successor less friendly to the treaty than himself. He therefore remained in office, and with patience and resourcefulness worked out and made possible the Dawes Plan for the payment of German reparations, the Conference on Limitation of Armaments, and the President's open advocacy of the Permanent Court of International Justice. With this record of honest effort, if not of full achievement, I am convinced that Mr. Hughes did all in his power to put into effect the policies to which he was personally committed

and his party pledged. I have not until recently believed this to be so, and it has given rise to many sharp and, to me, regrettable differences between us.

And still another interesting thing about Mr. Hughes is his conscience, and a conscience is not as a rule particularly intriguing or exciting. The peculiar feature, however, of Mr. Hughes's conscience that makes it interesting is the seeming contradiction in connection therewith that makes him extremely sensitive concerning his own conduct and astonishingly indifferent to the conduct of his neighbor. While he can always be counted upon to give aid to any sane movement to better social and political conditions in bulk, he has none of the average reformer's passion for regulating the private life of the individual. He can be aroused about the evils associated with the race-track, but I can't imagine him admonishing a gambler for laying a wager on a horse. It is on the whole an engaging quality, but in the case of Mr. Hughes is carried so far that it frequently invites the criticism that he is individualistic and self-centred. This curious detachment toward the personal affairs of others is difficult to understand, but I think I can at least illustrate my point.

When Mr. Hughes first came to New York as a young man to practise law, he attended the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church (now the Park Avenue Baptist Church), of which my father was one of the trustees. At one of the meetings of the board it was found that affairs of the church required the attention of a lawyer, and it was suggested that perhaps a young man by the name of Hughes in the congregation would be willing to volunteer his services. This he did, and his work was done so conscientiously, so thoroughly, and so

ably that it made a profound impression. In fact, he worked as hard and with as much enthusiasm on this small matter for which he was to receive no compensation as he did later in the investigation of corporations that was to bring him handsome rewards and marked distinction. He looked upon it as a moral obligation, and that was enough to make him give to the task the best he had to offer. To complete the story, that it may be used as a suitable text for a sermon to the young, Mr. Hughes subsequently was given his first big case by one of the trustees of the church because of the capacity revealed in this matter of no importance and little promise. It is a perfect illustration of Mr. Hughes's fidelity to a personal obligation. It is the same loyalty he shows toward his family, his college, his clients, and any department over which he presides or for which he is legally or morally responsible. For these duties no work can be too arduous, no sacrifice too great, but when it comes to the other activities with which he is indirectly connected but for which he is not directly responsible, he often fails to show the interest and consideration expected by those associated with him in some common undertaking. It has been said that while Mr. Hughes managed the State Department to perfection, other cabinet officers could not get him interested in matters outside of his department, although by so doing he would help to promote the spirit of co-operation or perhaps save some other branch of the government from criticism and embarrassment. Mr. Hughes is quite unlike Mr. Hoover in this respect, who, if report be true, lends his helpful and skilful hand in every kitchen around the place. The reason it is difficult to understand this trait is that

it cannot be laid to selfishness because of the whole-hearted way Mr. Hughes gives of his time and strength without stint in other concerns from which no reward whatever will accrue. I can only account for it on the theory that he believes his contribution to the world is to do his job superlatively well, and that this cannot be done if he assumes responsibility for the acts of those over whom he has no control. Just as the credit of a good banker may be seriously impaired by indorsing the notes of too many friends, so a public official may destroy the public's confidence in his ability if he becomes involved in the affairs of other departments with the detailed management of which he is not familiar. At any rate, whatever the explanation, it makes for efficiency, if not for popularity and a reputation for being a good fellow.

With this peculiarity in mind, it is not difficult to understand Mr. Hughes's conduct and decision in a question that arose after Mr. Harding's election when it was believed Mr. Hughes would be asked to become a member of his cabinet. Other prominent Republicans of high standing were known to be on the list of possible appointees, and one of them was greatly concerned for fear that if Mr. Harding appointed some of his undesirable political associates to act as his advisers, the administration would sooner or later be discredited and the reputation and future usefulness of all the members of the cabinet seriously affected. He felt confident that if Mr. Hughes accepted and served without the support of men of similar standards, he would be unable to save the administration from certain misadventure. This would be true, he thought, of any member of the group who went into the cab-

inet alone. In fact, he predicted with uncanny prescience the misfortunes that befell. He, therefore, requested me to see Mr. Hughes and ask him if he would agree with the others not to accept appointment unless all were invited to serve. This would mean that through united action in the cabinet they could in some measure control the policies of the administration and prevent the undue influence of those in whom the people had no confidence. Although I had little hope that Mr. Hughes would consider the proposition with favor, I consented to see him and did so. During the time I was delivering my message, Mr. Hughes looked at me with his "mild eyes of the church," then turned the proposition down with the remark that if asked to become Secretary of State, he would accept and conduct the office to the best of his ability, and that it was not his business to dictate to the President-elect or interfere with his appointments in any way. It was probably the correct position for him to take, but whether correct or not, I felt confident that had I been able to assure him that his colleagues in the cabinet would be Jesse James, Bluebeard, Benedict Arnold, and Jack the Ripper, the answer would have been the same. He would have said that they could attend to their business and he would attend to his, and if they didn't attempt to interfere with the Department of State, they would get along famously. It was the same attitude he assumed toward the Irreconcilables in the Senate. Nothing they did ever disturbed him in the least, even though they confused his plans and destroyed his hopes. He never condemned, never criticised, and never lost his temper. Unlike John Hay, one of our greatest Secretaries of State, who called

the Irreconcilables in the Senate of his day "unreclaimable cranks" who would "vote on the blackguard side of every motion that came before them," Mr. Hughes pursued his course with a pleasant smile, unruffled and serene.

This determination not to pass judgment on the conduct of others and to mind his own business has become with Mr. Hughes an obsession, and while I must confess they are appealing characteristics, they are not what is expected of uplifters and reformers. What is more, it is unlike the Hughes so many people have in mind — a preacher, something of a prude, a little sanctimonious, and very much of the "better-than-thou" variety. These descriptions, however, do not fit Mr. Hughes at all. He is nothing of a Pharisee. In fact, his unwillingness to condemn is carried to the point of seeming indifference to the moral standards of his neighbor. Indeed, I think of all the people connected with the Harding administration, Mr. Hughes was the least disturbed by the scandals in which some of the members of the cabinet became involved, and this in spite of the fact that he is a devout churchman and a cultivated Christian gentleman. It is an interesting phase of his character that I have tried to illustrate, if not explain.

To this general rule of conduct, namely, not to interfere in the affairs of others, Mr. Hughes made one conspicuous exception when as Secretary of State he defended in a public letter Truman H. Newberry, who in 1918 had been accused of an unlawful use of money in his primary campaign to secure the nomination for the position of United States Senator from the State of Michigan. This he did in spite of the fact that he was not a citizen of that State, a member of the Senate, or in any

way connected with the event except that he represented Mr. Newberry on the appeal from his conviction to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Hughes justifies his course in this matter—although he feels no necessity for so doing—by saying that when he undertook to argue the case before the Supreme Court there was no question of moral turpitude on the part of Mr. Newberry involved, all questions of that nature having been withheld by the court from consideration by the jury on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to support the charge. Mr. Hughes was also convinced that the trial was unfair and that the unproved charges were being used against him in an unwarranted and unjustifiable manner in an attempt to declare his election illegal and his seat in the Senate vacant. That Mr. Hughes is sincere when he states his belief that his conduct in this matter should be commended rather than condemned, no one can doubt who discusses the incident with him face to face. I cannot but feel, however, that it is the one positive and aggressive act of Mr. Hughes's career the propriety of which is subject to criticism, the gravamen of the offense being that he used his name and the prestige of his high office to defend a man charged with a serious crime when he had no personal knowledge either of his innocence or his guilt. The fact that an election fraud cannot be proved is not conclusive evidence that it was not committed. Money to be used for an illegal purpose is not openly passed from hand to hand in the marketplace or on the public highway.

I cannot account for Mr. Hughes's action in this affair except on the theory that he believed Mr. Newberry innocent of any wilful wrong-doing and, believ-

ing in his innocence, considered it more in the public interests that the Senate should be permitted to function in orderly fashion rather than have all public business harassed and confused by the effect of a tie vote in the Senate which would result if Mr. Newberry failed to take his seat.

We see too, I think, in Mr. Hughes's decision to intercede in Mr. Newberry's behalf, certain characteristics to which I have already referred—his reluctance to pass judgment upon the conduct of others, his feeling that at all costs the machinery of the law must not be permitted to work an injustice or a wrong, and, finally, that silence on his part would be improperly interpreted to the prejudice of a person presumed to be innocent until his guilt was proved.

That Mr. Hughes is one of the outstanding personalities of our generation I believe will be conceded. He brought to the public service an incorruptible character, extraordinary ability, unusual courage and independence, the highest standards of personal conduct, and unbounded energy. He left it vitalized and enriched. While he mapped his course by the stars, he kept his eyes on the trail and balanced with profound wisdom the life-giving force of progressive ideas with all that was sound in the slow-moving thought of the old school. In spite of his achievements, however, and the fact that at every turn he was opposed by powerful factions within his own party which tested the qualities of leadership and his influence with the people as nothing else could, he has been denied—unjustly, I believe—a place among the magnetic and inspired leaders of our time.

An interesting study and analysis could be made of his character, the times during which he occupied the

stage, and the events that made up the drama of his career to determine if possible the reason for this phenomenon. It would be pleasing to discover some mysterious complex, some conflict of the spirit or dark brooding of the soul that in the critical moments of his life warped his judgment and smothered the vital spark. But there would be no such interesting revelation. Mr. Hughes's life is too open, his mind too healthy, his courage too marked, his disposition too buoyant, his frankness too disarming, to make profitable a probing of his character for the subtle or obscure. There is nothing morbid or mystic about Mr. Hughes. The reasons for his failure to catch the public imagination are, therefore, drab and prosaic. They are found in a somewhat formal manner, in his refusal to appoint political friends to office, in a widespread hostility to New York corporation lawyers, in a total lack of dramatic instinct, and in an extremely practical mind, that, for the purpose of accomplishing results, welcomes compromise between extremes, a wholesome characteristic, indeed, but one that leaves him without the reverent disciples of a martyr or the ardent following of a hero.

But the most important factor in Mr. Hughes's career has been ironic fate. Had he on a certain day during his campaign in 1916 met the Governor of California as he passed through the corridor of a hotel to look out across the waters of the Pacific, he would have been elected President of the United States; in which event I am convinced his courage, his vision—yes, and his humanity—would have made his administration one of conspicuous achievement and placed him in history among the foremost statesmen of the world.



Our Top Sergeant

(SKETCHED FROM LIFE)

BY THOMAS BOYD

The author of "Through the Wheat" contributes the fifth of the group of high lights of the war by fighting writers. This portrait of a sergeant differs from the popular conception. It forms an interesting contrast with "Distinguished-Service Cross," by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., the first of the series.

THE top sergeant came swinging heavily down the cindered path from the company office door and stopped abruptly; feet planted firmly, his left hand insolently spanning his hip-bone, he stood before the uncomfortable platoon and glared with contemptuous hostility.

The sixty men aligned there on the mud road that lay between two of the many rows of tar-paper bunkhouses moved nervously and strove to keep their eyes from revealing any signs of inward feeling or intelligence. From big Marsh, who was number one of the first squad, down to little Higgins, number four, rear rank, of the eighth and last, they were all uneasy under the cold, watchful gaze of the top sergeant. They knew his brazen voice, his gift for obscenity of expression, his ability to make them want to crawl away in shame. He had cursed them often during the three months they had been in France and they had no hope that he would ever speak to them in a different manner: he was chief of the non-commissioned officers of the company, a definite power, a man whom a private had better look at with eyes respectfully filmed or else not look at at all. This

morning they had brought about his wrath by refusing to double-time for their own platoon sergeant, Upshaw, who was an irritable sort and who expected them, at his command, to run through a cold April dawn without any breakfast. Sixty pairs of hobnailed shoes shifted uneasily in the mud as their almost motionless wearers tried desperately to appear oblivious of the one man confronting them.

He stood there, his lips now twisted mockingly and his gray eyes sharply raking the platoon. "Wouldn't double-time, eh?" His voice was raised, but it struck a pitch and held it: like a cross-cut saw that rasped and bit into hard wood. "Wouldn't double-time, eh? Who the God-damned hell do you think you birds are, anyhow? A bunch of lousy bums comin' in from the outside after your three squares a day; you get into uniform and think you're soldiers. Why, you ain't soldiers. Ain't a one of you that'd make a good-sized wart on a real soldier's neck, not a damned one of you." He paused and drew his heels together, his hands at his side but his gaze roving belligerently.

The would-be soldiers, who for the

most part had been recruited from high schools, colleges, and offices, kept their eyes straight to the front and stood like ramrods.

"Wouldn't double-time, eh? Jist lemme ask you birds how you figure you'll get away with it? Tell the whole damned army to go to hell, wouldn't you? You guys must think you're hard. Hard! By God, you will be hard 'fore I get through with you."

Incautiously young Higgins moved his foot. Raised from the viscous mud it made a sucking sound that the top sergeant heard. He shot out:

"What's that!" Cunningly he discovered young Higgins, down at the end of the line, in confusion. "Any of you hard guys got anything to say?" he challenged.

Young Higgins felt his face turn cold and white. He remained stiff and silent.

The top sergeant swung his attention back to front and centre. "Wipe that smile off your face, Gillespie, or I'll knock it off. I'll knock it clean around to the other side of your dome. You've done about all the God-damned agitatin' around this outfit you're gonna do; first thing you know you won't know nothin'. I'll have you diggin' latrines for the rest of your worthless life. You birds ain't standin' up to no mail-order shavetail now. By the Jesus I'll snap you into it! I'll teach you hard guys to lay down when you get an order from one of your superiors. Won't double-time, hey? The hell you won't! I'll show you: I'll wear your shoes off clean up to the ankles!"

At the beginning the top sergeant's voice had struck a pitch that was neither high nor low. His words, steely menacing, fitted into that even tone as he continued, giving the command: "Squads right, hrrch!"

Automatically the platoon swung from two ranks into a column of fours and went tramping through the mud of the company street, crossed over the graded highroad, and entered upon the vast, flat drill-ground where, less than an hour before, they had been mutineers.

"Double-time," the top sergeant called out sharply and ran up to the head of the column; "hrrch!"

Hobnailed boots and putteed legs were lifted mechanically. They churned slowly up and down over the soggy earth. The men pounded forward with elbows bent and fists doubled against their breasts. Over to the right a bright flag stirred drowsily in the morning air; to the left a wisp of blue smoke rose tremulously from the black stack of a cook-shack.

"Snap into it; on the double, you birds in the first squad!" Jogging at their heels, the top sergeant drove them on. "Column lay-eft, hrrch!" he shouted.

The leading squad slowed down for the turn, those that followed pushed upon them like stampeding steers; then the line lengthened out again and the men pounded down the field with their backs to the color-topped flagpole.

Around the great, rectangular field they ran, harried by the first sergeant's voice. Rugged from months of training though they were, many began a heavy, uneven breathing, their lips shut tight and the air whistling in through their pinched nostrils. They had refused to double-time for their platoon sergeant that morning, but now they were running into exhaustion at the command of the top. The longer-legged, who made up the first squads, desperately stretched out their pace. Like a folding telescope the moving column

shortened as the smaller members in the rear tried to regain the proper distance between themselves and the men who were leading; it lengthened as they lost more ground.

In ragged squads the platoon rounded the field and ran past the cook-shack. There other men stood watching, holding their aluminum mess-gear in their hands as they waited in a line by the steaming kitchen for their ration of black coffee, bacon, and molasses with bread. Some of them grinned as the column charged past; one soldier derisively waved a cup, but none of them made any comment that the top sergeant could hear. They had long ago learned that it was better to keep dissociated from the top at all times.

The platoon ran on, passing the cook-shack, where they too should have been waiting for their breakfast. They looked directly ahead toward the rows of bunkhouses. Would they be allowed to cross the highroad and return to their quarters now, or hadn't the top yet finished with them, they wondered. He had not.

"Column lay-eft, hrrch!" he shouted. Breathlessly they veered off and raced down the end of the rectangular field.

"Column lay-eft, hrrch!" Now they were passing the flagpole. Two more commands brought them back to the field-kitchen over the same muddy track they had made before; this time they went by more slowly and the pungent smell of coffee and bacon was enticingly mingled with the air.

In the last squad young Higgins, who was dark, slender as a girl, felt his lips jerk spasmodically and his knees grow wobbly. His heart was beating in strange, long thudding strokes and his chest unnaturally expanded. With panic he realized he was falling behind.

"Close up, that last squad!" Higgins heard the top sergeant's words and sprinted forward, but it was as if he were running in loose sand: the back of number four of the front rank kept receding from him, an inch or more at every stride. All of his muscles strained to recapture that lost distance. He did not notice the top sergeant's exasperated backward glances, that the top dropped back from the head to the rear of the column, that he burst out "*Je-e-sus!*" and swung his heavy hand—young Higgins noticed nothing of this. But suddenly he bewilderingly felt a blow on the back of his head and his overseas cap went sailing in front of him. He stumbled.

"Hell's bells, didn't I say 'Close up!'" shouted the top.

Young Higgins got a sidelong glance at the man's reddened face. Stupidly he raised up, took his cap from the mud, and spurted after the running platoon. His cheeks felt hot; he was humiliated. But the weight of the army system was tremendous and inescapable. And soon it was as if he had not failed to keep up, as if he had not been struck; he ran on, being merely number four of the rear rank of the last squad once more.

Some minutes later the top sergeant took the platoon from the drill-ground back to the company street, wheeling the squads into two ranks facing the bunkhouses. "You birds had enough this morning or do you want me to run you ragged?" He was panting, but only a little. His lower jaw moved truculently outward as he continued scornfully: "Where're these hard guys that wouldn't double-time, eh?" He laughed at their silence. "Dismissed!" he snapped.

They broke ranks, not talking until after they had reached the security of their quarters, which were two double

tiers of straw-covered bunks beneath a tar-paper roof.

"Boy!" Big Marsh of the first squad wiped his forehead with his coat-sleeve and whistled. "The top sure did run us ragged."

Andrus, who was older and more resigned than the rest, screwed up his lined face and said thoughtfully: "Seem like you birds might 'bout as well of double-timed for Upshaw at reveille in the first place; then you wouldn't had the top shaggin' us all over the drill-ground when the rest of the gang was eatin' chow."

Jack Pugh, the Mississippi gambler, spoke between puffs of a hastily lighted cigarette: "Ah — wouldn' — double-time—fo'—Upshaw no sooner'n Ah'd do it fo' a houn' dog that's back was broke."

"The hell you wouldn't," answered Gillespie, "my next month's pay says if the top said 'Do it' you'd double-time for half a hound dog with a busted back. Top says 'Snap!' " he ended decidedly, "you'd snap, jist like I'd do."

"He sure is hard-boiled," sighed Marsh and looked down at his fist, then along the row of bunks toward Higgins, who sat rubbing the back of his head and not speaking. "Most hard-boiled old-timer in the whole damned outfit."

"I'll tell the world," agreed Gillespie, and went on shrilly: "I'll tell the cock-eyed world I wish they'd transfer him to some other comp'ny for a while."

Andrus cleared his throat. "Well—no. All right if we're gonna stay back of the lines, but way I look at it an outfit that's goin' up to the front needs a hard guy like that."

As this new experience for which the men were preparing was brought to

their minds they all grew sombre. Young Higgins, brushing the mud from his cap, was somewhat consoled for the bump on his head by the thought that a man like that had a place where the war was actually fought.

Six weeks later the whole division went up to the front, travelling first in box cars, then in camions, and finally afoot toward Château-Thierry, where four battered regiments of regulars held part of a sector. It was at that time a very active portion of the western front, a place where great shells churned up freshly dug graves.

Being novices at war they undertook the relief in a careless manner. They lighted cigarettes, talked to hear the comforting sound of their own voices as they pushed forward in a column of twos through the summer evening. The tall wet grass, the twisting paths, the enshadowed groves of trees they skirted made them, at most, uneasy. The chasm's brink that was the front lay somewhere in the distance, menacing but to be approached disdainful of its dangers.

"What're we gonna do—walk all night?" Gillespie's voice rose up shrilly from the ghostlike moving column.

In the last squad marched young Higgins, his narrow shoulders sagging under his heavy pack, rifle, and extra bandoleers. Something in Gillespie's tone caused him to shiver, to feel a current of cold air blowing between his sweating shoulder-blades. It passed, but he caught at his lip, and his eyes grew wide with apprehension. How distant really was the front, he wondered; the place where he would stand with nothing but a stretch of ground to separate him from the Germans. He had heard of their liquid fire, their hymn of hate, their fiendishness to prisoners. He wish-

ed the men ahead would put out their cigarettes that glowed so brightly in the night, that they would cease their muttering.

The column paused, started forward again, and Higgins sensed that they were stepping down into a rock-strewn ravine. Unexpectedly a voice called from the darkness beyond: "What outfit?"

Higgins heard his own top sergeant answer, and felt a swelling of comfort and security in his chest.

"Better ditch them cigarettes and pipe down," said the unknown voice; "you're up at the front and them Heinies 's got a whiz-bang that they work overtime."

Somebody tried to bluff himself with "We ain't scared of no lousy Germans."

After a moment the top sergeant's order sounded briskly: "No more lights and cut out the talk." Cigarettes were hastily extinguished and there was silence, broken only by the breathing of tired men and by hobnailed boots stumbling against the rocks.

It was good, thought Higgins gratefully, that the top was there in front of the column. He was hard-boiled, yes; but wasn't it better to be led by such a man than by one who was afraid? The top would know what to do, how to meet the Germans. To young Higgins that remembered thump he had got on the head was now almost like a blessing, a promise that the top would single him out for special protection against unseen danger.

The column wound into the front line and the relief began. Higgins was aware of men stooping over against the farther side of the ravine, gathering their equipment, trotting quietly away. Officers were talking confidentially; non-coms posted their squads, privates

of the veteran division were telling those that were relieving them:

"Boy, it's mean as hell up here."

"Lost a whole battalion the first day."

"See you in Hoboken, buddy."

Higgins found himself standing with his rifle thrust out through the wet grass that grew at the top of the ravine. Somewhere opposite in the night a German soldier, standing as he was standing, faced him. All along the front it was like that. This consciousness made his cheeks feel stiff and his chin tremble inside the leather strap of his steel helmet. He wondered anxiously if that was a symptom of fear, if he was a coward. But, good Lord, he couldn't be a coward; he didn't dare.

A whining noise came from the blackness beyond. It was slight at first and apparently harmless. It fascinated Higgins and he strained his nerves to listen. The noise grew louder, became like the frenzied scream of some one shouting against his ears. He felt himself tighten and press his body against the bank. Then the ground shook and through the darkness floated a stinging vapor that poured into his mouth and nostrils. It cut at his chest like a finely pointed knife. His cold hands went shakily for his mask. He got it on, but it was of no use. The high explosive smoke passed unharmed through the chemicals and cut into his lungs.

The roar still echoing in the ravine, that little whining noise was heard again: a shell burst closely, throwing mud and rock and jagged steel casing. Young Higgins cringed.

"Help—help—oh!"

"Stretcher-bearer, for Christ's sake a stretcher-bearer!"

Again a shell leaped into the ravine and broke up thunderously. As the dé-

bris flew past, Higgins shut his eyes and pressed his face into the soft embankment. The top, he thought; good Lord, why didn't the top do something about it!

In a moment's silence he heard a tree-limb cracking, splitting slowly away from the trunk. Before it fell, there was another roar and the smoke was almost palpable.

From the right came a querulous voice: "I'm hit, oo-oo-oo, I'm hit. Don't leave me lay here. I'll bleed to death."

Heavy feet tramped doggedly about through the smoke-filled ravine. Officers shouted words of encouragement that were only half intelligible. The bombardment crashed maddeningly on. It was a thing of inexhaustible fury under which the unmaimed lay in silent helplessness.

The hurtling shells came out of the night and ended with the night. Dawn spread a ghastly quiet over the ravine, but Higgins remained looking out over the field that had now become a rolling sea of green wheat-stalks. He dreaded

to turn his head, for he knew that fear and horror had left their marks in his eyes and in the shape of his mouth. . . .

After a while there were steps behind him. Somebody stopped within arm's length. Slowly and reluctantly Higgins twisted himself about.

The top sergeant stood before him, looking at him with bleary, uncertain eyes, his jaw drawn down and hanging loosely. "Jee-sus," gasped the top; "Jee-sus; s-say, Higgins, you got a cigarette?"

Young Higgins dropped his head and his gray eyes slid away in embarrassment. Even in that place where the first dead men he had ever seen lay stiffening under the hot June sun—even there he could not help being aware of the altered conduct of the top; and, knowing the way this man had once been and how he had so changed, young Higgins could not help feeling the indecency of the situation. It was with unconscious pity in his eyes that he reached beneath his service-belt for the package of cigarettes.



Royal Palms

BY IRENE H. WILSON

THE royal palm-trees stand in quietness,
 Stately and motionless and beautiful
 Against the tropic night.
 Between the slim fronds of their drooping branches
 Tremble the jewels of the Southern Cross
 And gold Canopus; while from the brim
 Of her bright, alabaster chalice Isis pours
 A silver light upon the pale gray stems,
 Tapering, ringed, like ancient-built columns,
 Thinking she stands again beside the Nile,
 On Philæ's templed isle, at Elephantine,
 Or in the lofty, immemorial hall
 Of Karnak.

George Bellows—American

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS

A real and intimate portrait of George Bellows, who "arose surrounded by Methodists and Republicans" in the Middle West, was Ohio State's best shortstop, and contributed remarkable vitality to American art. The story of a typical American turned artist and blessed by genius.

GEORGE BELLOW'S short life was a joyous, unaccompanied pursuit. He looked about on the face of the earth and said: "Not so bad—as raw material. I wonder what it would all mean if you could get it straightened out so you could see it. And I wonder what it could be made to look like to anybody else." Before the bright terrestrial flash should pass he meant to explore as far as possible. There was not much to guide one. Why not inform oneself and act as one's own guide? Why not? He had all the capacities of a "lone wolf."

In trying to understand what he was about, his family, his friends, and the public were always a step or two behind; in trying to anticipate the direction of his next move, they were always wrong. His mother early dreamed that her slender, light-haired son would become a bishop. Every Sunday morning he was hauled to church in the high-wheeled surrey in the hope that his pushing young spirit would be impressed with the solemnity of mortal existence. Charley, a boy indentured by the family, had been so tremendously impressed that he decided to become an undertaker. In the back yard, in Columbus, Ohio, he fenced off a minia-

ture cemetery and began with great enthusiasm to conduct funerals and inter remains. But George Bellows was interested only æsthetically: he made the designs for the tombstones that Charley erected. And as for the bishopric, the nearest he ever came to it was singing in a church choir—which is not necessarily a close approach. His father saw, evidently, that the bishopric was too far a reach. He proposed that his son become a banker. It would afford him an infinite peace in his last years to see this exploring son intrenched in an occupation of such solid respectability. But George said: "I don't want to be a banker. I'm going to Ohio State. I believe I can 'make' the baseball team."

In college he was a sprawling young barbarian very much concerned with finding something to do. When he reported for baseball and the coaches and fans said, "He looks like an outfielder," he replied: "Oh, no; I'm a shortstop." And, despite the fact that shortstops are usually not six feet two inches tall, he went daily with a team-mate and practised throwing to first base from every position on his side of the infield until he was accepted generally as the greatest shortstop that had ever played on an Ohio State team. He

played basket-ball too, and he sang in the glee club. Still there was energy left. So when his fellows had played or sung until they were exhausted and begged for sleep, he devised ingenious means of keeping them awake. But still there was energy left. So he made cartoons of his professors.

The newspapers were full of comment on this boisterous, good-natured athlete. Fellow collegians and fellow townsmen said he was good enough for the big leagues. "Of course you will go into professional baseball." But he amazed them by replying: "Hu-uh! I'm going to be an artist."

"Whew!" was all they could say; and they said that under their breath.

It had never occurred to him that there might be any doubt about his qualifications as an artist. He had begun the fundamentals early. In the rigid Methodist days of his childhood he had been permitted two activities on Sunday—reading and drawing. Since his mother always delighted in reading to him, he could draw undisturbed while he listened! That meant that he drew all the time on Sunday afternoons. This experience—and he always thought it had much to do in determining his career—enabled him to draw better than any of his fellow pupils in school. He was known as "the artist." In college he illustrated undergraduate publications. Professor "Joey" Taylor, sympathetic confessor for all brave spirits at Ohio State, encouraged him to believe that his ability was important. But in New York he encountered people who were not so sure. How did they know that he was not merely another prodigal moth to be singed in the brightness of the Great White Way? He came from way out in Columbus, Ohio, did he not, or some other

unheard-of place? What did anybody know about art out there?

He met one teacher, however, who immediately supported his confidence in himself—Robert Henri. Henri had come from the Middle West himself, and he liked this stalwart chap with the intent face and the healthy will. A pupil who was always gay, always full of deviltry, yet always serious about the business of painting, was not to be found in the New York School of Art every day. From every word his original-minded teacher uttered, from every movement he made, from every criticism he offered, Bellows learned with white-hot mind. Henri never criticised any one else so severely. He knew Bellows could stand what would crush others. But he also encouraged him. "You will succeed," he assured him; "some degree of success is certain. The quality of your success will depend upon the personal development you make." So, after all, maybe he might paint just as good a picture as anybody!

His fellow students looked upon him with inquiring, amused eyes. He was so little acquainted with the life of New York that the only social organization he knew when he arrived was the Y. M. C. A. It maintained a swimming-pool and a basket-ball floor, and he knew how to use both. In appearance nothing marked him as a devotee of the æsthetic. He was self-conscious in the presence of so many artistic strangers; he sprawled—there was so much of him that it was difficult to be graceful except when standing up; and he laughed with such untrammelled heartiness that everybody turned and stared at him whenever anything set him going. But how much did he care? Perhaps, if he only knew the truth, they were all just as raw as he was. Maybe

they didn't know half as much about painting! Certainly they didn't know one-tenth as much about it as he meant to know some day.

No one could deny that he was interesting. His fellow students soon became busy in trying to make him out. His clumsy externals could not prevent them from seeing his essential good nature, his essential dignity of spirit, and his sound emotional and intellectual power. They liked especially his glowing vigor. When the school had its first dance of the year he took a very beautiful Scandinavian girl—from Minnesota. His friends stood in wonder at the magnificence of this light-haired couple. "Wouldn't they make a prize-winning bride and groom?" every one asked. But when the whisperings came to Bellows he exclaimed: "Oh, no! You are absolutely wrong! I'm going to marry that dark-haired girl from Upper Montclair!"

This girl from Upper Montclair, Miss Emma Louise Story, out of sheer pity for an overgrown boy who was spending his long Christmas vacation away from home, invited him to come to her father's house for a meal. "The steak," she assured her mother, "must be the biggest one you can find; for I never saw such an eater as he is." But George was so nervous he could not handle the silverware, much less eat. His embarrassment was increased, too, by the young lady's father. He did not care much for male artists. He had known one, a man who could paint a feather so perfectly that you couldn't tell it from the real thing; but, apart from being able to do that, he did not count for much. This feeling against artists was accentuated, too, when George Bellows began to appear on the landscape with a degree of regularity.

But George was ready to contest with the father as well as with the hesitant daughter. What does a little matter of waiting around for six years amount to?

All the while he was painting, painting with unequalled persistence. "No time to waste! No time to waste!" One day John W. Alexander went home from his duties as a juror in the National Academy's annual exhibit and said to his wife: "There's a picture over there, by a young fellow named Bellows, from out West somewhere—'Forty-Two Kids' he calls it—that you must see. There's genius in it." Others saw it and were startled. "But," some of them asked, "is it an artistic subject? Do such things as boys in swimming lend themselves to artistic treatment?" "Why not?" Bellows asked in reply, and went on painting. He painted the river front, the prize-ring, the crowd in the steaming street, the city cliff-dwellers, the circus, the stevedores on the docks. All the things possessing every-day dignity and significance but long treated with disdain, all the unglorified struggle of his kind, cried to him for expression. The uncomprehending dismissed it as wild art, decadent art, drab art! They declared that Billy Sunday had broken into the æsthetic world. Those who were more sympathetic said: "Now we are getting him. He believes in painting the red-blooded American life. He is the painter with the punch!"

So he was hailed as the artist who made things anybody would understand; so, too, was he as completely misunderstood as ever. For if he was the painter of the vigorous, the physically dramatic, he was to be even more the painter of the subtle and the intimate. If he could produce "Sharkey's," he



George Bellows.
From a photograph by Nicholas Haz.

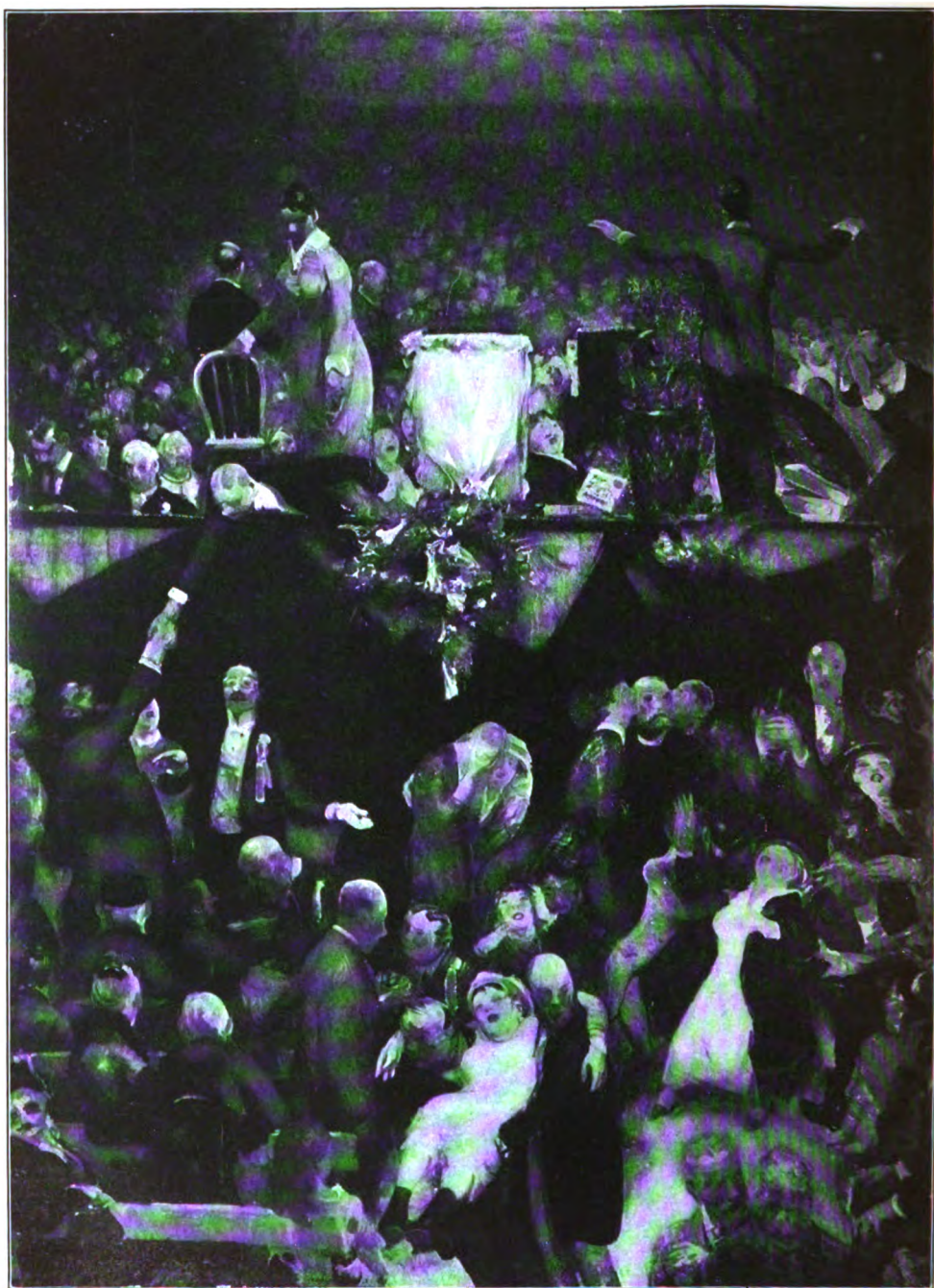


From an unpublished drawing by George Bellows.



Mrs. George Bellows.

From an unpublished drawing by George Bellows.



"The Sawdust Trail."

Billy Sunday at Work.

From a painting by George Bellows.

could also produce "Spring, Gramercy Park"; "Blue Snow, the Battery"; "Crehaven"; "Aunt Fanny"; "Portrait of My Mother"; "Emma in Purple Dress"; "Anne in White"; "Lady Jean"; "Portrait of Katherine Rosen"; "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna."

His diversity had kept the public guessing, yet he did not find enough in the entire range of painting to keep his own mind busy. It is not so easy to paint in New York in the dead of winter. Inasmuch as he liked black and white and enjoyed working on stone, he took up lithography. "But what are you doing that for?" his admirers asked. "Who cares anything about lithography in these days? If you want to work in black and white you ought to etch."

"But I can't etch," he insisted, "and I can make lithographs."

"But don't you wish to sell your work?" dealers protested. "There is no demand for lithographs."

"Then," he replied, with characteristic braggadocio, "we'll put lithographs on the map!"

And he did. The first prints attracted favorable attention. One of his intimates counselled him: "You had better slip one or two proofs of each stone away and keep them awhile. The price might go up; you might make some money." He took the advice and he and his wife had much amusement over the fund they were going to develop for the college education of Anne and Jean. They never dreamed that the day would come when some of these prints would sell for a thousand or twelve hundred dollars apiece.

In lithography he found just the right opportunity to round out his record of America's emotional life. The stone served perfectly for many brief

chapters that did not readily admit of treatment in color: "Village Prayer-Meeting"; "Initiation in the Frat"; "Benediction in Georgia"; "The Shower-Bath"; "Dance in a Mad-House"; "Old Billiard-Player"; "The Law Is Too Slow"; "Billy Sunday"; "Sixteen East Gay Street"; "Dempsey and Firpo"; "Business Men's Class, Y. M. C. A."; "Electrocution." In lithography, too, he could laugh as much as he liked. His "Reducing," the representation of a meek-looking husband calmly asleep in bed, and his very stout wife flat on her back on the floor doing some very energetic exercises, will be amusing as long as there are fat women of social importance in the world. A very stout woman, one day after Bellows had become somewhat the vogue among those who interest themselves in art socially, entered a museum and asked what there was new to be seen. She was told that yonder was a new lithograph by George Bellows. "Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed, bringing her lorgnette to bear upon it as she moved nearer. "What is it, a shell?" When she saw, she was scandalized, and turned away with disgust that could be expressed only in a violent crescendo of "Pooh! Pooh!! Pooh!!!"

"Now we have him at last," the public said, after his lithographs had become current. "He gives us life just as he sees it. He has ability—great ability, perhaps—but he lacks the imagination to make anything wholly new from simple elements. He cannot express himself in the symbolic." Then he produced "Edith Cavell," and later "Allan Donn Puts to Sea"; "The Return to Life"; "Amour"; "Punchinello in the House of Death"; and "The Crucifixion." In truth, he began to reveal so much interest in such subjects that some

of his contemporaries were disturbed. Joseph Pennell, known for his ability in combat as well as for his ability as an artist, on one occasion at the National Arts Club enlarged upon the dangers of painting when one has not the object before one at the time. "George Bellows," he went on to say, "would have made a better painting of Edith Cavell if he had been on the spot and seen with his own eyes. He was not there, certainly." When he had finished, Bellows was asked to discuss the point. In proceeding he said: "No, I was not present at the execution of Edith Cavell. I had just as good a chance to get a ticket as Leonardo had to get one for the Last Supper!"

II

When a man of such capacity to go his own way emerges from surroundings where he might little be expected to appear, he soon becomes a legend. Everybody wants to know about him. Few had learned about the personal George Bellows. He had not been seen much either in high places or in Bohemia; he had been too busy. But when people did see him, unless they came to know him intimately, they were as much mystified as ever. He did not conform to their notions of a great artist. He was only one of those typical Americans whom Americans are always talking about but rarely see. When they do see one, they have difficulty in believing their own eyes; he seems too good to be true.

Most of those magnified American qualities whose names have been outworn, but whose essences have not, he possessed. For instance, he was full of the American's gusto. He was unafraid to like things. Wherever he went every-

thing was interesting and moving. Life was full of emotions to which he would give organized expression, architectonic integrity. The spectacle of New York—the Hudson, the East Side, the Battery, the parks—filled him with such enthusiasm that he confessed great difficulty in stopping long enough to paint what he saw. Columbus, Ohio, was just as interesting; people back there were bully, even if he did sometimes laugh in their faces. The spectacle that men make for themselves was fascinating, too. When he went to the theatre—and he went often—he laughed with such unrestrained and honest joy that he heartened not only the audience but the actors. "Can't you see anything interesting?" he asked somewhat impatiently. The soporific "pure art" that the disillusioned and the burnt-out produce in an effort to "escape" something or other did not concern him. His times were overwhelming in their possibilities. He had fun in finding what seemed most significant, and he had greater, agonizing fun in struggling to expression. When one of his most brilliant portraits had been placed on exhibition with a note in the catalogue implying that it had been painted as a commission, he corrected the error by writing: "Painted for fun." He liked the world. He liked his friends. He liked himself pretty well, thank you, and his own work. And he liked good work done by others. No one ever joined the procession of honor with more enthusiasm than he did when he discovered genius in the work of somebody else.

American, too, was his feeling that he was just as good as the other fellow—at least. He never felt inferior; in fact, he liked the centre of the stage. He was a brother to a certain manner of Ameri-

can soldier who boasts before a battle that he will do thus and so, and then makes good his boast. He was not awed by sophistication; he could always match it with homely wisdom. He would pit himself against the most skillful, the most argumentative, and enjoy the experience. From the Catskills he wrote: "I have called it a summer, taken stock, showed the work to everybody, and am ready to pack up, go to New York, and start arguing with Pennell." And his feeling of equality or better he maintained in the presence of the most experienced, most "authoritative" art critics. Instead of waging a defensive war, as Whistler so often did, or suffering unspeakable agony, as Edward MacDowell did when assailed by the unintelligent, Bellows smoked the matter over a little, took his sturdy pen in hand, invited the critic to draw and paint awhile in order to discover how much he did not know, and told him to go to hell. "So that's that. I've got to paint."

In keeping with the great American legend, too, he was a family man. He gave the best of himself—his ability, his good humor, his boyish fun, his profound affection—to his kin. His father, an "Amen Methodist," was fifty-five years old when George was born. He was unapproachable on many matters close to a boy's heart. Yet George loved him while he stood in awe of him. "By charging less than he was worth," he once wrote of his father, an architect and builder, "and by investing in worthy causes, his fortune remained reasonably easy to calculate. He planned for me to become president of a bank. He had, however, the greatest respect for Michael Angelo, holding him second to no man with the exception of Moses. His main feeling seemed to be

sorrow for the hard life I would be forced to lead as an artist in this generation. In this, owing greatly to his own support, he guessed wrong."

With this father it was not easy to be whimsical. But he could be with his mother. With her he could play the clown and the tease as much as he liked. He never ceased to chide her about his poor bringing-up, to make pseudosacrilegious remarks about the things she held sacred, to enlarge upon her son's financial plight, or to be shocked by the great range of vices that her Methodism permitted.

"DEAR MA:

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When the sluice gates of the pocketbook
Are opened from the rear."

Or:

"And what is the name of the new pastor?

"And does he Chew?

"Now, now, now, don't be angry. Don't you remember Dr. Smith?

"Have you been flinching from Dominoes or dominoing from Flinch?

"Answer yes or no."

And who ever had such a wife and such daughters? Emma, whom he had won after six years of the most studious persistence! With all of his uproarious nonsense, he could never be wholly nonsensical about Emma. He loved her too passionately, too profoundly. And there were "the kids—Anne the slim and Jean the bean." He romped with them; he devised and wore the most astounding costumes to startle and delight them; he gave them the liberty of the studio while he worked; he wrote them letters in verse—good enough to be published; he dreamed of them; and

he painted them in the best pictures he ever made.

And when the lean years were over and he seemed to have a long stretch of full ones ahead, he began to express his affection for his kin in new ways. To Aunt Fanny—the Aunt Fanny of the portrait, and the Eleanor of the “Eleanor, Jean, and Anna”—he always felt especially attracted. She had helped to look after him when he was very small, and had kept him immaculately combed up and clean; and she had experienced the great romance of refusing twice to marry the man who loved her, and then accepting him the third time! But her possessions were few and her pride great. So when he once invited her to come to the Catskills for a visit, and received no reply, he suspected the reason. In the course of a shrewdly tactful letter, he wrote:

“I am aware, my dear Aunt Fanny, that you have not been blessed with the best of luck. I have. Therefore, I think it would be a nice idea to try and strike something like a mean proportion.

“I have what I think is a well-grounded belief that both you and your daughter Laura would welcome a vacation from the same scene—if you are anything like me. I must change around a bit.

“Further than this, I want to feel that you are not needing to worry about the future. As the chances are that it would not be a very available plan to leave you something in my will, I think I will leave you something right away. My mother is going to do exactly what I am proposing for myself, and between us you are to have a regular income of a thousand a year, which added to what income you have of your own, should make the days comfortable.”

Then, after a description of his coun-

try place, and the information that the round-trip tickets and money for incidentals were on the way, he added the clinching postscript that he had chosen his picture of her to represent him in “the great exhibition in the Luxembourg, Paris.”

He met the requirements of the national legend, finally, by combining a homely exterior with an essential refinement. He was tall, he was ungainly in some of his movements, and early he became bald. In addition, he was a believer in the informal. As a result, he looked much of the time like a plumber. Always he was making something at his work-bench on the mezzanine floor of his studio. He must have at hand every conceivable kind of nail and screw and bolt. For these he went to a neighboring hardware-store, where the salesmen liked him so much that they proudly kept the newspaper reproductions of pictures made by this customer who knew the names and sizes of nails as if he might be a person of solid character. In the country he plunged into every kind of manual labor. When his new house was ready for the roof he went to work on it. “Why don’t you hire a man to do it?” his wife protested. “Can’t ask anybody else to do what I’m afraid to do myself.” But sitting on an unroofed house in the summer sun is not the easiest of chores. His untoughened body became so sore that he could scarcely proceed. But he stuffed a pillow into his overalls and worked valiantly, painfully on, until he had driven the last nail in the last shingle.

In general, strangers gained the impression that he was uncouth. When he was not sprawling he was rocking. He brought from the Middle West the rocking-chair state of mind. So, whenever there was nothing else to do,

he rocked—energetically, obliviously. Sometimes one of his intimates, who confessed that he loved the man more than a brother, would command: "You stop that rocking!" He would stop for a time. But as soon as the conversation or the meditation became absorbing again he fell into his rolling, swaying pace.

Yet in all the matters of the spirit he was one of the most sensitive of men. He could not endure any music short of the best; he refused to listen to it even when played by Emma! He read not only great books, but books which require unusual refinement of intellect and feeling in the reader. Plays, too, must have quality. And his friends had to come up to the same requirements as his plays and books and music. When some one criticised him for having only friends of intellectual or artistic brilliance, he retorted: "What do you suppose I have friends for—to be bored by them?" His handwriting was that of a crude country boy, and he did not always spell according to the dictionary; yet he possessed a startling sense of fitness in words, a feeling for the rhythmical power in a sentence, and a perfect intuition for the total effect that a paragraph or a letter would produce.

III

Now a man with such an array of traditional American qualities would excite wonder—if not scepticism—wherever he chanced to appear. But the wonder was almost inexpressibly great when he chanced to appear in the world of art. Questioned concerning the peculiar artistic circumstances in which he arose, he replied jovially: "I arose surrounded by Methodists and Republicans!" And what he humorously im-

plied was literally true: almost everything surrounding his early life, viewed in the obvious manner, was non-artistic.

Yet it is just because his individuality came from such an environment that he was able to make his greatest contribution to art. The tendency of art when it is wholly in the hands of organizations devoted to its perpetuation is to become ascetic, overrefined, "arty." American art schools for some decades have been filled, in the main, with young ladies who develop a technic for doing nothing in particular with great skill. If art is not to become drivel, there must constantly be injected into it some of the life of the soil, something that corresponds to the uncultivated health of a robust body. It requires a cross-fertilization of sanity from "the provinces." Somebody must occasionally give to it a strain of life comparable to what Abraham Lincoln gave to politics.

It was this fresh life, this instinctive feeling for a healthy relation, that Bellows brought to art. He was unalterably a lone wolf. If somebody who professed to be very wise said in patronizing fashion, "Now, that is the way artists do that," Bellows was certain to reply: "Well, hold on! Let's take a look. I don't know whether it is or not!" Not that he had any closed system of his own! "He was the readiest man in the world to have you prove that you were right," said the person who was the greatest single influence in his life as a painter; "but you had to prove it. He always brought himself to his work." This habit of bringing himself to his work was what led many to call him a revolutionist. "If I am," he said, "I don't know it. First of all, I am a painter, and a painter gets hold of life—

gets hold of something real, of many real things. That makes him think, and if he thinks out loud he is called a revolutionist. I guess that is about the size of the matter." The reasonable thing to do, he contended, was to "watch all good art and accept none as a standard for yourself. Think with all the world and work alone."

Many, in attempting to evaluate his contribution, have compared him with Kipling, with Jack London, with Whitman. In each comparison there is a certain soundness. But he had more warmth, more fluidity, than Kipling; and he was more comprehensive in his sympathies, more healthy in his vigor, than Jack London. The parallel with Whitman is closest. Both were impatient with outworn forms and outworn subjects; both felt the energy of American life and were able to express it; both believed in the sacredness of the individual and hesitated not to take pride in themselves; and both believed that the artist should celebrate all life, whether "beautiful" or not, that reveals significance.

But Bellows was a more complete person than Whitman, a more representative person. Whitman was, with all of his democracy, an exotic democrat. He was an exotic American. He was not himself representative; he only wrote about representative things. He was, moreover, in his sympathies a remote pagan, and George Bellows was close and warm and reverential. Bellows might easily have painted something comparable to "The City Dead House," "By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame," "O Captain, My Captain," or "With Husky Haughty Lips, O Sea," but if Whitman had lived a thousand years he never would have written anything having the emotional tone of

"Aunt Fanny," "Emma and Her Children," or "Lady Jean."

But any attempt to compare Bellows with somebody else must always be for convenience of discussion merely. The comparisons always turn out to be contrasts. He was made in his own proportions of vigor, understanding, dramatic power, humor, intimacy; and he had his own methods of supplanting the malarial sentimentality of American art with a robust sentiment.

IV

By the time he had carried on his pursuit until he was forty, he had become the enriched person that must go into the making of a great artist. He was a philosopher, wise in his own increasing humility. "Try it in every possible way," he once told some art students. "Be deliberate — and spontaneous. Be thoughtful and painstaking. Be abandoned and impulsive. Learn your own possibilities. There is no impetus I have not followed, no method of technic I am unwilling to try. There is nothing I do not want to know that has to do with life or art." He was no longer—if he ever had been—a good-natured barbarian who had hit upon good painting and good lithography, but a man who had some coherent notions of the ways of men and artists. "Art isn't made in Bohemia, neither is it not made in Bohemia. It is wherever life exists and expresses dignity, humor, humanity, kindness, order." He quoted with approbation the words of Robert Henri: "To hold the spirit of greatness is in my mind what the world was created for—and art is great as it translates and embodies that spirit."

More and more he became impatient of mere formalities. "The Independent

show this year is a hummer," he wrote in a letter. "The only stalling was on this damned dance which none of us want to go to. *And will not!*" What he wanted was a day that would give him a chance to work his head off, sometimes on a new canvas, often enough on one that he had kept about for months or years. In 1920 he wrote to a friend: "Have three fine portraits of Anne, Jean, and Emma, with no heads on any." Three years later the satisfying head was still not on Emma. After repeated attempts at it, he had her sit for him again one morning in the country. "Can't do it! Give it up! Go on!" he cried. But before she got away he called: "Come back here! Let me try just once more!" And in an hour the head that has been so widely praised for just the right reflective attitude was completed.

When he had worked himself to exhaustion he would call up one of his friends: "Hello! Is this Franz Hals?"

"Why, yes, Michael Angelo!"

"Well, how about a game of pool?" Or, if possible, baseball or tennis; he was not enough of a loafer to master pool.

Then dinner and music, or the theatre, or some hours over a new lithograph, if he chanced to be in the city. Sometimes he worked on his lithographs till two in the morning, up on the mezzanine floor of his studio. That was the life!

There was always a little crusading to do, too. Less than a year before the brief, agonizing days in the hospital

that brought all to an end, the editor of a journal cut shamefully an illustration that Bellows had made under contract. "Result," he wrote, "the most awful botch imaginable. Emma has ordered me to war. I have gone. After two letters, very well done, not a glimmer of guilt from the editor. So I have started a legal attack.—I expect to lose money, but I hope to line up the art world and get some kind of protection against the arbitrary changing of artists' work."

But nothing could permanently ruffle him. He was still the boisterous adventurer. The night before he was stricken—and he was only forty-two—Robert Henri had a number of his friends in for the evening. They were the group that Bellows called "The Society of Perfect Wives and Husbands." As usual, he was much in the centre of the stage. Some sitter in Henri's studio had been wearing nineteenth-century dresses. Bellows found these and made himself up as Queen Victoria. Either because his friends were in special need of amusement or because he was in very high spirits, he never seemed such a perfect clown. The evening lasted until one or two o'clock. When the guests departed they descended from the studio—on the third floor—together. In the quiet that followed, the host of the evening stood by the window looking reflectively out. Below in the street there was a burst of laughter—genuine, honest, infectious laughter. It was George Bellows moving off into the night.



Flood and Wind: Blessings in Disguise

BY EARL SPARLING

Even the Florida hurricane and the Mississippi flood have their good points declares this Southerner, author of "Under the Levee." At the time when flood-control threatens to become a political issue, Mr. Sparling's comments are illuminating.

THE South!" growled the customer in the next seat. "These guys that do all the singing about the South, they ain't never been there!"

And that was his only applause for the black-face song-and-dance man who, bellowing strenuously concerning darkies and Mississippi mud, had just vacated Mr. Keith's stage.

"I mean," explained this heretic as the lights blazed up a moment later for the intermission, "I mean all these songs about the South give me a pain."

He was quite an ordinary customer, with red face, fat neck, and blinking eyes, but something had turned him insurgent and plainly he wanted to talk about it.

"Me? Yeh!" he said. "I'm from down there. I was there a whole year and a half. And that country don't feel like the songs sound."

Over a cigarette, down in the lounge, his sad, illuminating story was unfolded.

"As I was sayin', me and Bill are there in Miami with a Quick Lunch, but when that wind stops blowin' we ain't got a ham sandwich left even for ourselves. I get out of that burg with only one pair of wet pants to my name. I ain't got enough cash to get no further away from Florida than New Orleans.

And what the hell! I ain't hardly got settled before that Mississippi starts a racket. That river just keeps risin' and risin' until she's standin' on end, and I see I'm saved from a hurricane just to get drowned in a flood. I mean I grab the first train out I can get room on. Dixie? Say, brother, that mammy and cotton stuff is all noise."

The blame rests, perhaps, on Mr. Al Jolson.

What can be expected of lesser coon singers when, in not one of the Dixie ballads that won him fame and fortune, did the maestro even hint that there might be wind and water down where he was always so throatily anxious to go.

He should, of course, have been suspected, for, after singing of his proposed journey for a decade, he actually took it only some two years ago, and then, recovering from his first glimpse of the land he had lauded so long and well, rushed into print with an intimation that it was not so much after all.

Thousands of Northern people, at any rate, trekked southward following the World War, knowing of the land of sorrow and sunshine only what they had learned from ridiculous histories, more ridiculous songs, and still more

ridiculous theses on why the South was what it was.

The emigrés went to speculate. They remained to supplicate. They dreamed the Gulf-coast country a place to fill their pockets. They found it instead a place to test their souls. And out of it all, humorously enough, there has come a new appreciation of at least some of the things the South has faced for long virtually without aid or comfort.

It is humorous that a wind had to come up from Yucatan and destroy Northern investments in Florida before the North could realize the terror of this scourge that comes yearly, or more often, out of the summer sea. Throughout the North the Florida hurricane of 1926 was a seven days' yarn. In 1915, when two devastating hurricanes desolated the Texas and Louisiana coasts within six weeks, a Gulf-coast catastrophe was barely front-page news for one day even in New York. Each of those 1915 hurricanes was perhaps as bad as the Florida one. They killed together at least 550 persons, the wind reaching a peak velocity of 140 miles an hour. The Texas hurricane, August 16 and 17, 1915, was the first great wind to test the Galveston sea-wall constructed after the 1900 storm in which 6,000 to 8,000 persons were killed. Even so it was good only for page seven of the New York *World*, reaching the front page not until August 19, and dropping back the very next day to journalistic oblivion. A World War explains, perhaps, why the Northern press failed to get excited over the 1915 hurricanes, but that does not explain why the American Red Cross, which distributed \$4,447,170 in relief of Florida in 1926, was so little moved by the 1915 hurricanes that it fails even to mention them in its annual report for

that year, except for an ambiguous notation that "storm victims in Texas" were given \$1,000.

And, as the North disregarded purely Southern hurricanes, so did it also disregard purely Southern floods. That the welfare of the whole nation was being threatened was realized only after a decade of post-war development in the South, during which thousands of Northern people and millions of Northern dollars found their way southward. Nor can one speak even now of true realization. Even in 1927, with 18,000 square miles under water, with 600,000 persons destitute, with up to \$600,000,000 in property destroyed, with local levee boards bankrupt and seven States in distress — even then there was not sufficient realization to force a special session of Congress.

Nevertheless, there was improvement over 1912, when a flood desolated 15,000 square miles, to be followed just twelve months later by one almost as bad, inundating 10,000 square miles. Instead of the \$17,000,000 relief raised in 1927, the relief in 1912 totalled only \$1,190,000. And when the Mississippi again broke its bounds the next year it happened that the Ohio River was also in flood. Of the \$3,200,000 total relief in 1913, Ohio alone got \$850,000 in one lump sum. How much went to the twice-devastated South is not told, but the Red Cross, in its annual report for that year, after describing Ohio valley flood conditions in detail, dismisses the Mississippi valley with this illuminating notation: "The Mississippi was also raised to a high point, with the result that extensive damage was done throughout its course from Cairo to New Orleans. The chief destruction along the Mississippi was in the State of Louisiana."

And what did Congress do toward making such a Southern catastrophe never again possible? The flood of 1927 is proof sufficient that Congress did nothing.

Calamity, however, has brought its own compensations. Wind and water have perhaps saved the South from a catastrophe even more interesting.

Things besides real estate were involved in this recent winning of the South. For things Southern the influx of go-getters following the World War was even more upsetting than the influx of carpetbaggers following the so-called Civil War. Like the carpetbaggers, the go-getters swarmed into the South all on fire to make it into a new and nobler land, and they came so near to accomplishing what their predecessors had died believing a hopeless and thankless task that there were surely heavings in more than one alien grave down under the palms and magnolias. Truth, so close did these new missionaries come to converting the land of mammies and cotton that Florida, even to-day, is not quite certain what happened.

But in high-powered regeneration, as in other things, the Southern people are best when they drawl. And considered from this view-point the hurricane of 1926 and the flood of 1927 were, at least to some extent, blessings in disguise. Two such catastrophes in such quick order have undoubtedly checked the new Northern invasion and given the South a breathing-spell in which to evaluate losses and gains.

Up to 1918 the South was still an isolated land. It was isolated intellectually, politically, and racially, nor did this benighted condition cause it great alarm, for the Southern people had become accustomed long before to the prospect of

going it alone, as much alone, one might say, as the rest of the nation would allow. And, though isolation grows entirely theoretical when Northern States dump flood waters into the South in ever-increasing oceans, the Southern people exhibited this tendency to go it alone even in flood-control, scores of local levee boards preferring right down to 1927 to build levees according to their own specifications rather than to participate in the more irksome Federal aid system.

After 1918 the South found itself suddenly admitted to the United States. Not only did the press associations begin to open bureaus and discover news below the line, but Northern trains venturing southward began to feel some necessity for running on time, and when several third-string Broadway shows had actually found their way to Birmingham, New Orleans, and Miami, a feeling became prevalent that the millennium was at hand, and that Oscar B. Underwood might really be nominated to the presidency, and that Florida might even go Republican. Meanwhile all roads were filled with Ohio and Iowa flivvers bound for Coral Gables.

But all of this was only the surface of the phenomena. Underneath there were currents which, even more than those of the Mississippi, threatened to sweep Southern life from its ancient moorings. Into Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas marched a conquering army of New England mill-owners, and the South was so bewildered that it applauded when its people were herded into the loom-rooms for the longest and most underpaid working-hours in the land. The United States Steel Corporation had already captured Birmingham, and the South learned now how to boast of its "Little Pittsburgh," and how to fête

the philanthropic Judge Elbert H. Gary as, by his own confession, he was fêted nowhere else in the nation. And the South, in its new glorification, grew chronically peevisish with those who protested against too much haste in giving to the national power combine a free option on prosperity in the shape of every available water-power site in the South. Southern people had known only cotton for so long that they were proud of this new ermine, even if some one else were to wear it; and who shall blame them?

But the ermine spread an infection and soon the germs were blowing everywhere. How the fountain of Southern life became contaminated can best be studied, perhaps, in New Orleans, for New Orleans was peculiarly exposed. Here was enshrined the very spirit of the land. Here there persisted, despite the ravages of war, poverty, pestilence, and calamity, a Dionysian epoch that had become the wonder of a standardized, unhappy world.

Even before 1918 the issues had been drawn in New Orleans. The World War merely brought things to a head. When New Orleans newspapers began referring to Louisiana soldiers in France as "Yanks," there were already boosters there by the bend of the river, and they faced northward when they prayed. In its desire to become as new as New York, New Orleans had already razed a square of its historic Vieux Carré to make room for a new Courts Building, a white, atrocious marble mausoleum that stands a symbol to-day of what can still happen to everything old and dear. The Vieux Carré, with its memories of three flags, was eventually saved. Older residents rallied around its decaying buildings, realizing that these, in the end, would be more valuable than all

the tropic skyscrapers Northern capital might raise.

But how were the less tangible assets of the old civilization to be rescued? What could be done when a New Orleans editor, emigrant from regions North, began clamoring editorially for more lights by night in the office-buildings? Nor was New Orleans, the happy and care-free, sweating enough to satisfy other hard-fisted emigrés come out of the North. There were rumors of protests from the chain-store merchants and the branch-office managers when the hired help drifted from business at ten of the morning and four of the evening for the customary café au lait. The emigré business men disliked also the New Orleans ardor for seven-and-a-half, six-and-eight, and like pastimes, including roulette, faro, and even straight poker. A pair of kings were still called "Planters" in New Orleans, but a new royalty was rising, a new régime was at hand, and the pennies of the people must find their way to the proper coffers. And no longer now was lagnappe forthcoming at the stores, little gifts of candy for esteemed patrons, and no longer now could newsboys board the street-cars to vend their wares more easily. Once in New Orleans a street-car was right of way for any urchin, black or white, who bore papers in his arms, and he could ride almost as far as he wished, the conductor being in good humor.

There was quiet agitation against even the Mardi Gras, for this was an expensive, foolish institution, supported for no reason whatever except that it gave New Orleans pleasure. Nowhere else in America would it be tolerated, and why here? Why should the business life of the city be paralyzed weeks each year, months even? The murmur

against the annual feast of the flesh had been heard before 1918, but it became serious thereafter, the opposition feeling encouraged by the post-war lapse of several years. The old spirit was strong enough still to prevail. The carnival came back, but it had to be defended henceforth not as a folk festival but as a business proposition, an attraction that aided commerce. And it was quietly agreed among the go-getters, native and emigré, that New Orleans must be known no longer as "The City Care Forgot." That was no nickname for any forward-looking metropolis.

And had Mr. Al Jolson ventured southward in time he might have found strange things happening in music, too. When what is now called jazz was creeping up from the back barrooms and dancing-dens of the South it was a natural expression of the land. Joe Handy wailing his "Blues" in Memphis, Bud Scott playing "Shake It and Break It" through the Delta, Joe Orrey leading down in New Orleans the sad, stately, atavistic measures of "High Society"—those black bandmasters were of the South and their music has never been equalled. They sang their own songs and made their own music, nor was the creation racial so much as geographical, proof being the fact that Harlem has yet to produce a genuine piece of lowland music or a true negro spiritual. But the North discovered jazz, and, though there was reason for old Joe Orrey to hang his brown derby hat on the end of his cornet, that being the only manner of muting he knew, soon every vaudeville cornetist from Buffalo to Boston was muting with a derby, too. And soon the South was buying back from the North a milk-and-water copy of its own creation, even as it had once bought

back the cloth made of its own cotton. No longer now did the Southern bands create. The songs and music came from tin-pan alley, and the band that failed to play was soon neglected. New Orleans deserted the old music for the new even as it was deserting its wonderful French and German cafés for cafeterias and Childs and Thompson chow-halls.

The climax and culmination of what was happening throughout the South was reached in the rape of Florida. As land values soared down the peninsula all the lower South caught fire. From Mobile Bay to Maurepas Lake there were sounds of a great stirring. The wild beauty of this winding, wooded shore had become suddenly a reproach, reminding its people how long they had taken pleasure and neglected profit. These friendly, happy homes, scattered haphazardly through pine and oak—they must be made from rustic retreats into millionaire mansions. These mile-long, rotting piers, along which little groups at dawn and dusk went bathing—they must be turned into concrete causeways. These languorous, laughing waters of the Sound—they must be so filled with tourists and investors that never again would friendly porpoises come playing at sunrise. There must be progress and prosperity, and the soil must be a thing not to own but to sell.

What chance could there be of saving old things if this stampede for wealth continued? The final fate of Florida showed dramatically where the South was being led by its emigrés. And a hurricane ended the boom in Florida not until the stage was set for the last remnant of the Old South to go down to political defeat in Mississippi. Up to 1927 the old planting aristocracy, somewhat battered, still ruled in Mississippi, a State of miniature cities that

had once passed a law limiting the amount of land that a foreign corporation or person might own. But in the 1927 election Theodore G. Bilbo, supported by the new real-estate and commercial plutocracy of the coast, was elevated to the governorship on a pledge that he would bring Northern millionaires to Mississippi, that he would make Mississippi a good place for Best People to live in, and, by grace of a limited inheritance tax, a better place to die in. *Fronti nulla fides!*

Always there will be wind and water in the South. The water can be curbed no more completely than the wind. Eventually the engineers will reach a compromise with the Devil River, but it can only be a compromise that allows the river, when it wishes, to reclaim thousands of its 27,000 square miles of natural basin. The solution of the flood-control problem will be little more than an agreement as to which parts of the South shall be flooded.

And, since wind and water have shown so well their capacities for mischief, it is possible that the pending industrialization of the lower South will be delayed sufficiently to allow a proper

realization of values. No one can say that the South does not deserve, and will not eventually achieve, industrial prosperity. All that can be asked is that the South be as much itself in prosperity as it was in adversity. Having been isolated from the general civilization and culture for half a century, it can in its final capitulation accept only what is good and reject all that is bad. It can, if it will, avoid any number of pathological pitfalls.

And nothing could be more valuable to the nation as a whole than that the South continue its evolution in its own and natural way. Nowhere else under the sun have English-speaking people experienced what they have experienced in this land of sorrow and sunshine. Out of the travail will come eventually something of inestimable worth, but it cannot come if, just as the miracle is being accomplished, the foundations of fifty years are swept away by alien currents. The conflict of those who would live on the soil and those who would live by it is still abroad in the land, even as it was in 1860, and the South, if it remains sufficiently solid and itself, may yet have something of merit to say before final settlement.



The Stab

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

LOVE lay bleeding from a wound so deep
Nothing could heal the furrow in his heart,
Nor soothe the anguish of his stricken soul.
His mighty passion perished at its height,
Stabbed to swift death with cold and keen-edged words,
Slashing his golden garment into shreds.



We Went West

BY J. HYATT DOWNING

Author of "Closed Roads," "The Distance to Casper," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

FOR a month we had been drawing nearer and nearer that wall of wavering blue which was the Wind River Mountains. It was early October when Crandall came to us. I remember I welcomed the crisp, frost-spangled mornings because they meant the end of a long hot summer, and a task which had become distasteful. The sight of a white-painted whistling-post began to arouse feelings of active animosity, and the hand-car, with which we pumped ourselves along the miles of new grade each day, became loathsome in my eyes. When a laborer reaches that stage it is time he went in search of a new vineyard. For five months I had, in company with a miscellaneous assortment of helpers, been putting in track signs for the Northwestern Railroad on its Wyoming division. Having responded rather eagerly to Mr. Greeley's famous advice, I had gone West, with little thought of what I would do once arrived there. The result was, after declining with dignity to herd sheep, that the offer of eighty dollars per month, grub, and a bunk-car where I would sleep with the men had seemed an opportunity heaven-sent.

But now, after five months of diligently lettering and numbering bridges and culverts, decorating the whistling-posts with the two-tone effect so much admired by railroads everywhere, erecting the admonitory "Look Out

for the Cars" signs at road-crossings, making flying trips over the new road-bed checking chainings between station so-and-so and station so-and-so, there appeared to be other and more desirable places to go than the particular part of the West which I had chosen.

These thoughts were running through my mind as I sat, with Muldoon, my brindle English bulldog and real friend, watching day fade out of the matchlessly colored western horizon, and feeling the peace of that wide land of sky and gray-green plain. Old Jim Boyd was boiling his clothes over a fire of split ties, a weekly custom which he followed to the open derision of others of the crew who believed that since man was ordained to eat at least a peck of dirt during his lifetime, what harm if he had a little extra of the same on him? "Yes," I was thinking, "it will be nice to feel the cool, fresh sheets of a real bed again, and to get up at ten of a week-day morning." My thoughts were interrupted at this juncture by a step crunching on the cindered road-bed, and I turned to observe an elderly man approaching me. I felt an instantaneous impression of incongruity, of wrongness, about him. There wasn't time in which to analyze or clarify this feeling, for he began to speak as soon as he drew near enough. "I understand you need another man in your crew?" I nodded.

"Then I'd like the job if you think I could do the work."

I did not reply at once. I was too surprised. It didn't seem possible that this old man, with his gentle, refined face, could be asking for work in a rough-and-tumble track crew. Everything about him was a contradiction, from his obviously new but dusty working-man's garments to the cultivated accents of his speech. He must have sensed that I doubted his fitness, for he spoke again: "I suppose I am a little old, but if the work isn't *too* heavy, I believe I can hold up my end."

"Why, as to that," I answered hastily, almost apologetically, "it isn't particularly hard, and I guess we can find a place for you in the bunk-car. Have you ever done any track-work?"

"I have never done any manual labor that I can remember," was his rather astonishing reply.

"Then what the devil—" I burst out; but abruptly checked myself. There was a certain dignity and reserve about this old man which forbade interrogation. After all, I told myself, how an elderly gentleman, who should have been telling fairy-stories to his grandchildren or dreaming through a club window, chose to conduct his life was his own affair. It certainly was not mine. I called to Jim Boyd. "Jim, this is Mr. —?"

"Crandall," the stranger prompted me. "—Mr. Crandall, who is going to work with us." The two old men shook hands, and as they did so I was struck by the vivid contrast. Boyd was a hard-bitten old Turk, his face ploughed and ravaged by life, the taste of which, curiously enough, had never turned bitter in his mouth. Crandall was gently aged and kindly, with a definite suggestion about him of well-lived years, even

though there was a certain sadness and defeat in his eyes. Yet here they were, at last, fitting into the same groove of existence though so differently equipped for that existence. Boyd was a toughened old brier, seasoned by the continuously adverse winds of life. Crandall, unmistakably a gentleman, had awakened, it appeared, one morning, and donned workman's garments by mistake. Yet there was about both of them a quality of gentility of the spirit which each must have recognized instantly in the other; for one sensed immediately that they found favor in each other's eyes. Thus was born a friendship which, if they are both alive, I have no doubt endures to this day, little as it is probably evidenced by either.

Muldoon, my English bull, conferred upon these two strange old waifs the seal of his approval almost at once, and they returned his regard in full measure. Boyd observed his barrel-like chest, benched fore legs, and slimly tapering rear quarters for long moments on end, talking to him in tones of the most sincere respect. Muldoon, his homely, wrinkled head cocked on one side, understood, I am certain, every word Boyd uttered. Crandall was hardly less open in his admiration for his ugly-visaged friend. If the morning appeared to be a trifle cold, on his way out to work on the hand-car, he never hesitated to doff his coat and wrap it about the shivering form of Muldoon, who always accompanied us. The three of them were never apart, and the noon hour, after our cold lunch had been eaten, was generally devoted to assisting Muldoon in his unshakable belief that he would one time catch a prairie-dog. Boyd or Crandall would openly approach the suspicious yet jerkily defiant little animal from one side, while

Muldoon, advancing with lifted foot a step at a time, attempted to ease himself within striking distance from the other. He seemed, however, wholly unable to control his emotions beyond a certain pitch, the boiling-point of his turbulent excitement being easily determined by the increased twitching of his ridiculous corkscrew tail. With a gurgling bellow he would launch himself through the air at his quarry and come off with no more than a skinned nose, with which he had ploughed up the ground, for his pains.

The three of them soon became known up and down our branch line running from Casper to Lander, and I never heard one of them discussed singly. If you thought of one you inevitably thought of the other two. Occasionally, becoming bored with the uneventfulness of his life, Muldoon boarded the passenger-train which ran each day to Lander, returning to Casper on the next. The two old men were always greatly troubled at these excursions, and never failed to wire the conductor if our car had been moved, as was sometimes necessary, during his absence, advising him where to put off the dog. "What do ye think ye are, a damned travellin' man?" Boyd would question him complainingly after Muldoon had rejoined us. "If 'twas a romance, now, 'twould be different. But to go traipsin' around with a damned scab conductor——"

Of the two human members of this triple alliance it would be difficult for me to state which interested me the more. Old Boyd was infinitely pathetic in his futile battles with his nemesis, whiskey. He fought these battles as long as his strength lasted. Then he disappeared, to be brought home at last by Crandall and Muldoon, walking weak and shaken between them. He wrote

labored and wistful letters, with which he always asked me to assist him, to a daughter in New Jersey whom he passionately wished to see again yet knew that he never would. He was almost foolishly kind, and would always stake a "brother of the road" to a meal, a smoke, or what loose change he had in his pockets. It was this characteristic which completely won my regard and helped me bridge over his lapsations when he disappeared altogether for two or three days at a time.

As for Crandall, it became increasingly obvious that he was thoroughly enjoying himself. His cheeks filled out and a healthy glow crept into his skin. His face wore a continual expression of pleased satisfaction like one who has found within himself a capacity for happiness hitherto unsuspected. I became more and more convinced, as the weeks flew by, that the work he was doing, the society in which he found himself, was precisely the seasoning he most wanted in a life that had, somehow, been unsatisfactory, perhaps tragic. His past he never mentioned, and only once did Boyd fail to respect his reticence. "Ye'll be goin' back wan av these days."

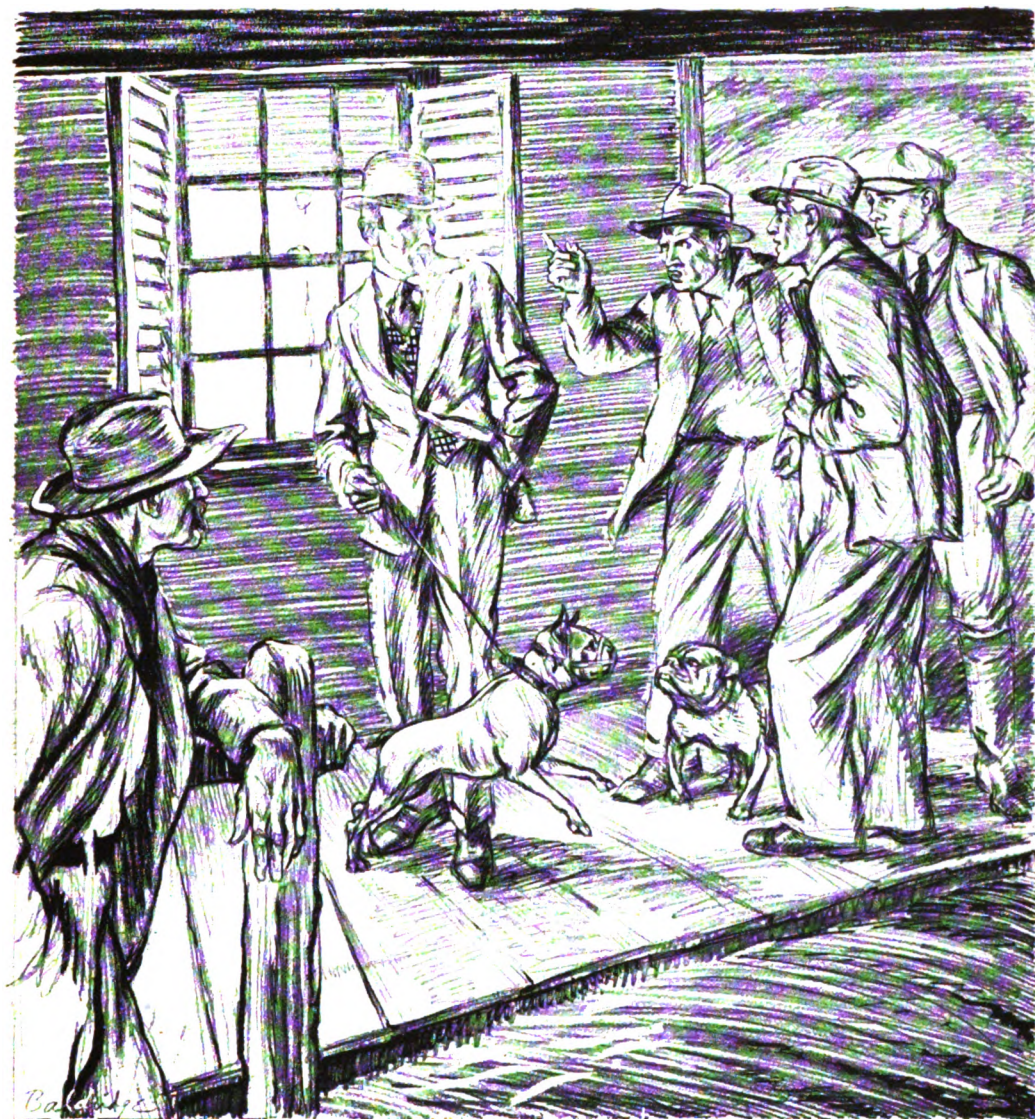
"Back where?" Crandall inquired.

"Back to where ye came from. Ye'll not be tellin' me ye've always been a rough-neck."

"I wasn't aware that I had told you anything."

"Yes, and ye can go to hell wit' your damned mysteriousness. It's not me that'll be askin' ye." Crandall did not reply. Only his eyes, which, since he had come to us, had somehow lost their deep look of sadness, twinkled humorously.

In November I received word from the engineer in charge of construction at Casper that work on the track signs



"How much would you let your dog get 'dirtied up' for?"—Page 601.

From a drawing by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

would be discontinued for the winter, and that my services would be required in the drafting-rooms there. I became worried about Boyd and Crandall. What would they do? Drift off, I supposed, to other places where light work could be had paying two dollars a day.

I need not have concerned myself, however. Upon my assurance that the car would be sent out again in the spring, Crandall secured a small house down near the material-yards and there he, Boyd, and Muldoon established themselves. The fact that Muldoon would remain with them I never questioned. Certainly, had the dog been permitted to choose for himself there would have been no issue. My control over him was purely nominal. His heart, I knew, lay with the two old men who were his friends. Reports came to me throughout the long winter concerning the activities of the three of them. They were often seen together in one of the many brilliantly lighted saloons upon Casper's principal street, where orchestras played and sheep-herders squandered their religiously hoarded dollars in a night or day of debauchery. They took their meals at one of the boarding-cars where the labor crews of the material-yards ate.

It was a rather perturbed Jim Boyd who presented himself to me late one afternoon just as the swift winter twilight was shutting down over the sprawling little Western town. "Cud I talk with ye a minute?" he whispered hoarsely. I drew him to a far end of the office-car where we could have comparative privacy. "It's about this damned old fool av a Crandall," he began mysteriously.

"What about him?" I asked sharply. I was fond of the gentle old man and a

dozen fears were in my mind. Was he hurt? Had he fallen ill in that shack where they lived, with this helpless and none too tender old Irishman to care for him? I was reproaching myself for my neglect of the childish old pair when Boyd interrupted my thoughts. "Wan would think he was reekin' wit' money. He won't let me spind a cint, and is always tellin' me to keep my money to endow a home for useless alcoholics like meself. Me that ain't had a respectable drink for so manny weeks I disremember thim." I gave him what comfort I could, telling him he was not to worry about Crandall and his eccentricities. "Perhaps he robbed a bank before he came to us," I suggested facetiously. The old man shot me a burning look of contempt, and stumped down the stairs leading from the office-car door to the ground below. "How's Muldoon?" I shouted after him.

"How wud he be, bein' the respectable gintleman that he is?" he answered tartly. "There's some that could folly him with profit to themselves." With which Parthian shot he left me.

Spring came early in Wyoming that year. Suddenly the snow was gone and the peaks of the Copper Range showed rosy in the rushing dawns. A mysterious hush seemed to lie over the desert country about Casper, and the sage took on a tinge of green. Boomers from other camps, restless for far places with the coming of spring, began crowding the employment windows, and in the soft gloom of the hushed twilights came the sad, plaintive voices of the Mexican laborers, wistfully singing their songs of home. I received word to reassemble my crew, with the additional advice that I would have charge of a dirt-moving camp which would fill in at bridge-heads and culverts. I wondered if Boyd

or Crandall had ever driven a team of mules. Certainly not Crandall, I surmised, remembering what he had said regarding himself when he had joined our track crew. Boyd probably had. He had done everything. But would they come with me at all? I earnestly hoped so. I sincerely liked the odd old pair. But perhaps they had found lighter and more profitable work in the material-yards, where it would not be necessary for them to undergo the inconvenience and often hardship of constantly shifting camp. It takes young men for that sort of thing. But an event occurred shortly which was to prove far-reaching in the lives of the two old men, and upon my own leave an indelible impression.

I met the three of them, one evening, walking toward town, where I was bound for cigarettes. Muldoon acknowledged my formal greeting with an ingratiating twist of his corkscrew tail and a friendly wheeze through his pushed-back nose. We talked of the coming job. They would, they assured me, be glad to go—had expected to from the beginning. Presently we were before Long Jack's saloon, where an orchestra was filling the soft spring night with the raucous blare of trombone and cornet. "Will you have a drink, gentlemen?" I suggested.

"I will and he won't," Crandall replied. The long lower lip of old Boyd was beginning to protrude stubbornly when, suddenly, the door of the saloon flew open and I heard a sibilant whisper: "Get him." There was a rush, an eager whine, and a blurred streak of white hit Muldoon, bowling him over and off the high wooden sidewalk. I stepped closer through the growing darkness, and discovered that the thing was a white pit bulldog, such as is bred

for the fighting-game, muzzled, and, therefore, unable to cause damage but nevertheless going in with short, savage, determined rushes. Muldoon was throwing his great shoulder and loose-hanging jowl against the white dog's attack, and glancing questioningly at his friends. His ridiculous short tail was wagging, but he was puzzled and appeared to be asking: "What's this? A new game?" The two old men seemed for the moment speechless, and gazed wonderingly at the now frantic but impotent pit dog. It was then that I heard a laugh and a voice saying sneeringly: "Seems to be a good thing for the old lap-dog he's muzzled." A man, one I recognized as a faro-dealer in Long Jack's place, came out the door, and glanced at the struggling dogs with amused contempt. By this time Crandall had a firm hold on the collar of the white brute, and in that instant Boyd came to life. With a leap, surprisingly nimble in one so old, he was before the gambler, his voice cracked and scarcely audible from rage. "Lap-dog, is ut?" he screamed, jumping about in front of his tormentor and waving his arms. "Mully could eat your pot hound's guts out while ye're flippin' a card, ye damned tin horn. Take your alley scum and get out of me sight before I murder ye both."

But the gambler only laughed quietly. "How much have you got that says so?"

"I have no money and it's you that knows ut. But Mully'll kill him for nawthin'."

"I wouldn't let the pup get dirtied up; but I *would* like to see him eat up that damned bow-legged pet you lug around for a dog."

I had forgotten about Crandall, and just as I stepped forward, reaching for

my slender supply of bills, the old man suddenly brushed past me, still clutching the collar of the pit bull. "Take your dog, sir," he said, with an air of quiet command in his voice. The gambler drew a leash from his pocket and snapped it onto the dog's collar. "Now," Crandall continued, "you said something about money, I believe. How much would you let your dog get 'dirtied up' for, to use your own expression?" There was a knife-edge to his voice, and the gambler glanced at him curiously. "Oh, I don't reckon you could bet a heap," he replied, allowing an insulting glance to rove up and down the denim-clad figure of the belligerent old man before him. "Whatever you want. Five hundred?" He laughed outright.

For reply Crandall's hand dove into a hip-pocket, and brought forth a much-worn bill-folder. "Here," he said quietly, "are five traveller's checks, making a total of one thousand dollars. I can have another thousand or five thousand in the bank here by noon to-morrow. I'll bet it all that Muldoon, here, can kill your vicious beast in a straight fight to be held no earlier than one month from now."

The face of the gambler was an interesting study. He swallowed and the easy smile left his lips. Finally he spoke and there was sudden respect in his voice. "I can't cover your thousand, old-timer, but I can raise the money if you'll give me a little time."

"I'll give you until nine o'clock to-morrow to have the money in Long Jack's hands. If it isn't there at that time, I'll see that you're laughed out of town." With that the old man turned on his heel and, followed by Boyd, Muldoon, and me, proceeded down the street. Feeling Boyd tugging at my

sleeve I glanced down, and the face that I saw peering at me in utter bewilderment was that of a sleep-walker. "Five grand," he whispered; "you wuz right. The old scout's been robbin' a bank."

The month that followed was one of feverish activity. I can see them yet, those two old men, laboring at the pumping handles of the hand-car while Muldoon, his tongue lolling from between his great jaws, his bloodshot eyes seeming to ask his friends what it was all about, toiled after them. They had made him leather pads to protect his feet against the sharp cinders of the track. When they stopped for rest Boyd would pick the dog up in his arms while he cursed him lovingly. Each night, after a long, hot, dusty day behind a pair of mules, pulling a slip or a Fresno, they did their required stint, exercising Muldoon. Soon they were running him three, four, even five miles. How Muldoon must have hated the sight of that hand-car! Yet, he never faltered in his faith. His love for his two friends was greater than the agonies of weariness he suffered. His ribs, hitherto so well padded with easy living, began to mark his brindle hide. Great bunches of muscle corded his legs and chest, and his head seemed to sink lower between his huge shoulders, his benched legs to spread farther apart. "Would ye look at him?" Boyd would ask admiringly. "The deapth av his chist. Lung power there, me bhoy, and endurance. Have a look at thim jaw muscles! They could snap a dog's leg like I'd snap the stim of me clay pipe."

The question of diet was a source of bickering and discussion between the two old men. Never was a prize-fighter's menu watched more closely than were the daily rations of Muldoon. Much free advice was given by the other

members of the crew, whose interest in the coming battle waxed as the days flew by. "Keep to your mule-skinning and leave the care av a fightin'-dog to thim that understands it," Boyd would sniff contemptuously. Nor did he take more kindly to the probably expert suggestions offered by the sporting fraternity of Casper. Here interest was almost as keen as in our camp. When, as was occasionally necessary, I went in for supplies, I was besieged with questions. The town, I found, was solidly of the opinion that Muldoon would be killed. "Sure he's got the guts," Long Jack said to me, "but he can't hold. Not with that undershot jaw. The other dog was made for fighting. Muldoon wasn't. If he should be lucky enough to get his back teeth locked on a leg it'll be good night. He can hold with *them*. But I don't think he'll ever get that hold, and he must if he's to have any chance at all. Why, look! How could he ever hang on with that lower jaw sticking out a half-inch beyond the upper? You should never have allowed the fight. Not if you want to keep your dog." And I was afraid, bitterly afraid, that he was right. Stopping the affair, however, wasn't thinkable. No, disastrous as the end might be, the thing would have to go through. As the day for the fight drew nearer my spirits steadily declined. I, too, loved this great, kindly humorous friend of mine, and the thought of him dying in a pit fight before my eyes made me a little sick. Die he might, but quit he never would, I was certain of that. Not with the gallant heart that has ever been an attribute of his breed.

Two days before the date of the fight both the old men appeared to be satisfied with Muldoon's condition. They had done everything humanly possible to prepare him for the terrible ordeal

which he was to go through, an ordeal which even their blind faith in the powers of the English bull could not minimize.

We were a silent company as we rode, on the train, from Shoshone to Casper. Muldoon occupied a seat with Boyd, while Crandall and I sat facing them. He was a privileged passenger, always, on that line. Of the four of us he appeared to be the least concerned. A scuttling rabbit brought him up against the windows of the car, giving vent to his rusty, unused bark. He had never been able to bark properly, nor had he succeeded in driving from his mind the conviction that one day he would literally run a cottontail to death. His faith in his own powers was sublime.

The fight, we found after arrival in Casper, would be held in an unused ice-house back of Long Jack's saloon. Here the footing would be good and rude seats, hastily knocked together, ran to the low roof. Jack had ever an alert eye out for business. Admission, at five dollars the head, was to be charged. I cared nothing for that. What I would have liked, better than anything I could think of, was to be back in the quiet of my camp, sitting lazily in the sun, watching the misty edges of the Wind Rivers where streams rushed and there were valleys, cool and deep and sweet. I regretted, bitterly, the deliberate insult on the part of that inconsequential faro-dealer. Yet I did not blame old Crandall. I would have put up my puny capital if he hadn't stepped into the breach. Where had the doughty old chap gotten all that money? The thought occurred to me even as Long Jack, in the person of master of ceremonies, began to instruct Boyd, Crandall, and the faro-dealer, the most interested parties, as to the rules which

would govern the contest. Where had he unearthed that money? A thousand dollars he had wagered without so much as the tremble of an eyelash, and offered to get five thousand more. The gambler had eventually raised his end of the stake among his friends. Among these there appeared to be an atmosphere of assurance. The white dog, they seemed to believe, couldn't lose. I heard grim stories of bloody battles from which he had emerged the victor—tales of a foot stripped of its flesh in breaking a hold, of bowels ripped by the long, razorlike claws of a badger in a fight down on the island. Certainly, I thought, he looked the killer. Already he was whining and straining toward Muldoon, who sat, with Boyd and Crandall, at the edge of the cleared space, wagging his ridiculous tail, his long tongue lolling out.

The stentorian voice of Long Jack rose above the babble of sounds about the ring. He held up an admonitory hand. The fight would take place immediately, the dogs would be put down at their respective sides of the ring, and the fight, from that point on, would go as they elected. There would be no intervals, no picking up of dogs, no help from an owner, once the fight had begun. These rules might not be in any book, but they were *his* rules and, by God, he would see that they were enforced. Are you ready, gentlemen? Put down your pups!

Old Boyd, his arms about Muldoon, had been whispering rapidly and continuously into his ear, pronouncing, I have no doubt, a spell upon the white beast across the ring, straining forward so eagerly in his master's arms. At the word of Long Jack he gave Muldoon one parting squeeze, sighed a deep, almost sobbing sigh, and stepped back. I

observed that his furrowed cheeks were wet with tears. "Go git 'im, bhoy," he whispered.

Muldoon turned to glance up into the face of his old friend, and as he did so the white dog hit him. Instinctively, the great shoulder of Muldoon met the attack and his jowl, tough as the sole of a track-walker's boot, took the rip of the gleaming fangs. He whirled; but he was a split second too late. The pit dog, trained machine that he was, had flashed back to the attack hardly changing in his stride, and before the slower-moving Muldoon, still not quite certain that this wasn't a new and friendly game, could meet the charge had secured a hold just back of the jaw on the throat. A yell rose from the crowd. "He's got it. The fight's over. Good night." Then I saw something and, unconsciously, I groaned aloud. With each movement of the struggle which gave a fraction of an inch of slack, the smaller dog's punishing matched jaws ate in deeper toward the pulsing life which lay just below. It was then that I heard it first—that strange, deep, rusty growl. I saw his great head flash down with the speed of a snake's and, twisting in the loose hide, turn under the jaws of the pit bull. Then, with the leverage thus obtained, Muldoon began to gather himself. With a mighty surge of his great muscles he threw the other upward and out, breaking the hold. But not without price. A spurt of blood followed the ripping teeth; but from that point Muldoon began to fight. Instantly the crowd caught the difference, and there was wild cheering. This wasn't the good-natured old chap who had gone into the fight his stump of a tail wagging. There was something deadly in the slow, methodical pursuit which he then took up. The pit bull was in

and out, striving, always striving, for the chance which would give him the hold he sought—the leg or throat. Old Muldoon seemed to sense this and met every charge with his fore feet far back beneath his body, presenting only his great chest or the tough, leathery jowl for the teeth of his adversary. Again and again he secured a minor grip on the flying white dog, only to lose it as the slippery folds of hide rolled from between his ill-matched jaws. He was taking dreadful punishment, and it was only his great strength which was saving him. Time and again the white dog secured a position of vantage, and always Muldoon was able to shake him off. Bleeding and torn in a dozen places, fighting through an instinct handed down from the days when his forebears were pitted against the savage black bulls of England, he never faltered or gave an inch or failed to meet the attack square on.

Ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty. Both dogs were much spent, Muldoon's cropped ears were slit to ribbons and he had lost much blood. It did not seem possible that they could keep their feet much longer; yet the savage intensity of the struggle seemed scarcely diminished. The pit dog had not escaped unhurt. One fore foot was almost stripped of its flesh where it had slipped from Muldoon's jaws, and he was showing the effect of the greater weight of his relentless opponent. Indeed, it now appeared that Muldoon was carrying the fight to the white dog. It was a strange, deadly, all but soundless struggle, only their labored breathing and the gurgling note of battle reaching our ears through the tense quiet of the barnlike structure.

I had begun to hope that my old friend might yet emerge the victor from this, his first fight, when the thing hap-

pened, too quickly for my eye to follow. I heard only a short, bitter curse from Boyd and then a shout from the crowd when I realized that, unless a miracle occurred, Muldoon had lost the struggle and with it his life. It was simply, as any of the fancy could have told me, the breaks of the game coming, at last, to one old in the craft—and the white dog was a fighter with a long history of winning. He had secured the hold he had so long been seeking, just below the first joint of the left fore leg. For a long moment Muldoon trembled with the pain of it, shaking the pinioned paw before him pitifully. Then, from the very depths of him came such a bellow as only agony and rage could bring forth, and with every atom of strength left in his legs he threw himself forward upon the now almost inert white dog. There was a sharp snap as they went down together and I saw a face, sharply constricted with pain and ashen in color, turn helplessly toward me. It was Boyd, and I knew then that Muldoon's leg was broken. It was such a moment as I do not care to live through again. Yet, even as I tasted the bitterness of my thoughts and began to prepare myself for what, inevitably, must follow, I heard a murmur running through the crowd which quickly swelled to a shout. Forcing my eyes back upon the struggling pair in the centre of the cleared space, I saw that again they were on their feet but *both their heads were down*. Old Boyd and Crandall were flat on the ground, their eyes peering beneath the straining confusion of the dogs' bodies. When, at last, they lifted their faces to each other, I saw there a look of ineffable content and satisfaction. In a moment I was beside them and understood the meaning of that look. The fight was, or soon

would be, over. The wide jaws of Muldoon were full, to the back teeth, of the white dog's throat. The killer had, for a moment, dropped his guard after he had secured the hold which, ordinarily, would have been sufficient to insure victory, and this, occurring at the exact moment of Muldoon's forward rush, had given him his opportunity. Even as I crouched near them I heard the breath of the terrier coming through his still gamely clinched teeth in whistling gasps. Little by little I saw the jaws slacken in their grip upon Muldoon's broken leg and I suffered for both of them. It could not last. The crushing jaws of Muldoon were shutting off the pit dog's supply of air and he was swiftly suffocating. In a little while, unless intervention came, the stout-hearted little battler would be dead. He felt death coming, too, for an instant later his jaws relaxed and as they did so a pitiful, almost apologetic little whine escaped him. Still he struggled, with growing weakness, to break Muldoon's hold. He may as well have pitted his fading strength against time itself, for that was all that lay between him and the mist which would soon close his eyes forever. I jumped to my feet and rushed to the gambler, who was standing in an attitude of utter dejection, nervously chewing his lips. "Here, you," I yelled at him. "Come get your dog if you want him alive. This fight's over." The gambler leaped to the side of the struggling dogs with a grateful "Thanks" and, jerking from his pocket a flask, poured the contents into Muldoon's eyes and pushed-back nostrils. The result was instantaneous. With a gasp Muldoon's locked jaws flew open and the white dog was free. The gambler raised him in his arms, still struggling to renew the fight, and walked

hastily through the crowd. Boyd had picked up his torn, blood-covered friend and suddenly I realized, with a great rush of relief, that this thing which we had all dreaded through the weeks was over and that Muldoon had won—won over a handicap that had made it an uneven contest from the outset, the punishing, matched teeth of a trained pit bull-terrier.

As we passed through Long Jack's saloon, I saw Jack come quickly around the end of the bar and stuff a great bundle of bills into Crandall's hand. He seemed scarcely to acknowledge it, but stuffed the money loosely into his pocket and reached out his arms to Boyd for his ripped and bloody burden. A veterinary offered his services, and soon Muldoon's broken leg was in splints, and the three of us were walking as quickly as possible through the crowds toward the material-yards, where we would await our train for home.

The short cut we had taken led us past a Pullman car which had been left upon a siding. As we neared the car I chanced to glance up and saw a young woman's face framed in one of the windows. There was, in the look she bent upon old Crandall, such an expression of horror mingled with disgust that I offered to take Muldoon from him in order that we might remove ourselves from her sight with all possible speed. We must have appeared a disreputable crew. Poor old Muldoon's many wounds had bled profusely and Joseph's coat could have been no more incarnadined than Crandall's. But the old man only shook his head. "I got him into this. I'll carry him home." At that moment I heard running steps and turned to observe the young woman of the Pullman window. Her face still bore its look of horror, but now, it seemed to

me, she was also thoroughly angry. "Father!" I think I have never heard more contempt packed into a single word. Old Crandall turned to her slowly. There seemed to be no element of surprise in his face. It was exactly as though something which had always been inevitable had happened, and for just an instant I thought I saw in his eyes a look of harried, helpless defeat. The jaunty air which had characterized him during the past year seemed to fall from him like a garment and he was, suddenly, a beaten, tired old man. "Well, Margaret, so you've come?" Then back to me: "I'll meet you in the yards in a little while." As the two of them walked back toward the Pullman I saw the young woman talking swiftly, her hands fluttering in expressions of disdain. Old Crandall seemed not to answer, and somehow I wanted to run after him and bring him back to old Boyd and Muldoon and the mules and the camp and the swearing, yelling skinkers. Boyd tugged at my arm. "Leave him be. There's things ye can't monkey with and that's wan av thim." And with a little sigh the old man started trudging back toward the yards, facing his vagabond life as he had faced it before—alone.

"I'd have gone crazy," Crandall explained to us later as we sat in the mess-car used as a dining-hall by the Hungarian laborers in the material-yards. "After I retired from active business to allow my son-in-law to run it I found I had a bigger job than ever—waiting to die. They wouldn't even let me alone to do that peacefully. They all ran my life with more energy than I had ever run my business. Morning, noon, and night. I nearly went wild, that first year. Too much of everything. Too many ser-

vants. Too many clothes. Too much food. Too many damn-fool parties. Nothing real in it. I got sick and they tried their best to kill me—with smothering care. I got to thinking—all the rest of my life. Just an inane round of imbecile activities. I couldn't stand it, and one day I walked out. This has been one of the happiest years of my life." We fell silent. After a long moment he began speaking again, sadly. "But I've got to go back. If I stayed, you see, they'd never let me alone and the charm of it would be gone since they'd know all about me again. I guess a man hasn't any right to expect happiness, real happiness, such as I've had here with you and Jim, in this life. It doesn't seem to be in the cards." He walked over and sat down beside old Boyd, who was nervously smoking his pipe and gazing steadily at the floor. "Well, Jim, it seems that I've got to leave you. I'd take you back to where I'm going, but you'd never stay there. You're luckier than I am, Jim, lots luckier." A long interval, and then: "Good-by, old fellow. Take good care of yourself, Jim. We probably won't see each other again. Good-by."

Boyd took his outstretched hand, shook it limply, and stared dumbly at the floor. Crandall sighed and climbed slowly out of the car. "We've had good times," he said, giving me his hand. "I'll never forget it." Then he was gone, walking up the track with lagging step, his head bent as though in weariness. Suddenly I heard a startled exclamation as of a sleeper jarred into wakefulness, and Boyd was rushing past me to climb hurriedly out of the car. He all but fell in his eagerness, but in an instant was running, his bent old legs fairly churning up the cinders, in pursuit of his friend. Crandall turned

when he heard his steps and hastened back, his face shining. What went between them I never knew; but I saw Crandall place his arm about old Boyd's shoulders and slip something into the pocket of his tattered coat, something which, even at a distance, resembled a large bundle of currency. They parted again, at last, and Boyd stood quite still until his friend had disappeared behind a string of box cars. When he rejoined me I saw that his chin was trembling and his eyes were wet,

though he strove, pitifully, for composure. "To hell wit' 'im. Who cares if he goes?" he barked at me in his high, cracked voice.

Who, indeed, more than he? For he left me the next day after a long farewell with Muldoon. He tried mightily for a jaunty bearing as I walked with him to the train; but there was a tragic droop to the corners of his mouth. As the train got under way he leaned from the car-window and waved at me. I never saw or heard of him again.



I Planted Little Trees To-day

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

AROUND the weedy grass-grown fields,
Mid golden-rod and fragrant bay,
The wildings that the poor soil yields,
I planted little trees to-day.

In hollows where pipsissewa
Sends up its sweet and waxy bloom,
Where little nuthatch calls, ha, ha,
And tiny owls wail at the moon,

With love and pride I planted these;
Though well I know I'll not be here,
When they have grown to mighty trees,
Nor hear their music through the year.

Yet, maybe, in the days to come,
A memory shaft they'll build for me,
And through their groves there may walk some
With praise and thanks for every tree!





Progress, Prohibition, and the Democratic Party

BY NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS

Former Governor of Wyoming

The first woman governor, being a "dry" herself, chides those "drys" who refuse to follow a progressive candidate because he does not happen to believe in prohibition. She points to the example of Woodrow Wilson.

IT has become rather a commonplace occurrence in recent years, in groups where political subjects are discussed, to hear the remark: "Oh, there is very little difference between the parties. I vote for the man rather than for the party." And, truth to tell, there is a great deal more independent voting to-day than at any time in the past. Moreover, the proportion of eligible voters who actually cast their ballots is constantly decreasing—to the great alarm of those who think they see in this fact a sign of waning interest in public affairs.

Almost as many different reasons are given for this state of affairs as there are observers. Some profess to see the cause in the direct primary, and they deplore the breakdown of party lines as though the safety of the republic were dependent upon the preservation of partisanship. Others work themselves to a great pitch of excitement over the absentee voter, believing that lack of interest in elections marks a deterioration of the moral fibre of the nation. And yet, if it be true that there is little difference between the two great parties, does that fact not explain both the increase of independent voting and the decrease of voting in general?

If political campaigns are to resolve themselves into mere contests for supremacy between rival groups of office-seekers striving for power, what great compelling motive is there to arouse the enthusiasm of the voters who have no real interest in the exaltation of either faction? And surely they are not to be condemned for ignoring a contest in which there seems to be no real principle involved. But just let some issue be advanced that is close and vital to those voters—something that bears directly upon their own and their children's welfare—and see how their interest will be quickened! Or let there come into the field some personality who captures the imagination of the public, and immediately indifference will give place to militant activity.

The explanation of the present status of things political is not to be found in declining intelligence on the part of the people nor in any real lack of concern for public welfare. It is rather to be found in the fact that the old parties are no longer clearly differentiated along lines of policy, and because of the disposition, even among outstanding political leaders, to resist whatever programme the opposition party happens to adopt, even though in doing so they

violate the historic principles of their own party.

A striking example of this tendency was afforded in the opposition of some Democratic members of Congress at the last session to Secretary Mellon's policy of using the Treasury surplus for the reduction of the national debt rather than for the reduction of taxes. The announcement of his programme was the signal for a score of Democrats to set up a clamor for a reduction of corporation taxes. What could be more inconsistent than for Democrats to urge lower taxes for the corporations just because a Republican secretary of the treasury happened to espouse for the moment a financial policy of Thomas Jefferson?

It was the very fact of divergent and irreconcilable opinions upon this question of public debt that determined in large measure, in the beginning, the alignment of the parties. Hamilton is recognized as the patron saint of the Republican party and Jefferson of the Democratic. Hamilton believed that public debt is a public blessing, but Jefferson threw all the weight of his influence against such a doctrine.

In a memorandum addressed to President Washington in 1792, Jefferson wrote:

"No man is more ardently intent to see the public debt soon and sacredly paid off than I am. This exactly marks the difference between Colonel Hamilton's views and mine, that I would wish the debt paid to-morrow; he wishes it never to be paid, but always to be a thing wherewith to corrupt and manage the legislature."

The point of view thus indicated by Jefferson is still good Democratic doctrine, and, instead of abandoning it just for the pleasure of always opposing Mr. Mellon, the followers of Jefferson

should rather have rejoiced at the temporary conversion of the man who dominates the financial policy of the administration.

This tendency to subordinate public interest to partisan expediency is again illustrated in the attitude of New York legislatures toward the constitutional reform programme of Governor Alfred E. Smith. My understanding is that that programme has consisted chiefly of propositions that during previous administrations were enthusiastically supported by Republican leaders. Yet Republican legislature after legislature, during his régime, has permitted itself to be driven into opposition to an obviously salutary reform programme for no greater reason than political hostility to the Democratic governor. And thus, abandoning principle themselves, they have only served to drive into Governor Smith's fold many thousands who refused to follow their blind leadership, and thereby they materially increased his majorities.

Perhaps the most lamentable example that modern American history affords of this willingness to change principle for the sake of apparent partisan expediency is found in the story of Woodrow Wilson, Henry Cabot Lodge, and the League of Nations. Without doubt many Republican friends of the League to Enforce Peace, who honestly believed that the plan of Woodrow Wilson held healing for the nations, were transformed into foes of the League of Nations merely because a President of the opposing party had become the leader of the cause.

If party principles are no more stable than indicated by the examples I have given, how can we criticise the element of our citizenship that recoils from partisan politics and refuses to become

identified with it? The only justification for the existence of political parties is that they afford citizens a medium through which they may give expression to their views of the policies upon which government should be conducted. If there is to be no clear differentiation, then there is nothing to hold the voter except the name. And that is the condition which has existed for some time in the United States. The old issues which divided our fathers no longer claim our interest, and upon the new issues the pros and the cons are to be found in both parties.

In the West there are thousands of citizens, and scores of leaders even, who call themselves Republicans but who have no place—on present-day issues—in the same party with ultraconservative Republicans like Coolidge, Mellon, and Hughes. Their allegiance is maintained only by considerations of practical politics. Hope springs eternal in the human breast! The lure of possible control of the party organization some time in the future is what holds them in line. Western farmers who are supporting Governor Lowden for the Republican nomination for the presidency hope, by winning control of the convention, to make the party progressive and at the same time to retain the fealty of the unthinking who follow the party name no matter what it stands for.

The situation is no different with the Democrats—with the exception that most of the Democratic leaders are progressive, while most of the Republicans are conservative. It is certain that if those members of both parties who hold progressive and liberal views could align themselves in the same political organization, so that one party would be wholly conservative and one wholly

progressive, it would immediately eliminate all ground for complaint that there is no difference between the parties. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and, if the signs of the times are read aright, it is not unlikely that by slow process a complete political realignment is even now taking place, and it is quite within the realms of possibility that by the time the next presidential campaign is waged the division between the two great parties may again have become clear.

Fundamentally the Democratic party stands, or stood, for a liberal policy. Its founder, Thomas Jefferson, laid down the principle that government may be confidently and safely intrusted to the ultimate good sense and virtue of the people, as opposed to the theory of Hamilton that the nation would be best served by class government. The party of Hamilton, of course, was wholly destroyed in his own lifetime, but his philosophy still guides the conservative.

The lines which separated Jefferson and Hamilton are the only lines upon which parties may logically divide. Throughout our history the political struggle has always been between the progressive and the conservative. The conservative thinks first of property interests, the liberal of human interests. The conservative eschews that which is new, the liberal tries it. There is merit in both attitudes. The liberal policy is necessary to achieve progress, the conservative to hold it after it has been won. Both camps have the vices of their virtues. The danger to the conservative is the tendency to tolerate exploitation by selfish interests; to the liberal radicalism presents a peril. However, it must be recognized that every great achievement in this country has been won by progressives, and the American

people are essentially a progressive people.

The so-called forces of reaction have from time to time in the past dominated both parties, but during the last fifteen or twenty years the leaders of the Republican party have been gradually growing more and more conservative and those of the Democratic party more and more progressive, while the rank and file in both parties have been asserting more independence.

This fact is the explanation of the repeated efforts that have been made to make the Republican party wholly progressive. Theodore Roosevelt almost succeeded while he was President, but even he, master statesman and political strategist that he was, failed to accomplish his purpose. The Republican convention of 1912 was the scene of the triumph of the conservative. Under Wilson the Democratic party accomplished most, if not all, of the legislative aims of the Progressives and became entitled to inherit the strength of that movement. But love of party, like love of country, is a strong motive, and Republican progressives returned to the old camp-fires, hoping to gain control again within the party. The La Follette independent movement in 1924 was another sign of the failure, and the veto of the McNary-Haugen bill by President Coolidge may yet go down in history as the turning-point in this slow process of realignment.

Not that the terms of this bill are generally understood, or that in itself it is the ark of the covenant of progressivism in the Republican party. It is merely a symbol of an attitude of mind. Its supporters are those who believe that the first consideration of government is the welfare of the masses. Its opponents are those who believe that government

should first protect the interests of Big Business. The Coolidge veto has made farm relief the issue in the Republican party. Governor Lowden and Vice-President Dawes are the heirs of the progressive aspiration in the Republican party, and that two such men, who owe their fortunes to Big Business, should now be counted among the leaders of the last feeble liberal movement in the Republican party is in itself a very striking proof of how weak and thin has become the Roosevelt spirit in the party he once dominated.

Neither of these gentlemen has aroused any enthusiasm among the independent Westerners who elect the La Follettes, the Norrises, the Brookharts, and without that enthusiasm it is difficult to imagine that they can be successful in turning back those eminently practical Republican strategists who control the party in Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts. The next Republican convention, then, is likely to see the complete collapse of the progressive movement within the Republican party. The Democratic party will then be in position to come into its own, to become once more, for all the country—North, South, East, and West—the party of Jefferson, the party of those who are dedicated to the conviction that the government should be administered at all times for the benefit of all the people and not for any particular class or group.

There are at the present time vital problems of a political and economic nature, national and international in scope, that properly challenge the immediate attention of all our people—problems the settlement of which cannot be justifiably deferred. Corruption in public office, the debauching of elections, international peace, the conserva-

tion of natural resources, and others are matters of such importance to every group of society that their consideration should not be neglected or postponed.

The opportunity which now presents itself to the Democratic party to define a programme and to offer a candidate who will appeal to the progressive sentiments of the country may be entirely lost and these great issues will become obscured, if the leaders of the party insist upon concentrating public attention upon a moral question that is already settled and has been settled since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted.

The record of my private and official life entitles me to classify myself as a "dry." Though my personal experience as governor has taught me how difficult it is to enforce prohibition successfully, and notwithstanding the failure of the present national administration and other agencies to cope with violations of the law, I still believe that it should and will be maintained. Even in the present unsatisfactory state of things with respect to enforcement, I am convinced that a large element of our population has been benefited—chiefly the underprivileged poor who cannot afford to buy the execrable bootleg product that is destroying the health and morals of countless thousands of our people, young and old. Still, speaking as a convinced dry, I cannot believe that prohibition is or should be made a partisan issue.

It is my conviction that those dry Democrats who insist that the Democratic nomination for President shall hinge upon a declaration of the personal views of the candidate upon the merits or efficacy of prohibition are serving neither the cause of prohibition nor the best interests of the Democratic party.

My own position as a dry Democrat is that when some Democrat presents his candidacy to the party on a wet platform, then and then only will it be time for dry Democrats to take up the cudgels against him. Let us not forget that dry enthusiasts in the Republican party have never yet demanded that any presidential candidate in that party declare himself a convinced dry. So far as I know, President Coolidge has never yet stated where his sympathies lie with reference to prohibition, and, now that he has eliminated himself from further consideration as a candidate, no demands have been made of Messrs. Lowden, Hughes, Hoover, Dawes, Longworth, or any other Republican "possibility" that he declare himself. And properly so—the Republican "dry" is content to have a candidate who is a *Republican*, whether he is personally wet or dry. The Republican voters are concentrating their attention on the conflicting views with respect to farm relief that distinguish the Western and Eastern wings of the party, and the Democratic leader who imagines that the Democratic party has the slightest chance of winning the next election on the prohibition issue is, in my judgment, a victim of self-deception.

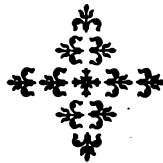
To be successful in a presidential election, the Democratic party must induce a considerable defection from Republican ranks. This it cannot do merely by nominating a convinced dry. If the Democratic party ever could have won an election on the dry issue, it would have done so with Bryan, for there never was a more zealous dry Democrat. But surely no one will dispute the statement that, had Bryan made such a race, the Republican dries would have applauded his views—while voting for their own candidate.

Republican conservatives, who may with confidence look forward to control of the next Republican convention, must regard with great satisfaction the effort of "dry" progressives in the Democratic party to divide that organization on an issue which the Republicans so wisely and properly avoid. It seems very strange indeed that men and women who with unstinted devotion aided Woodrow Wilson to write the magnificent chapter of progressive achievements that will always be associated with his name should now lend themselves to a movement within the party that threatens to destroy the progressive cause. I do not remember having heard of a single dry Democrat resigning any office of honor or profit under Wilson because he vetoed the Volstead Act. I do not remember having heard of a single dry Democrat refusing to accept responsibility under Wilson because of that veto. And I have yet to hear any one deny that law-enforcement under Wilson, opponent of the Volstead Act though he was, was better than it has been at any time since he left the White House.

"Dry" progressive Democrats who refuse to work with progressive Democrats who happen not to believe in prohibition are putting themselves in the position of subordinating living issues to an issue that is settled. Prohibition is not the paramount issue, and it is a mistake for Democrats to act as though it were. It may also be a mistake for

"drys" to act as though it were. We have the Eighteenth Amendment and we have the Volstead Act. For us to conduct ourselves as though we did not have them is only to keep the public attention concentrated upon the question. If the organized "drys" continue to apply to all potential presidential candidates in the Democratic party the test of private conviction as to the desirability of the law, consistency demands that the same test be applied to potential candidates in the Republican party. Dry enthusiasts cannot direct all their fire at the candidates of one party without laying their good faith open to challenge. And if once the conviction gets abroad that the organized dry movement is only an adjunct of one party, it is bound to suffer. If, however, the issue should be injected into both parties, the result might very easily be an out-and-out struggle between the wets and the drys. The wets would thus achieve that very referendum which has thus far been prevented.

No doubt there are many sincere and honest citizens, both wet and dry, who believe that the country should forget all other issues and concentrate on this. The difficulty is that there would be no end to the agitation as long as there remain people who will use liquor. The result most certainly would be severe loss to the progressive cause, for the history of special privilege teaches us that it never thrives better than when the public eye is turned in some other direction.





Bridal Birch

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

ON angel wings of light
Past man's devising,
In the mystic wood arising,
A silver spirit gleams
With silvery dreams—
Her argent body bright,
Shimmering in night—
In the dewy moonlight fair,
With streaming hair,
And cool and lustrous body bare.
So in the dark and dew
When Adam came to woo,
Might Eve have stood,
In the starry wood,
In Eden's odorous solitude,
Bridal and beautiful,
A chalice with love's cordial brimming full,
Trembling all over,
Waiting her lover.

Waiting some sweetheart now
My birch-tree stands,
With delicate stars burning about her brow;
With vestal silvery hands
And wild still hair alight,
Her argent body bright,
Faintly in the far wood gleaming,
A virgin of rapture dreaming,
Her heart's flower opening wide,
A spirit and a bride,
Trembling with joyous power,
Knowing love's hour.



“Steward, Four More of the Same”

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATION BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Colonel Roosevelt in his journeyings has run across many strange characters. This story of a character even stranger than Lawrence of Arabia is based on fact.

THE ship had been ploughing all day through the Red Sea. There had not been a breath of air. The smooth blue water rolled to each side in undulating ridges as the bow drove forward. Now night had fallen with tropical abruptness. The hull still radiated heat, but a gentle breeze cooled the sweat-drenched passengers.

The bar was on the front deck of the boat. The windows were open. The brown varnished tables and ornate carved panels gleamed in the electric light with all the meretricious ostentation of a Pullman car.

Around one of these tables four men gathered. They were in shirt-sleeves and the perspiration showed in dark blotches on their rumpled clothing. A white-clad bartender noiselessly set long frosted drinks in front of them. They clasped them lovingly. The cold of the glasses was like the hand of a trained nurse on a fever-patient's brow. Slowly sipping, letting the ice bob against their lips, they talked in desultory fashion of people and places.

All four were men of wide experience. All four had travelled and lived in many lands. They had seen not only the smooth surface of things but the under side, where the seams show.

One was from the Forest Service in

Burmah, where he had spent long, lonely days in the jungle. One ran a rubber-plantation at Penang. One was a shipping-agent from Shanghai. One, an American, was an automobile salesman in upper India.

Lazily the talk drifted from person to place—from Jan Bahadur to Chieng Mai. Gradually it centred on the great desert that lay to the north of them with its hidden fastnesses and immemorial mysteries. Some one mentioned Lawrence and the weird penance he was performing in the tank corps at Karachi.

The American salesman from upper India spoke:

Lawrence is not as strange a character to my way of thinking as a man I knew in “Mesopotamia” during the War. His name was Burrage—Albert Wither- spoon Burrage. He was the small, dark type of Englishman that is not English at all but Briton. Though small, he was wiry and always in the pink. Generally he was very quiet—the kind of a man who seems always to be waiting for you to say something. He had no sense of humor and was one of the most literal men I have ever known.

The Burrages were a middle-class English family from Manchester. The

father was a manufacturer in a small way. There were four children, three boys and a girl. They lived in a square, ugly brick house, furnished in typical mid-Victorian fashion — rosewood chairs, a heavy bronze clock, and a large chromo of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on their wedding-day. Their life was as respectable and uninteresting as a leg of mutton.

Drab childhood turned into drab youth. Albert, whose very name was a reminder of the era his parents represented, went to a good ordinary school. At seventeen he graduated and became a clerk in the London Midlands Bank at Manchester.

The years rolled by. There was nothing to distinguish him in any way from countless other young fellows with white collars and limited horizons. Suddenly, when he was twenty-one, he began to bet on the horse-races and drink. For a while it passed unnoticed. Then he went on a pretty large party. His father heard of it. The respectable manufacturer was shocked to the core. There was an explosion. Albert was silent but unrepentant. After a stormy twenty-four hours the older man said he could not have Albert in Manchester disgracing the family name. He paid the boy's debts, got him a position in the Asiatic Bank in Cairo, and told him to get out.

Albert Burrage once described to me the start of that voyage. He sailed from Southampton. It was a gray, foggy day. The wire hawsers and railings were beaded with moisture. He stood by the companionway and watched the half-oranges, broken crates, paper, and refuse of all kinds washing to and fro in the oily water. He said he felt a bit down in the mouth.

Cairo is a delightful city. The streets

show fictitiously clean in the bright tropical sun. It is both East and South, and combines the attraction of both. By day the white plaster of wall and dome matches the clouds in the blue sky. Greasy natives throng the streets, driving ahead of them underfed burros laden with piles of merchandise. Occasionally a stately man of the desert strides by with proudly squared shoulders. The street venders shout their interminable cries.

By night the genii of the "Arabian Nights" transmute all into a fairy scene. The white buildings are bathed in moonlight. The shadows lie in pools of darkness. In the bazaars lights twinkle. Dim figures glide to and fro. Some stringed instrument twangs and a voice chants a plaintive monotonous melody.

It was to this city and this atmosphere that Albert Burrage, late of Manchester, came. All day long he worked at the bank and did well. He took a house with a high-walled garden in one of the suburbs. In the evening he was moderately social. Though he saw a good deal of the European society of the city, he took a keen interest in native life and spent much of his time studying the various languages, especially Arabic.

The years passed. One day the bank manager said casually to Burrage: "It would be an advantage to be a Mohammedan in dealing with the natives. I am sure you could understand their thoughts better." Quietly Burrage remarked: "I am a Mohammedan."

For a moment the manager was too surprised to speak. Then he tried to find out when and why this had happened. Burrage was as uncommunicative as usual. After half an hour's close questioning the manager got merely a

vague impression that it was a case of "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

After this he watched his subordinate more closely. Soon rumors reached him of strange happenings in the low plaster house where Burrage lived. Behind the high walls of the garden there were native women who were not there as servants.

Again the manager called the clerk and questioned him. "Yes, there are native women there," Burrage said. "They are my harem. You see, I am a Mohammedan."

This was pretty steep from the British point of view. There were certain things an employee of the Asiatic Banking Corporation did not do. A man might be a Mohammedan. That was his own personal affair. Keeping a harem was a gray horse of a very different color.

After considerable thought the manager told Burrage that he would either have to close his zenana or leave the company's employ. Burrage left the company's employ.

He had some money of his own, inherited from his mother. He continued living in Cairo in the house with the walled garden.

In the outposts of empire social lines are loosely drawn. This is necessary or there would be very little society. Men who wander to far-away places have generally a tolerant attitude toward life. They are apt to have done a number of things that might seem odd in Kew.

Burrage's faith and harem were politely ignored and he associated with his fellow Europeans. In the group that he knew were the German consul and his wife. The consul was a fat little Teuton, rather dull and pompous, with a round face that seemed to be always shining with sweat. His wife was a tall

woman with faded yellow hair and a flat white face.

Time passed. Everything seemed much as usual. Suddenly one morning the harem in the house with the walled garden and the German consul were left alone. Burrage and the German woman had bolted.

There was quite a stir. The fat little consul was furious. His dignity as representative of the German Government had been insulted. He had been shamed before all by an English clerk. He went to the authorities. The affair became in a mild way a *cause célèbre*. The British forbade Burrage the Near East.

Meanwhile the guilty couple had been living placidly at Constantinople. Abruptly they decided it had all been a mistake. The Frau went back to the consul, leaving Burrage alone.

One place in the world was forbidden to him, the Near East. Naturally that was where he wished to be. He disguised himself and drifted into Asia Minor. In some unknown fashion he made his way into Kurdistan, the roughest part of the country. There the natives are practically independent and as barbarous and courageous as they had been in the days when they rolled rocks on Xenophon and his battle-scarred ten thousand. Burrage dropped completely out of sight.

Some years later, word drifted to the British Intelligence that in the Kurdish mountains there was an Englishman who had great influence with the native tribes. He had gone native, and dressed and lived as one of them. He was married to the daughter of the most powerful of the native chiefs and was a big man in the country.

It was Burrage. How he had escaped being killed, by what means he had worked his way to power, will always

be a mystery. At no time did he tell any one what happened from the time he left Constantinople until he next appeared as a petty Kurdish princeling. Suffice it to say that there he was.

The troubled year of 1914 arrived. Suddenly in August, like a clap of thunder, the World War broke. The nations joined battle. England as usual had been caught unprepared. Her lazy good nature and pride had as often before brought her to desperate straits. Laboriously she was gathering her great but loosely knit strength.

I had worked so long by Englishmen in English possessions that I felt more or less English myself. It seemed to me that the least I could do, in return for the chance I had had of making my living in her possessions, was to stand by England now. I joined the forces and was sent to Cairo, where headquarters were established for operating in Palestine and Arabia and protecting the Suez Canal.

There I was detailed to the Intelligence Corps. We were all new to the job—men from tea-plantations, archaeological expeditions, or mere wanderers; with an occasional hide-bound regular who despised the rest and fretted himself into apoplexy, because he could not apply the army regulations which he had been brought up to consider infallible.

We had an office in a long, low building which heated to fever-pitch by noon and resembled an oven from then until after dark. There we struggled to organize the semblance of order.

One day in early October a slight dark man with a weather-beaten face entered. He was neatly dressed in ordinary civilian clothes. He came to me, as I was the nearest to the door, and said: "My name is Albert Witherspoon

Burrage. I know a bit about the natives in this end of the world. Could you tell me to whom to apply? I'd like to join up."

I directed him to the acting chief, a good though limited chap from the R. F. A. by the name of Brownell. After a brief interview Burrage was given the proper instructions as to how to proceed to get a commission.

Before he had finally matriculated some kind friend in Cairo turned up with the story of his past. Then there was hell to pay.

Brownell was all for firing him out, lock, stock, and barrel—officer and gentleman—his Majesty's service—and all that sort of business.

We civilians maintained that this was war, not army-post life, and that what we wanted were men who could help us win, regardless of whether they would be admitted to the best clubs. For some days we had it out hot and heavy, while Burrage maintained his usual imperturbable calm. Finally we won out, largely because Burrage furnished some information to Brownell which clearly demonstrated his worth. The ex-princeling of the Kurds became a subaltern in the British army.

Among our corps he had few friends. Indeed, I think I was closest to him of any, and by no stretch of the imagination could I have been called his intimate. However, I saw him on and off and occasionally spent an evening with him. It was in that way that I learned much of the rough outline of his life I have given.

Sometimes a stray sentence or two would give me a brief glimpse like a lantern-slide of his colorful adventures. Once he told me of discussing the Christian religion with some of the Kurd elders. They were all for adopting

it, but simply in addition to their polyglot faith. From what he said, I gathered that they felt there might be something in it, and they did not wish to offend any god who had power.

At another time a casual allusion to Burrage's son brought the statement that he had seen a native kill his son, not for treason to the state but merely for an infraction of family discipline.

Early in the War he volunteered for scouting in the enemy territory. Here he ran into all kinds of red tape, for he did not play the game according to the established rules. To begin with, he insisted on working by himself, for he was a lone wolf. To that no one objected.

His next idiosyncrasy was more serious from the official standpoint. Though he was familiar with the native customs and had lived for years as a native, he refused for some reason to disguise himself on his expeditions. He went into the enemy territory clad in British civilian clothes, or in his uniform. I have always thought that the uniform symbolized to him his redemption. That was all wrong from the standpoint of the service. The traditional spy either dressed himself in the uniform of the enemy forces, or at least as a native of the country he was travelling in.

Added to this, Burrage had a rooted aversion to written reports, which, as any one who has served in the army knows, are the fetich of the military. No amount of pressure could make him draw up those sheaves of papers that clutter official files, and more than once he was on the verge of court martial and dismissal.

The Powers that Be were wild. After his first few expeditions they gravely doubted he had been to the places he

enumerated. They could not see how he had reached them undisguised. It was only when the truth of his reports were attested by after-events that they grudgingly accepted him.

At length he became established as a sort of licensed libertine—the most irregular in our thoroughly irregular service.

He would start on his treks with the minimum of equipment—just what he could carry in his pockets. As some one put it, he lived on his boot-leather. For arms he had a Webley revolver. In the beginning he either walked or rode a horse. Later he used a battered Ford car.

He disappeared sometimes for weeks on end. We would think he had surely been killed when suddenly he would report again, a little thinner, a little more weather-beaten, but otherwise fit enough.

The deserts, with their infinite spaces filled by restless drifting sands, were home to him. He could thread them through the glaring hours of day when the horizon wavered like flame before his eyes, or at night when the shadows of the past seemed to people them with strange shapes.

The natives were terrified of him. We tried to find the reason but failed. They shut up like clams when we mentioned his name. When we asked him the secret of his power he laughed, and said it was merely a question of psychology.

The days passed. The history of his scouting-trips, were they known, would form a wilder tale of adventure than any told in the “Arabian Nights.”

Once, single-handed, he captured the leader of a notorious band which had done much damage to our troops. For some time they had been picking off

British stragglers; for Tommies are incorrigible and will stray like sheep, no matter what the regulations are and regardless of what the dangers may be. This chief, Razuli by name, was locally credited with being invulnerable to bullets or swords, because of some relic of the Prophet he always carried. He was a powerful bearded rascal, as brave and cruel as his ancestors who swept from their desert like a flame and all but conquered Europe. Our soldiers who fell into his hands were fortunate if they were killed resisting capture.

Burrage made up his mind to get him. He laid his plans carefully. Through devious bazaar rumors he found that the chief's weak spot, like that of many a good fighting man before him, was women. In two different villages he had small harems which he used to visit at every opportunity. In order to prevent surprise he always left his body-guard on the main road some distance from the town, and rode in and out alone.

Burrage determined to ambush him. Alone, as always, he set out. He picked a place close to one of these villages where the main road led through a desolate and barren country. Here he lay in wait night after night.

One evening word reached him that Razuli was with his women. All night the Britisher lay in a ditch near the road, his eyes searching for a moving shape, his ears straining for the hoof-beats of a horse. Twice people passed him—once a man driving some donkeys, once a peasant on foot. Through the early hours the blackness covered him like a blanket. Toward morning the moon rose and flooded the country with its light. The scarred hills showed blotches and stripes of black where gully and hummock gathered the shad-

ows. The twisted scrub-bushes seemed like strange animals.

The cold of early dawn had begun to stiffen and cramp the Britisher's limbs when the baked earth telegraphed that a horseman was coming from the town. Tense for action he waited. Suddenly in front of him loomed a rider. The light of the setting moon fell on his face. It was Razuli.

What happened then no one knows. The following afternoon Burrage passed through our picket-lines leading Razuli prisoner.

It was toward the end of 1917. We were beginning to develop our plans for the great offensive which finally crumpled the Turkish power. Burrage's reports were of great value.

One day he left to obtain information regarding a certain powerful native chief who was supposed to be ready to come over to our side if proper inducements were held out. Burrage was directed to report the result of his work within three days. He did not come back.

Our troops were advancing. A week later a sweating column of leathery khaki figures tramped into the town of Ghisa. It was a typical Eastern village. Long rows of mud-walled native houses lined the dusty street. There was not a sign of life except for a few scrawny chickens and some skeleton pariahs that slunk snarling into the houses.

There, in the centre of the street, the sun beating down on it, stood a Ford automobile. The tattered top was coated with a thick layer of white dust. Sitting behind the wheel was a man, his head sunk on his breast. The British sergeant leading the advance-party did not need the horde of flies that rose at his approach to tell him that the man was dead.



The British sergeant leading the advance party did not need the horde of flies that rose at his approach to tell him that the man was dead.

From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

It was Burrage. There was a bullet through his head, and blood and dust were caked on his face and chest.

Some three or four days had passed since he had been killed—shot from one of the houses as he stopped his car. Dead though he was, the natives' horror of him had still remained. Though the grim figure had sat there for days, neither man, woman, nor child in the

village had dared approach the automobile.

For a moment there was silence when the American finished his story. Then the planter from Penang who was stirring a diminutive bit of ice that floated in the half-inch still left of his drink, looked up. "Steward," he said, "four more of the same."



We're on the Air

BY ROY S. DURSTINE

A leading figure in the advertising world, a pioneer in radio advertising, Mr. Durstine gives an inside view of broadcasting, and indicates vast possibilities for the future of radio.

ON an inside wall of the broadcasting studio is a double-glass window. Through it you can look into a sound-proof space slightly larger than a drawing-room on a Pullman car and known as the control-booth.

An engineer twiddles the dials and watches the instruments on his board as vibrations from the studio outside are brought into the booth by direct wire and turned into sound by the speaker in the corner.

A group of men and women are engaged in an occupation unknown five years ago. They are programme-directors, production-managers, radio-engineers, and announcers. They are "getting a balance."

Outside in the studio a brass band of fifty musicians is ranged on one side of

the microphone. An orchestra of forty more is spread on the other side. The band has just finished a rousing march.

The leader looks inquiringly through the window. The people inside nod encouragingly.

"You might tell him to bring those fiddles a little closer," some one suggests as one of the programme-managers starts for the studio.

"And we'll want more of those chimes in this '1812 Overture,'" adds some one else.

"Shall we get the balance on that next?" asks the programme-director as he goes to the door.

"Yes—that overture uses both the band and the orchestra."

"And the fire department!"

"With cannons!"

"If we can get that into the mike

so it comes out like ninety pieces—and sounds like music—I'll never worry about broadcasting anything!" murmurs the radio-engineer.

The rehearsal starts again. Signals are waved through the glass. The conductor stops his musicians, shifts the places of some of them, starts again. Little by little a satisfactory balance is obtained. Other numbers are rehearsed.

The soloist, a singer of great reputation in opera, is comparatively new to broadcasting. He must be tested and shown how to step forward on the soft notes and to turn his face or step backward on notes of piercing quality or heavy volume. He takes the instruction eagerly; in broadcasting, as in everything else, the great ones are great enough to welcome suggestions.

Meanwhile, in other studios on the same floor the evening's programmes are being broadcast. Devious passages take you through hidden corridors into other control-booths where you peer out into other rooms and watch the businesslike process of broadcasting.

Here a man is crouching under a microphone sweeping a handful of corn across a bass drum. To listeners in their homes it sounds like the swish of the sea against a ship's side. The roistering crew, bellowing a song of the foam and pirates bold, prove to be eight earnest young men in business suits holding their sheets of music intently as they stand around the microphone. The colored chef whose darky stories through your receiver suggest a Bert Williams is a sleek young broker type of man who hasn't even a burnt-cork complexion.

But it's within three minutes of time for the programme containing that "1812 Overture" to go on the air. Back in the big studio the musicians are re-

turning from their hasty smokes in the hallway. The calm young man who is to announce this hour is giving the microphone its final placing. In his hand is the typewritten manuscript of what he will say. He glances at a tiny light set in a block of wood resting on the window-sill of the control-booth. The warning will come from that light and the final signal which says that the broadcasting is to begin.

"Quiet, gentlemen, please," says the announcer. "One minute now."

The musicians settle into their positions, careful not to shift their chairs and music-stands, and presently absolute quiet reigns—a vibrant silence, full of the electricity of anticipation. It's a quiet that is quiet. A dropping pin would sound like a crowbar falling through a greenhouse.

The announcer raises his arm and clears his throat. He won't have another chance for quite a while. His eyes are fastened on that light.

It changes. His arm drops. And then in the most genial of conversational tones he reads the opening announcement.

However many times you stand in a broadcasting studio, when that moment comes you must be utterly nerveless to feel no thrill. A moment before, that wise-looking little microphone has been lifeless. Now every sound in this room is carried in a split second from the arctic circle to the equator. A farmer in Nebraska is hearing these opening notes of the band. So is an invalid in Alabama, a tenement family on New York's East Side, a millionaire in his country place near Chicago—these very notes that you are hearing right here! Letters of thanks or criticism will come from a music-teacher in Texas or Maine, a boy in Michigan and another in Wyoming,

a dinner-party in Cincinnati or Richmond, an old couple in Ohio or California or Florida. The telegrams will start coming in within ten minutes from States thousands of miles away—telegrams about what is being played in this room *now*.

"All the stations report it is coming in fine," says an official. "We've heard from all twenty-eight on our private telegraph."

Those who work most closely with radio never quite get over the miracle of it. It's unbelievable, it just couldn't happen; and yet there it is.

A celebrated singer starts an hour's broadcasting, and before her programme is half finished in will come telegrams from all over the Union requesting certain songs.

Once Madame Louise Homer received a message of that kind from Minnesota. It came into Station WEAf just fifteen seconds before she was going to sing that very song anyway. That radio fan must have thought that the service was excellent. Because radio broadcasting is a new art, because it is carrying entertainment into millions of American homes, and because it fits into the merchandising plans of an increasing number of manufacturing firms, perhaps a glance at this lusty infant would be interesting.

More than any other form of entertainment radio is an intimate matter. There are several reasons. Radio comes right into the middle of the family circle. It speaks and plays and sings for millions, but those millions are divided into countless audiences of one or two or perhaps three or four. At most a small group of friends is gathered together.

This is no mass psychology.

The same people who will hear jokes and songs in questionable taste at a

musical comedy without batting an eye simply wouldn't tolerate anything of the kind over the radio. All honor to the officials of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and more recently of the National Broadcasting Company for realizing this situation and setting the pace. It has been kept clean by the people presiding over its destinies. Only here and there has a station been foolish enough to incur the wrath of Secretary Hoover and later of the Federal Radio Commission. The offenders have soon found out for themselves that the best policy is to behave.

But this absence of mass psychology manifests itself in other curious ways. A man will cheerfully yawn his way out of a theatre after he has paid ten dollars apiece for two tickets for an indifferent play. But if you give him a dull programme, or one which he thinks is dull, he will tell all his friends about it and even write to the sponsor about it—even though it didn't cost him a cent!

People will let you publish stupid advertisements in magazines or newspapers and say nothing about it. Those are your advertisements and you can make them as uninteresting as you please. But dare to be dull or stupid or uninteresting with your radio programmes and you will hear from them, because you are doing it *on their air*!

A theatre audience will put up with a great deal. Part of the audience seems to be enjoying the most tiresome or offensive parts of any show. Besides, a person would be conspicuous to get up and walk out. But walking out on a radio programme is as easy as a twist of the finger-tips.

"Why don't you listen when I speak to you?" asked Gladstone.

"Because," replied the youthful

Queen Victoria, "because you talk to me as if I were a public meeting."

Broadcasters at first failed to recognize the difference. They sent things over the air as if they were sending them over the footlights.

Another fact to be remembered is that all other forms of advertising are designed for the eye, but radio advertising reaches only the ear. It is the exact antithesis of motion-pictures.

Comedians and other entertainers who rely upon facial expression, make-up, and gestures for their effects are only partly useful or total losses before the microphone.

Television is just looming over the horizon and presents the possibilities of another exciting miracle. Until it comes the human voice must do its work alone—or rather with only the assistance of music and mechanical effects.

What can be done when this appeal to the ear is understood was illustrated recently when a climax of suspense in a radio play was reached simply by the sound of a knock on a door. It would be difficult to imagine the same sound producing anything like a similar effect on the stage, for then the listener's attention would be scattered over what he saw as well as what he heard. Parenthetically it might be added that the radio possibilities of mystery and horror have been barely touched. The thriller has a place all its own on the stage and in motion-pictures, and radio is fairly crying for it.

When it is artfully done nothing could be creepier than human voices stealing through space, preferably late on a stormy night, with a story of the supernatural. Nothing so fully takes advantage of the uncanny quality which is never quite absent from radio, particularly when you are listening alone.

It is in planning programmes that radio must make its greatest advance. Mechanically it will undoubtedly progress. But, even as it stands in this year of 1928, the broadcasting end of radio and the receiving end are comfortably arranged. Sets and speakers are inexpensive and satisfying in their tonal qualities. Something like seven and one-half million sets are now in use. A great number of these no doubt are old or amateurish and will be replaced by sets that will assure reception of better quality.

But the possibilities of increasing the interest of programmes are just being realized. A few years ago the greatest height to which the programme-builder's imagination could soar was to engage a dance orchestra, turn it loose, and say that it was sponsored by the Acme Pretzel Company. Programmes of that type, unfortunately, still exist.

In fact, it might be said that there are two prevailing opinions about what a radio programme should be. One is that it is sheer entertainment and that any variety of entertainment from a comedian's monologue or a steel-guitar solo to a brass band or a performance of an opera comes under that head.

But here and there a ray of hope appears. People of imagination are working on it. They believe that a technic will be found which is not an adaptation of musical comedy, nor of the legitimate stage, nor of the opera nor the concert platform.

They believe that a technic will be found that is not an adaptation of anything—that is all radio. At least three such programmes are now regular features on one of the great networks.

One of the essentials of such a technic will be to make the nature of the programme appropriate to the subject.

If the sponsor is a maker of musical instruments, his programme can best dramatize music. If he is a publisher of fiction, his programme can best dramatize fiction. Travel can be dramatized. Even specific messages can be dramatized—a startling announcement, the stressing of a special feature in a manufactured product, a focussing of attention on other forms of advertising.

One thing that makes radio programmes hard to plan is that the sponsor usually has ideas.

It used to be said that, while most men were willing to admit that they couldn't play the violin or remove their children's tonsils, they would cheerfully confess to a heaven-sent gift to run a hotel, put on a musical comedy, edit a newspaper, or write advertising copy. Now another attribute must be added—planning a radio programme. Everybody is a showman, and only too glad to admit it. There's an impresario for every wave-length.

"Give us a good, lively jazz band," one of the executives of a company going on the air will exclaim.

"Hold on a minute," says another. "People are tired of jazz. What we need is a high-brow programme—things like the sextet from 'Lucia' and the 'William Tell Overture.'"

"Where did you get all this?" some one asks.

"Well, my wife is a great student of music—prominent in these musical clubs and so on, and she's been telling me what people want."

"I know, but my boy is sixteen years old," comes the rejoinder, "and he's the radio fan of our household. Now he tells me that people just tune out if you don't give them lively stuff."

"There's too much talk on the radio—that's one more thing," continues

the other. "Let's not have any talk. Say, what kind of a fellow is this Graham McNamee? Ever meet him?"

What they want is a programme dignified enough to please the most stalwart board of directors, vigorous enough to delight the rhythm requirements of the advertising manager's eleven-year-old son (don't these children ever go to bed?), and spectacular enough to monopolize the centre of all the radio pages. It must do all this, not once, but week in and week out through all the year.

Stage producers rehearse for weeks. Often the performances of the first fortnight are ragged. Sometimes it is weeks of performance after performance before a big *revue* settles down to the satisfaction of the producer. But a radio producer is giving a new show every week, giving it just once, and he is lucky indeed if he can get enough rehearsals even to approach the smoothness for which he is working.

In another way, too, the sponsors are progressing. They realize that it is the part of wisdom to refrain from trying to wring every last ounce of credit from a programme. Direct forms of advertising on the air have repeatedly shown that they defeat their own purpose, because listeners simply become annoyed and tune out. In the same way it is being realized that in the course of a programme's announcements the too frequent reference to a sponsoring company or its products is just as likely to create resentment. Listeners ought to feel that they are invited guests. To invite a person to hear a programme, and then to keep telling him how good it is and who is sending it out and what he makes, is not the best way to treat a guest if he is to have a good time and is to want to come again.

In fact, in radio it doesn't pay to bear down too hard on anything. When commercialism and art conflict something must give away.

The head of a certain company was hearing a rehearsal for his own broadcasting programme. He pointed to a musician.

"He's not playing," he said. The orchestra was stopped and the situation was explained to the director.

"But that musician should not be playing at that time," exclaimed the director. "He has sixteen bars' rest."

"Then write a part for him," said the sponsor. "I'll have no loafers in my band."

The result is a programme in which all the musicians are playing all the time—one of the most monotonous programmes on the air.

It's the old story, like those advertisements in which some one wants everything displayed in bold-face type. There is no contrast. Everything shrieks so hard that nothing is heard.

Incidentally, that resounding programme illustrates another fact: a certain type of programme may be all right *once*, but it grows pretty tiresome if it is repeated.

"Whenever I plan a programme," recently said a man who is having great success as a director, "I try to think how this form will be in its twelfth week. That saves a lot of mistakes. It keeps me from adopting a mould that is too rigid. You can't be a slave to a form in broadcasting."

In a word, most advertisers, in their thoughts about broadcasting, are just where they were ten years ago in their consideration of publications. At that time it was a hard job to keep them from making up lists from their own library-tables. What their wives thought

about women's publications carried more weight than Audit Bureau of Circulations figures, a proof-book of results, and a comparative analysis of editorial contents. If they caught a chauffeur reading a magazine, that meant that its readers were mostly chauffeurs.

It's much easier to reason from one known instance to a generality than to form an opinion from a collection of impersonal facts. But to-day, of course, most advertisers have abandoned the personal-prejudice method of selecting magazines. And presently, as soon as the novelty wears off, they will follow the same tactics about broadcasting.

Many of them, of course, are doing exactly that. They are talking over the general nature of their programmes with the people who are working them out, and that is all. They know that no single programme means very much, that the public gathers its impression of a radio feature rather slowly, and that the only real test is the general opinion after a series has been running for several weeks or even months.

Every one closely associated with broadcasting honestly believes that the constant increase in its popularity is a wonderful tribute to the inherent hardihood of radio's appeal rather than to the past or present excellence of programme-building. The more a person learns about it the better he realizes that it is a new and extremely difficult technique, and that the best results cannot come from borrowing too freely from other kinds of entertainment. Some of the greatest successes of the stage have been either only mildly effective or total flops, on the air.

Radio versions of short stories, musical comedies, plays, or grand opera have left the public only mildly interested. But here and there a brand-new type of

entertainment, starting from scratch and designed purely for the radio, has found an immediate response.

The most fortunate thing that ever happened to radio was that from its earliest days down to to-day its direction has been in the hands of far-sighted people who were only too glad to forego the immediate dollar for the ultimate good of broadcasting. Too much credit cannot be given to the individuals shaping the policies of the great networks of stations, particularly the National Broadcasting Company.

They have realized the responsibility involved in radio's intimate touch with the family circle. They have kept it not merely cleaner than any other form of entertainment; they have kept it *clean*.

They have invested in the training of talent for the unique purposes of radio. Recently this has included not only singers and instrumentalists but also writers.

They have had no precedents. Every day has presented a dozen new questions. The answers have been controlled by just one thing: what would give the public the best that radio could offer?

Early in their pioneer planning the officials of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, who had the privilege of arranging these things, decided that the advertising agency had a distinct place in broadcasting. Now that many of the same individuals are continuing in control at the National Broadcasting Company the same policies are being continued.

They realized that the natural sponsors of broadcasting programmes would be the national advertisers and that radio advertising could be effective only as it fitted into the advertising programme of a manufacturer. Consequently they made no effort to divert funds from other forms of advertising,

nor did they attempt to make radio carry the whole burden of a new advertiser's début into advertising.

Occasionally an advertiser has been short-sighted enough to announce that he is cancelling his newspaper or magazine advertising to try the interesting experiment of broadcasting. The consequent flutter among the dove-cots of publishing is deafening.

And you can't blame the newspapers for feeling a little jumpy about radio. They took it when it was a helpless youngster and they have set it well on the way toward a husky adolescence. True, they did this because radio in its early days was splendid news. It still is, for that matter.

Then to have this ungrateful child, nourished by pages of publicity and columns of time-tables, turn and snatch the bread from its benefactor's hand—what could be more discouraging?

The resulting jumpiness has manifested itself in many ways. At one time most of the publishers decided to omit all time-tables. Of course their readers howled. The publishers muffled their ears and sat tight. And then a young man named Roy Howard, chief of the Scripps - Howard newspapers and the United Press, quietly knocked the blockade into a cocked hat by announcing that his newspapers believed in radio and he intended to print more and better radio news, including time-tables, than in the past. The faint shuffling sound which followed was the falling in line of the other papers.

Here and there you still find a paper which refuses to print the names of the programme-sponsors and which prefers to list the evening's events with such brightly descriptive phrases as "Travel Talk" or "Orchestra" or just "Concert." But not many are so secretive.

Most of the publishers realize that there is nothing particularly new about using their columns for the good of other men's enterprises. Baseball, prize-fights, books, motion-pictures, the theatre, concerts, automobiles, stocks and bonds—these are just a few of the undertakings and commodities which could scarcely exist without the support of the news columns and yet can hardly be described as eleemosynary institutions.

It is not quite convincing, either, to say that none of these are rival advertising mediums, whereas radio is. There is advertising in the theatre-programmes, and audiences wouldn't be there to read it if there were no theatre publicity in the newspapers. There is advertising in the subways, street-cars, and elevated trains, but this does not prevent the newspapers from printing the news of these public utilities—their offerings of bonds, their disputes with labor, and sometimes even their good-will publicity. The national magazines are certainly competitive advertising mediums and yet many newspapers ask their literary editors to write a regular review of each month's contents of the leading national publications. No; it is not very convincing to bar news about radio on the ground that it is a rival advertising medium.

The rivalry of radio as an advertising medium will be controlled not by ignoring it but by helping the agencies and the people who are selling time on the air to point out to advertisers that broadcasting supplements and does not take the place of other forms of advertising.

When this is accepted by newspaper publishers there will be an end to the false evaluation of radio news which still exists in most newspaper offices. For example:

A singer of international reputation gives a concert before a few hundred people in one city. The newspapers send their music-critics, who write long notices about every detail of the programme. The same artist goes on the air with an equally good programme, singing not to hundreds but literally to hundreds of thousands if not to millions, and what happens? The event is either completely ignored or a paragraph or two is written, usually by some one from previous experience more interested in the mechanics of reception than in a musical event of country-wide interest. We hear in detail just how his set is working in a congested part of a big city, but the significance of sending a glorious voice to people who have never, before radio, had the experience of hearing such music is utterly lost. Developing a technic of production is not the only need of radio.

At first the novelty of broadcasting made many an advertiser want to tiptoe into it just to see how it felt. The advertising agency was particularly useful in discouraging these ill-considered experiments. Even to-day, unless an advertiser is doing an adequate job in the primary forms of advertising, he will do well to realize that the air is no place for him.

To-day many agencies have established broadcasting departments and are buying for their clients only the mechanical facilities of the broadcasting stations, just as they buy the facilities of the publishers for these same clients. They are planning the programmes, engaging the artists, and writing the announcements, just as they prepare plans, copy, and art for printed advertisements.

They and their clients believe that by following this method they can produce

broadcasting programmes more closely related to the rest of the advertising activities. But it is doubtful if the National Broadcasting Company, for instance, which still produces most of the programmes sent out over its own and its associated stations, can ever abandon its own creative service.

The big magazine publishers have found that they need no departments to create advertising for the firms using their pages. Practically everything comes from the agencies. But broadcasting is still an infant. It will be years before even an appreciable share of the agencies will have any need to develop these creative facilities; some of them may never find it necessary. And some one must be a central clearing-house for talent, experience, and ideas.

Unformed as it still undoubtedly is, difficult as a new technic will be to find, broadcasting has already made a place for itself. It gives the public a new type of entertainment when, where, and how

the public wants it. It carries the best of music to millions in cities as well as in remote communities.

It can get a single piece of business news to millions of people instantly and at a low cost.

It can create a personality so that millions will feel that they know him intimately.

It can build an extraordinary fund of good-will.

It can interest the retail merchants selling a product, for it gives them something instead of asking for something and it comes to them when they are away from the grind of daily business.

It attracts letters in just about any number—letters reflecting a degree of loyalty and gratitude that is constantly a surprise to seasoned advertisers.

It can make the public read other forms of advertising with greater interest.

The advertiser gets back from radio just what he puts into it—in unselfishness, in friendliness, in sincerity.



My Neighbor's Mind

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

WAX flowers still bloom upon his mantel-shelf
 In glass seclusion and his mirror swings
 At careful angles to reflect himself;
 His table totters under cumbrous things—
 Stiff pamphlets on the tariff or freight rates,
 Or Lives of British Poets bound in brown,
 Fat dictionaries piled with paper-weights
 Of fact to hold all fluttering theories down.
 Rich satin curtains and a window-shade
 Are tightly drawn lest lusty light and air
 Bleach out Victorian carpet or invade
 The plush of prejudice on every chair.
 Sodden with virtue, in his stuffed retreat
 My neighbor sips his nightcap of conceit.



The King and the Peasant

A GLIMPSE OF THE LIFE OF THE GREAT POPULAR BULGARIAN
CHIEF ALEXANDER STAMBOLISKY

BY KOSTA TODOROFF

Plenipotentiary Minister and Delegate to the League of Nations

* * PROLOGUE.—Stambolisky, the leader of the Bulgarian peasants, fell by the assassin's hand five years ago. He was a martyr of a great cause, the cause of peace in the Balkans. The Balkans are a peasant country, and nothing is dearer to the heart of the Balkan peasants than peace. Stambolisky was a Bulgarian peasant; he was the apostle of peace in the Balkans. He saw no promise of peace without a reconciliation of the Serbian and the Bulgarian peasants, and their union into one Balkan state. The union of all southern Slavs, the Yugoslavs, was always the dream of the greatest leaders of the southern Slavs. The Dalmatian poet Gundulich dreamed this dream centuries ago, and so did during the nineteenth century the Croatian writer Guy, the Slovenian scholar Kopitar, and Prince Michael, the most enlightened ruler of Serbia of the nineteenth century. In those days this dream could not be made a reality without a liberation of the southern Slavs from the Turkish and from the Austrian yokes. To-day these yokes no longer exist; the Serbs, Croats, and the Slovenes are already united in the Yugoslav state. No man greeted the birth of this state with greater joy and enthusiasm than Stambolisky the Bulgarian, and he called upon the Bulgarians to join the new Slavonic state. His followers, the Bulgarian peasants, responded to his call. They recognized in it the voice of destiny. They embraced his doctrine—the doctrine, namely, "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," and they were persuaded that only a strong south-Slavonic state can enforce this doctrine by banishing forever from the Balkans foreign intrigue and foreign greed. Stambolisky fell a victim of foreign intrigue and greed. To-day Stambolisky is the martyr of a noble cause; his spirit lives among the Bulgarian peasants, and the doctrine which he preached will conquer and bring peace to the long-suffering peoples of the Balkans. Doctor Todoroff's story throws a strong light upon this newest phase in the history of the Balkans; he is one of the makers of this history.

MICHAEL PUPIN.

THE tale of a wicked king and a young shepherd, who flings at the face of the king his song of people's anger, just as in the ballad of the German poet Uland, is the most popular tale in Bulgaria to-day.

The shepherd is thrown into the pris-

on, and the king triumphs. From the recess of his prison the shepherd vanquishes the king. The son of the king avenges his father, and the popular hero is killed. A legend was born at his death, and this legend will change the history of the Balkans.

The king is Ferdinand, the exiled czar of Bulgaria. He, an officer of the Hungarian Guard, was proud to be a descendant of those kings and dukes who, in past centuries, wrote their sanguinary records upon the shields of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and of the Bourbons.

In 1886 the Bulgarians—just like the legendary frogs electing a king—were seeking a prince in Europe to be their ruler. Those delegated to the task found Prince Ferdinand in a night club in Budapest—drunk, surrounded by women of easy virtue. He condescended to accept the throne, and came to a patriarchal land to enrich it with “worldly wisdom” practised by European aristocracy. Soon after his election he killed Stambouloff, the man who gave him the throne. The independence and the power of Stambouloff were obstacles in the way of the new king. He surrounded himself with a brilliant court of lackeys; created in the land a thirst for luxury; corrupted the intellectuals and party-leaders; governed like an autocrat during thirty years, showing a “majestic” scorn for the Bulgarian peasant.

“They are dumb beasts,” said he to a French traveller, pointing to some peasants who were returning from the market-place in their ox-carts.

“And how they smell!” said he, fanning himself with a perfumed, batiste handkerchief.

But there happened to cross his way one of those scorned peasants. He was a shepherd in the village of Slavovitza, born in the mountains, in the same parts where a short time before Bulgarian liberty was first born. And the shepherd cast his glances of scorn into the face of the vain and proud prince.

A contest began, and its tragic vicis-

situdes filled twenty years of Bulgarian and Balkan history.

The young shepherd was Alexander Stambolisky, a name resembling that of the first victim of Ferdinand, the name of Stambouloff.

At the age of ten Stambolisky dreamed of retimbering the hills surrounding his native village, resurrecting those old forests destroyed by the Turks. At fifteen, a pupil in an agricultural school, he dreamed of lifting up the peasantry, left in ignorance and burning with a thirst of sacrifice and self-immolation. He prepared himself for great endeavors. . . .

At twenty he became the apostle of a popular reawakening. He went from village to village preaching the new gospel—the gospel of liberation of the peasant from the usurer and from the professional politicians who, like mushrooms, grew overnight on the virgin soil of Bulgaria.

The people followed him. In 1908 he was already a member of parliament. In 1909 he attacked the foreign policy of Ferdinand, the proud king. His words were the words of a prophet.

It was at the time of the Austrian annexation crisis. After the Turkish revolution of 1908 Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the lands of Serbs and Croats. The Slavonic world protested. Serbia was shaking with anger. At that time King Ferdinand, though at the head of a Slavonic nation, sided with Austria.

Stambolisky brought this treacherous act to light. From the heights of the parliament rostrum, amid the uproar of a thunderous meeting, he denounced the policies of the royal party, drowning its shouts of protest with his powerful voice. He said:

“Through this action the king and the government tie the fate of Bulgaria

with that of the Dual Monarchy. It is the beginning of an unpopular and anti-Slavonic policy, which can only lead to a Balkan conflict, to a Serbo-Bulgarian quarrel, and all for the good of Austria. The king is leading the country toward a catastrophe."

In 1911 Ferdinand, following his 1909 policy, asked for a change of the constitution, in order to expand his royal prerogatives. The constituent assembly met at Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria.

Article 17 of the constitution forbids the king to enter into secret treaties. Stambolisky sounds this warning; "the National Assembly is supreme," says he; "it is the expression of the will of the people. Being able to elect its king, it is superior to him." Ferdinand claimed that his wish was superior to the popular will. He demanded to open the meeting of the National Assembly by his royal address. But Stambolisky was there; with him were forty-eight deputies of the peasant party. He shouted at the king:

"Your place is not here! The National Assembly is sovereign here; it is above you. You are violating the rights of the people!"

The king, pale with anger, remained silent. He sat down and kept his head covered.

The deputies stood up; Stambolisky again shouts at him: "Stand up, and remove your hat!"

The king does not answer.

Stambolisky and the forty-eight deputies seat themselves and put their head-gear on, as a sign of protest against the arrogant attitude of the king.

It is the famous scene called the "Calpaks."* On his way out Ferdinand

* Calpaks are hats made of sheepskins worn by peasants in Bulgaria.

passed by Stambolisky, looked at him for a moment, and said under his breath: "You will pay for this."

War in the Balkans started in 1912. It is known to-day as the war of final liberation from Turkey. Stambolisky was not enthused. He suspected the secret plans of Ferdinand, who dreamed of becoming another Byzantine emperor. Stambolisky did not believe in the sincerity of the Balkan alliance. Every one knew that the treaty of the Balkan allies was to remain a secret; Ferdinand divulged it to Austria; the king did not forget that he once was a lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian army.

The decisive victory over Turkey degenerated into a quarrel between the Balkan allies over the division of conquered territory. On June 16, 1913, Ferdinand gave orders to his army to attack Serbia and Greece. It proved a failure, Rumania and Turkey going against Bulgaria. Bulgaria had to compromise, and through the Treaty of Bucharest was stripped of all her conquests.

Stambolisky's prophecy of 1909 was fulfilled. But behind Ferdinand stood the baneful Balplatz in Vienna. Bulgaria became desperate; but her politicians were cowards. They bent their knees; Stambolisky alone was fearless. From the top of the stairs in the parliament building and facing the monument of the Russian czar, the liberator, he addressed the people:

"You ask who is responsible for our downfall? He is in the palace. If justice could take its course in our country he would be hanged on this monument in front of our parliament, to serve as an example."

But Ferdinand of Coburg was still strong. His mission was not as yet fin-

ished. The Bulgarian people had not yet drunk the bitter cup to the end.

While the popularity of the king lessened from day to day, the leader of the people became more and more popular. Ferdinand still held the army officers on his side, on whom he had heaped favors after favors. They promised to avenge him soon.

1914! Europe is restless and full of anxiety. The two opposite groups are watching each other. Ferdinand takes an open stand on the side of the Central Powers. The only national asset available is given as a guaranty for a Bulgarian loan in Berlin. At the elections governmental terror runs mountain-high; nevertheless, Stambolisky, the leader of the peasants, obtains fifty mandates.

In the meantime the bomb of Sarajevo is heard. The spectre of war rises before the terrified people. Ferdinand ponders; is not the hour of revenge near?

Already Bulgarian dailies, bought by Vienna and Berlin, prophesy the glory and triumph of the German race and of the new Cæsar, Wilhelm II.

Ferdinand, in his palace, gloomy and solitary, surrounded by the hate of his country, is preparing his game—to wait awhile, and then strike at the opportune moment. He will avenge his humiliation of 1913 and will see the humiliation of the neighboring kings. His scheme is worthy of the Middle Age. His hate is deep-rooted. He has personal accounts to settle with neighboring kings.

And when the first Austrian cannon-shot was fired from Zemlin against Belgrade, the king calls for his jesters, and laughs and laughs; then he calls for a drink of his favorite Tokay wine. The governmental majority in parlia-

ment is happy too. The fateful hour for Serbia has at last come!

Stambolisky ascends the steps of the rostrum and declares anew, amid a general dismay, his loyalty to the Slavonic cause.

Ferdinand does not forget his German origin. Stambolisky does not forget that he is a Slav, and that the Serbs are his Slavonic brothers. Nor does he forget that Russian blood was generously shed for Bulgarian liberty. He shouts:

"From this rostrum I send from the Bulgarian peasants to our Serbian brothers a fraternal greeting. I sincerely wish for their victory against Austrian aggression!"

"You are a Serb, you are a traitor!" shouts the king's majority.

"I am not a Serb; I am not a Bulgar either; but I am a Yugoslav." (Yugoslav means "southern Slav.")

Sofia became the centre for international intrigues, and a wild chase for political influence. The length and the outcome of the War depended largely on Bulgaria's stand. Had she gone against Turkey, Constantinople would have fallen; then a link between Occidental Europe and Russia could have been established. If, on the contrary, she attacked Serbia, all the Balkans with their resources would fall into the hands of the Central Empires.

From both sides come promises of "gifts," flattery, etc. Sofia is the meeting-place of omnipresent merchants, who sow gold to reap blood. Like a fantastic tale, riches are amassed. A *danse macabre* surrounds the easy prey. The people will pay for all that!

Ferdinand is soul and body with the Germans. Upon hearing of the battle of the Marne he becomes drunk at the sad news and slaps the faithful

marshal who brought him the news. He still fears, and will not show his game. To the French minister he speaks of his French blood, and wears the Cross of the Legion of Honor for the benefit of the gallery.

Stambolisky preaches neutrality. He knows that no victory can repay for the thousands of victims that will fall. But, if war is inevitable, the moral sense, the traditions, and Bulgaria's interests plainly show the way. It should be with the Slavs.

Then comes the autumn of 1915. The Russians are defeated. Ferdinand becomes impatient. He believes that war is nearing its end, that German victory is assured. Negotiations with the powers of the Entente only serve as a mask for the secret treaties already signed with the Central Powers and Turkey. Stambolisky feels the moment to be critical. He calls together the leaders of the opposition parties. He asks their help in safeguarding the country against an infamy and a new catastrophe. Now or never is the time to give an example at the risk of his life.

Professional politicians recognize the necessity of making an overture to the king. But if this overture fails they will wash their hands, just as Pilate did.

An historical scene took place in the beginning of September in the throne-chamber at the palace. Conforming with court etiquette, the professional politicians state their opinion in subdued voices.

"Is it not too great a risk?" "Are not the decisions premature?" They cling to the hope of becoming cabinet ministers by royal grace, and are cautious and meek.

Stambolisky stands upright, severe, sincere, and bold. He says:

"Your Majesty is preparing another

catastrophe for the country. The people are disappointed. The people do not believe either in your political sagacity or in your love for them. What you are preparing to do is against the sentiment and the moral standards of the people. They do not want to fight against their Russian liberators. They do not want to be a tool in the hands of Austria. If you follow this fatal path, you will risk both your throne and your head!"

Ferdinand furiously answers:

"Think of your own head; you are younger than I am."

The die is cast.

Stambolisky asks the party-leaders to revolt. But they prefer to "fold the flags." He then appeals to the people. He publishes a manifesto, an appeal to resistance. He is arrested. The 22d Regiment is indignant and rises against such an action. Twenty soldiers are executed.

War begins and Stambolisky is jailed. He is condemned to life imprisonment. I met him in his prison. He was not weakening. He worked incessantly. He kept in constant touch with his followers, whose numbers increased from day to day, as well as with the people. Defeat seemed to him to be inevitable; however, he could see a ray of hope for the future in the union of all the South Slavs. He believed that Bulgaria would share the fate of Germany; vanquished, the dynasty of Coburg would be evicted and the doors would at last be open to a union between the Serbs and all other southern Slavs, liberated, at last, from the Austrian yoke.

In the courtyard of the prison, in the shadow of the gallows, where some time before soldiers had been hanged for refusing to shoot at Russian soldiers, we spoke of this future, and a strong

faith in the future of our race filled our souls and swelled our hearts.

Meanwhile, discontent increased outside. We received letters from the front, and those sentiments could be read between the lines. Soldiers who had come to visit us said: "Give us a sign, and we shall turn our guns against Sofia."

A plan of action was ripening. If defeat was unavoidable, would it not be better to anticipate it with a revolution? Everything seemed to favor this plan. The army was hungry, without shoes or clothing, fighting without enthusiasm. People in the rear were suffering from hunger and mental agony.

Foodstuffs found their way to Germany through the collaboration of agents and cabinet ministers. The War continued without hopes of its ever coming to an end.

In his manifesto Ferdinand promised a near end; Bulgaria's participation was merely to insure her national ideal, he said. Macedonia was taken; Dobrudja followed, and war still went on. Until when?

Ferdinand feels a danger. He spoke of faith, and tried to inject a new enthusiasm into the people. He thought that, without doubt, prison had a salutary effect on Stambolisky and that he would be only too glad to lend himself to his new game. To that effect he sent Minister Popoff to see him.

"I am bringing you the sign of royal magnanimity; one word and you are a free man."

Stambolisky answers ironically: "Such kindness is too much. I am not worthy of it." Thus he takes leave of the cabinet minister, adding sarcastically: "You will come here again."

Two years later Popoff and his colleagues came—as state prisoners, con-

demned of high treason by popular opinion even before they were condemned by the courts.

Following this Stambolisky was transferred to the fortress of Vidin.

In 1918 the situation became tragic. Indignation increased rapidly in the minds of the people and of the army. Famine became a menace. Ferdinand, at a loss, called on Malinoff—a member of the opposition—and gave him the reins. Stambolisky allowed his friends to help him, provided a separate peace be concluded at once. He was transferred again to the prison in Sofia. But Malinoff did not dare disobey the king! Instead of peace he talked: "We must stand to the last!" The army as a whole answered: "Come and take our place; then you may stand to the last! We have had enough of it." A cry went up: "The alliance with Germany is only for three years; after that war must end."

Stambolisky could see the end. He begged the government to listen to the voice of the people. In vain! The will of the king was still uppermost.

On September 14, 1918, the Allies pierced the Bulgarian front in Dobro Pole. On the left wing the English and the Greeks met with a sanguinary defeat, but the main army had to retreat before the Serb and the French armies. The surge of the soldiers in their retreat menaced the capital as well as the king.

It is a panic. Ferdinand calls upon the one he threw into prison three years before. He begged him to save the situation: "You are the only one who can stop the army."

The leader of the peasants answered: "It is too late. Do you remember September, 1915?"

Coburg sighs sadly. "The Bulgarian people, not strong enough for the task,

have betrayed me; they deserted the battle-field."

"The Bulgarian people did not want this war," answered Stambolisky. "Yet they fought for three years without the necessities, without bread, and without proper clothing. You are asking too much."

"What am I to do?" asked the king.

"Go, and we will ask for an armistice."

"It is cruel!"

"It is inevitable!"

The disbanded soldiers neared Sofia. Stambolisky and Daskaloff, freed from prison, were at their head.

At Radomir, forty kilometres from Sofia, Daskaloff proclaims a republic; Stambolisky asks that the government take charge of the insurrection movement in order to safeguard the country from anarchy. The government refuses to follow the advices of Stambolisky and organizes a defensive with the help of the German army.

September 28 saw the beginning of the battle around Sofia. Daskaloff is in command of the insurgents. A price is put on his head, as well as on Stambolisky's.

However, Stambolisky appears in front of the prison that very day. He asks for the man in charge, and demands to see me, a political prisoner at that time. The director hesitates, but finally he opens the door.

Stambolisky relates what had happened. He has faith. We shake hands and he disappears in a car, under the protection of two armed soldiers.

Only then does the director telephone the incident to the cabinet minister, who threatens to put him in irons. "Idiot, you missed the best shot."

September 29. The advance on Sofia continues. But the Germans are attacking Daskaloff's soldiers on both sides,

and after a desperate fight they must give way to the German batteries.

Stambolisky took refuge with some friends; Daskaloff, wounded, left for Saloniki, where the armistice had just been signed.

Two months later Malinoff's party falls, and Stambolisky from his hiding-place re-enters the chamber.

Meanwhile Ferdinand had escaped to Vienna. To the press he spoke as follows: "For thirty years I have worked in Bulgaria for the German cause and my mission is ended."

The peasant is victor over the king.

Stambolisky signed the Peace of Neuilly, as president of the council, to which he had ascended through the will of the people. He regenerated Bulgaria, exhausted by wars. He promised that he would heal her wounds and give her a rightful place among the family of nations. He succeeded in bringing her nearer to Yugoslavia, thus preparing a road for the future union. When the city of Tzaribrod became a part of Serbia, Stambolisky spoke to the people and told them that, although they had become separated from Bulgaria, they should enter their new fatherland with a sentiment of brotherhood.

Instead of trying to alienate, he became the bridge between Bulgars and the Serbs.

Under the Stambolisky régime Bulgaria built new roads, new lines of railroads; increased her output by 20 per cent; built two hundred new school-houses. She balanced her budget and strengthened peace in the Balkans.

Stambolisky as a figure stands out as the greatest man of his country. He has become a Balkan and a South-Slav idol.

He vanquished the king, but the malevolent spirit of the Coburg outlived his régime.

On June 14, 1923, the great leader was assassinated by comtadjis and chauvinistic officers. He died a martyr to his cause. His body was cut to pieces and thrown into the river. The peasants picked up the sacred remains. They buried them in a secret place of their own.

In every peasant hut his picture is next to that of holy icons. A night-lamp throws over his energetic features a mystic light. The peasant had been a victor over the king, and at last succumbed because of that king. But the popular leader's ideal has survived; in its turn it will become the victor.



On an English Spring

BY CAROLINE ALLEN

FOR there is nothing more to say
Of England's daffodils
Since Wordsworth seized their substance for his verse,
Stealing our thoughts away
Before we ever saw these gold-drenched hills,
Or ever watched the spring's progression turn
Earth's counterpane from gold to hyacinthine blue.

And Shelley's been before us to coerce
The songs of skylarks into singing words;
We only stand and feebly yearn
Beneath a trilling canopy of birds,
Chafing at the restraint
That chains us wingless to the leas,
Until May brings the cuckoo's soft complaint.

The hedge-bound squares of meadow too
Have antedated us by centuries.
They do not boast,—they only fling
Their single age-old trees
Aloft into the high, cool spaces where
Air currents meet, yet cling
About their earth-embedded feet, to keep them there.

Trees that a moon or two ago
Stood in slim silhouette,
Black tracery upon a yellow sky,
Shake now their shady locks over the lazing herds
And in their turn defy
Our pitiful and evanescent words.

Poets' hearts would break if they could not eject
 The burden of their rapture so;
 But we, the timid circumspect,
 Find beauty far too poignant to be borne.
 Overwhelmed with longing and regret
 We find in it a personal disaster,
 Knowing we must admit our spendthrift selves forlorn
 Before what we have never learned to master.

Love, let us, clinging closer, faster,
 Help one another try to be content
 With constancy of purpose and a wise intent,
 That—leaving beauty, which is vaster—
 We may at last so strengthened be
 That we have fortitude to endure ecstasy.



What Becomes of Love?

BY ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

LAST night I loved you more than life and death,
 And when the moon was hidden for a space
 My heart was trembling and I held my breath,
 Your lips upon my lips, upon my face.

And when you held me close in your caress,
 There was a strange, sweet unison of hearts;
 But now your kisses are a weariness——
 Ah! What becomes of love when it departs?

The moon is almost as it was last night,
 The clouds, above the trees, are silver lace,
 The little bats whirl by in circling flight,
 But there are tears upon my lips and face.

For I shall never listen as before
 In fascination to your every word,
 Nor quiver at your touch—no, nevermore,
 For suddenly you seem to me absurd.

But can you tell me what I want to know?
 (Yes, you who babble on of Cupid's darts,
 And fling your arms, and break the silence so.)
 "Ah! What becomes of love when it departs?"



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



THE year of our Lord 1894 was unusually productive; in that year appeared "Trilby," "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," "Esther Waters," "The Ebb Tide," "The Jungle Book," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Under the Red Robe," "Life's Little Ironies," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Pembroke"; "Jude the Obscure" was being published serially, and Conrad's first novel was in press.

Of all these books the most germinal was "The Prisoner of Zenda"; it came on the rising flood of the Romantic Revival, scored a prodigious success, was translated into the theatre and later into the motion-picture, shouted for a sequel and got it, and produced a swarm of imitations. Almost simultaneously the author published "The Dolly Dialogues," and, whatever he may himself think of the relative merit of his productions, those who buy and read have decided that these two books are his best; from which decision there is no appeal.

And now Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins presents the public with a new book, which I have enjoyed reading more than anything he has written since 1894. It is an autobiography, called "Memories and Notes." Like most of his works, it is brief; I wish it were three times as long. It is written with disarming modesty and candor, with that English sense of humor which consists mainly of understatement. He was a Balliol man, under Jowett; and the

chapter describing his life at Oxford is one of the most interesting in the book. He "went in" for both scholarship and athletics; thus mingling with widely different kinds of undergraduates, a process he has kept up all his life. "Know as many cliques as you will—or can—but swear the oath of allegiance to none of them." He is, in the best sense, a man of the world; and I think his modesty, common sense, good taste, and suavity, qualities which appear on every page of his autobiography, arise from his wide experience of human varieties. "Try to know all sorts of people is the gospel I would preach."

He spent years in the practice of the law; he ran (unsuccessfully) for Parliament, and still regrets his defeat; he never gave up trying for success as a playwright. All of these various activities have not only added richness of experience to his life, which has evidently been an immensely happy one, but have been of good service in his professional career.

Although he has made a good income by writing, and although he has enjoyed that kind of life more than any other, there must be of course a faint tinge of regret in his mind that the enormous success of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which he wrote more easily than most of his books, was never repeated. I think I detect in his remarks about it an adumbration of faint melancholy. But what he says of this is entirely good-humored; he does not solemnly

rebuke the public for not responding to his more painstaking work. And why? Because he is fundamentally a good sportsman. In his athletic contests in school he learned to rejoice at victory, and to accept defeat without rebellious bitterness. I believe that much of the steady happiness of his life comes from the sound training in character he got at school.

Chapters XIII and XIV deal with his lecturing-trips in America, and with his impressions of our country; they are not to me so interesting as the account of his life in London and his literary associations. Many Americans seem to be more interested in what visitors think of our native land than of anything else. This is a matter in which I take almost no interest at all. I never ask a foreigner "What do you think of America?" and then hang on his lips for an answer like a prisoner on the decision of a jury. I don't care what he thinks; I know what I think of my country, and I like to hear what foreigners think of theirs.

When visitors come to us to lecture I am always disappointed when they begin to talk about us. I want them to talk of the country whence they came, of their contacts with their contemporaries at home—in other words, I want to learn something.

There is only one thing out of the many which he has attempted in which Anthony Hope failed; that is as a public reader. I heard him give a reading from his works. Perhaps it was an unfair test, for there was a blizzard that night, and hardly a score of people in the theatre. But I never heard such indifferent reading. Later I saw a report of an interview with him, in which he said: "When I give a reading from my books, I am always thinking of some-

thing else." "So is the audience," I thought.

Some of the most interesting chapters deal with men and women he met in London—Gladstone, Oscar Wilde, Hardy, Meredith, Henry Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, Mark Twain, and others. Sir Anthony certainly knows how to tell an anecdote, and his reminiscences are full of good stories well told. There are so many stories in other books about Disraeli and Gladstone, with the latter as victim, that the retort here quoted gains additional value from its unexpectedness. Gladstone was asked whether Disraeli really believed in the opinions he publicly expressed. "On the contrary, sir, he had an active and intelligent belief the other way."

Gladstone was never a heavy drinker, but how amazed he would have been if he had been told it was wicked for him to drink at all! At a dinner-party where no wine was served he was offered lemonade. He lifted a pitcher of water declining, with the remark: "I drink this when I can't get anything better." When he made long speeches in the House he had at his elbow a glass of combined egg-and-sherry, prepared by his pious wife. Years ago a man in the House of Representatives, having a glass of something at hand, was accused, in and out of the House and all over the United States, of resorting to liquor. He thought it necessary to defend himself by repeated iteration that it was cold tea; that "cold tea" became famous for many weeks. I should have admired him if he had said that it was nobody's business what he drank. And remember the melancholy fate of Vice-President Fairbanks, a thoroughly high-minded man. His candidacy for the presidency was brought to naught because it was said that he had taken one

cocktail. In vain his friends insisted it was a buttermilk cocktail, or something like that; it was no use.

Though he does not say so, the two persons who most impressed Sir Anthony by their vitality were Sarah Bernhardt and Gladstone. He sat down at a dinner-party with Sarah at one o'clock in the morning. She had played "Hamlet" in the afternoon and "L'Aiglon" in the evening, and came to the dinner after twelve hours of arduous work in the theatre. She was an old woman, but "showed not the smallest sign of fatigue, and about three o'clock launched into a long and animated account of how the day was spent at her beloved country place." There they rose at six, and played tennis. As for Gladstone, he says: "A brilliant political opponent once called Mr. Gladstone 'an old man in a hurry.' But what a wonderful thing it is to be in a hurry when you are eighty years old! To be still keen, alive, interested—actually still hasty, rash, and ambitious—at fourscore years!"

Sir Anthony's autobiography is continuously entertaining and diverting; but it is much more than that. It is packed with common sense and solid wisdom, all the more impressive because expressed so unpretentiously. Remembering what some of our novelists say of their public-school days, listen to this:

When public school education is under fire, as it constantly is nowadays, it is worth while to remind people what an opportunity a big public school offers for a boy to develop himself and his faculties all round. It is not true that it is games, games, games, and nothing else. And—on the other hand—it is not true that the training is only in moral character, though it is a good one in that regard. A boy may learn too the elements of administration and leadership—even of politics and journalism, to press my case to its extreme. These things the best private education cannot give,

and they must be set against any drawbacks there may be. And in my judgment the drawbacks are exaggerated. For the normal boy a public school is good . . . for real intellect boys have an amazed respect; it is to them a trifle uncanny but intensely enviable.

For those who believe that a "tragedy" should consist of the defeats and inefficiencies of weaklings Sir Anthony remarks:

I can endure and enjoy a tragedy . . . provided that it is a tragedy, and not merely a slab of dreariness in which people moan and moon about, bewailing their own helplessness; for surely to make great tragedy you must have a human spirit with some strength in it, with something that puts up a good fight against fate, and bravely—in virtue or in crime, in ambition or in love—defies the stars, even when it is beaten to its knees.

I am glad he has never seen a murder trial in America, for he feels that in England the newspaper accounts may possibly in some cases infect the jury with false pity!

On the "younger generation" he is too long to quote, but every word is worth reading, and is marked by that wisdom and tolerance which we in previous pages have learned to expect. On the art of conversation he is particularly good: "It is probable—if we candidly consider the matter—that everybody is or has been in the course of his life a bore to somebody else." There is only one exception which proves the rule. The only man in all human history who I am sure never bored anybody was Benjamin Franklin.

Sir Anthony speaks modestly of his own work; but at times he ought to feel elated by remembering that in creating Rudolf Rassendyll he added a character to fiction who will live a very long time. He prints with justifiable pride a congratulatory letter from Stevenson, written shortly before the death of the great

romancer, and which came after that event into the hands of the younger author. It was like the pride felt by Kipling at receiving an accolade from Tennyson.

The completion of the New Oxford English Dictionary brings to mind the charming verses Professor W. W. Skeat sent to Murray. Steven T. Byington, in a letter to *The Saturday Review of Literature* last summer, says:

Murray, you remember, did all the work of editor-in-chief himself on the first volumes. Then he started Bradley in to be responsible for the letter E. Bradley finished E and went on with F. When Murray finished D he decided that instead of taking up G he would let Bradley have the FG volume to himself and would begin on H. Thereupon Skeat wrote:

"I'm glad you are done—so I hear you say—
With words that begin with D,
And have left H. B. to be Glad and Gay
With the Glory that waits on G.
While you laugh Ha Ha! defying fate,
As you tackle the terrible aspirate,
The H that appals the Cockney crew,
Lancashire, Essex, and Shropshire too.
For they cannot abide the Hunter's Horn,
And hold e'en Heavenly Hosts in scorn.
And I hear there are hardly some who could
say
Why didn't you give Hat when you worked
on A,
Whose utterance leaves a doubt between
The human Hair and an Air serene,
The Harrow that creeps and the Arrow that
flies,
The Heels where chilblains are wont to rise
And the nice fat Eels that are baked in pies!
We all rejoice this New Year's day,
To Honor and Happiness, Hope and Health—
I would you were nearer to wordly wealth."

In 1900 I called on W. W. Skeat at his home in Cambridge, and asked him why he, a professor at Cambridge, called his monumental edition of Chaucer "The Oxford Chaucer." I told him

there was no ill feeling whatever between Harvard and Yale professors, but that if a Harvard professor had spent his life on an edition of Shakespeare, he would not have it published as the Yale Shakespeare. He laughed merrily, and said: "I had it printed at Oxford and called it 'The Oxford Chaucer' because I got more money for it than I could have at Cambridge." I shall never forget the brilliancy of his eyes as he made this gay comment. There was a white-bearded man who had spent his life poring over old texts and manuscripts, in the most eye-fatiguing labor; his eyes had the freshness and sparkle of youth.

In a previous issue of SCRIBNER'S I commented on Miss Morrow's "Life of A. Bronson Alcott." Now, along with this book, comes Caroline Ticknor's "Life of May Alcott," a decidedly interesting biography of Louisa's sister, which throws additional light on the family circle and their contemporaries in Europe and America; and a reprint of Ednah D. Cheney's "Louisa May Alcott, Her Life, Letters, and Journals," originally published in 1889. If any one thinks that Louisa was a tame cat or was contented with the lot in which Providence had pleased to place her, let him read this astonishing book.

For a book of joyous rather than bitter satire I recommend Charles Merz's "The Great American Band Wagon." This is the American circus described by one who while seeing its exaggerations and absurdities, loves it wholeheartedly, as I do. The story is told with zest, and the accumulation of details does not destroy the synthesis. If there is such a thing as a laughing satire, it is this.

There is another book on America and other places called "Wanderers: Episodes from the Travels of Lady Em-

meline Stuart-Wortley and her daughter Victoria, 1849-1855," by Mrs. Henry Cust. All Englishmen and some Americans will remember the brilliant journalist and poet Henry Cust, whose "Poems" appeared some years ago. Mrs. Cust is an able writer, and her book gives much valuable information in a particularly charming manner.

E. M. Forster's "Aspects of the Novel," being the Clark Lectures at Cambridge, is more interesting than any of his novels. I liked very much "A Room with a View," but could not stick at any price "A Passage to India." How the audiences must have enjoyed these lectures, and how glad am I that Mr. Forster, as befitted a man of authority, left them in type as they were delivered! It is like sitting down by an open fire and hearing this original and stimulating mind expressing itself on various novels and novelists. It seems to me just what such a book ought to be and seldom is.

Those who like to read about kings and queens and court ceremonies will certainly enjoy Percy Armytage's book, "By the Clock of St. James's," which is full of pleasant gossip about Victoria, Edward VII, George V, and other prominent kings and emperors. Court functions are described at length by a man who knows and loves them, and who tells many entertaining anecdotes of royal persons and personages. I wonder how many of my readers know why it is called the court of St. James's; that is the question I flunked in "Ask Me Another." I felt somewhat reassured when I asked three professors of English history and not one of them knew. Although it is always printed the court of St. James's, and never the court of St. James', it is curious to observe that in a manuscript letter from Queen Mary to Mr. Armytage, produced in

facsimile in this book, she wrote St. James'.

Two of the best thrillers I have read recently are "The Portrait Invisible," by Joseph Gollomb, and "Blind Corner," by Dornford Yates. I recommend only those that are sure fire. A letter accuses me of being the real S. S. Van Dine, whose story in this magazine I am reading with strained attention. I do not suppose I could write even a bad novel; certainly I could not invent a plot so cleverly complicated as this now appearing in SCRIBNER'S.

To those who like to read a general review of the year 1927 in America I recommend "Mirrors of the Year," edited by Horace W. Stokes. It contains many chapters on various aspects of life—politics, literature, science, and what-not—each chapter written by a specialist.

I take off my hat to Bishop Cameron Mann, of Florida, for his "Concordance to the Works of George Herbert." This is a book over which the majority of casual readers will not unduly excite themselves; but to a select few it immediately becomes indispensable, like the Concordance to the Bible, to Shakespeare, to Browning, to Spenser, to Wordsworth, to Gray—let me know if there are others and I will buy.

The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn., on May 7, at 7.30 P. M.

American men are not the only ones who are uxorious. Doctor F. T. Wright, of Douglas, Ariz., tells me he saw the following framed motto in a window of a house in Berlin:

Ich bin der Herr im Hause und was meine Frau sagt, wird gemacht!

Charles G. Benson, of Sarasota, Fla., writes:

In your "Lost and Found" column you decry the pronunciation "awfis" for office. I heartily concur as far as Noo Yark is concerned; but in Dixie we attempt to preserve the varied possibilities of the human tongue instead of lazily narrowing our vowels to the fewest achievable.

Ordinarily your language is interesting to us only in an academic light, but in the mixing population of Florida one of our hardest fights is to prevent our young children at school from adopting such off-color pronunciations as "fud" for food; "Coobeer" for Cuba; "crick" for creek; "firrst" for first without a trace of "r". One of the most excruciating things to Southern ears is to hear a yankee sing "She is the Darrling of my Hearrt,"—such 'ard 'arrted (if that is not too far-fetched) enunciation is not apt to win a Rebel's "dotter."

As a constant reader of your welcome magazine, I have the honor, Sir, to nominate for your ignoble prize all Southerners who do not pronounce the word under discussion as though it were written "awfis," and to renew assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

From Gwen Bristow, of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*:

When your correspondent, Mrs. E. L. Catton of Orlando, Florida, mentions that she has lived in the south parts of two years, she explains why she has not yet learned the subtleties of that much-argued form of address, "you-all." It's one of those expressions whose use takes a lifetime to learn.

You-all is used in addressing one person, but never, never with a singular meaning. It is easy to understand how a person unaccustomed to the lazy intricacies of southern speech misunderstands this. For instance:

I may ask an acquaintance of mine, "What did you-all have for breakfast this morning?" I would be addressing one person; but I would be assuming that he had breakfast with his family. If you will listen to his reply, you will notice that he invariably replies (if he is a native southerner), "We had . . ." If I had seen him eating a solitary breakfast in a

restaurant, or if I knew that his family was out of town, I should never say "you-all" in speaking to him.

Frequently, readers of the newspaper for which I write say to me, "In that story on the river-boats you-all published today . . ." Such speakers are not assuming that I published the story. They are not even suggesting that I wrote it. The "you-all" includes the newspaper staff, everybody from president to copy boy. Nobody would say to me "That story you-all wrote," unless I had collaborated with somebody else on the story.

It's easy to understand, as I said, how this expression is misunderstood. The whole business is unimportant. However, I might remind you that when plays presenting southern scenes come south everybody in the audience can tell whether or not a native southerner had a hand in the lines, because of the right or wrong use of that idiotic "you-all." Writers not born in the south might just as well get used to having their characters say simply "you," singular and plural, for unless they are diabolically clever they are going to get mixed up on it.

John L. Harris, of Rome, Ga., corrects two errors in this magazine:

Senator Reed is quoted in your February number as saying that the majority cut off the ears of John Pym. He was probably thinking of William Prynne, a controversialist whose blistering eloquence might preserve his name to the senator. John Pym, the original round-head, cared more for the freedom of the English Parliament than for that of the press. But Mr. Reed's error hurts no one, for a wonder, and may have a subtle appeal for those of us who like to know a little about history and not more than a little.

The shipwreck mentioned in "As I Like It" on page 225 was different from that in Charles Reade's "Hard Cash." Cooper's exclamation of "Scuttled" is told of in "Foul Play."

A new view of Richard Harding Davis is given by George L. Bradlee, of Providence:

Apropos of Roger Burlingame's volume, "From Gallegher to the Deserter," you said, "Mr. Davis was always more popular with

readers than with other journalists. There's a reason—in fact there are two."

I think I know what you have in mind, although you do *not* state that R. H. D. was conceited. Others have been less reticent. May I illustrate, by an authentic happening, my own recollection of Mr. Davis' modest and retiring nature. His alleged failings may safely be left to some advocatus diaboli, present or future. Since the modern scribe's School for Scandal seems to offer no course in First Aid to Injured Reputations, there may be occasional need for a literary Good Samaritan.

It happened in the old Boston Theatre on Washington Street, where I remember Calvé, not in "Carmen," but as Marguerite in "Faust"; the young E. H. Sothern, swaggering romantically as D'Artagnan; James O'Neil, father of the author of "Strange Interlude," at the pinnacle of his fame as Edmond Dantes in the "Count of Monte Cristo"; and dear Joe Jefferson making us chuckle or roar at his Bob Acres.

One evening about 1901-02, when well back in the house, armed with opera-glasses, I discovered in a stage-box, looking as handsome and well-groomed as his pictures, Richard Harding Davis. I had read "Gallegher," and naturally began to study the face and figure of the soldier, adventurer, and story teller with rapt intentness. Forgetting that a good correspondent sees everything, I was considerably abashed when R. H. D. turned his head, looked casually in my direction for an instant, and then—significantly raised both hands and held them in front of his face. My bifocal scrutiny of the Davis features unwillingly but abruptly ended. Even the proverbially privileged pussycat probably stops looking at the king, after His Majesty shakes his sceptre and says, "Scat!"

One may say, of course, that the author of "The Deserter" was merely registering annoyance at my opera glasses. I prefer to take his gesture at face value, and to hand down this record to posterity as proof positive of Richard Harding Davis' little known, but innate and instinctive, modesty.

I was just about to reduce the number of clubs and contributions when the following admirable letter arrived. If my list of clubs and my correspondents can draw such fire from flint, I feel that

I really must go on with them. I will merely note in passing that Mr. Aiken emphatically nominates for the Ignoble Prize the Ignoble Prize and the president of the Fano and Faery Queene Clubs.

Edwin E. Aiken, Jr., of Dorchester, Mass.:

In your conduct of "As I Like It" there is every evidence that you have entered into a twofold compact with Hell. According to the first part you have agreed to throw open the columns of the department to an endless list of clubs. By the terms of the second part anyone who has a grudge against any word, phrase, book or anything whatsoever—mothers-in-law barred—is granted the right to give free rein to his feeling.

Consider the clubs. There is a goodly list of them. How long, O Lord, how long? I don't know. Take the Fano Club, for example. What is Fano? The name of a golfer? Well, probably not; at least, not of a golfer of the last decade. A baseball player? No. A philosopher? I think not. When then, Horatio? I have some vague recollection that Fano is a place in Italy, but whether Browning lived there, or Mussolini was born there or Ring Lardner is going to die there I am sure I have not the slightest idea.

Worse even than the clubs is the cult of the Ignoble Prize. Whosoever has been unable to get his name into print in any other way thinks of something he happens to dislike for the moment, rushes to the Post Office, Telegraph Office or Pay Station and, forsooth, it appears in the next issue of the magazine for the rest of us to read with groanings unutterable or to pass over with maledictions unprintable.

Every time I come upon those sections of "As I Like It" that deal with these clubs or with the Ignoble Prize I experience the sinking feeling that immediately precedes death. In the name of the submerged nine tenths, who for, lo, these many years have suffered in agonized silence, I protest. What can save us from the body of this death?

In "The Oxford Book of American Verse," edited by Bliss Carman, and previously commented on in these

pages, I mentioned that a number of persons who are now in heaven are represented as still being on earth. I ought also to call attention to the fact that the accomplished American poet Gertrude Hall (Mrs. W. C. Brownell) is represented as having died in 1915. Inasmuch as seven of her poems are included, the editor, I am sure, will be glad to know that she is alive and active.

Professor J. De Lancey Ferguson, of Ohio Wesleyan University, writes:

I am preparing a new edition of the Letters of Robert Burns, re-edited from the original manuscripts. I have already collated more than two hundred letters in public and private collections in this country, and now, before going overseas to continue the work, am trying to locate others now in private hands. Will any readers of SCRIBNER'S who own or know of such letters, and who would be willing to aid me in this work, please communicate with me, either at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, or in care of the Oxford University Press, 35 West 32nd Street, New York City?

Wynn Burton, of the University of Georgia, saw a sign in a restaurant in La Grange:

We have an agreement with the bank.
It serves no meals: we cash no checks.

Doctor Horace Hart, of New Haven, saw this sign in the village of Branford, Conn.:

Our friends drive with care,
The law will take care of others.

Virginia Terhune Van de Water nominates for the Ignoble Prize the "person who says 'our mutual friend' when he should say 'our common friend' or simply 'our friend.' I know that Dickens is quoted as authority for this expression, but he put it into the mouth of Mr. Boffin, a person whose speech was more picturesque than elegant."

The Reverend Doctor Hugh Morris,

of Haddonfield, N. J., read the "Faery Queen" before he was twenty. He was too immature to enjoy it, and he will not read it again for fear he is now too mature. I suspect he is really too busy with more important work. What he says reminds me, however, of something that is at least equally true. In the olden days people did not dare give mature books to youngsters for fear they would not understand them; now they do not dare give them mature books for fear they will.

Miss Winifred Nell, of Newark, N. J., calls my attention to a new word in a Wanamaker advertisement of brilliantine — "A Wanamaker exclusivity!"

Quite often one hears the expression "I don't know anything about music, but I like, etc." An unexpected variation on this well-worn theme pleasantly saluted my ears while engaged in conversation with a clever woman in a town in northern Connecticut. She had returned from the service at church, and remarked casually: "I don't know anything about music, but I hate our choir."

On attending a performance of "Siegfried" on February 2, a small boy found little to interest him until the moment in the second act when the dragon emerged from his cave. "Look, there comes the ground-hog out of his hole!"

What has become of two horrible strength-tests so common fifty years ago? Do you remember at every outdoor show the electric machine with two handles? You were invited to sit down, grasp the two handles, and see how long you could hold on. I can still see the grim determination on the faces of the men who bravely essayed this meaningless experiment.

In those days the offices of many sedentary business men were equipped with a diabolical device known as a "health-lift." Some enterprising salesman came along and sold any number of these silly and sinister machines to business men, lawyers, editors, and clergymen. You stood on a little platform like a weighing-machine, grasped two handles which reached to your knees on either side, and then pulled directly upward, a dial indicating the amount of weight you could lift. This accursed device was called the "health-lift," and probably injured the health of many men. I saw one in an editor's office, gave a vigorous haul, and got a lame back which bothered me for months. The health-lift, indeed!

What has become of the word "rusk"? When I was a boy that word was as common as biscuit, or roll, or bun. I have not heard it for many years, but was pleased to see it in Maurice Barling's novel, "Tinker's Leave."

It is perhaps fortunate for the Bostonian whom I quoted in condemnation of what seemed to him Halliburton's *conceit* that his name was withheld; for I have received a number of letters cursing him roundly. Apparently Halliburton has many ardent champions who love his ardent spirits.

I do not pretend to have any ability as an architect, plumber, or carpenter.

But if I were making the furniture and furnishings of a house, I should lower all the desks and elevate all the wash-basins. This applies also to the kitchen sink, where many good women have broken their backs. A great number of people get writer's cramp and neuritis by writing either in too low a chair or on too high a desk. The effort of writing is immensely increased by every additional half-inch added to the height of the desk. That ought to be self-evident, yet every desk I see is too high.

On the other hand, one bends over double to wash one's hands; no reason on earth why the wash-basin should not be elevated. Furthermore, nearly all faucets just barely project over the rim of the basin, so that it is impossible to get one's hands under them to catch the falling water. They should stick out at least three inches.

I know that some of my readers dislike puns. I advise them not to read this last paragraph. Our tennis-courts in New Haven are near Bradley Street, where among many other members of the college faculty live my friends Professor and Mrs. Frank Porter. One day, while I was playing tennis with Jack Crawford, a strong south wind brought a most appetizing odor of grilling beefsteak from the direction of Bradley Street. I wondered from which house so delightful a thing came, and Jack said it must be coming from the Porter house.



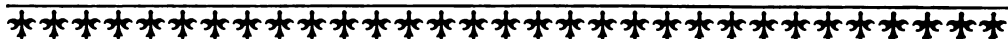
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THE FIELD OF ART

H. Siddons Mowbray, American
Mural Painter

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



IN the exhibitions of the Academy and the Society of American Artists, back in the 80s and 90s, there used to appear certain charming pictures, poetic in subject and very graceful in execution, signed by H. Siddons Mowbray. The Festival of Roses one would be called, Schererazade another, Evening Breeze a third. Romantic fancy touched them and they were well painted, being especially marked by skilful design and draftsmanship. They were liked by the public, as well as by the artist's colleagues, and collectors snapped them up. The essential drift of his career seemed settled. Yet it was to take an entirely different direction. Dormant in Mowbray's make-up was the gift for filling great wall spaces with infinitely more elaborate compositions, and through sheer innate ability he was ready to exercise it when the opportunity came. He developed forthwith into one of the most distinguished mural painters this country has ever produced and was kept busy as such until the end. He had just finished an important commission when he died at his home in Washington, Conn., on January 13 in the present year. It is with peculiar sympathy that I venture upon a brief sketch of his life and personality. We were friends for many years and I can hardly say which drew me to him the more persuasively, his beautiful work or the fine, gentle, endearing traits which marked him as a man. There was something

lovable and inspiring about Mowbray. He had ideals, principles, and stood by them with a kind of modest steadfastness. The close comrade of the artists who set the pace forty years ago, McKim, Saint-Gaudens, and the rest, he shared in their campaign with a high seriousness and a devotion which make him good to remember.



His father, John Henry Siddons, was an Englishman who went out to Egypt as the representative of a London banking house, and the future artist was born in Alexandria on August 5, 1858. The banker died, of sunstroke, not long after, and Mrs. Siddons returned to England. She had substantial ties there. One of her kinsmen, in John William Croker's heyday, had been established by him as a clerk in the Admiralty. The family borrowed a gleam of glory from the period of its lodgement in Kensington Palace. But one member of it, Mrs. Siddons's sister, had married a chemist, George M. Mowbray, who had taken her to America, and the widow from Egypt presently followed them to these shores. She died in Brooklyn, on the way to Titusville, Pa., where the Mowbrays were fixed. The boy was barely five when he was thus left alone. But the Mowbrays took him to their hearts, adopted him, making their name his own, and thenceforth life unfolded very happily. His new father gave him a



In the University Club Library.

Showing the wall and ceiling decorations by H. Siddons Mowbray.



In the University Club Library.

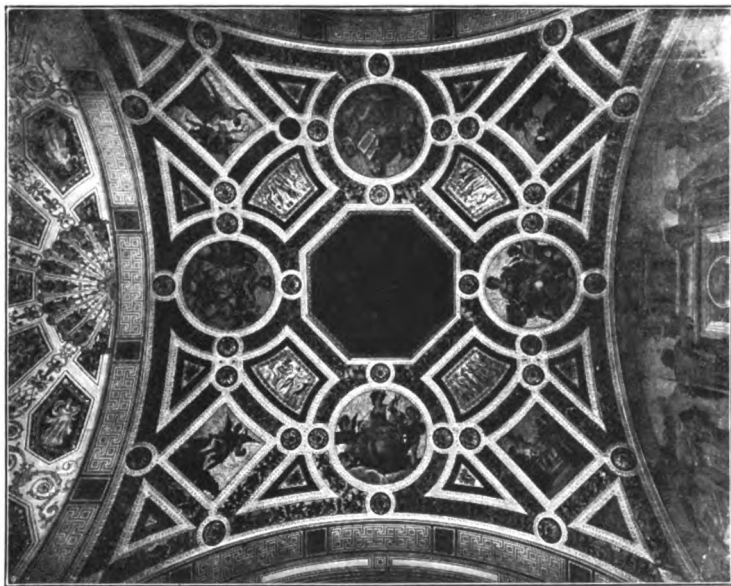
Showing the wall and ceiling decorations by H. Siddons Mowbray.



Lyric Poetry.



King Arthur and the Divine Comedy.



Hall Ceiling.

From the decorations by H. Siddons Mowbray in the Morgan Library.



Gethsemane.

From the painting by H. Siddons Mowbray.



Young Bacchus.

From the early painting by H. Siddons Mowbray.



Idle Hours.

From the early painting by H. Siddons Mowbray.

comradeship of the tenderest affection, and as time went on did everything to foster his ambitions. These seemed at first to beckon toward things utterly prosaic. Titusville was in the midst of the famous oil boom, a grim, greasy, rough place, in which George Mowbray functioned as a refiner of oil and a maker of nitroglycerine. Historic events broke the monotony of the region. The Civil War was going on, and in after years the artist was wont to recall the excitement when Lincoln's assassination befell and the news reached the town. But mostly he was conscious of humdrum things, and these, indeed, long occupied him. When the family moved to North Adams, Mass., the manufacture of high explosives continued to absorb its head. Young Mowbray was present at the blast that marked the closing stages of the boring of the Hoosac Tunnel, and one of his memories was of going to Canada as a lad of sixteen to explode a memorable charge in the construction of the Granville Canal. He seemed destined to be a chemist himself.

But at Drury Academy, in North Adams, where he was pursuing his studies, he had got interested in the drawing of maps, embellishing them with ships, whales, and animals, in the manner of the old cartographers, and from this diversion came, he said long afterward, "a keen desire to draw and the first germ in my art career." Chemistry went by the board. Other interests temporarily intervened. He competed for West Point and won, but a few months of experience showed him that he did not care for military things and, with his adopted father's approval, he resigned. In the winter of 1877 he fell into the hands of A. C. Howland, the landscape-painter, over at Williams-

town, who gave him lessons for which he used to drive the five or six miles in a cutter. In less than two years he was in Paris, welcomed by Stanley Mortimer and "Billy" Coffin, and soon entered at the Atelier Bonnat, one of the hardest workers there. He stayed in Paris for some years, poor but happy, making hosts of friends, including young Frenchmen who took him on visits to their homes in the provinces, so that he saw much more of the national life than falls to the lot of the average sojourner in Bohemia. In time he made a rather unusual place for himself. He prospered, after a fashion, making a trip to Spain, on which he copied *Las Hilanderas* and *Las Meninas* in the Prado, and at Seville heard Gayarré, the great tenor, sing in the cathedral. In Paris he sold his first picture, a costume study, to Tooth, the London dealer, for 100 francs. He had more than one painting hung in the Salon, and there ensued a profitable connection with a French firm that was glad to take his work. It looked as if he were going to be absorbed into the life around him. Then, fearing that he might become "a hopeless employee of the dealer," he came home.



He stepped at once into the circle of the leaders, joined the Society of American Artists, and was soon on the crest of the wave. Thomas B. Clarke bought pictures from him and encouraged others to do the same thing, a service which Mowbray liked gratefully to recall. But just at this apparently crystallizing period he reached a turning-point. "A fondness for the Italian art of the Renaissance came over me," he says in an autobiographical fragment. "I wanted above all things to do mural

work." Clarke got him his first commission, a panel three feet by six, to go over a mantel in the Athletic Club's house at Travers Island. "Amateurish" he found it, as he looked back at it, but at least it meant a start. Saint-Gaudens, stanch believer in his decorative aptitudes, moved the architect Geo. B. Post to assign him a score of lunettes in the C. P. Huntington house, and in the 90s he was dedicated absolutely to mural painting. The Huntington job kept him from bearing any part in the famous demonstration of the decorators at the Chicago Fair, but he was to have even more significant chances. In 1897, when he was working on a ceiling in the Frederick Vanderbilt house at Hyde Park, he returned to town one day in the same train with McKim, who fell to talking about the then recently created American Academy at Rome. The architect said some things which I must quote:

We are starving for standards within reach, to stimulate our taste and inspire emulation. It is a pity that more artists will not consent to momentarily become students, and endeavor to grasp the spirit that produced Rome. I pity the artist who does not feel humbled before its splendid examples of art. I have just been there and speak from experience. I think, for example, of the Borgia apartments, their perfect unity, their glory of color, and masterly detail. I think what it would mean to have such a thing here with us. In the library of the University Club that I am working on, I would give the world to have reproduced that grave richness of Pintoricchio. I am fearful of the garishness of modern decoration for a library. The decoration of such should whisper and not shout. If you ever felt like undertaking a bit of self-abnegation and spending two or three years in Rome, like the very student I have been talking of, I'd like to get you the commission to do some copying that might serve us in the library's decoration.

The conversation was crucial. Mow-

bray was occupied subsequently with his decorations for the Appellate Court-house, in New York, but McKim kept at the Pintoricchio idea for the University Club, and with the decisive aid of the late Charles T. Barney it was put in train. The artist had a serious illness. As he came out of it he was welcomed and invigorated with the glad news that he was to do the work. He sailed for Italy in the fall of 1902, settled in Rome, by and by took a constructive hand in the affairs of the Academy—becoming director in 1903-4—and saturated himself in the decorations of the Borgia apartments. Working all the time on his own paintings, he brought them home and installed them with prodigious success. "I used to consider this as my library," said McKim to Morgan, when he showed him the room; "now it is Mowbray's." The financier was deeply impressed. "I want a gem," he had said to McKim, when he had called upon the latter to create the library in Thirty-sixth Street, and for its enrichment the University Club work persuaded him that Mowbray was exactly the man. In those two buildings the artist's chief monuments are enshrined, the style is worked out through which he conclusively manifested his genius.



What were the predominating elements in that genius? Primarily an in-born sense of beauty, with an inborn faculty for expressing it. But the old discipline of the Atelier Bonnat had much to do with his development. It made him a master craftsman. When his patron cheerfully acquiesced in his sending his Young Bacchus to the Salon as early as 1879, it was undoubtedly because Bonnat felt that Mowbray had

the root of the matter in him, that he could really draw and paint. He drew superbly, using a strong but delicate line, and his technique was in all aspects singularly finished and authoritative, the technique of a thoroughly sound workman. His ideas were lofty. They were poetic, as they had been in his younger days of picture-making, but now, in his mural painting, they took a more and more monumentally allegorical turn. They were evolved, too, to an accompaniment of a luxuriant handling of conventional motives, derived from his enthusiastic studies in the Vatican. Pintoricchio was not his sole guide there. The hall ceiling at the Morgan Library, both in the distribution of its compartments and in the treatment of the designs filling them, follows very closely Raphael's ceiling in the Camera della Segnatura. Raphael's tradition, too, had a sharp influence upon his use of formal decoration in relief. But Pintoricchio, if not his only master, was the one who most profoundly moved him. Mowbray is, in certain passages at the University Club, frankly the copyist, but it would be a grossly superficial view of the matter that placed these passages in the foreground. What he did was literally to take over the old Italian's hypothesis, make it his own, and, in a manner implying original force and taste, give an essentially free and independent investiture to the ceiling and walls. I have cited McKim's fine saying, that the library was no longer his but Mowbray's. I remember what an impression of organic unity I received when I saw the room, back in 1904, on its first exposure, and repeated study of it since has only confirmed the point. Mowbray collaborated with McKim like an instinctive architect. Between them they made a masterpiece of archi-

tectural and decorative design. A phrase in the passage which I have quoted from the architect touches the gist of the matter, that in which he argues that the decoration of a library "should whisper and not shout." Mowbray magnificently grasped that principle.

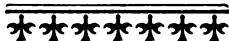
There are no rules for the making of a work of art. Genius makes its own laws. Carpaccio may adorn the walls of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni with the pages of a picture-book. Tintoretto may disdain architectural convention at San Rocco. Raphael may be lucidly intellectual, and Tiepolo the headlong virtuoso. But there is a curious indefinable necessity to which all these masters—and every true painter of mural decoration—must inevitably conform. It is that the painting should "look well on the wall," be obviously in its predestined place, somehow a structural part of the whole. How beautifully Mowbray followed the axiom! His way, which had been Pintoricchio's way, and which he revived at once clairvoyantly from the past and freshly in his own world, with a gesture of his own, was to fill the given space with gracious symbolical figures, enmeshed in a quietly shimmering web of arabesques and color. Picture and ornament were fused in a rich but never too assertive ensemble. He liked deep reds, and greens, and blues, with the gleam of gold accenting the mass in details that he often lifted into substantial relief, as Pintoricchio had done in the Borgia apartments and at Siena. Taking the stylistic cue that the old master gave him, he recovered exactly the classical grace and restraint that mark pure Renaissance ornamentation. At the bottom of his executive proficiency, which made him the master of both paint and plaster, there played an extraordinary faculty for design.

I have had varied sensations contemplating the positive world of motives at the University Club and in the Morgan Library—apprehending the great major panels and lunettes with their stately figures, the subordinate pictorial designs and the portraits, the endlessly inventive arrangement of conventional details. But first and last the evidence of decorative power that stays in my mind is the co-ordinating art with which all these factors are held together in a glorious equilibrium. Never a trace of excess or uncertainty in form or color! Never a threat to the balance of the whole! Always the unity that spells serene repose, the maintenance of a proud, sumptuously decorative conception under the sway of an architectural ideal!



Mowbray had amongst his resources the practicality which is inseparable from an architect's character. The same readiness which had enabled him in his youth to direct the force of nitroglycerine in a huge blast was with him all his life. He knew how to deal with hard facts. He decorated a room with the instinct of a builder working in him. In all our school of mural painters, and we have had some eminent practitioners since La Farge blazed the way, there has been no one who could beat Mowbray in allying a painting to its architectural surroundings. But if I love to

think of him as a master of his craft, I love also to think of him as a spirit of illumination and idealism, making his walls so fair to look upon, spreading upon them uplifting ideas and a rare beauty. Late in his life, in 1924, he turned from the big commissions to which he was habituated and painted for his own delight fifteen pictures illustrating the life of Christ, following Florentine precedent in composition but lending to his episodes a dignity and an emotional weight that could have sprung only from intense feeling. He was dealing with old themes but he gave them new life. And he was the poet once more, as he had been in those fantasies with which at the outset he had won admiration, the poet rising to a graver and more touching level. He never lost that imaginative, revivifying power of his. He died just as he had completed a great series of panels for the new annex to the Morgan Library, imposing designs in which we shall find final evidence of the potency of his mind and energy. They illustrate types and periods in the conquest of civilization, the majestic figures of history such as Darius and Alexander, momentous movements like that which produced the art of Greece. It was characteristic of Mowbray thus to close his life on a large, lofty note. From beginning to end his work was on an exalted plane, his soul on the side of the angels.



A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.



A PORTRAIT STUDY BY DORIS ULMANN.

Spinning the linen thread which is used for weaving linen on her big loom during the winter months. Eighty-two years old, this calm, cheerful woman gets up at five o'clock, works in the garden, milks the cow, and does everything around the house.

One of "The Mountaineers of Kentucky," series, page 675.



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Our Industrialism and Idealism

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," etc.

European observers and visiting lecturers direct the shafts of their ridicule and scorn at America as the "land of machines," whose patron saint is Henry Ford, whose creed is mass production. Michael Pupin, distinguished scientist, declares that if these things were true he would be sorry he left his native Serbia —and he tells why he is not sorry.

NINE years ago I was invited by the Serbian Government to study the condition of the Serbian war orphans, and I accepted the invitation. A Ford car, a Serbian soldier as chauffeur, and a young priest as guide assisted me in the performance of my mission. One day as we speeded along a stretch of a narrow level road in the southwest corner of Serbia I saw in the distance a Serbian peasant with his oxen and cart standing by the side of the road and waiting for my machine to pass. When I got near him I stopped, got out, and shook his hand, thanking him for the courtesy. "Oh, don't thank me," said he; "this is the least that I can do for an American. You Americans have been most kind and generous to us Serbians during the recent war. You banished typhus from Serbia and we shall never forget it." "But how do you know that I am an American?" asked

I, and he answered: "Your looks and your language suggest a Serbian, but your manner is different. No European of your class has your manner; it is the cordial and gentle manner of the Americans who came to aid us during the war. Besides, no Serbian can afford today the luxury of an automobile, nor is he in sufficient hurry to need its speedy service. This cart with its slowly moving oxen is speedy enough for me." "But you are not going very far," said I. "To Belgrade," said he; "I shall be there in a fortnight, whereas you probably left Belgrade yesterday morning. You, like all Americans, are in a hurry; I, like all Serbians, am not. After selling these ten bags of tar it will take me two weeks more to return to my farm on the slope of that mountain over there." "But how can you spare the time at this busy summer season?" asked I, and he answered: "I have just fin-

ished the hoeing of my corn-field, and by the time the harvest season is on I shall be home again. Time is not so very precious to us peasants until a week or so after Saint Peter's day." "But the travelling expenses of your four weeks' journey will eat up all the proceeds from the sale of your ten bags of tar," said I, and he answered: "I have no travelling expenses. This time of the year my oxen and I sleep out under the canopy of heaven; my friends and acquaintances along the route will feed me and my faithful oxen. Half a loaf of black bread and a raw onion or two are my daily diet on these journeys; there are juicy pastures on every side for my oxen. In exchange for their hospitality I shall give my friends several new tunes of my flute and recite several new ballads which I recently learned from the shepherds on my mountainside. My friends, on whom I expect to call, undoubtedly have similar treasures of new tunes and ballads, and they will not begrudge me a tiny share of them. While wandering slowly in daytime I shall have plenty of leisure to explore again the beauties of dear old Serbia; at night I shall rejoice in the glory of the blazing stars, which to me are like the eyes of God watching over the destiny of my beloved Serbia, just as they watched during this recent war. You see, then, that when I get home again I shall have all the dinars which Belgrade gave me for my ten bags of tar, and my dearly beloved oxen will be slicker than ever. Besides, my flute will be richer by several tunes and my heart will be fuller than ever with love for my beautiful Serbia."

One can imagine how these sentiments of the sturdy peasant thrilled me! His idealism recalled the days of my early youth among the peasants of my

native village. I could not help making a confession to him, and said: "My father was a Serbian peasant just like you; he had a yoke of oxen just like yours; in my boyhood days I drove them, and I was just as fond of them as you are of yours. Then I deserted them and ran away to America." "Oh, how could you desert your lovely animals and run away to the land of machines? Are you not sorry to-day that you did it?" asked he, but I gave him no answer.

I had no ready answer which would have been intelligible to an idealist like that Serbian peasant. I was quite certain, however, that he did not refer to "the land of machines" in a disparaging sense. He obviously saw a halo around this land of machines, because his experience had told him that it produced men and women who had cordial and gentle manners and rendered voluntary service to suffering Serbia. I did not answer his question, but I have been thinking about it ever since, and I have been trying to answer it to myself.

Yes, there was a time when I was sorry that I had deserted those lovely animals and had run away to the land of machines, as that Serbian peasant called it. I missed the gentle spirit of my humble peasant home and of its patron saint. I missed the thrills of the Serbian flute, of the Serbian ballads, of the blazing stars in the Serbian heavens, and of the honey-hearted accents of my village chums. In short, I missed the very things which that peasant idealist prized so highly. But gradually I became reconciled; America gave me many, many thrills which I should never have experienced in my native village.

Just think of the thrills which I experienced during the earliest days after

my landing at Castle Garden! There was the awe-inspiring elevated railroad and the embryo of the Brooklyn Bridge spinning out its span of slender wires like a spider's web high up in the air and across the East River.

Two years after my landing I saw the first telephone exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. It repeated speech with perfect articulation. This was a great thrill to everybody and particularly to an untutored immigrant like me, but it nearly persuaded me to go back to my native village. "No chance for me," said I, "in this country of magic, where men can make a simple steel disk speak the English language better than a Serbian greenhorn can speak it in spite of all the efforts of his clumsy vocal organs."

Two years later I experienced a similar thrill when I first listened to a phonograph. Edison's incandescent electrical lighting of 1882 mystified me and filled me with awe when I compared it with the tallow candles of my native village. I shall never forget my emotions when I first gazed at the blazing flames of the roaring furnaces in the Pittsburgh steel district where millions of tons of steel were preparing the foundation of a new civilization. These and many other apparently miraculous workings of science and invention, witnessed by my untutored and impressionable mind, consoled me for what I had lost when I deserted the lovely animals of my native village and ran away to the land of machines. But this was many years ago; do they still console me to-day?

Revolutionary changes have been created by science and inventions the beginnings of which thrilled me during my early American career. They certainly have transformed this land into

a land of machines, and most of these transformations took place since I landed here fifty-four years ago. What can I say to-day about their influence upon our American civilization and upon our individual souls, in order to convince that Serbian peasant idealist that I made no mistake when I deserted my beloved Serbian oxen and ran away to the land of machines?

The European observer who comes here and, after looking around for a little while, writes elaborate essays about American materialism would not hesitate to say that I made a lamentable mistake. He will tell you that as far as this country is concerned the result of all the advancements in science and inventions is an American civilization of industrialism of which Henry Ford is the patron saint. Mass production in everything, says this superficial European observer, is the highest aim of our civilization: millions of tons of steel in Pittsburgh and Gary; millions of automobiles in Detroit; countless heaps of machine-made shoes in Lowell. Nay, mass production even in the educational field, where endless droves of crude bachelors of arts are let loose annually from our American colleges. It is one of these superficial European observers of America who credited Ford with the statement that he will take no interest in old masters until he can manufacture by the millions their finest pictures and distribute them free of charge among his customers. This alleged statement is, of course, a libel upon Mr. Ford. It is indirectly a libel upon all our American captains of industry. Yet there are some American pessimists who heartily indorse that view. If I accepted that view of the superficial European observer and of the American pessimists, I should be sorry indeed that fifty-four

years ago I deserted my dearly beloved Serbian oxen and, as the Serbian peasant expressed it, ran away to the land of machines. But I do not accept it; my American experience of fifty-four years rebels against it.

That Serbian peasant had a much more cheerful picture of this land of machines; how could he help it when he remembered that this land of machines produces gentle folks, cordial and generous in their manner, ready to offer unselfish service to suffering humanity? Nothing in their conduct suggested to him that the land of machines is a land of materialism. He knew that back of these American machines, and back of our proverbial hustling and hurry, there is a gentle spirit which he had not observed among the great folks of Europe whom he had seen in Serbia during the war. Here, then, is a secret which the superficial European student of America will never fathom. My experience of fifty-four years in America and my knowledge of the simple idealism of the Serbian peasant entitle me to the privilege of saying a word or two concerning this secret.

The secret is not revealed to the European observer of American civilization by things which one sees on the surface of our metropolitan life, nor by what one sees and hears at the bridge-whist tables of the palaces at Newport; one must look for it in the American homes of smaller pretensions. Litchfield, Amherst, Pasadena, Oakland, and countless other real nurseries of American life in any part of these United States will reveal it to the vision of the carefully trained European eye. But how can the European get that training? Every intelligent and experienced immigrant will say: Let him live in the United States until he feels at home.

The untutored and impressionable mind of a young immigrant such as I was when I landed here is thrilled at first by the miracles of science and inventions in this land of machines. This was all that I saw during my greenhorn days. My mental vision was not equipped for seeing anything else; many casual European visitors and superficial students of American civilization remind me forcibly of my greenhorn days.

The struggling immigrant greenhorn begins to expand his vision and to orient himself in this new world when some guardian angel puts into his hand a history of America, the same guardian angel who left at young Lincoln's log-cabin home a history of the United States and Weems's "Life of Washington." The immigrant guided by his experience in American homes discovers then that in this land of machines there are other things which thrill the soul of man even more than the apparently miraculous inventions do. American history of the period preceding the Civil War led me to this discovery as long as fifty years ago, and it gradually persuaded me that the most thrilling part of the story of this land of machines is not revealed by the miracles of science and inventions and the industries to which they lead; but that it is told by the achievements of the souls of men who shaped the soul of this nation. This was the result of the process called Americanization; no European student of American civilization and culture should write elaborate essays about them until he has gone through this process.

When the impressionable mind of the young immigrant begins to understand the idealism of the colonists and of Washington, their leader, he begins

to feel the heart-beat of the new world. It gradually ceases to be to him a strange, puzzling, and machine-made world, and his hope grows strong that he and his ancestral virtues and the simple idealism of his native peasant village will find a congenial home in this land of machines. Washington's ideal of the American Union becomes then his ideal, and he follows with breathless interest Marshall's, Henry Clay's, and Webster's defense of that ideal. Lincoln to him means the crowning victory of that ideal. He recognizes in the idealism of these men the root of a new idealism, the American idealism.

"This American idealism," the superficial European observer will say, "belongs to the period which started with Washington and ended with Lincoln. The materialism of the present period, the period of American industrialism, has smothered it." What does history say?

The greatest enlightenment awaits the immigrant as well as the European student of this land of machines in the study of American history relating to the period following the Civil War. I call this period the period of the American Renaissance. I was fortunate to watch and to understand its development from its beginning. I saw the growth of the American industrialism during this period, but this industrialism never suggested to my mind the reign of materialism. There was a guiding spirit in this growth, the spirit of American idealism.

In the midst of the Civil War, in 1863, President Lincoln and his intimate friend Joseph Henry, the greatest American scientist of those days, founded the National Academy of Sciences. Its distinguished members, all idealists like Lincoln and Henry, soon started a

movement for higher endeavor in all our intellectual pursuits. This movement is the American Renaissance. It succeeded beyond the rosiest expectations and gave us as its first contribution our American universities of to-day. Johns Hopkins, organized in 1876, was the earliest among them. Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Princeton, and others followed in rapid succession. They were American colleges only, and became American universities when their scientific research laboratories came into existence and began to cultivate the modern American spirit of scientific research. It is the spirit of the philosophy of scientific idealism, which has stood the test of many centuries. Call it the philosophy of the three "M's." Motive, mental attitude, and method of research are the three characteristics of this philosophy. The *motive* is unselfish search of the eternal truth; the *mental attitude* is open-minded and unprejudiced interpretation of the language of nature; the *method of research* is the method employing observation, experiment, and calculation. The idealism of this philosophy is simple, definite, and obvious. It is the idealism which guided Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, Franklin, Faraday, and all their disciples in their epoch-making scientific achievements for the benefit of mankind. The cultivation of this philosophy of scientific idealism was gradually transplanted during the last fifty years from the scientific research laboratories of our American universities to the research laboratories of our American industries. I witnessed this transplanting in every one of its phases. The philosophy of scientific idealism is to-day the bond of union between our industries and our universities. This is one of the greatest achievements of the American Renaissance

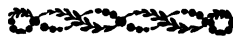
which started sixty-five years ago, and contributed more to the reinforcement of Washington's and Lincoln's ideal of the American Union than all the other achievements of this period put together. It is our strongest arm of national defense. The miracles of science and of inventions of this period will long be forgotten when this welding of the American industries to the American universities will be still remembered as the greatest achievement of this age.

The great American industries, recognizing their obligation to pure science and to its guiding light, the philosophy of scientific idealism, are now creating a twenty-million-dollar fund to be expended in ten consecutive years in the cultivation of purely scientific research for the good of our American idealism in science.

Consider now the vast number of museums, picture-galleries, conservatories of music, philharmonic societies, institutions of higher learning, cathedrals, which, following in the path of advancing idealism in science, have come into existence during my American experience of fifty-four years; consider, moreover, that all these nurseries of the æsthetic and spiritual activities of the American soul were made possible by individual donations of private citizens, leaders of our American industrialism, and it will be obvious that the only materialism in this industrialism will be found in the material wealth

which makes these nurseries of the idealism of American life possible. I cannot help seeing behind the American machines and American industrialism a spirit of that rare idealism which guided Washington, Lincoln, and other American leaders of men.

Every mediæval cathedral has a soul; it is a part of the soul of its designer and of the souls of the pious men who built it. So every modern machine has a soul; it is a part of the soul of its inventor and of the patient souls of the men who developed it. Who dare say that these souls are guided by a sordid spirit? Whenever you speak of this land as the land of machines, remember the machine and its pilot who with a honey-hearted smile carry our American message of good-will to the nations of the earth. The gentle soul of the pilot is so closely welded to the soul of his machine that the union cannot be better described than by the affectionate title "We." There is, indeed, a noble spirit which controls this indissoluble union of souls. It is this spirit which moulded the souls of the Americans whom the Serbian peasant admired so much. That Serbian peasant idealist believes, I am sure, that these souls are the spiritual leaders of the world. It is the communion with this spirit of idealism which makes me say to-day: I do not regret that fifty-four years ago I deserted my beloved Serbian oxen and ran away to the land of machines.





Knowing Our College Students

BY RAYMOND WALTERS

Author of "Getting Into College," etc.

The Dean of Swarthmore College, keen observer and student of American education, looks critically at the methods of personal contact and individual development used by our colleges.

WHEN William Howard Taft sat on that famous fence at Yale in the late seventies he and his 132 classmates could know their teachers and their teachers could know them. It was so at the small, leisurely Harvard of Theodore Roosevelt's student days, with a total of 800 undergraduates; it was so at the remote, quiet Princeton of the same era when Woodrow Wilson, transferring from little Davidson in North Carolina, was graduated in the '79 class of 124 members.

Fifty years have brought an increase of 700 per cent in American college and university enrolment. The increase has been chiefly in the large institutions; to-day the 25 largest universities have approximately 40 per cent of the total enrolment of 780 institutions. It is accordingly the large universities which are bearing the major share of the burdens and problems which follow expansion.

To regain the old-time intimate touch—to know and to guide the young Roosevelts and Wilsons and Tafts of to-day—Harvard has developed tutorial instruction, Princeton a preceptorial system, Yale has established an endowed department for personnel study, and all three have separate freshman administration. Supplementing individual activity there is now a co-operative move-

ment for personnel work under the auspices of the American Council on Education, in which fourteen universities are sharing: Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, North Carolina, Northwestern, Princeton, Syracuse, Stanford, and Yale. Other and smaller colleges are keeping touch with developments in personnel study through a commission of the Association of American Colleges.

Just what is meant by "personnel procedure in education"? What are the scope and aims of American tutorial systems and honors courses? Do these new methods of knowing our college students really work? To all three questions the best answers for general readers—particularly for parents of college students now or to be—will probably develop from an account of experiences of a typical student.

Let us see what happens to your son Thomas, matriculating in the liberal-arts college of one of the large universities having personnel administration. Three to five days before the opening of the fall term he reports for the programme of freshman week. It is a programme planned, as one announcement explains, "to introduce the new students to the university, to help them in adjusting themselves to their work and

their new surroundings, to make them acquainted with some of their instructors and with some of the administrative officials."

Tom and his classmates—of whom, at the State universities, there may be from 600 to 2,000—are promptly grouped in small sections, each section under a professor and an assistant. What follows in the next four or five days may be illustrated by this typical daily schedule at the University of Maine:

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|-------|-----------|--|
| 8. | to 8.50. | Lecture on university history, traditions, and problems. |
| 8.55 | to 9.45. | Lecture on the use of the library. |
| 9.50 | to 11.35. | English - composition test. |
| 11.40 | to 12. | Assembly. |
| 1.30 | to 2.20. | Practice in English. |
| 2.25 | to 3.15. | Taking of photographs. |
| 3.20 | to 4.20. | Recreation. |
| 7.30. | | College receptions in charge of the deans. |

At Maine there are forty-five periods in the week's programme, including lectures, departmental tests, conferences, physical examinations, the taking of individual photographs for personnel cards, athletics, and social activities.

A different reception is this from the poster scrap and hazing which were formerly the student's introduction to college. The freshman-week idea, commonly credited to President Little, of the University of Michigan, who popularized it when he was president of the University of Maine, in fact originated at Wellesley College in 1913. Now, at more than a hundred institutions throughout the country, the faculties greet the freshmen before the sophomores do. It is a tribute to the reasonableness of the plan that even the sopho-

mores pretty generally concede that it isn't so bad. Which means that at most places the programme avoids the saccharine quality, the evangelistic tone. That is seen to by the deans and professors, who arrange the programmes, tucking in those placement tests advocated by Doctor Seashore which furnished Tom something to write about in his first letter home.

Later he finds that the tests were designed for a purpose other than vexation of spirit. The pace in the mathematics test shows up his limp in algebra, and he is placed in a section with classmates who also knocked down the hurdles. In chemistry—his beloved chemistry—he does well and is placed in a section where he has a chance to step along with the best of them. By the time of the formal opening, when the upper-classmen pour back, Tom realizes that his university is interested in him not as a unit but as a son.

THE FRESHMAN KALEIDOSCOPE

Then follows the kaleidoscope of freshman life: class scraps; fraternity rushing; early rising for mathematics first hours; hurrying through laboratory exercises to go out for football practice; a modicum of study and a great deal of talk in the dormitories or fraternity houses at night. Shot through all this, the sensations of burning leaves on frosty mornings . . . afternoon sunlight on the green and russet of the ivy-covered library . . . the wet thud of boot on ball at a rain-drenched game in the stadium . . . flurries of snow across the frozen campus . . . Christmas vacation. No great basis here for the fears of parents who take seriously the verse, the jokes, the sketches of the comic papers portraying undergraduates as devotees of silver flasks and petting-par-

ties. One would be inclined to suggest that the danger of moral dissipation is mild compared with the danger of intellectual stagnation in the whirligig of perfectly regular and "nice" extracurricular activities.

For Tom, aged seventeen to nineteen and sturdy in physique and temperament, all the action and excitement make the campus an earthly paradise. The normal, well-prepared student takes college life with "lively cheer of vigor born," the lively cheer of Gray's poetic phrase being typified by sounds from a saxophone. Within this category of those whom William James termed the tough-minded fall the majority of college students. It is well to stress this so as not to lose our sense of proportion in discussing the problem of those who, by the time Tom's class receives the name sophomore, are marked dropped or withdrawn in the dean's office.

How many are there of these? Here are the most recent figures: Of 10,251 freshmen in seventeen colleges and universities the loss at the close of their first college year (1925-26) was 2,110. Why did one freshman out of every five starting at these institutions with high hopes in September fall by the wayside by the following June? Among the major reasons reported to Registrar Sage, of Iowa State College, who conducted this study for the American Association of Collegiate Registrars, were these:

Dropped for poor scholarship, 31.6 per cent.

Withdrawing for financial reasons, 20.7 per cent.

Leaving because of ill health, 14.8 per cent.

To meet these three major causes of freshman mortality is a part of the prob-

lem of the universities which seek to know their students. They are attempting to improve scholarship by selective admission, by sectioning classes according to ability, by better methods of teaching, by guidance of faculty and personnel advisers. They are aiding financially needy students by scholarships, loan funds, and spare-time work. They are attending to health conditions, with programmes for general hygiene, for individual hygiene, for group hygiene.

As to mental hygiene it may be said that the vogue of Freud and newspaper attention to a relatively small number of student suicides have probably given exaggerated emphasis to psychopathic cases in college. Such cases occur in any large group. This fact is recognized by universities and colleges in their increasing provision for the service of psychiatrists.

Your son Tom will probably not be in need of an expert in mental hygiene, although he may, during the difficult years of his college period, flounder in coming into a healthy-minded adjustment with life. It is a bit doubtful whether much more can be done for him than is now being done by fraternity, college, and church forces—when these are alert. In this, as in all the deeper issues of life, the best help afforded is that of example. Less by what he says than by what he is, a certain young chemistry instructor influences Tom, who admires him for his height and shoulders, his understanding humor, his contempt for bluffing, his capacity for hard work.

Supplementing the personnel system in the large universities is the appointment bureau. Tom hears from classmates who were placed in part-time jobs that "the bureau crowd is *real*." When

his senior year comes round Tom drops in to list his name for a job after graduation, and he finds that the bureau has available for him leaflets and books on vocations and chart-books of "open highways and blind alleys in employment," to use the phrase of Mr. A. D. Wilt, of Harvard.

THE CASE OF BETTY

The story of your daughter Betty, if she is attending a State or municipal university or a small coeducational college, is substantially the same as Tom's story, so far as personnel matters are concerned. That a girl in some of the large institutions may be like a friendless worker in a large city is maintained by Doctor Iva L. Peters, dean and director of personnel for women at Syracuse University and former vocational adviser at Goucher College:

"I know first-hand that it is possible for a student to be lost for four years on a big campus; to go through college without knowing a professor to speak to; to sit in class for a semester and hardly know the name of the instructor nor be known by him; to come to the verge of suicide, hopeless of untying the red tape of administration. The supreme function of personnel is to reinstate the individual student on the college campus."

Doctor Peters has inaugurated at Syracuse a programme of educational guidance for women students "in accordance with the vocational-guidance traditions of the pioneers Frank Parsons, G. Stanley Hall, Charles W. Eliot, and Frank Leavitt."

In guidance work "the women's colleges were a long way ahead of the men's," according to Professor W. Carson Ryan, Jr. To-day personnel work equal to the best may fairly be claimed

for certain large women's colleges of the East.

At Smith the personnel staff has interviews with all freshmen, as well as numerous upper-class girls, helping them in adjustments to college life and study and in choosing their later occupations. Smith has a part-time psychiatrist. A student advisory committee joins effectively in the programme of personnel work.

In addition to scholastic guidance, the personnel system of Vassar provides four full-time physicians, a consultant in mental hygiene, an expert in psychological tests, and a director of eugenics who "advises students on such studies as will assist in the problem of right living relations."

At Wellesley the former bureau of occupations has become the personnel bureau. "To make their vocations the outcome of choice rather than of chance" has been one aim of the bureau for the girls of Wellesley.

In varying degree personnel help is afforded at Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Goucher, and Sweet Briar.

PHASES OF PERSONNEL ACTIVITY

It would be impracticable to describe personnel procedure at all of the leading institutions engaged in it, but certain phases may be cited.

When a freshman at Dartmouth, stepping on the scales at his physical examination, spins the indicator to a point seriously under or over what he should weigh, he is directed to the medical clinic and is invited to join a malnutrition class under the direction of an expert. Consultations with a psychiatrist are available to Dartmouth students at any time.

How home and other distractions

may interfere with the scholastic progress of a day student is illustrated in this report of a personnel staff worker at Northwestern University:

"Mr. G—— is carrying 17 hours of work and isn't any too well prepared for it. At the present time the boy's mother is away, so he is buying and cooking for his two brothers. He is a scout-master, has a Sunday-school class, and, to top it all, has been 'trying to make love to an Alpha Phi sorority girl.'"

As to meeting these and various other difficulties of students the personnel policy of Northwestern is: "What we can do by common-sense methods we gladly do; what can be done only by more sophisticated methods of psychology and the social sciences we accomplish by such methods."

Columbia has contributed its famous orientation course, "Contemporary Civilization"; and the college, in the midst of a large university and a large city, has done wonders in maintaining a human touch with its men, as has Barnard with its girls. In aiming to know its students the University of Chicago has a freshman programme and a plan for placing every undergraduate "in the hands of his own department as soon as possible."

The State universities are endeavoring to put into effect the University of Minnesota doctrine that "the university sees the students in quite as important a light as do their mothers and fathers." Minnesota provides eight divisions for "the general supervision of studentship and student life," ranging from supervision of classroom accomplishment to a watchful but kindly eye on the way Minnesota men and maidens run their fraternities and sororities. President Little's freshman programme at the

University of Michigan was characterized by the undergraduate weekly *Michigan Chimes* as starting with "an encouraging lack of platitudes and buncombe." At the University of Illinois the office door of the dean of men has, for a score of years, swung open for thousands of undergraduates bringing their jubilations as well as their tribulations. At the University of California, which leads the country numerically with more than 17,000 full-time students, an effort is announced by the office of the dean of men "to humanize the relationships of students, faculty, and university administration." The University of North Carolina has a personnel programme which includes research; Virginia and Vanderbilt are keeping up less formally the old-time Southern touch of student and teacher.

Personal contact and pedagogical values are combined in the new college started this year at the University of Wisconsin under the direction of Alexander Meikeljohn; the enrolment is limited to 250 freshmen and sophomores, who will take their last two years in regular university courses. Special guidance of able students is now provided at the University of Iowa, where professors volunteer as counsellors for the freshmen who rank in the highest 10 per cent of the class in the placement examination.

That personnel procedure is no mere fad or fancy is attested by its introduction, in varying forms, at such ancient and critical institutions as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Brown, and Cornell. The department of personnel at Princeton appears to represent the general attitude of these universities in its declaration that "card indexes, information blanks, job analysis, and all the rest of the procedure

are helpful exactly in proportion as you have personal contact with the student."

Attention in this field is just now centred upon Yale University. Yale has recently received, from the late Charles H. Ludington, \$300,000 for a department of personnel study. In addition to the usual personnel functions the department proposes to gather occupational data, to examine "interest analyses of students as of possible significance in their choice of courses and careers," and to investigate the records of graduates in various occupations.

All of these activities are only a beginning. The comment of President Farrand, of Cornell, "We are groping at this personnel problem," is echoed by university administrators everywhere. They grant the inadequacy of past methods to handle the problems which large numbers present. They agree that for the future there must be scientific, co-ordinated planning.

A CO-OPERATIVE COMMITTEE ON PERSONNEL METHODS

It is this realization which led to a pooling of effort of the fourteen universities named at the outset of this article. Representatives of these universities first met in Washington on January 1, 1925, upon call of the National Research Council, Division of Anthropology. Now, with the American Council on Education as sponsor, the movement is making definitely charted advances in personnel study. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., recently granted to the council \$20,000 a year for three years to carry out the following plan:

- (1) To inform the colleges and universities concerning the best methods of personnel.
- (2) To prepare a personal-record

card which should afford personal information to teachers and administrators at the college level.

- (3) To prepare achievement tests and make available all the facts concerning them in an effort to stimulate such testing.

- (4) To develop objective and useful measurements of character.

- (5) To prepare vocational monographs.

The chairman of the central committee on personnel methods is Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, of Columbia College, who has presided from the start of the movement. The other members are Dean H. W. Holmes, of the Harvard Graduate School of Education; President L. B. Hopkins, of Wabash College; Director C. R. Mann, of the American Council on Education; President Walter Dill Scott, of Northwestern University; and, as secretary, Assistant Director David A. Robertson, of the American Council.

Historically, college personnel work had its *fons et origo* in the operations during the war of the Commissioned Personnel Branch of the General Staff, headed by Doctor Scott, who was assisted by Doctor Walter V. Bingham, now president of the Psychological Corporation and director of the Personnel Research Federation. In the war years were tried out in an extensive way the psychological tests developed by Cattell, Thorndike, Terman, Colvin, Yerkes, Otis, and others, the Scott rating scale for officers, and tests for vocational aptitudes. To-day, along these and similar lines, service is extended to placement officers of colleges and universities and to personnel managers in business and industry by the Psychological Corporation, the Personnel Research Federation, the National Asso-

ciation of Appointment Secretaries, and the National Committee of Bureaus of Occupations.

THE SMALL COLLEGE

In comparison with the large institutions, the smaller American colleges are doing little in formal placement work. Some of them utilize a freshman-placement programme and seek to give vocational advice in various ways. The criticism has been made that "most small colleges are sporting laurels which withered long ago," and that they need to share the concern of the large institutions about the personnel problem. It is the contention of its supporters that the small college does not need elaborate personnel methods; that the small college may, by virtue of its smallness, be the ideal alma mater, knowing her students not as names on lists, photographs on cards, and "case histories" but as individuals—her children; that the small college best supplies Newman's prescription of "the personal presence of a teacher."

EDUCATIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL METHODS

The devices described thus far have in general related to the administrative handling of large student bodies. What about devices which are distinctly educational and intellectual?

The lead in this direction in the United States seems clearly that taken by Woodrow Wilson in 1904. Princeton, in the following year, began President Wilson's preceptorial system, which aimed "to give undergraduates their proper release from being school-boys . . . by putting them in the way of doing their own reading instead of getting up lectures or lessons." This system provided, somewhat after the

Oxford tutorial method, for preceptors who should meet small groups and thus come to know the undergraduate and to direct his intellectual advance in a degree impossible with large classes.

During the past half-dozen years there has developed in American education a movement akin to the idea of President Wilson in some ways but distinctly different in other ways. This movement recognizes the value of what has been done and is being done, but stresses the need for freedom and higher standards for abler minds. "We are educating more students up to a fair average than any country in the world," says President Aydelotte, "but we are wastefully allowing the capacity of the average to prevent us from bringing the best up to the standards they could reach."

In a recent report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Doctor William S. Learned cites "three American institutions that illustrate different forms of approach to the problem of selecting the able mind and guiding its intellectual development." The institutions named by Doctor Learned are Toronto, Swarthmore, and Harvard.

Honors courses at the University of Toronto are a growth of forty years, a transplant from England and Scotland. To surmount the honors matriculation examinations at Toronto, the Toms and Bettys of Ontario and other Canadian provinces find an additional year in high school practically a necessity. Despite this the honors students average considerably younger at matriculation than the pass students—which means, as President Falconer interprets it, that "talent begins to differentiate itself early." In the university honors students attend lectures very regularly in

their first year and somewhat less regularly thereafter when lectures are supplemented by frequent conferences. At these conferences there are approximately ten honors students in the group under a professor. Three papers a term are required in English, for example, and these are graded by the professor and count along with the results of the university examinations at the end of the year. To the Toronto honors courses the stream of scholars which Toronto has supplied the faculties of colleges and universities in the United States is a striking tribute.

The Swarthmore honors courses, started in 1922, follow President Aydelotte's doctrine of "giving better students greater independence in their work, avoiding the spoon-feeding which makes much of our college instruction of the present day of secondary-school character." If Tom and Betty, in their freshman and sophomore years at Swarthmore, show ability, initiative, and industry, they are admitted to read for honors in any of ten definitely outlined fields of knowledge. It is open to them to attend as many or as few regular classes of the college as they choose. A large part of their work is done by independent reading, guided by instructors. Groups of five or six students meet with one or two instructors several times a week in sessions of two hours each or longer. At these meetings the honors students read papers and discuss the reading of the week, with critical comment from instructors and students. The test of the whole process comes at the end of two years in a series of comprehensive examinations, including an oral examination, upon the basis of which students are graduated with honors, high honors,

and highest honors. The unique thing at Swarthmore is that the examinations are given by professors of other institutions. One consequence of external examining has been to bring student and instructor into partnership in an intellectual and human adventure.

At Harvard, under the general-examination system, the student selects his field of concentration at the end of his freshman year and is then assigned to a tutor in that field who is thereafter his adviser in all his work. As a sophomore he meets the tutor once a week or a fortnight; as a junior and a senior he sees him weekly for conference of a half-hour to an hour. These conferences are "not in the nature of private lectures. Their object is to help the student to work out for himself the subjects that he is studying; . . . the process is Socratic and not didactic." One finds at Harvard abundant testimony from students and tutors as to the success of this relationship during the past few years in which the plan has been operating on the present basis. Valuable, however, as are "the tutoring, the frequent contacts with students which it involves, and the personal influence of the tutors, the essential element that gives the meaning to the system is more remote," as President Lowell emphasizes. The aim is "the mastery of some subject as a whole, to be acquired as far as possible by the student's own work," and the foundation of the whole system is in "a general final examination to measure his attainment and still more to set a standard of achievement."

It is this final comprehensive examining of the student under the Harvard, the Swarthmore, and similar plans which constitutes the first equivalent in the United States of the European

examinations described by Doctor Learned as "tests of intelligence operating over a broad perspective of co-ordinated knowledge."

CRITICISM OF PERSONNEL AND OTHER SYSTEMS

The question arises, what do the beneficiaries of the personnel and other new systems think of them? As representative of student opinion, the editors of undergraduate newspapers in various universities were asked as to the sentiment in their institutions. The replies indicate student approval of the personnel movement as a whole. Student committees have recently investigated curriculum problems and faculty-student relationships, notably at Dartmouth, Harvard, Bowdoin, and Connecticut Wesleyan. Reports show strong student support of the tutorial, preceptorial, and honors plans in institutions where they are in effect.

If, after describing current conditions as fairly and sympathetically as he can, the present writer may be allowed a few critical comments, he would venture these:

There would seem to be two main risks in the personnel movement. One is the risk of coddling students—of tolerating softness, self-pity, priggishness. The other is the risk of so emphasizing the vocational aspect that the liberal-culture aspect of college finishes a poor second.

The problem, where the purpose of a system is human service, lies in the human worth of the individual agents of the system. The personnel of personnel administration is the problem. Whether the personnel ideal will attract and hold able workers in sufficient measure remains to be seen. A tremendous

impulse would be furnished by faculty rank for personnel directors, such as Harvard grants to tutors under the general-examination plan.

In the effort to restore individual touch in our large universities, personnel procedure has become an important agency. There should, however, be experiments with other plans, such as the proposal President Wilson made at Princeton a quarter of a century ago and as the student-council committee made at Harvard recently, *viz.*, to subdivide the large college into small colleges, each with its own dormitories, common room, and dining-hall. Professor Meikeljohn's freshman-sophomore college at Wisconsin is the first definite trial of such subdivision. The Pomona-Scripps colleges in California furnish an American example of how a small college may grow, not by enlargement of the main unit, but by adding other units after the English college-university form of organization.

As to honors courses and tutorial systems, it is undeniable that the expense is heavier than with lecture and classroom instruction, and it is doubtful also whether the freedom of these methods is suitable for students who do not possess keen intellectual or scientific interests. But a great and prosperous democracy can hardly afford not to provide, in its varied educational programme, for what Doctor Abraham Flexner terms "exceptional care and opportunity for the unusual—the unusual in respect to ability, industry, or both . . . in politics, art, science, and literature."

To sum up, then, it may be said that these new methods of knowing our college students show that American educators are thoughtfully attacking

the problems of large enrolments and present-day conditions, and that, to their friendly advances, the undergraduates are making a friendly response.

These procedures of personnel ad-

ministration, of tutorial and honors plans, constitute, because of the spirit behind them, an augury of social and intellectual progress for America in the decades to come.

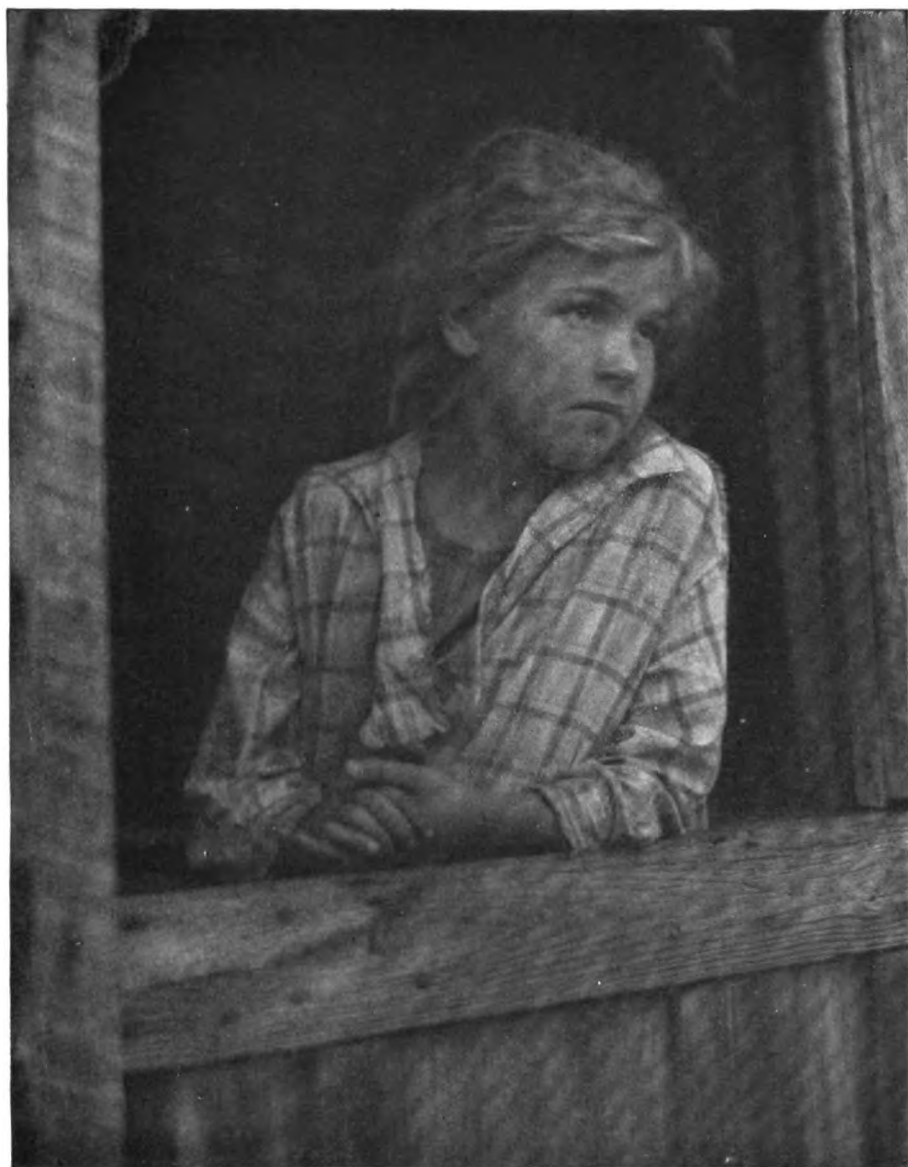


The Poet Finds a Theme

BY HELENE MULLINS

Now while the common things of day are fading
Into the darkness, now while sleepily
The world turns from its bargaining and trading,
And few remain awake to bend the knee,
To worship or destroy, to weep or laugh,
The solitary poet leans to read
The life of man from birth to epitaph,
His triumph and his sorrow and his greed.
Over the dark books, terrified and pale,
The poet gathers sweet and bitter things
From history and myth and fairy-tale,
The dooms of slaves, the destinies of kings;
Until from one dim legend rises up
A youth with brooding eyes and dusty hair,
Quenching his thirst against a broken cup,
Having a sombre, sullen name to bear.
And now the poet, marvelling to behold
An image in his likeness, lifts his pen,
And writes three verses passionate and bold,
Telling the life of Ishmael again,
Putting new words upon an ancient sorrow,
And new defiance on a vanquished heart,
Draining his spirit and his flesh to borrow
Breath and blood for the creature of his art.





The Younger Generation of Mountaineer.

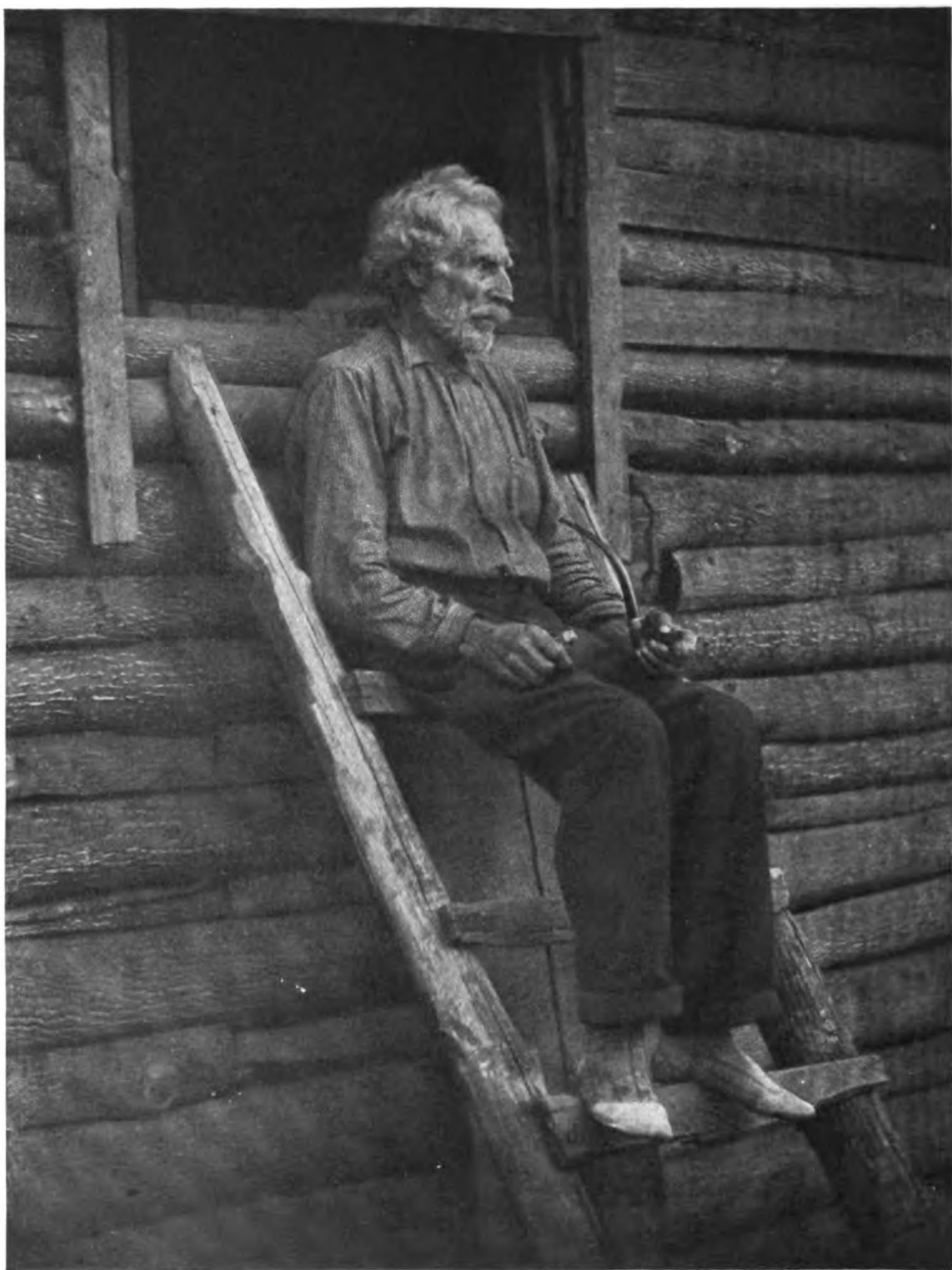
THE MOUNTAINEERS
OF KENTUCKY
A SERIES OF PORTRAIT STUDIES
BY DORIS ULMANN



"I was a blacksmith until I was almost blind—I want you to see my baby." (*Opposite*)



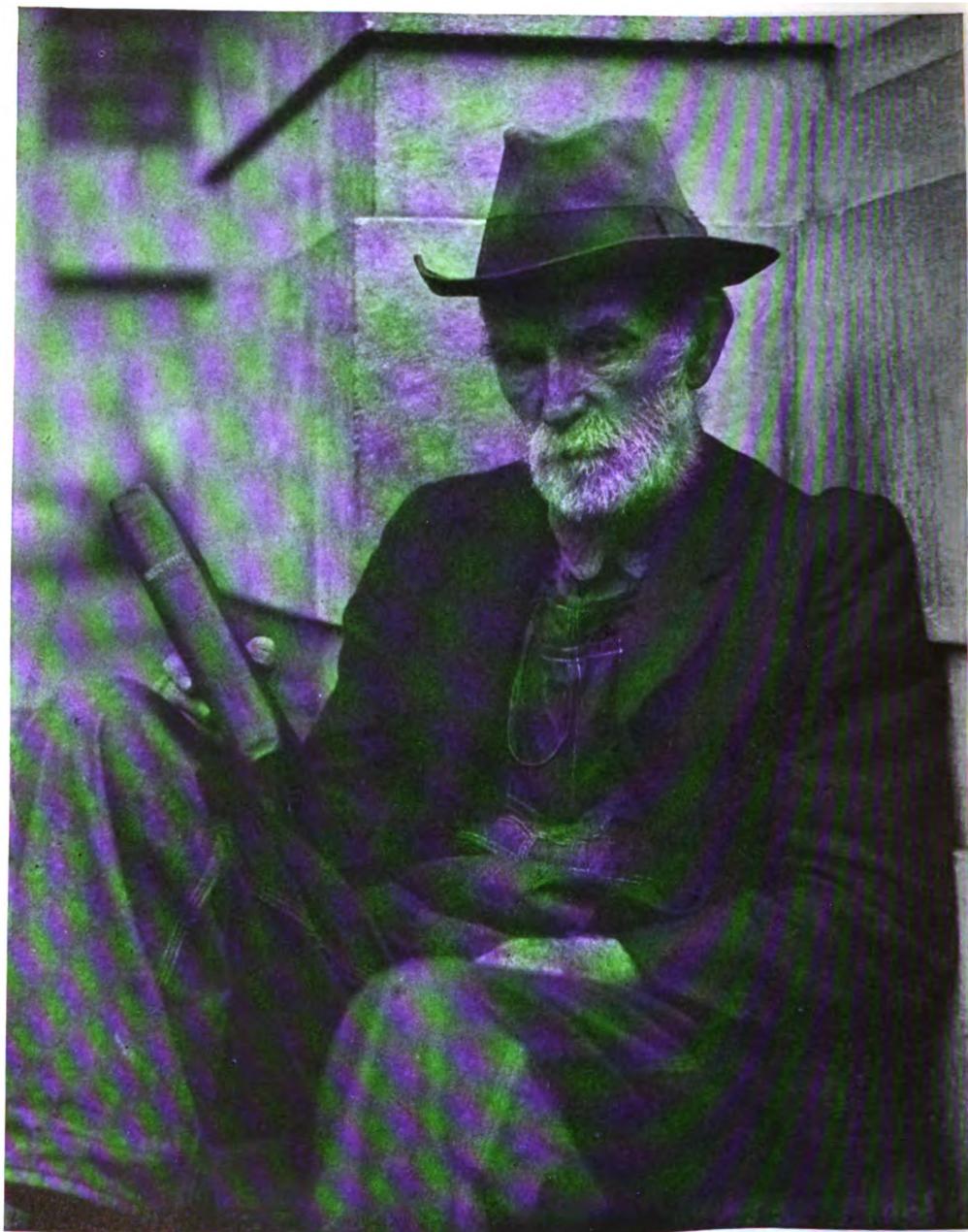
The baby, the father's twenty-first child, is carried by her nine-year-old sister.



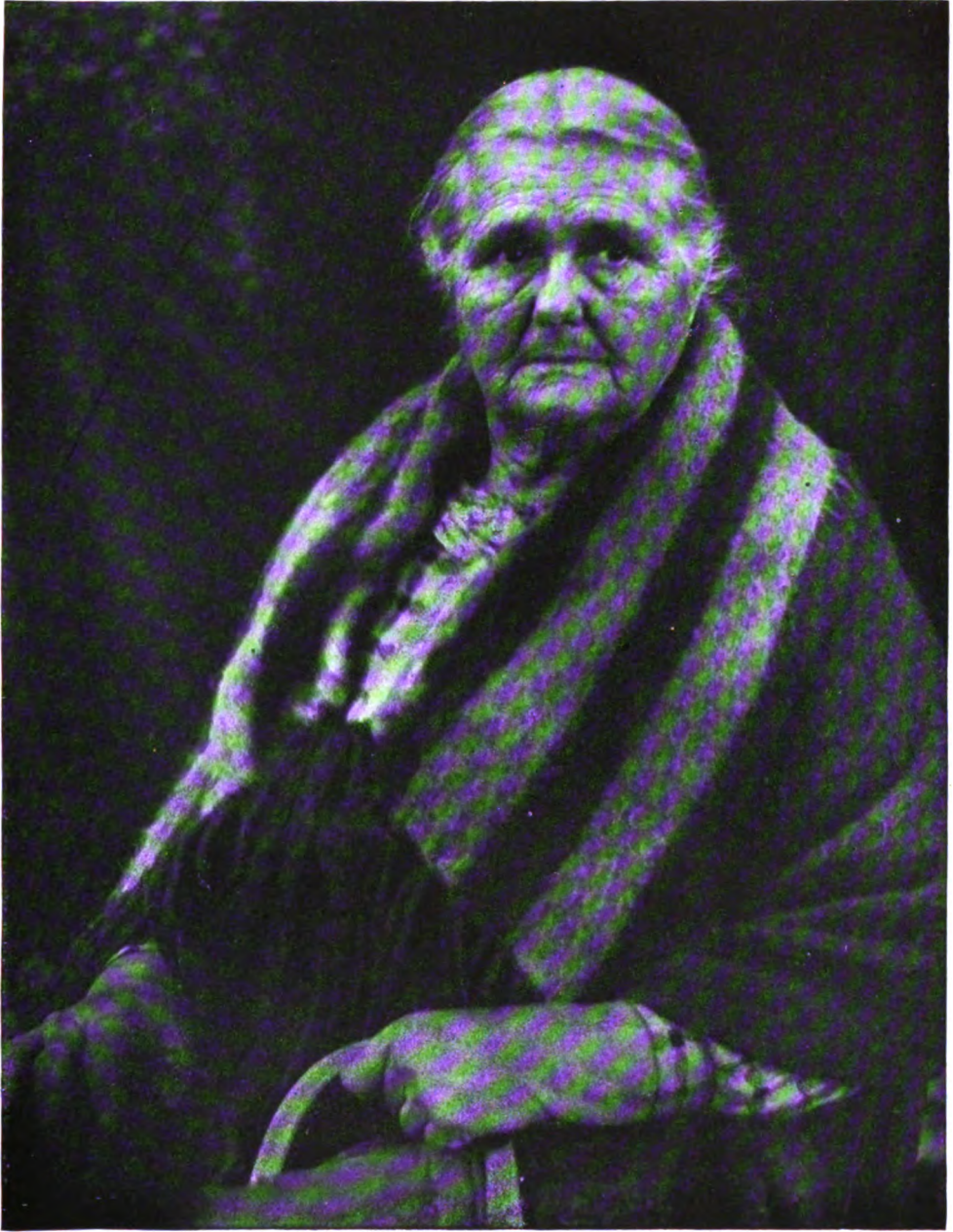
He is ninety-three years old and fought through the Civil War. He was married twice before the war. He is now living with his third wife, and he can chop wood "as well as anybody."



The front door and the rear door of the mountain cabin are the only source of light and air. "We pay twelve dollars a year rent, and sometimes ten."



His people were the earliest settlers in the mountains. "I will have my picture taken, but holding the Bible in one hand and my other hand on my heart which is the Lord's." (He was prevailed upon to forego the latter position.)



“My grandfather was the first white man in these mountains. I am a strong Republican, a primitive Baptist, and the mother of sixteen children.”



Harry F. Byrd, Governor of Virginia.



Virginia Through the Eyes of Her Governor

BY HARRY F. BYRD

Governor of Virginia

Virginia has been experiencing a renaissance. Governor Byrd expresses the attitude of modern Virginia and explains her business men and methods. Recognizing her faults, the State has fearlessly gone about remedying them, at the same time retaining her conservative principles.

FROM the window of the governor's mansion, as I begin this effort to make you understand better modern Virginia, I can see the monuments to old Virginia. The heroic figure of Washington rides his horse high above Capitol Square; surrounded by Patrick Henry, who lit the flame of American revolution; George Mason, who asserted the rights of the individual to be free; Thomas Jefferson, who declared the right of the colonies to be independent; Thomas Nelson, who offered the resolution instructing the Virginia delegates at Philadelphia to propose a declaration of independence; Meriwether Lewis, who explored the wilderness that stretched from the mouth of the Missouri to where the Columbia enters the Pacific; and John Marshall, who found in the Constitution implied power to make a nation out of the restricted union of the several States.

It would be impossible to account for our national existence unless we recalled some of these Virginians here standing about the Father of our Country. At that the group is by no means inclusive of the Virginians who helped to make this nation, for two Virginia Presidents, Madison and Monroe, are not there,

and Richard Henry Lee is also absent.

It was, indeed, the plain truth, although adorned with eloquence, when the president of our State university, Edwin Anderson Alderman, said several years ago:

"Out of Virginia's life came our supreme national hero and a group of resourceful men without whose influence it is difficult to see how the nation could ever have been born. They were able to achieve, besides, a manly personal charm, a grand manner, a catholic loveliness, the simplicity that belongs to a shepherd with the pride that belongs to a king, that established them forever in the affections of men."

From these great men came great governmental ideas, ideas as conflicting as the passionate belief of Henry and Mason and Jefferson in a strict construction of the Constitution, in the interest of State power, and the fixed determination of Marshall to find by implication the powers necessary to strengthen the central government and exalt the nation. One cannot imagine Thomas Jefferson enjoying one of John Marshall's convivial parties, in his home about a block from where I now write, for we remember Marshall's friendship

with Jefferson's great antagonist Alexander Hamilton, and Jefferson's anger with the Chief Justice at the time Aaron Burr was tried for treason in the capitol, designed by Jefferson, where I now do my daily work. It was, then, no mere accident that the end of British rule came at Yorktown and that the end of State self-determination came at Appomattox, for the ideas of Virginians were at the bottom of both struggles.

It was the tragedy of Virginia that she was forced to decide either to fight her Southern sisters back into the Union from which they had seceded, or herself take up arms against the nation her sons had done so much to establish. She made the decision, according to her conscience and against her interest, and she suffered a devastation in war and a desolation in reconstruction that would have destroyed a people with hearts less strong and pride less stubborn. She protected her honor and preserved her self-respect, but she lost nearly everything else.

Although Virginia had freely given the territory out of which Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois were constructed, she was suffered to lose by force that one-third of her domain that was reformed into the State of West Virginia.

In 1860 Virginia extended over 500 miles from the Atlantic across the Atlantic highlands to Ohio. Her area of 68,000 square miles exceeded that of New York alone and nearly equalled that of the New England States combined. She ranked fifth among the States in the cash value of her farms. One-sixteenth of the native population of this country claimed Virginia as a birthplace, and it is said that a majority of all the members of the national Con-

gress were either natives of Virginia or descendants of Virginians. Of her nearly 300,000 whites engaged in gainful occupations only a little more than 50,000 owned slaves, but these slaves, essential to the operation of her old economic system, numbered nearly 500,000. Virginia, indeed, owned more slaves than did any other State. As far back as 1778 Virginia had prohibited the introduction of slaves from abroad, and when she surrendered to the Confederation the great Northwest Territory beyond the Ohio, she provided that slavery should be forever prohibited. But we are not here interested in slavery—slavery that was condemned by Thomas Jefferson and regretted by Robert E. Lee—save to emphasize the enormous capital Virginia had in these slaves and the enormous economic loss she suffered by the sudden destruction of this capital.

Not only did she suffer this sudden and stupendous loss, but the freedmen, misled by designing demagogues, forced her white men, war-worn as they were, to make a fight for white supremacy more exhausting and more prolonged than the Civil War itself had been.

When General Lee read the liberal terms of surrender, dictated by General Grant, there in the McLean house at Appomattox, he told the commander of the Union armies that his liberality would have a very happy effect. When General Grant acceded to General Lee's request that his men might be permitted to take home their privately owned horses with which to plough, Robert E. Lee was thinking already of rebuilding the ruins made by war.

General Lee was the chief founder of the economic prosperity that has now

come to Virginia, for he begged the men of his armies to forget bitterness, remain in Virginia, and rebuild the shattered State.

Many young men left their mother State in her sorrow, to seek their fortunes elsewhere; but when offers of great salaries—in the one case to be president of an insurance company, in another to head a corporation to promote Southern commerce—were made to General Lee he refused.

"The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings," he said, "and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate rather than give up all as lost, and Virginia has need for all her sons."

So this man, who had left his wife's estate at Arlington a certain prey to the enemy and had refused the proffered command of the Union armies rather than draw his sword against his native State, accepted the presidency of an impoverished Virginia college at Lexington, and sent out these noble words to encourage his people to accept the peace and begin to rebuild:

"I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die in the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

If the civil struggle could have ended on the note of reconciliation sounded by President Lincoln and answered by General Lee, Virginia's prosperity would have been restored sooner. President Lincoln lived long enough to visit Richmond and see her mourning amid the ruin wrought by fire and sword, and to begin to plan the reconstruction of her government, but he was murdered and the South lost the benefit of his

moderation. Extremists—some of them misguided fanatics, others reckless men greedy for power—gave to the freed slaves the political power denied their former masters. Even General Lee was denied the right to vote, was indicted for treason, examined before a congressional committee, and died a prisoner on parole. These things are recalled to show that Virginians could not concentrate their energies to rebuild the ruins left by the war when they were forced to fight to preserve their civilization and regain white supremacy.

The horrors of reconstruction lasted from 1865 at least to 1875, but it was really 1885, according to some authorities, when the post-bellum history ended. The commonwealth was worse off economically in 1875 than in 1865. Realty values had decreased in all Virginia counties, except seventeen or eighteen, and in the black belt this decrease had been as much as 25 per cent. Virginia had lost one-third of her territory, but was still obligated to pay all of a debt of \$45,000,000. The fight over the readjustment of this debt was bitter and prolonged; repudiation was proposed, but it is our pride that the State's financial honor was preserved and that her credit now stands high and unquestioned.

I was not yet born when this post-bellum period of our history came to an end. Not even my father was old enough to be an actor in the bitter struggles of reconstruction; hence personal feeling does not tempt me to exaggerate either the losses Virginia suffered in that period or the brave and effective service rendered by the public men of the post-bellum era. The simple truth is that at the end of the war her economic system was destroyed, her very civiliza-

tion shattered, and yet she rebuilt an ordered State through a decade of political struggle more exhausting to her spirit than the active combat of the Civil War itself had been.

So much I have been moved to write by the knowledge that there are those who have failed to consider the really remarkable progress Virginia has made in the light of the devastation she suffered by four years of military war and the discouragement she suffered from more than ten years of political war. Nevertheless, to-day Virginia need not make excuses; she can show results.

Virginians to-day are not dreaming in the past, but they still revere that past. Reconstruction was still vivid in the memories of his audience when Senator John W. Daniel, leaning on the crutch that supported a leg shattered in the war, said to the students of the University of Virginia:

"Revere the past, but remember that we cannot live in it. As Christ said of the Sabbath, so may we say of the past—it was made for man, not man for it. . . . We failed to conquer the form; be it ours to strive to conquer the souls of our Northern brethren, with a sublimer faith, a more gracious courage, a broader magnanimity. The form of Saxon Harold was conquered at Senlac; his soul lives and conquers still in the blood of our conquering race."

So much for the past; what of the present?

With the adoption of the Constitution of 1902 Virginia set her face more resolutely toward the future. Since then her population has increased from 1,854,184 to 2,519,000, and the true value of her property has increased from \$1,102,310,000 to \$4,891,570,000. It will be observed that while her population has increased about 35 per cent,

the value of her property has increased about 340 per cent.

In 1910 the resources of her banks were \$195,298,452; sixteen years later these resources were \$663,169,000. In this same period deposits had increased from \$118,432,922 to \$431,611,000. The men and women who made these deposits were not dreaming in the past.

Virginia has been classed as an agricultural State. The value of all her farm property increased over 200 per cent from 1900 to 1926, and is now approaching \$1,000,000,000. In the same period farm crops increased from \$58,000,000 to \$172,000,000, although the farm-crop acres increased very little, from 4,346,000 to 4,519,000; and other farm products increased in value from \$86,000,000 to \$288,000,000.

More remarkable still, products of manufacture exceed in value the total of farm products, and Virginia's industrial development is now more rapid than ever before. While the total value of farm crops and other farm products for 1926 was about \$460,000,000, the total value of products of manufacture was over \$667,000,000. This last figure is over five times the value of products of manufacture in 1900. In sixteen years Virginia has developed the manufacture of furniture to sales last year of over \$18,000,000.

The value of the products of mines and quarries increased from less than \$8,795,646 in 1910 to nearly \$30,000,000 in 1926.*

Virginia has natural resources—coal, both bituminous and anthracite, minerals, metals, rocks, lime and salt, wood; cotton, tobacco, peanuts, fruits, dairy

* These figures are from the "Blue Book of Southern Progress," 1927, published by *The Manufacturers' Record*.

and other farm products—but more, she has a position north of south and south of north that made her the battleground of contending sections sixty-odd years ago, but now makes her the meeting-ground of co-operating and trading sections. The State has only a nominal bonded debt, as the value of her stock in the railroad between Richmond and Washington, plus accumulated investments in the Literary Fund, is sufficient to discharge the total bonded debt of approximately \$18,000,000. There are eight main lines of railways, north, west, and south, centring on Hampton Roads, and four-fifths of the State is in trunk-line territory. Hampton Roads is one of the world's great harbors.

Virginia's highways were once the subject of stage jests, but now her main through highways are well on their way to completion. While her automobiles increased in sixteen years from 5,760 to 322,614, her expenditures out of the State treasury for highways increased from \$250,000 in 1909 to nearly \$18,000,000 in 1927. To-day we have nearly 4,000 miles of improved State highways, ample maintenance funds, and an adequate fund with which to build new roads.

Virginia issued no bonds to obtain the money with which to build her highways. From the tax on gasoline, automobile licenses, and a supplementary appropriation from the State treasury, she is paying as she builds.

The objective of Virginia's recent tax legislation has been twofold: (1) to relieve the hard-pressed landowner of all State tax on his land; and (2) to reduce the tax on capital invested in business and on stock owned by Virginians in foreign corporations to a point where capital and persons of means would find it inviting to enter the State and the tax

burden would be more equitably distributed.

We have already abolished the State tax on land and other tangible property, and the general assembly in 1928 has still further reduced the tax on capital invested in business and repealed the tax on stocks in foreign corporations owned by residents of Virginia.

The abolition of the State tax on land was necessary to the development of that spirit of State co-operation essential to our progress. The rural sections especially were opposed to assessments of land by a State central body; hence lands in various sections were assessed at varying values according to the sentiments and necessities of each locality. On the assessments made by local officials the State tax, uniform in amount over the entire State, as well as the larger and varying local taxes, was levied. The result was an outcry from the cities and counties where lands were assessed high against the cities and counties where lands were assessed low. Sectionalism poisoned the desired unity of the people and co-operation on State-wide projects was made difficult. Now that each locality makes its assessments on lands for local purposes alone, while the State exclusively taxes intangible property for its uses, sectionalism has been subdued and a new spirit as broad as the State is developing. Recently when we asked for over a million dollars in subscriptions to buy thousands of acres in the mountains of the Shenandoah Valley, to induce the United States Government to establish a national park, tidewater vied with the valley in making up the money.

There is a new spirit of progress in the old Virginia air. The general assembly authorized a survey of our State government by outside experts. This

was made; its recommendations studied by representative Virginians, under the chairmanship of William T. Reed—a broad executive and successful business man; and statutes have been adopted and constitutional amendments are on the way to adoption, we believe, to make our governmental processes simpler, more direct, and less expensive. New laws have been enacted and others are proposed, to place the appointment of administrative officers and the control of administrative functions in the governor; in other words, to let power accompany responsibility in the executive branch of our government. A part of this programme has been carried out and the rest waits on the approval of the short-ballot amendment to the constitution that will be voted on by the people in 1928.

Incomplete as is the realization of our reform programme, we have already converted a deficit into a surplus, reduced taxes, and are prepared to increase appropriations for the discharge by the State of its essential functions and to lower certain taxes still more. One evidence that our taxes on industries are regarded as fair is the location at Hopewell of a plant of the Allied Chemical Company, in which will be invested, I am assured, over \$100,000,000.

And now I have no space in which to tell you of our educational development. We have increased our public-school expenditures to \$26,000,000 annually, and a competent commission is studying our entire educational system from the University of Virginia down to the elementary schools. The State is dotted with new public schools of modern construction, and there is steady growth in the requirements for teachers. There are ten institutions of

higher learning supported in part by the State, crowded with students and requiring expansion in equipment. Then, too, Virginia is the home of many private schools that teach boys and girls from nearly every State in the Union.

An observer of Virginia's material progress said to me the other day: "It does not seem quite in keeping with our conception of the Old Dominion that she should be studying her problems in the most modern spirit, recognizing her faults, and fearlessly seeking the best remedies for these faults. One scarcely expected to see conservative and complacent Virginia approaching her administrative and educational problems by inviting an impartial study of them by outside experts from other sections. More remarkable still is the candid criticism one reads in Virginia newspapers of Virginia's defects and weaknesses. Why, not many years ago too many Virginians answered every reproach for present failure by an eloquent reference to ancient achievements."

A Virginian may reply to this that we are still conservative, that we still believe in the validity of the principles our forefathers proclaimed, but that we are learning to build and advance within the old forms. Our political thought is conservative, but it is not static. In the period of one administration we are revising our constitution, reorganizing our State administration, reforming our tax system, and studying candidly our educational system; but we are suspicious of legislative fads and opposed to too many laws. When I suggested a single legislative session, confined to the duty of repealing unnecessary laws and restraining State interference with the individual within reasonable bounds, lawyer audiences, as well as banker and

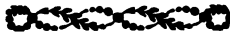
business audiences, applauded. Our legislative bodies have been singularly free from freak legislation, but they have not hesitated to adopt progressive measures for improvement in administration.

When General Lee, accompanied by Colonel Charles Marshall, rode away from the surrender he made to General Grant, an era had ended. New conditions confronted Virginians and a long period of adjustment followed, but these adjustments have been accomplished. Many outsiders are surprised to find the Virginia business man as practical, alert, and industrious as is the business executive from the industrial North. Men in the various vocations work as hard, strive to rise as high, and have as modern an outlook in the Virginia of to-day as, you will find, progressive men anywhere else. But our ingrained conservatism has not been eliminated and we are not quick to accept changes merely because they are new. The good in this conservative attitude remains, but there is in our people a new readiness to learn from the experience of others and to surrender preconceived ideas when investigation shows that we have been wrong.

There is, too, a new enthusiasm for co-operation in public work. The Virginian has long been an individualist. In the old pre-war days her leaders came

from men who ruled broad acres remote from the crowd and independent of others. For many years it was difficult to develop team-work, but this difficulty has been overcome. The State Chamber of Commerce, the newspapers, the local commercial organizations all preach a common movement by every section to promote progress in any particular section. The dwellers in the Shenandoah Valley, or the great Southwest, remote from the sea, now understand the importance of developing the port of Hampton Roads, while the people of tidewater Virginia are ready to work for the good of the inland sections.

It would be vain to predict the contribution the new Virginia may make to this Union she loves. A great orator has said that the old Virginia gave to American life great men, great governmental ideas, and a great spirit. The need to-day is not so much for new governmental ideas as for a better understanding and adaptation of the old fundamental ideas to the new conditions. Virginia has had her share of great men and may not expect soon to produce another group of the stature of those I see in Capitol Square here gathered about Washington. But a great spirit may grow out of great memories, and these memories Virginia is ready to share with all her sister States.





Jouett Outrides Tarleton

AND SAVES JEFFERSON FROM CAPTURE

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Of the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader*

The power of a poet in creating fame is illustrated by this story of Jack Jouett, practically unknown save in Virginia, and the comparison of his ride with that of the well-known Paul Revere.

PHEIDIPPIDES had his Browning, Revere his Longfellow, Sheridan his Read, and Rowan his Hubbard. But no mighty bard has thrummed his lyre, no puissant scribe has grasped his pen, to celebrate the ride of Jack Jouett. His name is to be found in few of the history-books and is unknown outside his native Virginia. He has lain for more than a century in an unmarked grave, whose location has never been determined. Yet he performed a service of great value to America.

John Jouett, Jr., known to posterity as "Jack," was born in Albemarle County, Va., on December 7, 1754. He was the second son of Captain John Jouett and Mourning Jouett. His father owned the historic Swan Tavern at Charlottesville, the county-seat. Like the Reveres of Massachusetts, the Jouetts were of Huguenot origin.

As the colonies moved nearer and nearer the brink of revolution, the Jouetts were to be found on the side of the patriots. They were among the first to favor the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and both John Jouetts signed the Albemarle Declaration, whereby 202 citizens of the county re-

nounced allegiance to King George. Jack served in the Revolution as a captain in the State militia, as did his father and three brothers. One of the latter, Matthew, was killed at Brandywine.

It is in June, 1781, that our story begins. The dashing Colonel Banastre Tarleton, of the British army, had been detached in the spring of that year by General Cornwallis, with 180 dragoons and 70 mounted infantrymen, to make a surprise march to Charlottesville, where the legislature was meeting following its flight from Richmond, and to capture the governor and general assembly. Tarleton was hunting big game, for the governor happened to be Thomas Jefferson, and among the legislators were Patrick Henry, whose "Give me liberty or give me death!" had echoed through the colonies in 1775; Richard Henry Lee, who had introduced in the Continental Congress on June 7, 1776, resolutions which led to the Declaration of Independence; Benjamin Harrison, ancestor of two Presidents; and Thomas Nelson, Jr., who had advocated armed opposition in 1775, and had subsequently spent his large fortune in equipping soldiers for the Continental army. Jefferson had, of

course, drafted the Declaration of Independence, and Lee, Harrison, and Nelson had signed it.

Up from the South rode the impetuous Tarleton. He directed his men to move with caution and to tell no one of their plans. By travelling the last seventy miles of the journey in twenty-four hours he hoped to surprise Jefferson and the assembly, and capture them together with a quantity of valuable stores. The intense heat compelled him to halt for a brief period in the middle of the day on June 3 to refresh his men and horses, but he pressed forward in the afternoon. Moving at top speed, he was successful in concealing his movements until he reached Cuckoo Tavern in Louisa County, about forty miles from his destination.

Captain Jack Jouett, Jr., chanced to be in the neighborhood when the British cavalrymen arrived at Cuckoo between 9 and 10 o'clock at night. Why he was there we do not know. Possibly he had obtained a leave of absence from his military duties, and was attending to business of some sort relating to the near-by farm owned by his father, who had at one time owned the tavern also. Neither is it definitely known whether Jouett was inside the tavern when Tarleton's men swept past or whether he was elsewhere in the immediate vicinity. Perhaps, as one version has it, several of the troopers entered the inn for a cooling dram, and he overheard their plans from a rear room. Perhaps they did not enter, and he saw them from a window as they went by. There are various accounts of Jack's movements at Cuckoo, one of which declares that he captured a British dragoon, took away his uniform, and extracted from him the information that the invaders were en route to Charlottesville. This

yarn apparently was invented in recent years. Jouett was a young Hercules, standing 6 feet 4 inches and weighing 220 pounds, and in addition was an expert rider and dead shot, so that he could probably have captured almost any one in the British army had he set out to do so. But there is no mention of any such episode in the small number of revolutionary histories which describe Jouett's ride in any sort of detail.

The important fact, however, is that the Virginia militiaman saw the raiders when they passed Cuckoo Tavern and at once suspected their object. Tarleton clattered on toward Charlottesville, and Jack resolved to outride him. It was plain that the governor and legislature would be seized unless he could warn them of the impending danger. Fortunately he was thoroughly familiar with the region, and this made it possible for him to proceed by a different route from that taken by the British. The latter were on the highway, so that Jouett was forced to cut "across country." It was probably about 10 P. M. when he got under way. The distance by both routes was approximately forty miles, and Tarleton, in addition to being on the main road, had a slight start. Leaping upon his thoroughbred, described in one account as "the best and fleetest of foot of any nag in seven counties," Jouett plunged into what was a virtual wilderness. Virginia roads a century and a half ago were at best an endless series of bottomless ruts and mud-holes, but the unfrequented pathway over which this horseman set out on his all-night journey presented difficulties which can only be imagined. His progress was greatly impeded by matted undergrowth, tangled brush, overhanging vines, and ravines and gulleys. His face

was cruelly lashed by tree-branches as he rode forward, and scars which are said to have remained the rest of his life were the result of lacerations sustained from these low-hanging limbs.

Unluckily the Virginian left no written account of his ride, and we do not know whether he encountered any serious obstacles other than those offered by the well-nigh impassable route over which he travelled. It is likely that the moon was shining, for an astronomical calculation shows that it was within one day of full on the night of June 3, 1781. Unless there were heavy clouds, Jouett had sufficient moonlight to aid him in picking his way. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for on a dark night it probably would have been impossible for him to have traversed such rugged and hilly country at high speed without breaking his neck. Even with the aid of the moon, if there was a moon, his progress must have been arduous and hazardous in the extreme.

While Jouett toiled and sweated through the byways of Louisa, the British on the main road also were straining toward Charlottesville. They were not aware that he was racing to the same destination, and at 11 o'clock the tired troopers halted on a plantation near Louisa Court House for three hours. At 2 o'clock they resumed the march, pausing a few hours later to burn a train of twelve wagons loaded with arms and clothing for the Continental troops in South Carolina. Tarleton says in his account of the expedition that he burned the wagons with their contents, instead of taking them with him, in order that no time might be lost. He adds: "Soon after daybreak some of the principal gentlemen of Virginia who had fled to the borders of

the mountains for security, were taken out of their beds. . . . In the neighborhood of Doctor [Thomas] Walker's a member of the Continental Congress was made prisoner, and the British light troops, after a halt of half an hour to refresh the horses, moved on toward Charlottesville."

Meanwhile, through woods and fields, over creeks and gulches, Jouett was riding on in the hot June night. Like Tarleton's men, he must have halted several times along the way, for no horse or rider could have covered so great a distance under such conditions without stopping for breath. Dawn was breaking over the hills of Albemarle as he drew near Monticello. He had left the British far behind. When his steaming and panting steed drew up at the portico of Jefferson's stately mansion, it was about 4.30 o'clock, and the sun had not yet risen. The raiders were still many miles away. Jack gave the alarm to the governor, and the story goes that the latter rewarded him with one or more glasses of his best ante-Volstead Madeira. He then spurred his all-but-exhausted mount to Charlottesville, two miles farther on, and warned the legislature. He had beaten the British by about three hours. Paul Revere's fifteen-mile jaunt over fairly good roads in the moonlight seems almost nothing by comparison.

Despite the courier's timely arrival, Jefferson came within a hair's breadth of being captured. Several members of the general assembly had spent the night at Monticello, and their host apparently was unwilling to be hurried by the approach of the dragoons. He tells us that they "breakfasted at leisure," after which his guests joined the other legislators in the town. He directed his

wife and children to prepare to depart, and then spent nearly two hours securing his most important papers. Suddenly a neighbor rode up at a gallop to say that a troop of enemy cavalry was ascending the mountain. The family started at once by carriage for "Blenheim," the Carter estate some miles distant, but Jefferson himself seems even then to have been in no great hurry to get under way. He directed his horse to be stationed at a point between Monticello and Carter's Mountain, which adjoins it. After spending a few more minutes among his papers, he took his telescope and walked a few rods up Carter's Mountain. He scanned Charlottesville through the glass, but saw no sign of the enemy. He listened, but heard no sound of approaching cavalry. Believing that he still had time to return to Monticello for a few final arrangements, he walked back toward the house, but before he had gone far, he noticed that his light "walking-sword" had fallen from its sheath. Returning to the point whence he had surveyed the town a short while before, he found the sword, and took another look through the telescope. This time he saw troopers swarming the streets. Jefferson instantly mounted his horse and plunged into the woods. He was not a moment too soon, for Tarleton's men were already at Monticello. Had he not dropped his sword and gone back for it, he would have walked into their hands. This seemingly trivial incident had, however, proved his salvation, for he made his get-away and joined his family later in the day at "Blenheim." As the British did not know where to look for him, they gave up the chase.

On the arrival of the raiders at the Jefferson estate, an amusing incident

occurred. Two faithful blackamoors were busily engaged in hiding silver and other valuables when the cavalrymen reached the mansion. Martin, Jefferson's body-servant, was at the moment handing the articles to Cæsar through a trap-door in the floor of the portico. When the dragoons loomed in front of him, Martin dropped the trap-door, shutting Cæsar in total darkness, where he remained quaking until they left eighteen hours later.

These precautions were unnecessary, however, for Tarleton had given strict orders that Jefferson's property was not to be molested. Nothing in the house was touched, with the exception of a few articles in the cellar which were taken by soldiers who disobeyed the commands of the officer in charge, Captain McLeod. No other damage was done the mansion or its contents, although the men stayed until well after midnight. A scar in the flooring of the main hall, just inside the front door, is pointed out to-day as having been made when one of the horsemen rode into the house, but there seems to be no evidence for this story. It is an excellent tale with which to confound the gaping tourist, but unfortunately has nothing else to recommend it.

The fact that little or no injury was done by the British at Monticello should interest those Americans who hold to the belief, fostered so sedulously by certain writers of schoolbooks in this country, that the members of his majesty's army were all thieves and cut-throats. Tarleton, indeed, could scarcely be blamed had he chosen to confiscate the possessions of the man who had written the Declaration of Independence, but he happened to be sufficiently magnanimous not to do so. Yet he is

referred to by several of our early historians as "the ferocious Tarleton." A choice sample of the sort of thing which appeared in the revolutionary histories of a century ago is the following extract from B. L. Rayner's "Sketches of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of Thomas Jefferson," in which he tells of the enthusiasm felt by the bloodthirsty Briton at the prospect of capturing the governor and legislature: "Elated with the idea of an enterprise so congenial to his disposition, and confident of an easy prey, Tarleton selected a competent body of men, trained to habitual licentiousness by unrestrained indulgence and the demoralizing influence of example, and proceeded with ardor on his ignoble expedition." This, of course, is mere rhetoric. Rayner grudgingly admits later on in his narrative that when the "ignoble expedition" arrived at Monticello, "a sacred and honorable regard was manifested for the usages of enlightened nations at war." Jefferson himself wrote a friend in 1788: "You ask . . . details of my sufferings by Colonel Tarleton. I did not suffer by him. On the contrary he behaved very genteelly with me."

But let us return to Jack Jouett. It will be recalled that after warning the governor, he had ridden to Charlottesville and told the assemblymen the British were coming. They convened hastily and as hastily adjourned to meet three days later in Staunton, Va., forty miles to the westward. So little time remained for them to take their departure that seven legislators were captured. Jouett set out for Staunton in company with General Stevens, a member of the assembly who had been recuperating from a wound received at the battle of Guilford Court House. As he

was on leave from the army, the general was dressed as a farmer. Jack wore a scarlet coat and plumed hat, for "he had an eccentric custom of wearing such habiliments," according to Jefferson's biographer, Henry S. Randall. They were pursued by Tarleton's men, who judged from the clothing of the two Americans that Jouett was an officer of high rank and that Stevens was no officer at all. They therefore ignored the general, who escaped into the woods, and sought to take Jack into custody. But he was too swift for them. "After he had coquetted with his pursuers long enough," says Randall, "he gave his fleet horse the spur, and speedily was out of sight."

In recognition of his valuable service to the governor, the assembly, and the Continental army, the members of the Virginia Legislature voted Captain Jouett an "elegant" sword and pair of pistols. This was done in a joint resolution introduced in the house of delegates on June 12, 1781, and approved by both houses. The resolution follows:

"Resolved, That the executive be desired to present to Captain John Jouett an elegant sword and pair of pistols as a memorial of the high sense which the General Assembly entertain of his activity and enterprise in watching the motions of the enemy's cavalry on their late incursion to Charlottesville and conveying to the assembly timely information of their approach, whereby the designs of the enemy were frustrated and many valuable stores preserved."

The pistols were presented Jouett in 1783, but the sword was not delivered to him until 1803. Thus the resolution of the legislature was not completely carried into effect until nearly twenty-two years after the ride. The long delay

in the presentation of the sword would perhaps seem to show that the assembly changed its mind as to the importance of Jouett's feat, or that there was opposition of some sort to conferring this honor upon him. But a diligent search of the archives in the Virginia State Library reveals nothing to support such a theory. The explanation almost certainly lies in the fact that the legislature of the Old Dominion was extraordinarily dilatory in such matters.

For example, in 1780 it voted "a good horse, with elegant furniture, and a sword" to General William Campbell, in recognition of his conspicuous services at the battle of King's Mountain. In that engagement, it will be recalled, Colonel Patrick Ferguson, of the British army, had stationed himself on top of King's Mountain, with 1,100 men, and had challenged "all the rebels outside of hell" to dislodge him. The Continentals accepted the challenge forthwith, and Ferguson found to his sorrow that there were many more rebels outside of hell than he had imagined. The hardy riflemen converged upon him from all sides, under Colonels Campbell, Shelby, Williams, and others, and after a desperate struggle, killed him and captured his entire force. The battle was an important turning-point of the war, and Campbell was given a large share of the credit for the victory. Yet the sword voted him by the assembly of his native State was not ordered until 1801, when he had been dead twenty years.

The Jouett and Campbell swords were procured together by Governor James Monroe. Under date of December 15, 1801, he wrote Robert R. Livingston, minister to France, requesting him to secure them and authorizing the

expenditure of \$300 for the two. They were received at the end of the following year. Jouett's sword was delivered to him in 1803. The other was turned over to General Campbell's grandson.

II

Captain Jouett moved to what is now Kentucky and settled in Mercer County the year after he saved the governor and legislature of Virginia. Kentucky in 1782 was a wild and rugged region, in which a handful of pioneer frontiersmen lived in continual dread of the Indians. Stealthy redskins lurked in the woods and thickets, and rushed forth to battle with tomahawk and scalping-knife whenever the opportunity offered. The first permanent English settlement had been established at Harrodsburg only eight years before, and panther, lynx, bear, and buffalo roamed the primeval forests. The few scattered groups of backwoodsmen were soon to be augmented by the tide of immigrants which poured over the Alleghanies following the Revolution, but the migration had barely gotten under way when Jack bade farewell to Albemarle, trekked through Cumberland Gap, and reached central Kentucky by way of Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road.

While en route from Virginia, Jouett and his companions passed a lonely cabin from which were issuing the cries of a woman. Jack rushed inside and found a man beating his wife. Thinking her in dire need of succor, he smote her spouse a mighty blow, knocking him to the floor. The lady thereupon reached for a long-handled frying-pan and hit her deliverer such a resounding thump on the head that the bottom was

knocked out and the rim was driven down around his neck. Finding that his ministrations were unwelcome and that the fair one resented interference with her chastisement, Jack took his departure. It was not until thirty-five miles farther on that he was able to get a blacksmith to file the pan from his neck.

Two years after his arrival in Mercer County he married Sallie Robards. She was the sister of Lewis Robards, first husband of Mrs. Andrew Jackson. When differences arose a few years later between Robards and his wife and they separated, Jack's sympathies were with Mrs. Robards. He was serving his second term in the Virginia Legislature at the time, and when Robards applied to the assembly in the winter of 1790-91 for a divorce, Jouett was mainly responsible for securing the passage of an act authorizing the courts to determine whether grounds for divorce existed. Andrew Jackson, then a young lawyer and solicitor for the government, had known Mrs. Robards for some years. He was wrongly informed that an absolute divorce had been granted her by the assembly, and he and Mrs. Robards were married not long afterward. It will be remembered that the couple did not realize their tragic mistake until two years later, when the divorce they believed to have been approved in 1791 was finally authorized by the court. They accordingly had a second marriage performed.

Until his death in Bath County, Kentucky, in 1822, at the age of sixty-seven, Jack Jouett was one of the most prominent and respected citizens of the communities in which he lived. He was elected a delegate to the Virginia Legislature in 1787. The following year he took a leading part in the convention at

Danville, Ky., held preliminary to the organization of Kentucky as a separate State. In 1790 he represented Mercer county in the Virginia Assembly, and two years later became a member of the Kentucky Legislature from the same county. Moving to Woodford County in 1793, he was elected to represent it for three terms. Jouett is said to have been one of the most progressive and far-sighted members of the assembly, and is credited with having been largely instrumental in enabling Kentucky to become a great live-stock-raising State. Woodford County, where he spent the last twenty-nine years of his life, is in the heart of the blue-grass region, and he led the way in the importation of fine cattle and horses from England. He entertained lavishly, and was a close friend of many of the most eminent citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee, including Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. He often visited "Old Hickory" at "The Hermitage" in the days before that able and bellicose statesman was elevated to the presidency.

Although efforts are being made to locate the spot where Jouett was buried in 1822, definite information as to this has not been unearthed. As his death occurred in Bath County, it is supposed that the burial took place in the family burying-ground at the home of his daughter, Elizabeth Lewis Jouett Harden, a resident of Bath. There was for some time a wide-spread belief that he died in Charlottesville and was buried in the back yard of the Swan Tavern, but it has lately been established that it was his father, the keeper of the tavern, who was laid to rest there. John Jouett, Sr., also was thought for many years to have made the ride from Cuckoo Tavern, but recent research leaves no doubt that the credit belongs to his son.

III

The importance of Jack's feat has for some years been generally recognized in his native State, but as has already been pointed out, only the most erudite persons in other parts of the country have ever heard of it. Ask the average man living outside Virginia to identify Jack Jouett, and it is a hundred to one you will have him stumped. For all he knows, Jouett might have been a Hard-shell Baptist evangelist or an all-American half-back. The man who saved Jefferson and the legislature from captivity is not mentioned in the text-books, and little or nothing concerning him is to be found in the encyclopædias. A number of well-intentioned Virginians, aware of the public's almost complete ignorance of the subject, and with the example of Longfellow and others to spur them on, have invoked the aid of the muse in bringing the ride to the attention of America's citizenry. Unfortunately these patriotic minstrels have been uniformly unsuccessful in capturing the celestial afflatus, and their twangings have added nothing to the fame of him they sought to honor. In view of these facts, the man in the street can scarcely be blamed for knowing nothing of Jouett, although he performed a service of great moment to America.

What would have been the fate of Jefferson, Henry, Lee, Harrison, and Nelson had they been taken captive by Tarleton? Some are of the opinion that Jefferson, at least, would have been tried in England as a traitor and hanged, but it is quite unlikely that such severe punishment would have been meted out to him. It is probably safe to assume, however, that these leaders in the revolutionary movement would

have been treated as harshly as any civilian Americans who could have fallen into British hands. If the career of Jefferson alone had been cut short or substantially altered at this period of his life, the history of the United States would have been vastly changed. It is conceivable that, if he had been made prisoner, this country would have been deprived for all time of the services of the American who did most to burst the fetters which bound the souls of men 150 years ago, and to fix the principles upon which democracy in the Republic rests to-day. Nor should we forget that the capture of the author of the Declaration of Independence, three of its signers, and Patrick Henry would have been a severe blow to the struggling colonials. Coming at a time when their fortunes were at an extremely low ebb, such an event would have been most disheartening to them.

We have no one but Jouett to thank for frustrating the plans of Tarleton and preventing the disastrous consequences which might have resulted had those plans been carried out, but, to repeat, he has received scant credit. It is almost unbelievable, but a number of Jefferson's biographers do not even mention Jouett's name. Several of his descendants are better known to the present generation than he. One of his numerous progeny was Matthew Harris Jouett, a noted portrait-painter and captain in the War of 1812. His work was unanimously adjudged superior to that of Gilbert Stuart by a committee of five artists who compared the paintings of the two at an exhibition in Cincinnati about twenty-five years ago. Matthew had three sons who achieved military or naval distinction. Among them was James Edward ("Fighting Jim") Jouett, who fought in the Mexican War,

and was particularly distinguished for his naval career in the Civil War. He was lieutenant-commander of the *Metacomet* at Mobile Bay, and it was to him that Admiral Farragut directed his classic utterance: "Damn the torpedoes! Jouett, full speed! Four bells, Captain Drayton." He retired some years after the close of hostilities with the rank of rear-admiral.

Thus it will be seen that certain of Jack Jouett's descendants now enjoy considerably greater renown than he. The historical reference-books devote much more attention to them than to the man who outrode Tarleton. His giant frame has long since crumbled into dust in a nameless grave, and only an infinitesimal minority know of his services to the Republic. Meanwhile the

cis-Atlantic Valhalla is occupied by patriots whose deeds have been more adequately advertised.

Here is a chance for some gifted troubadour to win immortality for himself and Jouett as well. In the forty-mile dash of the Virginia militiaman there is material for a saga which might ultimately find its way into every schoolbook in the land. The fact that others have tried and failed should not deter our minnesingers. The opportunity is still there. No place has hitherto been reserved for Jack Jouett in the pantheon of America's heroes, but a lively ballad may yet cause his ride from Cuckoo Tavern to Charlottesville to be recognized as one of the most important and colorful individual exploits of the Revolution.

[Another Virginia character is pictured in "Madame Russell" on page 727.]



A Letter to Albemarle

BY LAWRENCE LEE

AUTUMN again must be upon the hills;
 These are the days that I remember best:
 The distant knolls like blue smoke in the west;
 And evening coming, with an air that chills
 The earth and makes its byways smell of death;
 The red leaves with the yellow murmuring;
 A thought of houses, and how rich a thing
 It is to draw awhile this living breath.

Should twilight now be something strange and still,
 And sad with deep autumnal color, fill
 Your hearth with flame, and light your pipe.
 Something too dark the seasons in their going
 Cover and steal away from our slow knowing,
 But we shall know it when the time is ripe.



Duet in September

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

Author of "Who Killed Rutherford?" etc.

I

OLD John Adam and his wife, Eve, had arrived at the Indian summer of their lives. Very peaceful and still they looked, sitting side by side in their rockers on the front porch. The old man held a Syracuse newspaper crinkled on his knee; and his wife, with her Bible in her lap, was knitting him winter mittens in rose and gray.

It was a Sunday afternoon late in September, and the sunlight, slanting up the valley, under the high pine branches and the porch-roof of their house on the hill, touched them with a mellow glow.

For a man and a woman of sixty-five and sixty, they looked young; for farmer-folk of any age beyond the twenties, their faces were strangely smooth, fresh-hued—John Adam's with an even tawny glow from collar-band to hair; Eve's changeable to sunlight and shadow, the variable coloring of a woman who has an acute physical consciousness of the smallest detail of her surroundings. Her brown eyes, the vigor of her white hair, and the fresh redness of her mouth, always bending to the least course of her thoughts, combined in giving her an outward appearance of unquenchable vitality. Her slight body was as vibrant to the sway of her moods as it had been forty years ago. Even now, though her eyes bent downward to her Bible and her hands knitted even

stitches in the pool of sunlight on her lap, she seemed aflutter under her quiet.

John Adam's youth was the antithesis of his wife's—he had learned the gift of calmness. There was a fine erectness to his shoulders—not the stiff straightness of a soldier's carriage, but an uprightness arising from genuine well-being. It showed in the unhurried gaze of his blue eyes, in the composure of his blunt-fingered hands, and in a sturdy humor which made his full lips compact, his apple-chin solid.

Their restful postures sorted well with the quiet of the afternoon. Their house and small farm, which was worked for them by a young married couple of the neighborhood, stood on the south side of the hill, well up from the road and commanding a wide view up and down valley, the Black River threading the bottomland, and almost at their doorstep the feed-canal, flowing by toward Boonville.

An intangible suggestion of mistiness overspread the river and the river-side fields, bringing the yellow of the stubble, the green of the meadows, the growing crimson patches on the hills into one russet harmony through which the sun breathed level rays. Even the black surface of the water acquired coppery warmth in the autumnal heritage it reflected. The windless air smelled faintly of fallen leaves; it had the tang of drying pasture and the sweet musty perfume of barns harboring the harvests. The sight of cows winding beside

their shadows out of forest-hidden swales with udders swinging to their burden awoke a feeling of the full increase and ripeness of the year.

John Adam might well have responded to such a feeling, temporally. He had passed his life boating on the canal, with Eve, since he was twenty-two. He had made money with his first boat and bought another; and with the two he had made a little more, which he had invested, here and there, on pork, on grain, on the new Black River mills below Lyons Falls, until he had laid up enough for himself and Eve to last them through their remaining days. He had felt that he was getting old, and that the canal had changed after the preposterous political graft of the Barge Canal had been put through; so they had come to this small farm, which he had accepted years before in payment for a debt and set aside as a nest for their old age.

It was not much of a farming country; but he did not expect to make money now. All he wanted was a quiet spot to stay in with Eve, where they could look down on the feed-canal, running below their porch, and along which, once in a while, they could still watch occasional boats bound for Syracuse with freights of sand. The boats they saw now were grubby and in poor repair. There was none of the rush and hurry of the lumber days—not a single raft—and no bright paint, or flowers in the cabin windows. Half the boaters were Italians or hard-faced New England foreigners with their cold, high, nasal talk. But he and Eve liked now and then to see the boats creeping along; blunt, heavy-set, a sluggish stubbornness about them that made the horses collar-sore if you didn't take care. They could sit in their chairs and

look down and live over a year or two of their own canal-time, whenever one went by. . . .

It might have been what they were doing this afternoon, the two of them, with their paper and book and knitting; for they had not said a word in all of an hour, and though each made a pretense at reading, the eyes of each were staring away down the valley: John Adam's with an unwavering gaze; Eve's restlessly, under slightly trembling lids.

Then John Adam lifted his paper deliberately for reading. He folded the sheets to a certain column on the front page, and, having done so, he looked at Eve.

"You're sure it's him, Eve?"

"Yes."

Her mouth was tremulous, her eyes clouded; but she gave no sign of weeping, unless in the husky overtone of her voice. But then she always spoke with a soft slurring that made her words sweet.

John Adam was staring over the porch-rail again. It was so peaceful, so still, out there over the valley. The shadows stole forth from under the trees, longer and longer, cool and soothing on the hot earth; and the tinkle of cowbells was the only sound in all the afternoon. How glad he was now that he had saved this place for himself and Eve, even if they had few friends round about (farmers and boaters seldom mixed very close in the first generation); it was just as well, perhaps. They might have learned about the boy; or, for that matter, about Eve and himself. Of course he and Eve had their marriage license, and all, as far as that went; but then the date on it was only four years earlier than the one on their oldest daughter's. . . .

His eyes wandered back up the river, up the hill, over the edge of the porch, back again to the column of news.

It was an Associated Press item, not very long, but given its position on the first page because it marked the latest advance in science in a certain phase of life—or, rather, death. The head-line explained it sufficiently:

FIRST EXECUTION BY LETHAL GAS ACCOUNTED A SUCCESS

The two paragraphs were dated eight days before, a day earlier than the date of the paper, and reported from a city or town in Nevada of which neither John Adam nor Eve had ever heard. The script described in detail the manner of administering the gas, the mode of watching through a trap-door of glass above the death-cell (for all the world like killing a beetle in a cyanide bottle), the number of minutes it took the man to die, the exact hour of his death, the comments of executioner, sheriff, prison physician; and at the very end the name of the criminal—Nicholas Adam, *alias* Adam Russ, convicted in a bank murder. There was nothing interesting to news-readers about the criminal. His name was printed merely to add validity to the write-up.

John Adam had not read the paragraph aloud; they had seen it the day the paper arrived; and, characteristically, neither had mentioned it, though they knew that in time they must talk it out together.

John Adam crossed his legs, folded the paper over his knee. He took a pipe from his upper right waistcoat-pocket and a buckskin pouch from his left hip-pocket, and placing the one in the other, methodically set about the preparation of his smoke. He was almost

complacent. Even his wife could have discovered no sign of grief in him, beyond a slight tightness of his mouth and chin. He looked too healthy, too respectably well-to-do, in his striped trousers and light blue shirt, to be reading on a Sunday afternoon of his son's execution for murder.

Seeing him outwardly so undisturbed, Eve ventured a doubt.

"Of course," she said, "we haven't an awful lot to go by. We ain't heard from him in six months."

"That's right. But then he wrote he was goin' to pull off a big 'business deal,' and that he'd planned to change his name for a clean start. Didn't he?"

Eve dropped her eyes to the growing wrist of the mitten: purl two pink, knit one gray.

"Eanh."

"And he said his name was goin' to be Adam Russ, didn't he?"

Eve's voice was very low.

"Yes."

John Adam lit his pipe, pocketing the bowl and flame between his palms and regulating his motions with a side-long glance along the stem. He tossed the match over the porch-rail into the peony-bushes and brought the pipe round to the other side of his mouth.

"We always knew Nick'd turn out bad."

There was no bitterness, only a sort of phlegm, in his voice as he went on:

"All our boys turned out bad. Joe and George and Frank, they died while you was havin' them. And John when he was six, after that time Nick knocked him off the cabin roof for not givin' him his pie. Remember?"

This calm, cruel catalogue of their failures—particularly hers, she said to herself—was too much for Eve.

"Well, there's Nelly and Jane."

"Girls!"

"Yes, but . . .

"What come of them? Nell married Joe Goudger and went to Iowa, and a year later Jane goes for a visit and marries a damned Dutchman—Hennsen, or something like that. They might have stayed here with us, seein' as how they'll get what I've got in the bank when we're done with it. And most every year I've got to loan them something besides. They wasn't neither one of them as pretty as you was, anyway."

"I couldn't help that," said Eve, a little maliciously, in spite of her ache. Then, when she looked at John Adam, so sturdy and well-seeming a man, she wondered if the girls weren't as pretty; and if not, why they weren't as pretty.

Suddenly a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she accepted the compliment. She could still blush, easily.

"John Adam."

John blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Why don't we go out to them?"

"You know we couldn't stand it, Eve. You and me, we're too set in our ways here. There's no canal there, no hills, nothing but damn flats and big crops and hogs, and ditches instead of canals."

"You've never been there."

"Nor you neither. But I've heard about it out to Buffalo."

She agreed.

"I guess it is too far for us to go."

"Besides," said John, taking up her argument which he had previously trod under foot, "we ain't certain about Nick. We'd have heard from Jane if it was. She always had a hankering for people in trouble. Probably why she married that—furriner."

"Not till to-morrow," said Eve, reckoning on her fingers, and echoing his

hope. "Not even if she'd wrote a special delivery."

"Postmaster Emory might fetch it over from Boonville to-day, if she done that. Not that it makes much difference; Nick wouldn't never have come back."

"I wish I'd known, though—only to write to him, maybe."

John stared away down the river road.

A farmer family was driving by in a buckboard — from Sunday visiting. The wife waved, and Eve waved back.

The woman in the carriage was young, and she remarked to her husband:

"Ain't they peaceful and quiet, Hank? They're always like that. And she's purty for an old woman, too. I hope you an' me'll be like them."

"Eanh," he said, non-committally.

II

Sunday afternoon. There was nothing for either of them to do. Chores: the man would tend to them. Pick-up supper: the woman would call them.

John Adam smoked on.

Eve was silent; that was one of the best things about her, John said to himself, she didn't bother you with talk all the time.

The feed-canal, winding along the sides of the hills, took him back to the first time he had seen her. . . .

Forty-two years ago; he had just bought his first boat. Before then he had driven for his uncle, Amos Gives, a close-fisted old man, who had never given him more than a third of his proper wages, but who, when he died, had left him enough money to buy the *Nancy Gives*.

It seemed like a day or two ago that he had made his first trip in the old

boat. He was going up the Oswego after a load of early apples for Albany from the Jennings' orchards just below Baldwinsville. He had tied up opposite the Jennings house, a hundred yards from the orchards, and climbed ashore while men brought the barrels on wagons and loaded them. His uncle had always freighted for Jennings, and the privilege had descended to him, as a matter of course, along with the boat and the two pairs of horses.

In spite of his elation at being a man of property, owning a well-fitted boat, with kitchen, bunk-space for four, and sitting-room done in blue and yellow, he felt restless. The *Nancy Gives* seemed to have all the trimmings, and the woodwork in the sitting-room was as fine grain maple as you could see on the Erie between Buffalo and Albany. In fact, it was a much handsomer boat than he had supposed. Even the boy he had hired appeared to be uncommonly good with horses; and he had a rare gift for profanity. But John had a remote consciousness that something was lacking.

The scene was very clear to him still: the farm on a tongue of land thrust out into the river, with the tow-path built up along the shore, the white house, the red barns, the two teams coming out in turn from under the twisted apple-trees, the men—two of them heaving the barrels to the wagon-boxes, two swinging them to the rail and rolling them into the pit on runners, and two more stowing them. They worked fast, in spite of the heat. Up along the tow-path a row of willow-trees spread out great branches that were trees in themselves and cast shade over the house and lower end of the orchard. And in this shaded corner his eyes had fallen on Eve, stooped over, picking up apples for

table use and dropping them into her pink-checked apron, gathered basket-wise in her left hand.

Mrs. Jennings had taken her out of a Methodist orphanage in Syracuse seven years before and had, after the necessary fee to the matron, adopted her as a maid of all work. John Adam had seen her on earlier occasions when his uncle had called for apple shipments; they had talked when she had had one Sunday evening off—he had done most of the talking—about the canal, and the easy indolent travel back and forth across the State, the great canal ports, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Albany, and Buffalo, and Rome, and the life in them. John had hinted of the liberty and the easy pleasures, aggrandizing his small stock of experiences with the experience of others, and growing amazingly in his own eyes in a sudden flood of self-belief.

Eve had listened, open-mouthed, her dark eyes clouded—as he grew to know them later—with the vagueness of new desire. Her own experience seemed so pitifully circumspect beside his half-imagined descriptions.

And now, as the barrels rolled aboard the *Nancy* in their round-bellied barrels, he went over to her.

"Eve," he said.

She turned round on him quickly, coming upright in the same motion of her hips, with a swift grace.

"Oh, it's you, John Adam."

"Eanh."

"Mr. Jennings said your uncle was dead. I'm sorry."

"Eanh."

She had on a gingham sunbonnet to match her apron. Her hair, black then, was drawn down tight on each side along her cheeks, making, under the pink shade of the bonnet, a frame for

her small, compact face, which gave it force. Her mouth was wide and red—it hadn't changed a particle in all these years—and the sunlight fell at just the proper angle to throw a shadow on her eyes. Her arms, bare to the elbow, had caught up the apron against her breast; John Adam could see the brown down on the forearms. She looked so slight and light-footed under the harvested branches that she seemed incongruous, a belated bit of apple-bloom.

"Eanh," he had repeated, gazing at her. "I've got the *Nancy* now, for my own."

He struggled for words. He realized now what the *Nancy* lacked, he told himself: she wanted a woman aboard—particularly Eve—to look out for him and the boy. But he could not find out how to tell her.

Perhaps her rigid religious discipline under the angular tuition of Mrs. Jennings, and previously of the orphanage, had given Eve the power of divination, for she blushed. Perhaps, too, John had hinted more to her a year before than he could remember. At any rate, she put physically into action what he wanted to propose.

John could never forget her then; she always lived for him in that moment; she would beyond time.

The gnarled old tree had sent forth an immensely long arm that would have overbalanced it but for the posts set underneath, and this branch came low over their heads, screening them from canal and house. Eve raised her face, so that John could see her mouth in profile, and lifted her right arm. Just within reach an apple, which had been overlooked by the pickers, hung red and ripe amid the leaves, and a small

ray of sunlight touched it so that the very look of it was sweet.

The girl pulled it off and took a generous bite and handed it to John Adam. He took it and looked back at her. She was watching him with eyes in which amusement, approval, trepidation, and desire strove against one another; but her betraying feature, her mouth, had suddenly grown tender.

John munched the apple, and found words.

"I've got the boat now, Eve. Would you come with me?"

She laughed, all at once, tilting her head in the sun-dappled shade.

"Mrs. Jennings wouldn't let me go. The idea—why, it's against her notions!"

But if John was slow to start anything, he had a great power of continuing.

"Well, why'n't you run away with me? I'll pay Mrs. Jennings what she thinks is due—though I guess she's got pretty good int'rest out of you as an investment."

"Think you will, too?"

John kicked a bruised apple aside with the toe of his boot.

"Eanh."

"'Run away'?—you couldn't hardly do *that* in a canal-boat, John. I couldn't do it anyways; it's so against all teaching! How do you think we could do it?"

"Why, I guess I could stop down the river about a mile; and if you'll clip out of the house after dark and walk along down, I'll wait—and then we'll go on all night and make up for time I should have been travelling, so's I could deny your bein' with me."

He tossed the core of the apple away. She stared into his eyes a long min-

ute, a dark brooding glance, which left him strangely at ease while her eyes were on him, but clogged his arteries when she turned away.

"Good-by, Mr. Adam," she said. "I hope you'll be back next fall. It's a real pity your uncle died, I'm sure."

She whirled with a flutter of her skirt and ran back to the house.

"I wouldn't let that worry you an awful lot," remarked a good-natured voice at his back.

"Gol," said John to himself, and he wheeled about to find Mr. Jennings leaning over the snake fence bordering the orchard, arms folded on the top rail, gray hat on the back of his head, a straw drooping limply from one corner of his mouth. He grinned; so did John Adam.

"No," he replied, "I don't aim to let it bother me, a great lot."

"Well, you're loaded now. Me and you'd better settle up, John. You'll be wanting to clear out for an evening's drag, I guess? Can't stay to supper? We'd be glad to have you."

"No," said John, "I aim to get three hours of hauling yet to-day. How's my draft?"

"Three foot eight. Maybe a mite more. But you'll clear all right."

Jennings handed over the money and took his lading receipt. The boy was getting the team down the gang-plank. They came out from under the half-hatch forward, sleepy and listless. John took his place at the rudder. The men who had stowed away the apples slipped the ropes from the mooring-posts and tossed them aboard.

"All right," cried John.

"Giddup," shouted the boy, brandishing a rope's end and letting loose all his profanity at the team.

The boat got under way without fuss and passed along beneath the cool avenue of willow branches. It was half an hour later that John Adam told the boy to pull up to mooring-posts stuck inconsequentially beside the tow-path in a deserted stretch. The boy was surprised but willing enough. As the night was warm, John had him hitch the horses under a tree, to avoid delay in starting.

They ate supper and then sat on the deck together, the boy whistling, and, by some miracle, forbearing to ask questions.

Eve came aboard out of the darkness quite suddenly and with all the naturalness in the world. They hitched the horses back on the eveners and went on.

Eve spent an hour below, looking things over, and then she came up and sat at his feet on the space aft the cabin roof. They hadn't talked at all; they had just looked at the stars; had seen the spidery web of bridge rails grow out of the darkness, pass in arched shadows over them; had gone by sleeping farms, windowless, with last tendrils of smoke just visible above the chimneys. It was so still, the water so smooth, the smell of waterside fields so fresh—and the land slid by so easily.

Only once in a while the boy would let out his string of patent profanity when John Adam let the boat in too close to the bank, because he was taking too long a look at Eve; and John had sworn back at the boy and threatened to fire him out of hand; and Eve had laughed, low, husky laughter which floated on with them.

So they had come into Syracuse on Sunday morning, with the bells all ringing for church, and the smell of the

apple cargo heavy about their faces in the misty air. . . .

John Adam, on his porch, sucked long at his pipe, and took the smoke way down into his lungs. The taste of it was fine—old Warnick and Brown, No. 1, Heavy. Boaters smoked that tobacco. He had for forty-one years. He had lit his first pipeful that Sunday morning coming into Syracuse with Eve. Forty-one years—it had been almost a second woman to him—not that he wanted one. There was Eve all the time, faithful, loving; they had eaten out of life together, as they had of the apple; she never changing to him although other men offered her higher pay.

The children—well, they had had hard luck; but he was never very keen about them; only boys, like Nick, and John before he died of his fall. Nick had got out of hand, somehow; John Adam hadn't had time to take care of him himself; he'd left him to Eve.

Then, ten years—no, eighteen, by Cripus! except for that last trip with ice for Coney Island they'd taken ten years ago just to see the canal once more—eighteen years ago they'd come to this farm and settled down, and he had married Eve for the girls' sake; not that there was any point in it. He'd had an idea Eve hankered after it—she had queer hankerings in her; you could feel them behind her eyes when they got soft, like rain-clouds in a July sky.

Nick was gone—high-handed about it, too—not a word but for short, bad letters, half spelled, once a year, perhaps. Eve had 'em somewhere. . . .

It was getting on in the afternoon. He could see the supper-smokes rising from chimneys here and there down the valley.

III

"John," Eve was saying, "do you think it's really so?"

"I reckon it must be, Eve."

Her one hope lay in a letter from Jane. Jane always had had a soft spot for Nick; she'd know what had become of him; she was softer-hearted than her mother. Eve had never been wholly able to forgive Nick for causing little John's death—not that Nick could have guessed what he was doing, being so young. But little John had been her favorite child—John Adam, like his father, and blue-eyed and light-haired; while Nick was dark, like herself. She had been bitter against him for years; she had kept him off the boat, out of sight as much as she could when they lay by in towns and cities. She hated to acknowledge even to herself that he was John Adam's favorite. John was not interested in the girls, both of whom had lived; and she had given him three sons, dead before they could come alive, and two more, one of whom had killed the other and then gone off. It was her fault. One son, only, had she given John Adam; and that one had been executed for a common criminal (even if the arrangement of it was novel and interesting to the general public). John had never spoken about having no boys; but she could see his disappointment quite plainly.

But perhaps, she said to herself, the write-up in the paper was all a rumor; perhaps Nick would come back alive, so that they could make it all up to each other.

John Adam was looking at her. Without glancing at his face, she could tell it by the way he held his paper. Even if she was to blame with the chil-

dren, she could still say he loved her. Perhaps her weakness lay there—she had loved him more than the children; they had been merely the necessary aftermath to her. . . .

She had gone on the canal with him as his cook willingly, body and soul to be his, and she hadn't regretted it. She had found the life as he found it, indolent, full of effortless content. She had had him to herself, for years on end; and it had been easy to keep him happy, in spite of the occasional panics she'd have that he was going to leave her. He never had. They'd slid along quietly with the current. Theatres when they came to the cities, oyster suppers at the water-front booths, or dinners at choice places like Baggs Hotel in Utica, or Blossom's when they made a Sunday excursion to Canandaigua. They went sightseeing twice in New York. And in between, there were the long still days on the water, with acquaintances passing now and then as you finished a sock—people you knew to speak to. Easy housekeeping; a grocery-store almost every night when you tied up, fifty yards away. Nothing to do but see that the children did not fall off the cabin roof and remember to water the potted plants once a day. And always John Adam to show other women; he and she had set each other off well when they walked up a street or went aboard another boat for an evening's chat.

He had been proud of her; she hadn't aged as quickly as most dark women did, and the children had done no harm. She had kept John tight to her, and she still had him. He was looking at her now, she knew it, with his far-away face, under which she had learned to read everything that mattered at all

—just as she had read him that day in the Jennings' orchard—think of it—more than thirty years ago!

Mrs. Jennings had behaved better than she might have supposed; though she did not know how far John Adam had gone in settling with her. Anyway, the old lady had called on her in the *Nancy* in her best bombazine black dress and wished her luck with a look which said: "You'll need it!" As if John had ever been on the point of turning her away! He had given her everything she wanted; had married her, even though she hadn't asked him, cared to ask him. There was no need of it on the canal.

But she could not deny to herself that she had wanted him to marry her, even if she had not asked for it. It had mostly taken away from her the dread of impermanence in their old age. Old boaters were apt to take queer notions; she had seen some.

"Let's get married," he had said one day during a January thaw, when they were wintering in Utica. And they had done it two weeks after. He had been much more excited about it than she, much more worried, almost comically. There was nothing to fluster them, the surrogate asked no questions. There had been no hitch in the church on Genesee Street; they had gone in John and Eve, and had come out man and wife. That was all there was to it. And a few years later they were settled on this farm, alone, the children gone, Mr. and Mrs. Adam for an actual fact.

Almost immediately the canal had slipped into the background. If it had not been for the feed-canal running by a little below them, they might have forgotten their boating, what with John and his farm and the two apple-trees he

was trying out for the start of an orchard, and she with a whole house to look after: two floors, running water, electric light, a telephone to jingle one awake, a kitchen that had no fussy ventilator to mind, and no smell of cargoes.

They had both longed time and again for the past; but the canal had changed. They had seen that on their last trip with ice for Coney Island—starting in the spring with a chain of boats from Alder Creek, leaving the horses at Rome for a tug which scattered soot over them all the way to Albany, making rags of her new frilled curtains, down the Hudson, into the East River, with its horrid city water smells, out into the Sound behind another tug, where waves came right over the pit and froze the ice solid, negroes unloading the ice, complaining of the cold against their feet. Then back into the harbor one morning, with mist over the great buildings, a load of fertilizer from New Jersey, home, peddling it up the Black River feeder; and not once on the whole trip had they seen one of their old acquaintances. That was the sad part of the old canal life. While you boated it, you lived like two people in a water-walled garden, and you saw people outside; and they saw you outside their gardens; and then the gardens passed. Acquaintances you had, any amount—the women had, but it was hard for a woman to find friends. But Eve had never thought about that.

Man and wife—out of their garden—and the children gone; she had never had much hold over them, hadn't cared to. In all those years all she had brought John was herself; it was all he wanted, then. . . .

Nick was dead. In her heart she knew it; knew John Adam knew it. If

only he did not realize how badly she had failed him, she wouldn't care, even now. And she could see by his paper that he was still looking at her. . . .

"Eve," he said, "there's Emory."

A Ford sedan came over their bridge, the postmaster holding a special-delivery letter through the front window.

"I was into the post-office to-day, and I see this had come for you; so I fetched it over.—No, thanks. I've got to run right on to supper."

John went down and took it from him. The sun had already set; the cowbells tinkled as the cows left the barns. There was a faint salmon lining to the clouds on the western horizon, and a blue shadow of twilight was stealing down the river.

IV

John Adam opened the letter. It was from Jane, and it enclosed a clipping of a newspaper article; similar to the one they had been reading.

"'Poor Nick,'" John Adam read aloud. "I knew it was true, Eve."

He glanced farther down the sheet of pink note-paper.

"The rest of it's mostly 'poor Jane.' That Dutchman of hers, he's run off, and she wants cash to clear his debts."

He put the letter in his trousers' pocket; Eve could find it there when he put on his work pants in the morning.

He stood at the foot of the steps, staring down the valley, down the canal, upright, square-shouldered, hearty-looking with his red cheeks and white hair; and Eve stared at his back, where the suspender straps crossed under his waistcoat.

She wanted to cry; but John always got irritable if she showed signs of it.

"I expect Jane'll come home."

"Eanh," she said.

"We ain't had much luck with 'em, Eve."

"There's Nelly."

"She ain't dead yet. You can't tell."

Eve dropped her eyes.

John sat down on the steps, his hands in his pockets, and started whistling—an old boat tune. It had become darker quickly. The surface of the canal looked like black velvet; the river you could hardly see. And the whole valley was still.

Then they heard a clink on the tow-path, and, heaving against a tow-rope, a team came out from under their bridge. Slowly they went on, and a boat followed. A woman was by the rudder-sweep; Eve could catch the flutter of a light skirt. The woman was singing softly, with a queer accent, the words of the tune John was whistling—and the voice and the whistle fell into the same bar.

"Lo-ow bridge! Everybody down!
Lo-o-ow bridge! We're comin' to a town.
Pretty soon we'll pass it, you and me,
Boatin' by our lonely on the old Erie."

She hadn't heard the song for months, for years. There was a wailing to the tune, a long-drawn melancholy, as the boat and the singer faded out of sight round a bend. The woman's voice had sounded young—as her own might have when she first kept house on the *Nancy Gives*—and the twilight had taken it away in a whisper. For the first time it came full upon Eve that she and John were old—old man and old wife—and that the canal had closed its lock-gates on them.

They had no holding tie with it. The children had migrated or—died.

Her shoulders trembled as she bent over her lap.

John sighed, a sigh which turned into a snort, like a hound blowing his nostrils clear of an old scent.

He was looking down at his two infant apple-trees.

"I wonder if that apple we've been watching's ripe yet. I ain't looked to see in some time."

He got up and went down over the patch of lawn, very erect, very sturdy, his head a light blur in the deep shadow. Eve stared after him miserably. When he turned round and looked at her she was conscious, suddenly, of how white her hair must show to him, seeing her against the dark house. She was still unable to think of her marriage in terms of a married woman.

"By gol', Eve," he was saying, "it come right off in my hand."

He brought it back to her on his palm, his arm outstretched.

"It's the first one we've raised, by Jeepers! We'll have an orchard yet, and you can practise up on that apple-jack you used to make."

Carefully he held it out to her. It was not a very big apple; but she took it and looked at it, smelled of it to please him.

"It smells sweet," she said.

"Taste it, Eve."

She had a bite.

"It tastes sweet."

She bit into it again.

"Here," said John Adam. "Let me have it. You can't eat it all, Eve."

He took it from her, munched it, got rid of a seed which he snapped over the porch-rail.

"It's a good apple, Eve. It's real sweet."



Twenty Quid

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

An airman relates the true story of his worst experience in the War—and, perhaps naturally enough, there's a stud-poker game mixed up in it. Mr. Redman was a scout pilot with the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and contributes this narrative to the series of high lights of the war by those who were there.

I TELL the tale as it was told to me, and if you think Reynolds was a callous brute you have misjudged your man. He was a realist, that's all; it was advisable for a single-seater pilot on the Ypres front to be a realist. The work developed a shrewd sense of values. And Reynolds was fond of Thompson, believe it or not.

Perhaps you knew the Hotel Splendide and the adjoining casino at Wimereux before the war. If you did, you might not have recognized them in 1918 or during the years immediately preceding. Then the hotel and casino went under the name of General Hospital No. 14: one hospital in a whole nest of them, Australian, New Zealander, and Irish. There were more crocks about than you had ever seen in one place before in your life—Flying Corps, King's Royal Rifles, Black Watch, Gordons, Aussies, and Canadians—they were all there in various degrees of dilapidation. But they were a cheerful lot on the whole, and for many of them Wimereux was a half-way station on the road to home. They said you could see England on a clear day. I can't swear to it, because it was never really clear while I was there, and there was plenty to do besides looking across the Channel—bridge, snooker pool, chess, craps, and poker; to say

nothing of red dog, which, as you probably know, consists largely of putting your money under the door and leaving it. Besides, it was only three kilos into Boulogne; you could always hop a tender, and it wasn't a bad walk if you felt like it. There you could get comfortably tight at the Fokestone Hotel or sop up tea and talk at the Officers' Club, depending on your mood. Reynolds and I usually chose the Fokestone; we seemed to get on with the war better there.

It was toward the end of September that I checked in at No. 14 General. Ten thousand feet above Armentières a chunk of Boche Archie had taken the propeller off my perfectly good Sopwith Dolphin, and I had landed rather casually in a shell-hole just in front of Bailleul. A bad shaking up and a sliver in my left leg was about all I could claim, but the Wing M. O. had looked me over solemnly and had decided that ten days' rest would do me good. So I had been shipped back to Wimereux in the major's car.

Reynolds was at No. 14 when I arrived, and we met like long-lost brothers. We had known each other at the fighting school at Turnberry, in Scotland, where we had both instructed; but he had gone back to the front on Camels (tricky busses; they always try

to spin in a right-hand bank), while I had been held for a Dolphin draft. Reynolds, I learned at Wimereux, had been shot down back of Courtrai in July, and of course taken prisoner; but he had thumbed his nose at Boche hospitality. His own explanation was that he had simply walked out of Germany; but I suspect that the actual process was more complicated. The Huns were tenacious hosts. At all events, he had come back with what the Royal Army Medical Corps thought was a fair case of shell-shock. Twenty-three hours out of twenty-four he would be perfectly normal, possessed of a sound interest in drink and the opposite sex; then suddenly he would go blooey, turn white, shake like a leaf, and all that sort of thing. He would start yelling for them to take the engine out of his tummy. Rather like the old song,

“Out of my neck take the con-rod,
The gudgeon-pins out of my brain,”

and so on. But Reynolds really meant it; he was no faker. They were holding him in Wimereux for observation, and he was pretty definitely scheduled for Blighty. But he didn't want to go.

As I say, we met like long-lost brothers. We had our Turnberry memories in common (lectures on “The Importance of Stunting from a Fighting Point of View.” That was a good joke; there never was any stunt that was worth a damn but the climbing turn); we knew the same people (or we had known them before they passed out of the picture); and we both liked stud-poker. However, the first night of stud at Wimereux showed us it was no place for our talents. We might have made a fortune, but we honored the poor infantry; they hadn't had a chance to keep in practice in the trenches. So we

gave the game up. Sticking to it would have been grand larceny, not petty. The Flying Corps had its advantages.

We played chess during the evenings (Reynolds's chess didn't suffer obviously from shell-shock), and we contracted the Fokestone Hotel habit in the afternoons. We would settle ourselves at a marble-topped table, order Veuve Cliquot that neither of us could afford, and get on with the war. It was a good war; we were agreed on that from the first; a good war while it lasted. But how long would it last? Forever, I said. A little longer than that, said Reynolds. And we never knew that it was nearly over then. I wonder what we would have done if we had known. Ordered two bottles at a time instead of one, probably. But it might have made a difference. Reynolds might have gone back to England, after all, instead of to that damned Camel squadron of his; and then he wouldn't have come down in flames on the morning of the Armistice, just after getting his last two Huns. He might have found a nice wife and settled down and had children. Reynolds with a family; there's an idea for you. But we didn't know, and he didn't go back to Blighty; so that's neither here nor there.

We were at the Fokestone, as usual, when Reynolds told me the tragic tale of Tommy Thompson. It had been raining steadily all morning, and after luncheon we had gone skidding around town in an ancient fiacre that threatened complete dissolution at any moment. Fed up with that questionable form of sport, we had finally arrived like homing pigeons at our familiar table. As I remember it, the talk ran on food at first: soufflé Gina Palerme at Claridge's; omelette fines herbes in the Grand at St. Omer; hors d'œuvres in

the Continental at Calais; a strange and wonderful potage that we had discovered, on separate occasions, at the Auberge St. Katherine in Rely; and spinach, endless spinach, in various messes we had known. Then we shifted to the front, or the small bit of it that we both knew fairly well: Ypres, Dickeybusch, Ploegsteert, Poperinghe, Bailleul, Armentières, and Lille. Casually we combed that charming sector which looked like nothing on earth, but very much like one of those closeups of the moon that adorn school astronomies.

From that we turned naturally to swapping yarns, other people's yarns, not our own. Reynolds told how McHenry (who had been at Turnberry with us) had climbed up into a crowd of eight Fokkers, over Roulers, and saved a Bristol pilot who had two jammed guns and a dead observer in the back seat. Mac came down with his aileron controls shot away and his tailplane in ribbons; but four Huns came down with him. A year before it would have been a V. C. show; but the war had grown older, and the major compromised by buying Mac a drink. Then I told Reynolds the story of Doc Taylor and the German brass hats; how Taylor had dived on a Boche staff car, about twenty miles behind the lines, and spilled one general and five fat officers into a ditch. The six of them had scuttled like plump rabbits. Doc had an excellent sense of humor. On another occasion he had proved it by neatly dropping a twenty-pound Cooper bomb down the smoke-stack of an engine that happened to be pulling an overloaded troop-train.

Reynolds came back with more stories, shaking his massive blond head for emphasis; and a full bottle took the place of an empty one.

At last, when the time seemed ripe, I asked casually: "By the way, how did you manage to crawl out of Germany? That must have been quite a show."

He looked at me gravely: "Not so bad. Just strolled through the lines one dark night."

"You make it sound simple. But being shot down in Hunland must be a nasty sensation in itself."

"I've had worse ones in this blinking war."

There was silence for a moment while we both sipped our drinks. The wine caused a pleasant internal glow, and I was feeling sentimental and romantic, as my next asinine question immediately proved.

"Reynolds," I demanded solemnly, "what's the worst experience you have had?"

"What do you mean, worst?" Reynolds wrinkled his forehead.

"Why, the nastiest experience you've had in the Flying Corps; the first thing you'll remember when you're asked some day: 'Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?'"

Reynolds went on drinking reflectively. Then suddenly a light came into his eyes, and he brought his fist down on the table with a thud.

"I'll tell you the worst experience I've had in this damned war, and if you can beat it I'll buy the drinks for a week!"

"Good. Let's have it."

"Did you ever know Tommy Thompson?" asked Reynolds.

"Do you mean the little chap with dark hair, a captain?"

"That's the lad."

"Yes, I know him. Ran into him several times with Rose in London. Seems a nice chap."

"He was; isn't any more. He was a

nice chap, and I liked him; but he played me the rottenest trick any man ever pulled on another."

"Ran off and let you down in a bad jam?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't in a fight. It happened in England, in Beaulieu, down in Hampshire. Know the place?"

"Rather. I used to buzz down there from Salisbury for tea. It's right opposite the Isle of Wight."

"Correct. Well, that's where little Tommy Thompson gave me the nastiest shock of the war."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. But let's order another quart first, otherwise I shall weep before I'm finished."

"Right."

After two glasses from the new bottle, Reynolds settled back in his chair, took a long drag at his cigarette and then put it down.

"Now listen, my son, and you shall hear. I was instructing at Beaulieu just before they sent me up to Turnberry. Can't imagine how I missed telling you the story there. Probably too fresh; couldn't bear it. Anyway, I was at Beaulieu. There was a good crowd in the mess, for a training squadron, and Tommy was one of them. Tommy loved stud, and there were three or four others who loved it just as well, but not quite so profitably as he and I did."

"That's easily believed."

"Yes, but wait."

"You were done down?"

"That's not the point."

"I'm waiting. Proceed."

"Well, we had our regular game every evening; not a very big one, but just enough to help out the weekly budget. My account at Cox's was badly bent, and I was trying to accumulate a little extra lucre for three days in Lon-

don. The night before I was going up to town we played as usual, and I did quite well. When the game started to break up around one o'clock, I was just an even twenty pounds ahead. The three days in town began to look a little brighter."

Reynolds paused and picked up his cigarette. It was dead, so he picked up his glass instead.

"But the point is that the game didn't break up completely. Tommy had been pouring down Scotch all evening and he was fairly well squiffed. Bed held no lure for him; he was all for sitting up and playing until dawn. None of the others wanted to go on, and I wasn't keen; but Tommy kept on insisting obstinately that some one must play with him, and that that some one should preferably be me. I was the big winner, he said, and he wanted his revenge. I pointed out that he was a big winner too, and that two-handed stud was a poor game, but it made no impression. Just then the lights went dud on us (something had gone wrong with our little power-plant), and I thought that I was well out of it. Not at all. Tommy called for candles and said they would give us plenty of light. I knew he was drunk, and I was afraid he would get really disagreeable, so I finally agreed to play with him for half an hour.

"We were the only people left in the mess, and we must have looked mad as we hunched over the table between those two candles. From the first Tommy had the luck of the devil. Twice he beat three kings with three aces, and he outdrew me steadily. Then I came back for a bit, but it didn't last; and my twenty quid dwindled down to a few pound notes. The end came when Tommy calmly dealt himself four queens over my ace-high full. When that hand

was over, Tommy had my twenty quid tucked safely into his tunic; and I was scheduled for three days at the Regent Palace instead of at Claridge's."

Reynolds paused disgustedly.

"But, good Lord, man," I protested, "that's not the story, is it? You're not the only person who ever lost twenty pounds. What's the point?"

Reynolds pulled down the corners of his mouth.

"No, that's not the story. The point came the next morning. Brace yourself for the tragedy."

"I'm braced."

"Well, I slept the sleep of a good loser, until my batman came in to call me at seven-thirty. I prayed it was raining, because I didn't feel like flying. 'Is it a dud day?' I asked Saunders, rolling over sleepily. He shook his head. 'No, sir, it's a very good day; but it's a sad one.' 'What the hell do you mean, Saunders?'

"And then the blow fell. What do you think that damned batman said?"

"How should I know?"

"He just stood there, and announced as calmly as you please: 'Captain Thompson killed himself about five minutes ago, sir.'

"I nearly jumped out of bed. 'Thompson has killed himself?' I shouted.

"'Yes, sir. He was stunting a Camel too low, and he dived into the ground just back of "B" Flight hangar. There isn't much left of him apparently, sir.'

"At that I threw a boot at Saunders and yelled at him to clear out of the hut. I suppose the poor devil thought I had gone crazy. But do you blame me?

Imagine it! That little son of a gun had gone and killed himself with my twenty quid in his pocket. He hadn't spent a single bob of it—not a single bob. Did you ever hear of a trick like that in your life? Think of the waste of it. Twenty pounds! It's the damndest practical joke any one ever played. If Tommy had sat up all night trying to think of a worse one he couldn't have done it. Imagine taking that amount of money from a chap at two in the morning, and then killing your bloody self with it in your pocket only five hours later. Men have been shot for less than that."

"But I don't suppose Thompson intended to do it," I protested.

Reynolds's eyes were blazing; the wine had hit him suddenly.

"Intended it! Intended it!" he thundered. "I don't give a damn whether he intended it or not. He did it, that's the point. And I sat on the Court of Inquiry and sent that twenty quid back to his father, who is stinking rich. Think of that! The money was the only thing about him we could salvage, but that was all folded up in a nice neat little wad."

"It was an unlucky break," I said mildly.

"Unlucky?" The fury had abruptly gone from Reynolds's voice, and he had slumped sadly forward over the table. "Unlucky? It was a low trick. And to think that I was really fond of Tommy; that's the worst of it. But I can never forgive him—never."

And I don't think he ever did. Poor old Reynolds hadn't much time left for forgiveness.





“Seven Days Whipping”

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

Author of “Demigods”

JUDGE LA PLACE had spent the morning in court, had become very tired by the time he had reached his home at Rivervale. Anxiety concerning his wife's condition had rendered him doubly nervous. He had undertaken the task of clearing the honey out of the natural hive in the old Fouracre house, believing that the physical exertion would be an antiseptic to thought. When he had perceived the startling apparition of an Indian emerging from the woods he had become first amazed, then horrified. The Indian had kept steadily up the hill toward La Place's own house. The judge had pursued him, shouting, but the Indian made no reply. La Place, frightened, rushed into his home and bolted the door behind him.

III

THE hall was quite dark as he entered it. The stone floor (laying it had been Margaret's idea), newly waxed, shone like a dim mirror beneath his feet. The house was quiet save for the intermittent beating of the storm upon its walls. The glasses of the leaded windows streamed with the current of the rain. He found himself gazing upon these glasses with an odd abstraction—so many drops of rain upon a window-pane, a rush of water from the wall above, the wind whipping down with a howl, and the glass was obscured by a moving sheet of gray. How long would the madman outside endure such a tempest? The poor devil was already soaked to the skin. There entered into La Place's mind the fantastic thought that this intruder, engendered by the storm, would dissolve with it, be blown away with the mists which were now rising from the river. But no, the fellow was real enough, had caused trouble enough, would cause more were Margaret to see

him. He went into the library and from the angle of the windows peered out into the drive. To his exasperation, he found himself using the curtains as a shelter, endeavoring to keep this trespasser without knowledge that he was being watched. None the less he found some difficulty in forcing himself to step out where he might be plainly seen. Bitter rage at his own impotence possessed him. His customary judicial, rational attitude had disappeared. Cheerfully he would visit upon this stranger any punishment which the law could devise.

The deer lay where the Indian had cast it, a carcass put down at his door. The man himself was not apparent at first. Peering out into the gathering darkness, La Place finally perceived that he stood just beyond the corner of the wall. His hand was clutching the wall. This hand, La Place thought, lay upon the surface of the dripping stone like a huge brown moth. What could the fellow himself be doing? Hiding perhaps. The man was certainly mad,

subject to an insane delusion. It would be best to have him removed at once.

The telephone was in the hall, boxed to the wall angle, with the batteries beneath it. To get the attention of an operator one had to turn a small handle that stuck out of the coil box.

He did this and put the ear-piece to his ear. The telephone responded with a distant crackling, but there was no response from the exchange. His alarm increased. Twice more he attempted to summon the operator. Each time he failed. He was forced to stop for fear of waking Margaret. The telephone had been put out of order by the storm. An idea occurred to him. The line was a party line. He might by his own ringing succeed in getting a neighbor to answer. The Mahlens, he knew, were nearest. He rang, shouted: "Mahlen! Hello there, Mahlen!" For an instant he thought he heard an answer. Then the voice, if voice there was, died away in a universal crackling. There followed silence. He rang again and again. There was no response. "This is growing serious," he said to himself. "I can't leave here with this fellow about. I can't walk to the Mahlens' if Margaret needs the doctor."

He looked out. The sky in the west was still light, but there was no sign of the storm abating. The rain had become cold, steady, and might persist throughout the night. What should he do? He might induce one of the Crawley sisters to walk to the Mahlens'—Cassie would be best. Her courage far exceeded Cissie's. The distance was not great—a mile at the most. But what should he tell her? "Cassie, there's an Indian outside the house. The telephone's out of order. Would you go over to the Mahlens' and tell them to send the police?" The girl would refuse. Inevitably she

would carry the news to Margaret. The whole affair was preposterous. He might lock the front door behind him, take his car, drive to the Mahlens' and be back again in a few minutes. Wouldn't this be the best thing to do? But could he succeed in getting away from the house with this incredible visitor waiting outside? Wasn't the man's attention centred upon himself? Somehow the fellow had conveyed such an idea to him—not by any word or gesture, but by some subtle impulse of mind.

No sooner had this thought come to him than his mood changed. Preposterous as the situation was, it could be made more so by harboring just such delusions as this. He must regain his peace of mind, courage—he hesitated to use such a word—with it. This situation should not master him. He would not permit this fantastic creature outside his door to drive him to folly. Where was the danger? What was the danger? Should this savage, suddenly risen out of the breast of a civilized country, cause him to run as wild as the wind which now howled about the house? There would be ample time to meet the situation with either force or persuasion—whichever he should find to be more desirable. The rain would cease and, with the breaking of the storm, the telephone would come back into order. In all probability it would not be necessary for him to leave his home at all. None the less it might be well for him to make sure that there was no way in which the fellow might break into the house. No need of taking chances. With this in view he went quietly from room to room upon the lower floor and assured himself that all doors and windows were securely fastened. He decided not to go near the

kitchen. The Crawley sisters would be at work there. Cissie might be expected to scream if she were in the least frightened. Luckily, the man was not near that end of the house.

He realized that he was very cold, chilled to the bone by his wet clothes. It was time that he warmed himself. The house was dark. He hesitated to switch on the lights upon the lower floor. At least the man should not be permitted to see in. He envisaged the dead deer lying in darkness upon the stone step. A single swift stroke had made that gash through the flesh of its throat. What a singularly brutal thing to have done! He tried to picture the scene of the killing, found it quite beyond his power. How had this Indian caught the deer so that he might slaughter it? Had the kill been made in a wood or in a field? Had the animal been offered any possibility of escape? Death must have come to it with the first swift blow of the knife. Thought La Place: “It would not be so bad with a gun, but I could never have done *that* with a knife!”

He moved up the stairs as quietly as possible. He seemed to have acquired a new instinct for moving softly. Nor was this due—as he realized himself—to his attitude toward Margaret. Rather it was an ancient genius springing up within his body. “In danger, walk silently!” What a fool he was to apply such an axiom to this situation! Where was the danger? There returned to him the identical feeling which had taken possession of him before. *This man was in search of him.*

He reached his own room. The length of the hall separated it from Margaret’s suite. It was an excellent point for observation. Two windows were set in each of the walls and these looked

east and west. To the west the hill down which the Indian had come was visible. To the east lay the curving line of the river, and in the immediate foreground the circle of the drive. Rivervale was entirely isolated. The curve of the river was like a moat. The covered bridge and the line of hills offered the only means of approach. No light was visible in the drive except the reflected glare from the windows of the kitchen. The switch for the yard lights was beside his bed. None the less he refrained from turning it. Darkness he felt to be preferable for a time. Unquestionably he hesitated to look out again into the drive. Let events wait.

He noticed that he began to remove his wet clothes with unusual haste. His nerves were bad, he felt. Where was his self-control? What was the measure of his courage? Deliberately he forced steadiness into his hands, made himself undress slowly. His recollection of the deer troubled him most. How the creature’s throat had bled! A fresh cut. The body of a crime. He began to throw his wet clothes upon the floor, not troubling to pick them up. His nerves *were* bad. A hot bath, he felt, would help him.

He found that he was excessively irritable. He tore the greatcoat open when his chilled fingers could not unbutton it. He had been a fool to attempt to clean out the beehive in view of the storm and this stark madman who had been engendered with it. But who could have dreamed of such an advent, of such a possibility? No, he could not be blamed.

Naked, not even taking the trouble to put on his slippers, he went into the bathroom. The rain beat upon the windows. As he had feared, the night would be very stormy. A cold rain at the end of June! The storm might per-

sist until morning. What bad luck! What frenzied bad luck! He found no pleasure in his bath. Ordinarily the heat of the water caused his body to relax, tranquillizing him. Twice, however, he started from the tub, alarmed at noises which resembled some one working at the windows of the house. Try as he might, he could not distinguish where these sounds were coming from. "It's the storm," he said to himself. "The wind is still rising."

He proceeded to dress carefully. As he did so his spirits rose. A vague excitement came upon him. He felt as he had on board ship when Margaret and he were returning upon their honeymoon and sight of land was expected in the morning. The feeling was one of freedom, as if for a moment the laws of time, space, earthly joy and pain had been suspended. "The last night out," he thought to himself, and instantly found the phrase to be silly. There was rising in him a spirit which he could not understand, which defied his analysis. In a measure he seemed careless, reckless, freed from the realities which surrounded him. He could put no words upon this feeling. It seemed, as he attempted to examine it, to arise out of negations, as if something within him which had persisted for years had suddenly ceased, come to a full stop. He did not carry his examination further. His calmness, his assurance increased. He thought: "Good luck! I shall have it." He could not explain to himself exactly what he was to have.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly seven o'clock. He arranged the studs of his shirt with a steady hand, put on his accustomed clothes, a dinner suit. In the drawer of his bureau he searched for and found his revolver. He had purchased it some years back and had not

troubled to look at it since. The cartridges with which he had loaded it then were still in it. He broke it, wiped the dust out of the barrel and from around the chambers as well as he could, and replaced the cartridges. Thereafter he put it back in its place and covered it with a clean handkerchief. He was surprised at his own actions. Certainly he did not contemplate using the revolver. None the less he felt more assured, more satisfied, than he had been before. The house was his and he would protect it.

Going to the switch that controlled the yard lights, he turned it. The lights, three in number, flashed on. The yard was brightly illuminated. Used as he had become to the storm, none the less he was surprised at its violence. Through the area of brightness surrounding the lights, the rain fell in narrow, glancing spears. The gravel of the road was visibly washed away. The area before the garage seemed soaked in shadow, into which from jutting eaves fell water in an unceasing cascade. The river was waking up. Its sound had changed into a steady roar, and along the oval of its course lay clouds of mist, high above the tops of the willows upon its banks. He thought that he had never seen such a night as this.

Glancing at the door-step, he saw with a shock of surprise that the deer had disappeared. Quickly he looked again. Where the carcass had lain upon the step, rain now fell and had cleansed the stone. Was it possible that this incredible visitor was nothing but a figment of his own imagination, of a mind disordered by the strain which had beset him in the past few months? Certainly he could not be going mad? His mind, he knew, was perfectly and entirely clear.

Upon the edge of the flagged path leading to the garden he now perceived the lines of an object which, though the night had been blacker, he must instantly have recognized as the carcass of the deer. The body lay upon its side, flattened in death. Beyond it, squatting upon his hams, half in the shelter of the grape arbor but visible as a darker shadow against the night, he saw the Indian. The man's back was to the house, his torso bent toward the ground. Entirely motionless, he seemed to be gazing upon the deer. In his attitude La Place was aware of a quality of indurability, of a hardness that nothing might dissolve. Yet in it he was aware of an element of pathos. Drenched to the skin, bent to protect his face from the stinging rain, this man remained like a tree rooted to the earth. Whatever madness possessed him, at least he was mastered by it.

La Place looked again. Despite himself he started with surprise. For an instant such fear gripped him that he seemed to feel the prickling up of the short hairs upon his neck, for the figure of another man seemed to stand at the Indian's back. There could be no mistaking it. The body of this second man, so placed as to be almost within the shadow of the arbor, was beyond the direct range of the light. So completely was he merged into the darkness that only the blurred whiteness of his face rendered La Place certain of his presence. It was as if the night had cast him up.

In the intervals between the gusts of the storm La Place thought that he heard the second stranger speak. The sound of the voice was vaguely familiar. The voice rose and fell, was cut off by the wind, at times lapsed into silence. He thought that he heard the Indian

answer once, abruptly, angrily. There followed silence.

He said to himself: "I can't stand this. I must know what it means."

Beside his bed was a flash-light. Throwing open a window, he cast the beam of the light down toward the garden. It thrust before his eyes a cross-section of the storm, more fully illuminated the Indian and the deer. Beyond stood an Italian, instantly recognized by La Place as one of the inhabitants of the colony at the quarry. The man, who had worked for La Place upon occasion, spoke imperfect English and, possessed of an unpronounceable name, was generally called "Mary - Ann." None the less La Place must count him as a friend. He believed that help was at hand. "Mary-Ann!" he shouted. "Come over to the house."

The Italian looked up, perceived the light. La Place called again, saw him wave his hand in reply. Slowly he began to pick a path past the Indian and the deer. The Indian at first gave no sign that he noticed the movement, but as "Mary-Ann" reached the edge of the path that led toward the house La Place saw him get swiftly to his feet, heard a peremptory command. "Mary-Ann" halted, turned. For an instant the two men faced each other. The Italian said something which La Place could not understand. The Indian remained silent, motionless. In the attitude of his body La Place perceived unspoken menace and a threat. Thereafter the Italian went slowly down the hill. La Place called after him again and again: "Mary-Ann! Come here! Come here!" The Italian gave no indication of having heard him. His pace quickened to a trot and he disappeared in the darkness. Thought La Place bitterly: "He was frightened. He's run away!"

The Indian sank down upon his haunches again, averting his face from the storm.

He himself, he thought, was of no better stuff than the Italian. Both had become afraid of this primitive creature who had put his feet so strongly upon the soil of Rivervale. Probably the Italian's first contact with this intruder had been as casual as his own. "Mary-Ann," doubtless returning home through the storm, had taken the short cut across La Place's property to get to the quarry hill. He had seen the deer and, his curiosity aroused, had paused to ask questions of the stark figure crouching upon the ground. La Place had called. The result in all probability had been as unexpected to the Italian as to La Place himself. "Mary-Ann" had fled.

All of these circumstances were to be considered. The Italian colony was a mile away by road but far less upon the straight line which "Mary-Ann" had taken. He would reach home in a few minutes. But what would he do then? La Place had found these Italians to be much like children. Their curiosity, quickly aroused, was as swiftly satisfied. They were secretive and sensitive. "Mary-Ann" in all probability would regard the incident as something taking place upon a rich man's lawn and for that reason far beyond his ken. None the less, if he should tell any one, inevitably the news would quickly reach the padrone. Old Damiano would investigate, would make sure of the situation. If he did so, he would send adequate help. This, however, might be long in coming.

What could this savage desire? What possible part could the carcass of the deer play in his plans? "Take the deer, plees!" he had said. The fellow's English was not bad. It was not in the least

guttural, though it did possess a strange accent. It was as if the speaker had trouble with his s's and p's, clipped them short and lost them in his throat. He had heard such an accent before, though he could not place it. But the deer! Incredibly a deer! The carcass still lay at the Indian's feet.

He turned away, carefully pulling the window to. He switched off the yard lights. At least this intruder should sit in the dark. His anger was mounting steadily. None the less he could not determine what he should do. He must not permit this incredible juxtaposition of events to break his judgment, to drive reason from his mind. There was nothing to be afraid of if Margaret did not divine this Indian's presence. The fellow might sit in darkness throughout the night with the carcass of the deer at his feet, and she would be none the worse for it. At least the man had made no attack upon the house. He had, in fact, taken the deer from the door-step. There would be little point, however, in talking to the fellow. *You take the deer!* It had been a command, a sullen order. "*By God!*" said La Place suddenly. "He behaves as if he owned the place!"

Ordinarily he did not think with profanity. Up to this hour he had had no desire for force, but he could not remember having ever experienced such raw emotion. It was as if this savage by some magic was changing him, La Place, into a barbarian. He would not allow such a facile transformation to take place. He would coolly retain his own poise, his integrity and peace of mind. He would reduce this intruder to simple terms. He would forget the storm, discount the darkness. The man should not be an Indian, incredibly burdened with the carcass of a deer—but a

mere trespasser. Resolutely he attempted to put the whole affair from his mind. The room adjoining his bedroom was fitted out as a study. In it he kept his books, his file of briefs, the papers of cases which he desired to study at his leisure. In his judgment this was the pleasantest room in the house. At present it had an additional advantage. It was directly across the hall from Margaret's bedroom. Sitting in it, he would hear her stir, could listen to the innumerable minor activities with which she was accustomed to occupy herself. Plainly she was not yet awake, though it was within a few minutes of dinner-time. She possessed little regard for time. He would let her sleep.

In the study he had difficulty in choosing a place to sit. Ordinarily he would have elected to work in this short space of time before dinner. There was plenty of work to be done, but he could not bring himself to sit down at his desk. The desk itself was an early-American walnut secretary. He had purchased it years before. The multitude of drawers above the line of the closed lid were neatly labelled with small cards pinned to the wood. Here lay house accounts, stock, investments, correspondence, and "law reports." Sitting upon the straight-backed chair before the desk, he might place his hands upon the most important elements in his life, even, in a sense, upon Margaret.

In all respects this room was entirely his own. The walls were lined with his books, a collection of years. He had had the chairs upholstered in leather. In them one might sit and rest. To-night, however, he could not compose himself. There was too much noise outside the house. The room faced west and received the full beat of the storm. The fireplace and hearth were upon the

north. A thin stream of brown water was trickling out upon the floor. The rain was coming down the chimney. He made a ball of old newspapers, and, kneeling, thrust it into the chimney. As he did so a gust of cold air swept down the flue, carrying drops of moisture to his face. The air smelt clean, freshly washed. The wind roared in the chimney. To him came a sense of immeasurable distance, of complete and terrible isolation.

As he got to his feet again he could not keep himself from looking out of the window. The rain beat upon the glass, sweeping down the panes in a never-ending current. This lighted window must stand like a beacon to any one outside the house, yet the glare of the light was projected but a few feet beyond the sill. The darkness possessed hardness, the quality of all primitive and immutable things. The Indian lay out in it, perhaps now crept closer to the house.

He turned from the window, sought out one of the chairs. A book was beneath his hands and he attempted to read it. Suddenly his mind returned to his bees. He could not remember them without regret. Where was the colony now? No doubt beaten down and destroyed by the storm.

He looked across the room. Upon a small table beside his desk stood a cherished possession. Margaret was always inclined to make a jest of his love for it. It was a "John Bull" clock, a small figure cast in iron, a caricature of an Englishman with the usual fat, round belly. The figure was about a foot and a half high, was dressed in iron small-clothes, and had a clock in its belly. He had inherited this as a relic from his father, who had informed him that it was very old. He could not keep his eyes from

this figure. Its face was rubicund, jolly. The small face had stood upon the mantelpiece in his father's bedroom, had watched his father wax, wane, and die, impervious itself to the time, which it carried like a viper in its belly.

The hands of the clock showed it to be seven-thirty. He should, he felt, wake Margaret up now. The Crawley sisters knew, of course, that she was sleeping, and did not announce dinner on that account. He seemed incapable of movement. Minutes passed as he sat and waited. This morning he had presided in court. That was but little more than five hours ago. In that time the very seasons seemed to have changed. Summer had disappeared under the storm and autumn was at hand. The change seemed to him both psychic and physical, in some way to affect both Margaret and himself. Autumn was at hand. In primitive times one sacrificed a human life that the sun and summer might return. The juxtaposition of Margaret, the Indian, and himself seemed incredible. In a sense he sat between them, the judge of both.

He waited until the hands of the clock stood at quarter to eight. Then, reluctantly, he got to his feet and, crossing the hall, listened at the door of Margaret's room. His hearing, he knew, was not as good as it had been. He had difficulty determining whether there was any movement in the room. This difficulty was heightened by the storm. There was so much movement outside the house, such a rustling and sighing of wind down the hall, that every sound seemed blended into the cacophony of the storm. When he had become quite sure that Margaret was still asleep he opened the door upon a crack and peered within.

The room was in disorder. The

two dormer-windows were open and through them sucked a gale of air, drawing the curtains after it, causing them to beat like huge wings against the storm. This, then, was the cause of the draft through the hall. Going to the windows, he drew the sashes shut, pulling back the curtains as he did so. He turned to Margaret. At some time during this afternoon which now seemed so immeasurably distant to him, she had been at work upon the knitted blanket which now lay—the long ivory needles still thrust through it—upon her breast. Her head was bent at an angle to her neck. He thought the position to be intensely uncomfortable, but the attitude was typical of her. Her throat was slender, pearly. La Place thought that her pallor had increased since he had seen her in the early afternoon. Her skin seemed as white as the pillow against which lay her head. She was fast asleep.

Throughout the room lay a litter of objects. The dress which she had worn at lunch had been thrown across the chair beside her bed. Upon it was a pile of books, a scarf, and an unfolded handkerchief. Within the handkerchief lay her wedding-ring. She had been careful with that. The curtains of the bed were partially drawn. The reading-light upon the table had been knocked down, apparently by the swinging of the curtains, and now dangled dangerously near the floor, sustained only by its cord. He straightened the lamp and switched on the lights. Instinctively he desired as many moments as possible to pass before awaking her. He had not yet made up his mind as to what he should do. He was, he felt, like a tactician who must fight a desperate battle before he has prepared his plans for it. Asleep she could not be troubled. The

storm would pass, the incredible visitor with it. She might never know of either. Yet he must wake her. To refrain from doing so would at once indicate something out of the ordinary. None the less he could not be sure of her attitude. She might not be as alarmed as himself when she received knowledge of the fantastic intruder upon the lawn. Yet the deer was in itself an exceedingly unpleasant thing. The sight of it, rather than the Indian, might horrify her. The creature's throat had been literally destroyed with the knife. On the other hand, it might be necessary for him to summon help some time in the evening. Would it be wise then, suddenly, to cause her to face the reality? Might it not be better to explain to her now all circumstances as well as he could? The words came to his lips, but he could not speak them. The Indian, suddenly evolved out of the darkness of the storm, his incredible burden of the carcass of the deer, were so fantastic as to surpass any power of narration which he possessed. He said to himself: "I shall not tell her now. . . ."

Even as he hesitated she awoke, as a child might wake, gazed about her in a manner which indicated the perfect translucency of her thought. Plainly she was a little hungry, a trifle vexed at having slept so long. She seemed surprised to see darkness outside the windows, to note for the first time that the lights were lit. La Place saw that as yet she had scarcely taken heed of the beating of the storm. She stretched broadly and noticed his presence in the room. "Stawell," she asked, "what time is it?" La Place replied that it was nearly eight o'clock. "Cissie or Cassie should have been here an hour ago," she said. "I did not mean to keep you waiting for your

dinner." La Place told her not to hurry. He would be glad to sit down and wait.

She drew herself to the edge of the bed, stooped down to put on her slippers. Thought La Place with relief: "She's still very young. Thank God, she's not as old as I am." He remained comparatively silent while she dressed—his mind strangely at ease—and restricted himself to answering her questions.

No, he had not been able to get in his bees. The storm had come up just as he had gotten fairly started and had interrupted him.

At what time had he gone down to the Fouracre house? She had stood at the window and had watched him with his wheelbarrow. That had been clever.

He replied that he had started to work at about three o'clock. The affair of the bees had turned out very badly indeed. He was afraid that the colony was lost. He had been very stupid to start work with a storm coming up.

The lights above the bureau glittered like twin eyes. The mirror was a small one, perfectly fitted into an oval frame. Margaret stood before it, doing up her hair. This intricate process, the deftness and surety of her touch, always fascinated La Place. It was as if she weaved a net with delicate fingers. He saw the question poised before him, then searching him out like a speeding arrow.

"Stawell. Is there a man outside the house? I dreamed—or heard—there was."

The question overwhelmed him. The manner in which he had best answer it eluded him. How had she known? Had she heard him calling to "Mary-Ann," or, lost in sleep, had she dreamed the truth? Had she been aware of his agitation when he had found that the telephone would not

work? She had always possessed an uncanny gift for divining facts, and one could never ascertain the sources of her information. It was possible, of course, that she was merely guessing—having become sensitive to his agitation, was seeking to divine its source. On the other hand, she might in fact have dreamed of the incredible visitor outside the house. The primitive had a way of communicating itself, he thought.

The business of her dressing was continued. She did not at once press her question. In this fact, however, La Place found little relief. It was characteristic of her to approach a subject obliquely. Minutes would pass before he could be sure that her question was safely out of her mind. Her hair was finished. Her face was a delicate shadow. She began to arrange a chain about her neck. Thought La Place: "This is as incredible as the other. I must find out what she means!"

Out loud he said: "What did you dream, Margaret?"

She spoke over her shoulder. Certainly the matter did not seem to concern her very much.

"I thought I saw a strange man emerge out of a wood beside a stream. That was all."

"Was there anything else?" asked La Place.

She thought for a moment, evidently searching her memory.

"There was nothing more, I think. . . . Except that it had something to do with either you or myself."

She put the subject down. To La Place it seemed that it had ceased to interest her. She selected a light scarf and put it around her shoulders. La Place pushed into place the small catches which fastened the windows. The room was chilly. It would be well to make

sure that the wind could not force its way into it. The rain seemed brighter. Its spears shone like silver under the light. He could not understand this at first, but Margaret made it plain to him.

"Look!" she said. "It's beginning to sleet."

This fact disturbed him. The man would freeze. It was unbelievable that he should wait outside in such a storm as this. The hair upon the hide of the deer would be powdered with crystals, which would melt and disappear. This seemed fantastic, immeasurably unreal.

His feeling of unreality persisted as he took her hand to help her down the stairs. The silk of her dress rustled as she moved. Her other hand rested upon the banister. They went down by the front stairs, La Place guiding her so. At the foot of the flight was the front door, locked and bolted. La Place felt that she would be unable to find anything unusual in this. At the foot of the stairs she turned, seemed to hesitate as to which direction she would walk. Evidently the air was colder, for she shivered and drew the scarf more tightly about her shoulders. For an instant La Place stood in deadly fear. If she went into the library, he did not know what she would see. The Indian might return and pound upon the door, demanding admittance. The deer might be hurled back upon the steps. Thought La Place: "I must get her into the dining-room at once—but how?" His difficulty was unexpectedly solved by Cassie, who appeared at the end of the hall. Dinner was announced. La Place followed Margaret into the dining-room.

The room possessed three doors. One led from the hall from which they had entered; another one—half glass—gave upon a stone-rimmed, built-up terrace; the third led to the pantry. This door

was heavy, of solid oak—in fact, had been the entrance to the house before the addition had been put to it. It required a great deal of opening and closing, since Cassie was required to use it in serving every course. The draft through the room was great, apparently created by the great chimney in the library. This played with the door like a demon, holding it at arm's length when Cassie sought to close it, slamming it upon her heels when she had passed through. The storm seemed to increase in violence from minute to minute, driving the sleet furiously against the panes of the window at his back. This window and the door, half of glass, which opened upon the terrace, troubled him the most. His position rendered him blind to anything which might take place behind them. Margaret, on the other hand, sitting facing him, could see. From moment to moment, as he sat watching her, he expected to perceive upon her face an expression of sudden horror and fear. He felt that he could not endure that. If the Indian came into her vision, he would kill him!

What was that which he had thought? Was he not losing all sense of proportion? He was about to kill a man for peering in a window, for pounding on a door! That was impossible. What, in fact, would he do? What explanation could he make to Margaret that would quiet her fear? Would he not at length, at some time in the progress of these fantastic events, reach a point where action must supplant explanation? He was not able to dispose of the idea. His nervousness increased. Twice during the course of the meal he got to his feet and, under pretext of examining the fastenings, went to the door and window. The fastenings were tight.

Each time he peered out into the storm, endeavoring to strike away the darkness by sheer persistence of vision. The glass was coated with a moving film of ice, which formed and melted in a few seconds. The wind shook the sashes, lashing the glass with a whip of sleet. He could see only a few feet beyond the room. The Indian might stand hidden in the darkness just beyond the point where his vision ended.

Each time, as he returned to his chair, he looked at Margaret. Could she perceive his nervousness, his agitation? He could not tell. He gazed at her intently, attempting to learn if she had been in any way disturbed by his actions, if his fear had been communicated to her. He was able, he thought, to note some change in her. Her color had heightened; her eyes were brighter. Her manner puzzled him. It seemed quizzical, ironic, almost as if she perceived his agitation and was gently amused at it. “Great heavens!” said La Place to himself. “Is she laughing at me?” The thought disturbed him more than he would acknowledge. It was inconceivable that she appreciated the circumstances which surrounded them, that she had any knowledge of the stark figure that lay outside the house. The recital of her dream returned to his mind. It was just possible that she had stood at her window and had watched the incredible progression of the Indian and himself up the back road. If this was the case, he had of course played a preposterous rôle in her eyes. He grew ashamed of the picture which he must have presented. It would have been far better to have taken the Indian by the throat and have met the issue squarely then and there.

It was, of course, absurd to impute such knowledge to her. It was unfair

both to himself and to her. Certainly, if any one could be aware of her emotions and reactions, he was that person. He was confident that, if she were informed of the circumstances, her fear would exceed his own. It might be necessary at any moment for him to drive to town to get the nurse and doctor. In that case the house, and all that was within it, herself included, would lie open, unprotected. Certainly she would not be able to face such a prospect without fear; of that he was certain.

None the less he had found that she was accustomed to view many events differently from himself. This was perhaps the heritage of her early life, spent, he had always believed, in an Indian jungle. In her he had found, as upon their wedding-trip, a liking for circumstances in which man survived by reason of the perfect balance of his physical powers. He recalled the storm which they had encountered at sea, persisting through a night in which the ship had seemed like a hound driven before the lash of the tempest—a night during which all on board, taut and straining, had seemed to fight for their lives. Upon this occasion she had drawn a glorious life and energy from the sheer intensity of the battle, had honored the men who had fought the storm. When the tempest was over she had seemed inert, apathetic, as if a force had gone out of her life which could never be replaced. Perhaps some such feeling dominated her now.

He attempted to discover her thoughts by watching Cassie. There existed between Margaret and Cassie such a bond of sympathy that each seemed sensitive to every thought and emotion which the other possessed. The mirror of Margaret's mind would inevitably be re-

flected in Cassie's actions. The meal, however, progressed as usual. Cassie served the courses deftly, unemotionally, her heavy, reddened face intent upon her task. Always she performed this service as if she were taking part in some obligatory ritual. Her manner was invariably the same. Slowly, not undeftly, she removed dishes and set others before them, and, like an intent, elderly nurse, watched Margaret to observe how much she ate. Once, with a movement swift for her, she pushed forward a dish over which Margaret had seemed to hesitate. The gesture was as plain as speech would have been. "You must eat this now. You'll find it good!" At regular intervals she disappeared into the pantry, and through the open door La Place was able to hear Cissie at work, could smell the aroma of meat freshly drawn from the oven, heard a wooden spoon clatter down upon a table-top. Certainly the two sisters suspected nothing.

Meanwhile the storm increased in fury. The wind seemed to lift itself like a solid thing against the house. Twice he was electrified to hear sounds which he took to be knocking at the front door. Once he sprang to his feet in a condition which he knew must be one of visible agitation. Providentially, however, his quick movement upset the glass of water at his elbow—his fingers had been reaching for it when the sound impinged upon his consciousness—the liquid spilling across the table-cloth toward him. It was impossible, he thought, for Margaret to make out whether he had sprung up to escape the water or whether his movement had upset the glass. He decided, however, that she had noticed nothing. At sight of the dripping table-cloth she had

(Continued on page 781 of this number.)



Madame Russell

BY LAURA COPENHAVER

The sister of Patrick Henry, widow of two generals before she was forty-five, rival of the great Virginia orators in eloquence, Madame Russell is one of the most important women of the Revolutionary period.

Do not despair," said Madame Russell to a young woman who was bewailing her unmarried state; "I was not married until I was nearly thirty, and when I was forty-four I was the widow of two generals."

Madame Russell was the sister of Patrick Henry, the kinswoman of James Madison, the wife of William Campbell, "Hero of King's Mountain," and a personage in her own right who probably influenced her "Settlement" more than any of the distinguished gentlemen to whom she was related.

"I have heard all the first orators of Virginia," said James Madison, "but I have never heard eloquence equal to hers." (This in a day when "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*" was engraved, not on athletic trophies, but on orators' medals!) But eloquence was not her only or even her greatest gift. She thought, she acted, she spoke—such was the chronology of the unique acts and speeches by which she shaped the ideals of the section of Virginia in which she lived.

In the year 1795, when it was easier to write speeches on the abolition of slavery in a State where few owned slaves than to liberate slaves in a State where all one's friends and neighbors were slaveholders, she freed all her slaves.

Having been "converted" under the preaching of the Reverend Thomas

Ware, she gave up her worldly goods (which were large) and turned her house into a place of prayer—a training-school for the inspiration of "class-leaders" and "circuit-riders"—a "meeting-house" for the upbuilding of the faith.

Being somewhat better educated than the "sturdy yeomanry" among whom she lived, who in the opinion of her brother "possessed the virtues that constitute the soul of republicanism and the only basis of rational liberty," she argued so convincingly for the acquisition of knowledge that the only college for men named for a woman in Virginia (or any other State, so far as I know) stands as a memorial of her influence on a clergy too fond of speaking "as the Spirit moved them," without training in logic or science.

In the year 1775 Elizabeth Henry was keeping house for her distinguished brother in Williamsburg. A handsome young woman she was, although somewhat like Patrick in appearance and very much like him in emotional ardor. She entered with her whole heart into his plans for rallying the youthful patriots of Virginia in their first armed movement against the tyranny of Great Britain.

The occasion was the removal by night surreptitiously of the powder stored in the old magazine at Williams-

burg. The citizens of the town respectfully petitioned Lord Dunmore to return the powder. When he made no reply, indignation meetings were held. George Washington urged patience. So did Edmund Pendleton and even Peyton Randolph, but Patrick Henry sent out the call to arms. And seven hundred "minute-men" flocked to his standard!

Among these came Captain William Campbell with a company of riflemen from the mountains of southwest Virginia. Captain Campbell had just signed the Fort Chiswell Resolutions—one of those documents which at the time seemed to spring up spontaneously from the soil of all the colonies. "We are determined never to surrender the inestimable privileges of liberty to any power on earth save at the expense of our lives" ran the Fort Chiswell Resolutions.

The spirit of Betty Henry flamed at the news of this declaration, and when Captain Campbell led his company of homespun-shirted volunteers four hundred miles to her brother, she welcomed him at once into the inner circle of the family. Six feet two inches in height, one of the handsomest men of his day, fired with the ardor that possessed her own soul, he moved with ease among the groups of her friends and admirers, many of whom were as rustic and uncouth as her brother, the "forest-born Demosthenes."

Williamsburg, then the seat of government, was the "focus of fashion and high life." Amid all the elegance, Patrick Henry lived in a style befitting his poverty and his avowed position as a champion of the common people. His sister Betty was a charming mistress of his home. She entertained guests of all ranks with the poise that was the in-

heritance of the granddaughter of William Winston, a famous field orator of Hanover County. The handsome captain from the Holston Settlement quickly won her heart, and, after a few months at Williamsburg, they went back together across the State to his home at "Aspenvale" in what was then known as Fincastle County.

Here she found that her brother's name had already possessed the imaginations of the mountain men. So revered was he that when she attended a "camp-meeting" a crowd pressed about her, drawn by the whisper: "Patrick Henry's sister!"

Enthusiasm was not confined to whispers. The bride must stand on a stump before the eyes of all! She must turn round and round so that all could see her! The uproar broke forth into a volume of cheers, "Hurrah for Patrick Henry!" with now and then a voice calling: "And for General William Campbell!"

She smiled back at them and waved her hand. Henceforth all hearts were hers. She belonged to the "Settlement" and she and her children were to be theirs, defended from danger with "the last drop of blood" in their veins.

This resolution they had occasion to make good, for in spite of his always romantic and tender devotion to his "dearest Betty," Captain William Campbell spent away from her much of the time in which he enjoyed "the superlative happiness" of being her husband. Yet in the midst of his campaigning he wrote her ardent love-letters. From Williamsburg he assured her that he "esteemed her worth far above rubies." "I have now lived about a week in the house where I was first blessed with a sight of my dear Betsy. From that happy moment I date the hour of

all my bliss." In the same letter he informed his "sweet and affectionate" wife that "our people *have scalped twenty-seven Indians. I have now the scalp of one which I shall bring you.*"

What the "affectionate and tender" wife did with the scalp of the Indian, history does not relate! She preserved with much pride, however, the sword with which her husband almost killed before her eyes the Tory who had come during his absence to implore her to intercede with him for mercy. While the man knelt at her feet, Captain Campbell returned, and, as the Tory sprang up in a panic of fear, the captain drew his sword from its scabbard and was about to bring it down with all his great strength upon the head of his enemy. At that moment Betty sprang forward and caught her husband's elbow, changing the direction of the sword so that it struck and gashed the heavy oak lintel of the door instead of severing the Tory's head from his body. As soon as he had mastered his anger, Captain Campbell made no effort to follow the fleeing Tory, but instead took his wife in his arms and thanked her for having prevented him from killing a man who, although richly deserving death, should not have met it under his roof and in the presence of his wife. For more than a hundred years the gash in the lintel of the door at Aspenvale remained as a reminder of the courage of the young wife who was not afraid of her husband in his moment of deepest wrath, and who was resourceful enough to act as quickly as he did.

By this time Patrick Henry was governor of Virginia, the War of Independence was on in earnest, and Captain Campbell's company of riflemen were in constant service.

In the summer of 1779 Mrs. Camp-

bell and her husband were riding home from church with a party of friends when Betty heard a man cry out:

"That's Frank Hopkins!"

She knew that Francis Hopkins was the notorious Tory outlaw, who had escaped from prison and now held letters of commission to the Indians, urging them to "fall upon the frontier settlers with fagot, knife, and tomahawk." At the same moment in which she saw the horseman galloping down the road, her husband turned to his body-servant and said:

"Take care of the baby and your mistress, John," and then called to his friends to follow. Hopkins was captured, and the letters of commission to the Indians were found on his person. There in the woods an impromptu court of "oyer and terminer" was held and the prisoner condemned to death, and immediately hanged on the limb of a sycamore-tree. When Colonel Campbell came back to his wife she asked:

"What did you do with him?"

"Oh, we hung him, Betty, that's all."

Betty made no feminine outcry or protest. Whether her small part in this summary execution of a Tory contributed to the "conviction of sin" under which she subsequently labored, no one knows.

It is certain that her natural self-reliance was developed by the frontier life of those days, when for months at a time she was in charge of her husband's affairs at home. At the battle of King's Mountain the entire force of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee men mustered for the fight was put under the command of Captain Campbell. He led his men, whom Ferguson had called a "set of mongrels," up the slopes with the cry:

"My brave boys, shout like hell and fight like devils!" and won the victory,

which, according to Thomas Jefferson, was the "turning-point" of the Revolution.

His wife kept up the home and sustained with brave words and good gifts of food and clothes the large circle of dependents in the "Settlement." Over the old Wilderness Trail which led by Aspenvale came not only bands of marauders and hostile Indians, but men of high rank on their way to Philadelphia, patriots in the councils of the not-yet-fully-born republic. To them she was always a personage in her own right, not merely the sister of Patrick Henry, by this time governor of the State.

"A great and good God hath decreed America to be free," said her brother, "or weak counsellors would have ruined her long ago." And again he wrote: "America can only be undone by herself." This ardent faith in the future of America was shared by Elizabeth, and she talked and spun and wrote and rode (sometimes with a baby in her arms) to arouse the zeal of the faint-hearted.

Her second child was born in 1780, and in that year her husband was made brigadier-general to serve under Lafayette. As he told her good-by and left once more for Williamsburg, where Cornwallis was encamped, he was buoyant with the hope of a speedy end to war and a return to the "charming companionship" of his "dearest Betty."

She never saw him alive again. He died suddenly from an attack of dysentery contracted in camp six miles from Williamsburg.

A few years later she married General Russell, who had become her neighbor since her husband's death. After her second marriage she lived at the Salt Works, where her husband had large business interests.

This is the bare outline of events up

to the time to which she alluded as the "great change"—her conversion under the preaching of the Reverend Thomas Ware, a member of Bishop Asbury's party, at the time travelling through Virginia.

None of her friends could have suspected her of being in need of conversion. In the words of the bishop's own party: "Her zeal, good sense, and amiableness of character were proverbial." She was a member of the Episcopal Church, although, because of the absence of a bishop to perform the rite, she had not been confirmed. In her the Christian graces were supposed to be exemplified, and yet, after hearing the Reverend Thomas Ware's sermon, she said to him in evident anguish of mind:

"I thought I was a Christian, but I am the veriest sinner on earth. I want you to come to our house and pray with us and tell us what we must do to be saved."

In Mr. Ware's naïve story of the occurrence, it is obvious that he tried not to be elated by the fact which he, nevertheless, quite evidently could not forget, that the lady was the sister of the "illustrious Patrick Henry." Perceiving that she was under what was known in the terminology of the day as "conviction of sin," he and the other preachers in his party went to her home and spent the afternoon in prayer with her. "With great earnestness I implored that she might obtain deliverance," he writes.

Being exhausted by his prayers and exhortations, he and the other brethren retired to a grove to rest. But there was no rest for the woman in whose soul he had aroused a burning desire for "salvation." While he dozed, she agonized in prayer. Her husband read to her from "Mr. Fletcher's charming 'Address to Mourners'" (the adjective is Mr. Ware's). At last, in the grove, the

preachers were aroused from their tranquil repose by a call from the house. In loud, clear tones they heard Madame Russell repeating the words "Glory! Glory!" She had "come through." In an ecstasy of emotion she was "shouting."

The phenomenon was not unusual with the revival party. They expected women and even men to shout. But they were surprised at the active results of the adoption of the precepts of Jesus as the daily rule of practice in the life of a woman of such rank and high social position as Madame Russell.

She lost no time in beginning to order her household in conformity to her faith. When guests came to her house, they were welcomed as of old. But as soon as they were comfortable she would say:

"Now let us unite in prayer."

This was a custom from which she never varied—no matter how high or how low the rank of her visitors, nor how long or short their stay. If a "class-leader" or minister were present he would be asked to lead the prayer. If no such dignitary were at hand, she herself prayed. Her voice was remarkable, possessing great carrying power, beauty of tone, and charm of accent and enunciation. Like the great Whitefield, it was said of her that she could have spoken the single word *Mesopotamia* in a way to move her hearers to deep emotion. Yet in such of her prayers and letters as have been preserved, there is apparent both dignity and simplicity of style. She shared her brother's fondness for apt metaphors and smoothly flowing periods, but the childlike quality of her religious faith kept her from any attempt at raising "the whirlwind of human emotion which he knew so well how to excite and direct."

When James Madison visited her

during his candidacy for President of the United States, he expected to receive the assurance of her political support, which he knew would be powerful. Having greeted him and attended to his comfort and that of his small retinue, she said, according to her custom:

"Now let us unite in prayer."

Putting her hand on his head, she prayed for him as the "prospective head of the nation in whom its destinies were so soon to repose."

"Never have I heard such eloquence," he said afterward.

Indeed, he referred more than once to this prayer and to Elizabeth's grasp of the problems confronting the republic. "Fetter not commerce, sir; let her be as free as air. She will range the whole creation and return on the wings of the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty," Patrick Henry had said, and Elizabeth shared his views about free trade and his hope of a perfect democracy.

Soon after the death of General Russell in 1792, to the horror of her friends and neighbors, against the advice of the most prominent men of the "Settlement," she set free all the slaves she owned in fee simple and gave freedom during her lifetime to all the slaves she held by right of dower. This step seems all the more remarkable if we contrast it with the attitude of John Newton, who a few years before, on the deck of a slave-ship, of which he was captain, composed the fervent hymn:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saves a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see."

No such compounding of religious emotion and muddled thinking was possible to Elizabeth Henry. She could not preach liberty and equality before

God, and hold slaves. The old record, a copy of which appears in Summer's "History of Southwest Virginia," says:

"Whereas by the wrong doing of men it hath been the unfortunate lot of the following negroes to be slaves for life, to-wit: Vine, Adam, Nancy sen., Nancy, Kitty, and Selah. And whereas believing the same have come into my possession by the direction of Providence, and conceiving from the clearest conviction of my conscience, aided by the power of a good and just God, that it is both sinful and unjust, as they are by nature equally free with myself, to continue them in slavery, I do, therefore, by these presents, under the influence of a duty I not only owe my conscience, but the just God who made us all, make free the said negroes hoping while they are free of man they will faithfully serve their Maker through the merits of Christ."

Given under my hand and seal this 21st day of July, 1795.

Elizabeth Russell, (L. S.)

After her children were married and established, Madame Russell gave her estates over to them. She had never found it hard to manage either slaves or tenants, but now she wanted time for the things of the spirit.

She moved into the "Log House," which was spacious enough for her famous sitting-room with its movable pulpit. Here, when the preacher came, she collected a crowd of friends and neighbors and straggling "lost sheep." Her greeting to ministers of any denomination who came to her door was:

"Brother, how long can you tarry? Shall I send out and call together a congregation?"

In the "Prophet's Chamber" of this

house she continued to entertain bishops, circuit-riders, class-leaders in slightly limited quarters, perhaps, but with unabated hospitality. Although many of these guests were uncouth in dress and manner, she saw in them all pioneers of a religion that sent them into byways and hedges seeking the lost. She had always given to them with tactful generosity what they seemed to need most—a fresh horse, a suit of clothes, money for the journey. Now she added a new gift—stronger faith in their cause. Salvation, religion, the Church, its lowliest emissary, its highest dignitary—these were matters of tremendous importance, now that America was free and in the making.

The first educational venture of the Methodist Church in Virginia—a college for men—was named for Bishop Emory and Elizabeth Henry. Some of the brethren to-day give the honor to Patrick, but the record shows that it was Elizabeth who has been thus immortalized by the ancient group of preachers, who knew better than any one else their debt to her. Yet her claim to a part in the making of America rests not altogether or even largely on her connection with the college.

By reason of her position and her personality she was an opinion-maker. Her judgments are still quoted as the final authority in verbal encounters by mountaineers who have never heard her brother's golden phrases. On the blue-grass hills, "under the redbird's wing," in groves of oak or cedar stand the old churches which she helped to build, and in which her gospel of democracy and of salvation from sin is still preached. And the Goddess of Liberty, before whom she burned her flaming torch, still inspires the rhythm of events which will march on even though she is forgotten.



Forest Windows

BY JOHN C. MERRIAM

Author of "The Cave of the Magic Pool," etc.

The President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington reveals a quality of poetic beauty in his writing. Weaving his scientific knowledge into the pattern of an essay upon the significance of trees, Dr. Merriam has approached both beauty and truth.

I

ACROSS the valley from my childhood home rose a wooded hill from which the timber had been partly felled. Seen over open pastures the margin of the forest appeared always as a dark, impenetrable wall. The woods lay beyond reach of my journeyings and gradually came to be recognized as a place of continuous night. Often at evening we heard wolves howling on the hill. Other wild things were said to make their homes there. So this mysterious region peopled itself and came to be an established feature in the world as I knew it.

I recall the first visit to the timber—riding up to a wall of trees, into which to my surprise it was possible to see; but beyond, in the depths of the wood, there was still dimness and a land not fully penetrated.

Whoever looks into a forest, whether through eyes of the inexperienced or untutored mind, or with penetrating keenness of enlightenment, finds its windows framing pictures in which the shadowy background presents a challenge to imagination. The trees bordering its vistas impart their strength and beauty even to the darkening areas beyond. With this frame and setting the mystery of the forest has always been

a stimulus to inquiry and answer. The groves have ever been temples, because through them we have turned toward contemplation of undefined sources of being and power represented there in qualities of living things.

II

As years pass, the challenge of the unknown continues as it first appeared to me behind the dark front of a wood. The openings into this attractive region have been of many kinds, often through the trees themselves as represented in problems of their beauty, their life, or of their evolution through the ages. So it came that with a group of friends I rode to see a forest wall reported to have mystery and charm unique among living works of creation.

A morning sun brought out all the brilliance of a landscape in the north coast region of California. The rugged hills through which we passed were mainly wooded. Dark masses of fir gave place now and then to redwood, or a patch of ripened grass-land rested like a golden brooch in deep green velvet of the forest. Suddenly we swung from the highway, dropping down a steep slope into primeval redwood timber. The car quieted as its wheels rolled over the leafy carpet. The road soon ended in

a trail, and the party proceeded on foot.

As we advanced, the arches of foliage narrowed above us and shade deepened into twilight. Between close-set trunks one looked through windows framed in shadow, often darkening till all detail disappeared. Here and there behind these openings was a distant aisle in which faint touches of sun upon the shaft of a young tree brought out its red-brown glow. Through other reaches vision was lost in failing light. Like pillars of a temple, the giant columns spaced themselves with mutual support, producing unity and not mere symmetry. The men of the company, who all their lives had known great forests, bared their heads in this presence. Ponderous strength, an almost infinite variety in expression of light and shade and color, and a perspective with marvellously changing depth composed a scene such as canvas has yet to receive.

But woven through this picture was an element which eludes the imagery of art. The sense of time made itself felt as it can but rarely be experienced. While ancient castles may tell us of other ages in contrasts of their seemingly fantastic architecture, living trees like these connect us as by hand-touch with all the centuries they have known. The time they represent is not merely an unrelated, severed past; it is something upon which the present rests, and from which living currents still seem to move.

We realized that the mysterious influence of this grove arose not alone from magnitude, or from beauty of light filling deep spaces. It was as if in these trees the flow of years were held in eddies, and one saw together past and present. The element of time pervaded the forest with an influence more

subtle than light, but that to the mind was not less real.

III

Among the living redwoods, as in few places, one's thought turns irresistibly to focus on the meaning of the past in its relation to present and future. Considered in the setting of their history, these trees open to us one of the most fascinating chapters in the story of life.

Within the belt of redwood forest in northern California I visited recently a place where in the solid rock, forming commanding hills, there lie remains of many massive trees differing little, if at all, from redwoods growing on slopes nearby. They are now trees of stone, but in all details of form and structure, even to microscopic minutiae of the cells composing them, they are redwoods. In claylike layers of the rock in which these trunks are buried, imprints of leaves are found such as are made by foliage of redwood-trees buried in muddy borders of streams to-day.

One imposing column, known as the "Monarch of the Forest," has been followed back by excavation, where its broken end projected from the hillside, until almost one hundred feet of its length is visible in a tunnel extending into the rock. The log, six to eight feet in diameter, still lies embedded in its stony matrix. In the roof of the cavern, undisturbed strata of the material which buried it arch completely over this splendid pillar.

As I stood in the excavation looking out along the great tree, a tourist engaged me in conversation. Asked what impressed him most in viewing this specimen, he replied: "The fact that there can be no doubt of its having lain buried for ages in this rock which covers

it. It surely was once a tree that stood up and faced the sun, and"—pointing with his foot to a deep hole in its side—"I suppose that birds and beasts of long ago nested in its trunk."

One stands outside the tunnel and looks over the hill above. The rock that forms the slope seems a huge bulk of material piled upon the trees beneath, but it is only the remnant of a greater mass that came largely from ancient volcanic eruptions—perhaps from the region of Mount St. Helena near by. The thickness of ashes and mud which formed the original deposit we do not know, but since they hardened to consistency of stone the flow of streams has been for ages carving the face of this land into its present form.

Through all the time this shaping of the landscape was under way the prostrate "Monarch" lay in quiet deeper than that of the forest in which it once grew. The noise of battling elements and of warring creatures above did not reach it. Only now and then there came a trembling of rocks around it or the rumble of a swiftly passing earthquake, as the foundations of the hills were shaken by movement of the uneasy earth. And then the world of light returned, stream and wind flowed over it, living forests gathered round it, birds and beasts climbed again along its frame, and finally man came to see it—both as it is and as it was.

IV

The redwoods existing to-day are surviving remnants of a splendid race that was many million years in developing to its present majestic stature. They are rare examples of a group spread widely over the world through long periods, and of which just sufficient is carried over to the age of man to tell us the

contribution it has made to life of the earth.

In northern California, where these forests reach their highest development, they extend over a country of deep valleys and bold hills or mountains rising to an elevation of several thousand feet. The features of the landscape are determined in part by variation in the geological formations from which they have been cut. A considerable portion of the area in which the finest redwoods grow is underlain by a series of sand and clay strata thousands of feet thick. Embedded in these hardened sands and muds are remains of animals and plants that lived in the region at the time the layers were being formed. Among these relics are the stems of redwoods.

At the little town of Garberville, where I spent many pleasant days in study of the country, strata of this formation at least a half-mile in thickness are exposed by the south fork of Eel River. In places where the stream is cutting its bed in solid rock the section interprets itself so clearly that no one who sees can fail to understand.

I asked my friend Monroe, age eleven, whether he had ever found clamshells or remains of other animals in the cliff where the river impinges on a high bluff near the town. He took me over the precipitous wall to a point where sea-shells were embedded in solid sandstone. Near by was a large fossil vertebra with stony matrix still clinging to it, and from the solid face of the rock above we dug a whale rib.

A short distance below us the swift stream washed over lime-cemented reefs of sandstone filled with perfectly preserved shells, including scallops, razor-clams, and many other kinds. These remnants of ancient deposits with the remains they contain once spread over

the bed of the ocean. They had been heaved and bent until now their steeply tilted and eroded fragments stand high above the sea. On the slope near by stood a grove of redwoods, a surviving remnant of forests whose entombed remains lie in the hills upon which they grow.

V

As I stood with my friends looking into the forest, which we had come so far to see, in swift panorama the history of the redwood and of its surroundings as I knew them passed before me stage after stage from the remote past.

The distant age of reptiles with its weird population, the dinosaurs and all their kin, presented a picture of the world with face that was strange as to sea and land and life upon it. Though plants with what we know commonly as flowers were just beginning to spread their mantle of fragrance over the earth, the redwood tribe was already widely distributed. The coming aristocracy of hairy animals, with brains that dominated their bodies, was slowly learning to outwit the dinosaurs and to protect its brood.

Then came the age of mammals, when the alert, hairy creatures that escaped the reptiles of earlier days ruled the world with both brawn and growing brain. I thought of the period within that time when the immediate spot on which we stood had lain beneath an ocean whose waves swept smoothly over it or crashed upon a near-by shore. From hills on which grew trees like those about us, a wash of sand and clay was then flowing to the sea, forming the mass that was to be raised up and moulded into the landscape of to-day.

Excepting for details, the living redwood grove on which we looked was

like those that flourished in past ages. The undergrowth of spreading ferns could trace its relatives to even earlier time, and the zone of shadow to which they clung was the continuation of a moving region of shade that reached back not for epochs simply but for eons.

As on a journey when it is to-day New York, yesterday Washington, to-morrow Boston, in speaking suddenly you hesitate a moment to be certain whether it is Washington, New York, or Boston in which you find yourself, so in this swift flight of thought I almost questioned whether it might not be a wood of early time that spread itself before me. Walking toward the deeper shadows, which obscured such features as may distinguish vegetation of the present from that of the past, it seemed almost that one should search among the ferns for the moving neck of a dinosaur, or in branches of the trees for slender wings of a flying reptile.

My associates were interested in the relation of this little world of life in which we stood to the geological past out of which it had grown. They asked why I might not expect to see a descendant of dinosaurs among trees that have come down to us with such close resemblance to those of ancient times.

I framed words of a reply, to the effect that probably animals change more rapidly than plants, as their structure is more complex and responds more quickly to variation of its surroundings. As I began to speak, looking with all the others into the narrow lane beyond, I saw clinging to the shaft of a great redwood an uncanny shape with lifted head, and tail that wrapped about the tree. Instead of the carefully stated philosophic answer, I replied: "I have never seen a dinosaur alive—unless I see one now."

The grotesque form upon the tree was only a "burl," an irregular growth frequently developed on the redwood, and treasured for the rare beauty of its wood. But often as I see them, hanging like ancient monsters where shadows give them changing form and countenance, my thought leaps over intervening ages to a time when about the ancestral redwood groves there strayed fantastic reptile generations, that in their day were lords of all creation.

With whatever turn of fancy one views this forest, it must always be recognized as a living link in an epic of history. No one who knows the outlines of its story can look down the long vistas, between gigantic columns, with the mystery of their changing shadows beyond, without feeling that he has seen through a window into the deeper reaches of time, and has come to fuller understanding of the stream of life as it is followed through the years.

VI

The wilderness of the inner forest lured us to explore its depths. In a jungle of brakes and sword-ferns we clambered over stems of redwoods piled in crisscross. Magnificent even in their dissolution the prostrate giants, lying rank on rank, stretched back the generations of this wood to centuries not reached by its most ancient living trees. Standing on a fallen column, out of


whose body grew another redwood, we first took breath and looked about.

Among these deeper shades, in turning toward the world outside, for the first time we saw the narrowing vistas ending not in shadow but in light. It was the flood of radiance sweeping against the vault above, penetrating here and there to give its living touch, that dominated the region beyond.

Looking through crowded tree-tops, there was a glory in the forest that otherwise might have remained unknown. The summits lifted themselves to heights at which the voice of the wind in their branches was hushed by distance, and the delicacy of the topmost fronds seemed refined to lacelike texture. Moving gently, they touched across the openings, producing continuous variation of the light that streamed or filtered in. Beyond was the infinitely changing sky, a glowing sapphire through interlocking branches at mid-day; or with indescribably delicate tints if one may see it when level rays of morning or evening sun sweep over.

Standing in this field of shadow, among living relics of distant ages, we seemed in looking out to turn from the clear story of a moving past to see the future rising from it through the miracle of never-failing light—the light that in unnumbered eons had poured down to mingle with the clouds of verdure, and build itself into the unfolding life and beauty of the forest.





In Defense of the Backwoods

BY JOHN J. NILES

First Lieutenant, United States Air Service, with the A. E. F.

Jack Niles, author of "Singing Soldiers," comes from the backwoods himself and he has collected many of the songs they sing back home. Mrs. Ulmann's photographs in this number portray the sort of people who sing them.

OWING to the kind of literary treatment the rural districts of the South have received in the past, many strange beliefs have sprung into existence. And they are looked upon as fact, mind you, by lots of intelligent folk. The early days of the Indian fighting—the hardships of the settlers, the slave days—later the feuds—the Civil War—the political scrapes. The tobacco war and the night-riders! The lynchings—the protection of court-houses and jail-houses by the State Militia. All these things have given writers of imaginative literature a wide scope of possibilities. And these writers are looked upon as prophets in some quarters.

Then Tin Pan Alley did its bit. It constructed the "mammy" song, and many people living on the Yankee side of the Mason-Dixon line (the line that divides the North from the "gentry") believe that, when we Southerners go in for musical expression, the "mammy" song is our total stock and store. State names like Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Georgia are easily rhymed. They are made up of either two or four rhythmic beats. That's why most of the "mammy" songs are about these States. Imagine the feelings of a citizen from Alabama, when a synthetic nigger (the burnt-cork and crape-hair variety) romps out into the spot-light

and sobs through four inane verses concerning the trip he's going to take back to Alabam'—toot-tootin' back to some mammy who has been waiting for him these twenty-five years. He's going back and he's going to take the bacon with him, etc.

Or, take the other type who confesses by rhyming "cabin floor" with "theatre door," and "heart is breakin'" with "shimmy shakin'," that the "mammy" song is his or her fortune. Be this as it may, the "mammy" song and most of the so-called coon songs of Broadway are synthetic products, and like so much imaginative literature, written without full knowledge of the actual conditions, they are a very poor representation of the Southland—a land full of beautiful situations and time-honored traditions.

The State of Kentucky has been fortunate in many ways. It is quite difficult to rhyme the word "Kentucky"—in fact, one of the best rhyming dictionaries obtainable gives only three possibilities. This has saved the State from a lot of inappropriate "mammy" and other such songs. There is much to say, however, about the legend of Kentucky—a legend shared by many folk who, for one reason or another, never have an opportunity to come into contact with the backwoods of the Blue Grass State.

The cities in Kentucky are much like the cities anywhere else in the United States, Louisville being a thoroughly grown-up place with a superb park system, broad tree-lined streets, the Ohio River, and a fair climate to commend it. Lexington, Henderson, Paducah, Ashland, Bowling Green, Paris, Winchester, Danville, and Georgetown are a bit less grown up, and perhaps for that reason more charming.

But the back country, divided into The Mountains, the Blue Grass, the Pennyroyal, and the Purchase, has a compelling charm all its own that deserves more than casual treatment. Since 1910 the clodhopping and briar-jumping population of the Kentucky back country has made astounding progress. Folks up Lexington and Louisville way began to be alarmed over the illiteracy of the State. Longer-term day-schools and the romantic moonlight schools (so much publicized in the near past) were the result. The World War took away many boys, and the ones who returned brought still further advanced ideas, but the old folk are essentially the same. They may have evolved to a rattley, tinny automobile, and they may plant improved seeds and even hatch eggs in incubators, but a lot of seeds are still planted according to certain phases of the moon; cows' horns are still bored for a disease called "hollow-horn"; little girls have their hair clipped on certain days of the month; and cucumber-seeds carried in the left-hand pocket are still said, in some quarters, to be a sure-fire cure for kernels in the jaw.

The blue-grass farms and the produce farms surrounding Louisville, particularly where scientific methods are employed, are beautiful, fruitful, and profitable beyond description. People

who have never visited the Blue Grass simply will not believe the stories Kentuckians tell about the beauty of the central Kentucky countrysides. But if one would find unique characters, interesting, naïve country folk, leave the rich farming lands and go into the back country, the mountainous portion of the State, the rundown ends of the Pennyroyal, the upper valley of the Kentucky River, or the Kentucky side of the Ohio from Louisville to the Mississippi.

There are people in those hills who are still singing about the Revolutionary War. Think of it!—a song that must have been invented one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Red Coats dore fit the Continentals,
Their king ruled with a bloody hand.
Them 'Nentals fit with the mighty Red Coats
'Cause they wanted ter have their own free land.

Chorus:

With a high jimmy jimmy and a high jimmy
jo,
That Red Coat General had ter go
And tell his king thet awful story
How them Continentals fit and licked in
glory.

How them Red Coats fit the Continentals,
'Cause they wuz ruled with a bloody hand.
Them 'Nentals fit with the mighty Red Coats
'Cause they craved their own free land.

The little old lady who sings this song about the Revolution spends her time knitting, cooking, and helping her husband take care of their numerous beehives. When we asked her about the origin of the Revolutionary song, she merely said: " 'Twer sung by my mammy and my aunt Hannah afore me— thet wuz long ago." She had in her repertoire a little four-line ditty about love and heart-break. It went as follows:
Don't you never throw a rock at the leg o'
a mule,

Leg might break.
 Don't you never let a woman turn a man
 inter a fool,
 Heart might break.

(A mule's leg between the knee and the hoof is very slender, and can be broken with a sharp blow.)

Another one of her songs had to do with cooking. She had raised a large family and had known the days when, with the help, twelve to fifteen people sat down to her dinners. It is not surprising, then, that cooking found its way into her musical expression.

Hip hi hilley, won't you ever let me go?
 A possum is a puddie dish but you ort ter
 cook 'im slow.
 Jes' bile 'im in the mornin', 'n skim the fat
 away,
 Then bake 'im most twill sundown and you'll
 hear yer men folk say,
 Hip hi hilley, fer possum's in the pot,
 I'll kiss the cook, whoe'er she be, as soon as
 table's sot.

Hip hi hilley, black-eyed peas and meat
 With corn pone and sorghum is powerful
 good to eat.
 The bellies bile all mornin' whilst ye skim the
 fat away,
 Then bake the beans twill sundown and
 you'll hear yer men folk say,
 Hip hi hilley, Suzans in the pot,
 I'll kiss the cook, whoe'er she be, as soon as
 table's sot.

Hip hi hilley, rabbit, hold yer breath,
 I've got my snare a bated an' thet'll be yer
 death.
 I'll bile ye up with bay and sage and skim
 the fat away,
 An' I'll bake ye in my ole iron pot and I'll
 hear my men folk say,
 Hip hi hilley, rabbit's in the pot,
 I'll kiss the cook, whoe'er she be, as soon as
 table's sot.

Another interesting song about victuals is a song sung by a negress, Aunt Arraminta, and one of her sons named Newton. Aunt Arraminta was a Louisi-

ana negro originally, coming to Kentucky as cook and house-mistress to a retired river-man, Captain Joe Perkin. Newton was one of the table-boys in the same establishment. As one might expect, all their songs except the spirituals were sung to the accompaniment of dance rhythms. The "Sorghum Song" had to do with the making and eating of sorghum, with the dancing of the pigeonwing and the turkey-walk, and one verse about the possum and the fox.

Sorghum comes from sorghum cane,
 Round we go, round and round,
 Squeeze and boil with might and main,
 Round we go, round and round.

Refrain:

Strum yo' strings, strum yo' strings,
 Make dat banjo talk,
 Gals am a swingin' an' boys a pigeon wingin',
 Watch 'em do dat turkey walk.
 Strum yo' strings, strum yo' strings,
 Make dat banjo talk,
 Gals am a swingin' an' boys a pigeon wingin',
 Underneath the ole Kentucky moon.

Hickory bark and sorghum makes
 Fust rate dressin' fo' corn cakes,
 Squeeze yo' sorghum, bile yo' bark,
 Syrup comes out sweet and dark.

(Refrain.)

Possum's tail ain't got no hair,
 Round we go, round and round,
 Ole man fox's got more dan 'is share,
 Round we go, round and round.

(Refrain.)

Uncle Martin, another of Captain Joe Perkin's negroes, sang a little song with a mournful crooning refrain that seemed to reflect the sadness of the slave days with more accuracy than any other Kentucky negro song I ever encountered.

Terrapin goes mos' awful slow,
 But when he goes, he's shore to go.

Screech owl hollers mos' all night,
 Fills de folks wid a mighty fright.

One-legged nigger, don't yo swipe dat hen,
White man'll hab you in 'is prison pen.

My ole mammy lives in New Orleans,
Ain't so fur away as it seems.

Come on brothers, fore it's too late,
I got de key to Peter's golden gate.

Down by de swamp, heah de green frog
croak,
Okey fonokey, nokey, noke, noke, noke.

Peerats Splevins is best remembered
by a few Kentuckians for the songs he
sang. In fact, the burning of charcoal,
the cooking of moonshine, and the
gathering of such herbs as wild tansy,
horse-mint, mistletoe, and ginseng were
uninteresting necessities in the lives of
the Splevinses, and were duly slighted
whenever the banjo plunked, or the
shuffling of feet announced a hop.
Maige Splevins (Peerats' wife), whose
name was properly Marjorie, sang too,
and of all the songs produced by the
Splevins clan her offerings were, per-
haps, the best. Her idea of music was a
melancholy something that expressed
itself most aptly in the following lines:

In my little cabin h'aint ne'er a glass,
But the old puncheon floor, hit's clean.
When my pappy died, he give the ridges to
me,
An' all the cove in between.

If I should ever marry a fine lady,
I'd give all I got to her,
But ef she loved me sure and wanted nobody
else,
She'd only take her share.

An' when they lay me down in Bald Buzzard
rest,
She'll come to hear the sound
O' the pine trees moanin' o'er the man she
onced had
An' wave goodbye to my mound.

Peerats, on the other hand, did the
rollicking thing—a song about bath-
ing and baptizing.

Hi ho, the preacher man,
He can preach and he can pray,
But when he wants to run your sins away,
He takes you in the water.

Hi ho, the city folk,
They are clean and they are pert,
They stay that way though it may hurt,
By goin' in the water.

Hi ho, the terrapin,
He can snap and he can bite,
But when he really wants to fight,
He goes in the water.

Hi ho, the blockader,
'Stillin' liquor all night long,
He won't never sing this song,
'Cause he don't drink no water.

Or the boisterous, semilewd barroom
song about the mighty Dick Taylor—
that lady-killing Dick Taylor, whose
exploits could never really be told in
print.

My name is Dick Taylor,
With gals I'm a whalor,
I lead 'em a turrible pace.
I snatch 'em an' pull 'em,
I kid 'em an' bull 'em,
I lead their souls down in disgrace.

My name is Dick Taylor,
With gals I'm a whalor,
I go to each Saturday dance.
With a nip of squirrel whiskey,
At sparkin' I'm frisky,
If they'll only give me a chance.

In the realm of philosophy he had
two songs that attempted to explain the
unfaithfulness of woman.

Ef yo' gal won't have ye,
Thank me fur a tellin' ye,
Might be cause ye air too good,
Hit's one thing mongst lovers as must be
understood,
An' thank me fur a tellin' ye.

Now I had a gal named Nellie,
Thank me fur a tellin' ye,
She run off with a tan bark hand,
Cause she said my crop wuz empty and his'n
wuz so full o' sand,
An' thank me fur a tellin' ye.

I wuz not made fur wimmen,
 An' thank me fur a tellin' ye,
 They has ways beyond my ken,
 Ways o' actin' an' talkin' I ain't interested in,
 An' thank me fur a tellin' ye.

The other one was this rather spiteful dirge, where the girl in question wanted, above all other things, to live in the "Sittlemint." . . .

When I lay down and I do die,
 Bury me where she passes by,
 'Cause she turned my love to hate,
 That's why this sad tale I relate.

'Tweren't fur gold she turned me down,
 But cause I won't live in a city town.
 She turned my love to hate instead,
 An' I'll hate her still when I am dead.

Thet tother feller, might be he didn't rob,
 'Cause livin' with some wimmen is the devil's
 job.

Now that's the story o' my sad life,
 An' of the gal who ain't my wife.

It becomes impossible to write about the backwoods music of Kentucky, or any of the Southern States for that matter, without giving considerable space to the black man. Take the following lines as an example:

I ain't got long to stay, I ain't got long to stay.

I ain't got long to stay, 'cause,
 My God calls me in de thunder.

I ain't got long to stay, I'm stealin' away home.

Steal away, steal away, oh sinner, stand and tremble,

While trumpet call and cymbal says

I ain't got long to stay, I ain't got long to stay,

I ain't got long to stay, I'm stealin' away home.

The singer of this song was named Alec Nibbly. Some of his colored brethren called him Nibbly Grout. (Grout is a slang term for thin concrete, which, as far as I could tell, was inappropriately applied to Alec as a name.) The

black man made the boast that he was the best outside cook in Kentucky, which really meant that he was very fair at camp, hunting-party, and construction-gang cooking. His employer (my own father) claimed that he (Nibbly) had a straight gut, which in these days of toxemia, colitis, and autointoxication should have been a distinct advantage, but in those days it merely meant that Nibbly's appetite was never quite satisfied. He was engaged at off times in the manufacture of voodoo powders, and knew an outlandish lot about the evil eye, travellin' cancer, love-powders, vinegar mothers, prayin' milch kine, hollow-horn, etc.

It is doubtful if Nibbly had ever been landed in jail, but he talked and sang about it just the same, the key to the jail-house being to him the symbol of the Law.

NIBBLY'S JAIL-HOUSE KEY SONG

Don't you hand me no sorghum,
 Don't you hand me no sassafras tea.
 Don't you hand me no bee gum,
 Jus' let me hab dat jail-house key.

Jail-house key, you is made o' brass,
 Now jail-house key, don't you hand me no
 sass,
 Jail-house key, I ain't never done you no
 wrong,
 An' I hope you ain't goin' to keep me in here
 long.

Nibbly had a way of cooking crows that, according to his story, produced the most delicious results. He took the crow and, without plucking the feathers, cleaned out the insides, filled the carcass with salt, and buried it for three days. Then he exhumed the bird, picked off the feathers, washed off the salt, stuffed it with a mixture of corn-bread, onions, and fat pork, and baked it in a fire of scaly oak-bark and pine-cones.

(This reminds one of the Down East

salt-water hunters' method of preparing a sheldrake: Pick the drake. Boil him three days. Stuff him with anything you have handy. Put him on a board and bake him in a hot oven for six hours—then throw away the drake and eat the board.)

If one thing in life bothered Alec Nibbly more than any other, it was the repose of his soul after death. He wanted to be sure that he was going straight to heaven; no stoppin' off at way-stations for Alec. He wanted a through ticket. To satisfy this desire he had gone into a comparative study of all the religions he knew—the Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Holy Roller, the Methodist, the Congregational. He had talked to the adherents of these faiths and had considered them in their turn—yeh, verily, he had even considered the possibility of the Hebrew route, where he might have worshipped some mightily bewhiskered deity by singing *Shma Isroel addonoi elo henu*. He returned from church one Sunday morning mumbling over a quotation he had heard from the Book of Daniel. His version of the scriptural text was as follows:

"An' I stood by de ribber in dat day, an' I said to myself, says I: 'Oh Lord, which side had I better be on'!"

The quotation was soon set to music, Daniel being supplicated for the information in place of the Lord. The song went as follows:

What side ob de ribber must I be on, Daniel,
When dose angels sing dat last amen.
Daniel, Daniel,
When dose angels sing dat last amen.
When dose angels sing dat last amen.

Come take a long look in de
Great big book, Oh Daniel,
'Fore dose angels sing dat last amen.
Daniel, Daniel,

'Fore dose angels sing dat last amen.
'Fore dose angels sing dat last amen.*

Fanny Black was a washwoman. She also "worked out" for white folks. She it was who walked into the church-house one Sunday morning while the congregation was singing "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory." Now Fanny was at this very time wearing a brand-new hat (at least it was brand new to her). She was proud of her hat, and through her pride in how the hat must have improved her looks she misunderstood the song, and joining in the singing she lustily declared:

Hallelujah, hardly knew you,
Hallelujah, amen,
Hallelujah, hardly knew you,
Revive us again.

Fanny's man was named Spencer—Spencer Black. He was a regular customer at Stoney Lonesome. (Stoney Lonesome is a jail-house.) Poor Fanny! She tried so hard to keep her brood of pickaninnies together, and some of them, particularly the girls, were so no-count—so unlike their mother Fanny, who, as a small child, had been a slave. One of the daughters, named Phœbe, was a "moaner." She was a powerful help in the church in the singing and the handshaking. At the age of nineteen she was taken down with a misery that at first seemed to be a tumor in the abdomen. Phœbe took hold of the tumor story and stuck to it until the child was born. After that she gave up "moanin'" for a while. Yes, those pickaninnies of Fanny Black's were a restless lot. Fanny used to say herself that they were as skittish and as hard to

*What Side of the River is reprinted from "Impressions of a Negro Camp-Meeting," by John J. Niles, by permission of Carl Fischer, Inc., New York City.

keep in the straight and narrow path as a mule with a chestnut-bur under his tail. (She pronounced chestnut as if it were spelled "chestnuck.") But Fanny found a lot of pleasure in her work. Perhaps because she sang her way along. At the wash-tub she often sang a song about prayer that hearkened back to the slave days. She said her mammy before her sang it too.

Pray on, brother, pray on, brother,
Pray on, brother, all de day, all de day,
For before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in de grave
An' go home to the Lord and be saved.

Pray on, pastor, pray on, pastor,
Pray on, pastor, all de day, all de day,
'Cause you know it's God's demand,
Dat you lead us by de hand,
Else we'll never, never make de promised land.

Pray on, sister, pray on, sister,
Pray on, sister, all de day and de night,
For if you don't do your share
Of de shoutin' and de prayer,
When St. Peter calls us home you won't be there.*

Horace Walker, according to his story, had been an employee at the governor's mansion. He was a bluelip, a lady-killer, and a razor-toter. Folks say that he invented the yarn now going the rounds with the after-dinner speakers about the razor-proof collar. However, his razor-swinging nearly drew him a "term" — influence alone saved him from the Frankfort, Ky., jail-house. His court-house experiences reformed him a bit—not overmuch, but enough to encourage churchgoing and hymn-singing.

His belief in the razor as a social implement had demoted him from the

governor's mansion to the tobacco warehouses at Louisville. At that time Louisville, Ky., was one of the greatest tobacco-markets in the world. That was before the loose-leaf days. Horace was a dray-loader.

At odd times he used to sing to a collection of young white boys who were sample-toters. He was best known for one he called "Drinkin' ob de Wine."

If my mother asks for me,
Tell her death's done set me free,
Ought to been dead ten thousand years,
Drinkin' ob de wine.

Tell her Jordan's foamy tide
Swept me to de yonder side,
Ought to been dead ten thousand years,
Drinkin' ob de wine,
Drinkin', drinkin',
Drinkin' ob de wine.

A few miles below Louisville, on the bank of the Ohio River, is a little negro church-house where each spring a revival meeting is held, followed by a baptizing, right out in the river. The old white-haired preacher goes out first, and with a long stick locates a spot where the water is deep enough and the current not too strong. Then the deacons escort the brethren and the sisters, who have newly joined the faith, out to the pastor, who ducks them down and pronounces them "cleansed in de name o' de Lawd." All the while the congregation stands on the bank and chants:

Brother, tell me is de water cold,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb.
Brother, ain't de sweet ole story told,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb.

Sister, put your hand in his'n,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb,
He's de Lord, de one what's ris'n,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb.

Here is another of their standbys. It is used as an exhortation.

When de graveyards open up de tomb,
Dere's a mighty army marchin' to de Lord.

*Pray On, Brother, is reprinted from "Impressions of a Negro Camp-Meeting," by John J. Niles, by permission of Carl Fischer, Inc., New York City.

When de brethren rise at de day ob doom,
Dere's a mighty army marchin' to de Lord.

Chorus:

Tell your troubles to Jesus,
He will understand,
His blood will wash away your sins
An' let you in de promised land.

Oh, when de tribulation's past,
An' Massa Jesus shows his face at last,
An' Peter blows a mighty blast,
Dere's a mighty army marchin' to de Lord.
(*Chorus.*)

Imagine a negro breaking rock at
the side of a road, singing these lines as
he swings his hammer:

I got a woman
In a white folks yard,
She kills a chicken,
Gives me de wing,
Thinks I'se a workin',
But I ain't doin' a thing.

Or this:

I walked in de grass and stumped my toe
On a drap o' dew as wuz hangin' low.
I put a wroppin' on my toe and said,
Please, Massa, let yo' nigger hobble off to bed.
Hants and witches, lockpicker ghost,
Can't git nowhere 'ginst de heavenly hosts.
Corn shucks, duck down, tick full o' straw,
Black man can't live by a white man's law.

Or this:

Done wore out my prayer bone a prayin',
Prayin' an' a prayin',
Ah done wore out my prayer bone a prayin',
Prayin' all de day and de night.
If somebody don't pay heed to what ah need,
Ah'm goin' to give off prayer and take my
share,
'Cause I been prayin', prayin',
Prayin' all de day and de night.

White children in the back country
sing some interesting play-songs—ones
no doubt invented long ago. This one,
for example, that refers to the rattle-
snake as the "belled snake":

I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, creepin'
crawler, creepin' crawler,

I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, 'twas a
rattlin' snake.

Omma-nootcha, papa-tootcha, ick-rick-ban-do.
I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, creepin'
crawler, creepin' crawler,

I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, 'twas a
rattlin' snake.

This rhyme was used by some chil-
dren I used to know to "count out";
that is, when a game was played re-
quiring some one to be "it," the leader
would recite the rhyme and point to a
child on each beat of the rhythm. The
unfortunate "it" was the child on
who the rhyme stopped.

Owl says hoo and crow says caw,
My son John he works at law.
He's goin to live on courthouse row,
In the city of Montecello.

If there were many children, the sec-
ond verse was used.

Next come spring time he'll be judge,
An' worry them as carries me a grudge,
He'll law this country frum head to tail,
An' send every harem scarem off to jail.

I have known little boys to recite the
following rhyme after spitting on their
bated fishing-hooks. The rhyme was
supposed to make the fish bite, willy-
nilly.

Catfish, sunfish, spoonbill, carp,
Better get to playin' on your heavenly harp.
Got a rind o' bacon snagged onto my hook,
'N ef you ain't careful, I'll hawl you outen
this brook.

So you see, by drawing on the sub-
ject-matter nearest at hand, the moun-
tain man, the hillbilly, the black man,
and the clodhopper, brighten a few of
their dull moments with a natural gift
of song—a gift very seldom found
among the highly educated classes,
where culture has robbed the individual
of a beautiful unrestrained form of ex-
pression, and developed an unfortunate
self-consciousness in its place.



All in the Day's Riding

"UP IN THE EAGLE TERRITORY"

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

OF the "tight squeezes" I've had that's in my memory to stay there's one I like to remember on account that it's past and left away behind, and right to-day when I think of it I feel a sort of cool breeze running up and down my backbone. *I was there* and the main character at the doings.

To the folks that's had no dealings or rode the ponies that's handed the cowboy in the cow countries this experience I've had and want to tell of might sound as average, and being I'd hate to see anybody go through the same so as to get the feeling, I'll go to work and do a little explaining.

Imagine if you can that you're riding a big stout ornery horse with a neck on him a foot thick and so stiff that it could hardly be bent with a block and tackle; on the end of that neck is a head that looks more like a hundred pound sledge hammer and shows about the same feeling. The only way you can turn him is to biff him alongside of the ear with your hat, and about that time he goes to bucking and stampedes away with you.

That's all that horse wants to know is buck, stampede, get you in a pinch and kill you if he can, and so spooky that every time you try to roll a cigarette on him, or even spit, he'll bog his head and make you ride for all you're

worth. Them big twelve hundred pound ponies can make riding pretty rough too.

And don't anybody think I'm at all exaggerating on the horse I'm *trying* to describe; the cowboy finds plenty of just that kind on every outfit he hires out to ride for, and some worse. There's no possibility of ever exaggerating on how a range bronc can act.

"Spooks" is the name of the hammer-headed pony I'm telling of; when he was a colt he'd bucked into a hornet's nest with a feller and kept a bucking at every little excuse since. The shadow of a bird on the ground was enough to get him started, and a hornet or deer fly hanging around his nose was sure to make him act up. He'd strike at 'em and go to bucking from there, and the way he could reach your spurs with his hind feet didn't make things at all comfortable for the rider that was on him.

But he was a good horse and no ride was too long for him; he'd be just as ready to buck with you after a hard day's work as he was when first saddled. I had him buffaloed a little and behaving pretty fair in good country, but when we'd be where the land was cut up and rough and steep I think he had *me* buffaloed a little too, and he sure knowed it. I never did like the



There was no foolishness left in that big horse just that minute.—Page 750.

From a drawing by Will James.

thought of what that pony would do to me once he'd got me in a pinch.

And that's where my experience comes in; he finally did get me in a pinch, and I figger all that saved me was that he'd got himself in the same pinch too; he was sure careful with his own hide.

I was riding that horse on circle one morning—it was during the spring round-up. Tracks on the sandy trail leading up into the Bad Lands was the cause of me turning my horse and going after the stock that'd left the signs. I started out after 'em on a high lope till the climb got Spooks to wanting to slow down some, and as the trail was narrowing fast I let him.

We pegged along on a dog trot for quite a ways and the trail kept a getting narrower; the cattle had left it but I figgered they'd be on top of the pinnacle and the best way to get there was to follow the trail I was on. We crossed a few bad spots and as the trail got higher and steeper and narrowed I noticed that Spooks was getting ticklish and "scared at his tail" for no excuse; he was getting even with me for the way I'd make him behave on the flats. I couldn't spin him around up there on that trail or set him where I wanted him, and he knowed it.

We was up amongst the eagle territory and a long ways down to flat ground and that daggone horse was taking it out on me by acting like he was going to stampede any minute and go to bucking down into "China." The trouble was, I knowed he was fool enough to do it, which made me feel at times like I wanted to be a little bird and just fly away. It was a mighty good country for birds up there, and goats too.

I was making myself as small as pos-

sible and kept mighty quiet as we kept a going up and up; I was handing pet words to that horse while at the same time I was wishing I had him down in decent country where I could take the kink out of him.

But the worst was yet to come and I sure realized it at a glance as I looked on the trail ahead. The spring waters had washed out a big gash on the face of the cliff; it'd took out six feet off the trail and where that trail resumed again on the other side it was about two feet higher which made it all mighty hard to jump.

To a trained jumping horse it would of been easy enough, *maybe*, but the range bronc is not much on jumping except when he's bucking and besides that little six foot jump which might of been cleared easy on level ground sure looked a heap different; it seemed wider, deeper and yawning a heap, away up there. I couldn't take a run at it on account that the narrow space my horse was on called for a lot of care as to where each foot was put.

I noticed all that at a glance, and seen there was nothing for me to do but ride on to where I had to stop, and that came soon enough. Spooks realized quicker than I did that here was a place where he could sure put in his bluff and scare the life out of me, and he done a fine job. He stood there for a minute sizing up everything that was to his advantage; he snorted and shook himself and started rearing up, and all the while I only wanted him to stand so I could figger a way past the bad place.

There was no turning back, for as it was there was only about two feet of trail to stand on and on both sides of us was straight up and *down*, for a couple of hundred feet. I couldn't even get out of my saddle on account that, as it was,

my right leg was plumb up against the bank, and if I'd ever tried anything like getting off of him right then that pony would of found it a mighty nice chance to kick the belly off of me; it was on the wrong side to get off, too, the injun side.

I think I prayed there for a while, and while Spooks was acting up and showing indications that he was going to start down any second I was studying the bank on the other side and wondering if my horse could jump it whether it would hold him or not; but I had no choice and thought I'd better try it before that horse got it into his head to start flying down off our perch.

I showed him the trail as best I could and let him snort at the opening he had to jump. Just then a little hornet started buzzing and I didn't want to think what would happen if that daggone hornet ever got near Spooks's nose; instead I acted. I showed the horse the trail once again and then I touched him with the spur.

He let out a snort but behaved pretty good till he come to where he had to make the jump, and there he stopped sudden, so sudden that the earth started giving out from under him, and we was starting to slide over the edge.

By some miracle he caught himself and then I felt kinda weak all at once. I never could stand height. We both stood there and shivered for a spell and when my heart slowed down to a walk once again, I begin to see red. I was getting peeved clear thru at the idea of that fool horse getting funny at such a place.

From then on I made that horse think I had him on a big flat, and I started him acrost with no light persuading. That sure took him by surprise and when it come time for him to jump he sure never hesitated; I didn't give him time to. He stretched out like a

flying squirrel and sailed over to the other side, his front feet connected with solid earth but his hind ones didn't have no such luck.

I wasn't peeved no more right about then, I was just plain scared and my heart went up my throat. There was no foolishness left in that big horse just that minute either, he worked and clawed and every time the dirt would give away from under one hind foot another would come up and get a new hold till it seemed like there'd be no end to it.

The big horse was gradually going further back and loosing ground at every lunge he'd make, and he was taking me with him—I had a good chance to jump off of him right then and be sure of getting good footing but that never come to my mind, and I knowed that my weight on his withers was all that was saving him from falling straight over backwards into nowheres.

Spooks realized that, I know, and he was putting up a game fight. He was still trying when most ponies would quit and go down; and finally, when all hopes seemed past the big bay horse let out a squeal and tore at the earth with his hoofs till it shook all around. I felt his back muscles working even under my saddle and then, all at once his hind feet found solid earth.

We went on a ways till the trail broadened out some and we seen clear sailing ahead; then I got out of my saddle and loosened up the cinches so as to give him a good chance to breathe. Spooks was sure taking advantage of it and he didn't seem to mind when I run my hand along his neck.

"Little horse," I says as I rubs him back of the ears, "you may be a dam' fool, sometimes, but you've sure got guts."

Death on Carmine Street

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

Author of "Interlude," etc.

NINA was dead. He heard the fat Irish janitor say good-by to John in the kitchen, where they had been talking. Then he heard his heavy steps as he walked slowly out of the room into the long, dark corridor of the tenement.

A street-car clanged by. A heavy truck rumbled over the cobblestones. The faucet in the kitchen dripped unevenly. He looked at his hands.

Nina was dead. She was lying on the bed four feet from him. If he lifted his head he would see her body, soft, young, under the sheet. He would see her face, white, young, expressionless. But he couldn't look up.

John would leave him soon, in a few minutes. He had to go to the store—he had to go back to the store as the clerk with a smile.

He would be alone then—alone in that room with his wife who was dead. There would be a funeral—he supposed. Some one would come to take her away. They would take her to some place to bury her. To bury Nina! To put her in a coffin and to put the coffin in the ground. They were going to bury her—they were going to take Nina away.

He put his hand to his forehead.

"Say, George, can I get something for you?" John asked from the doorway.

"Naw, John, thanks." George dropped his hand and looked up. His eye caught the white sheet.

"Well," he said, and then, "well——"

He got up, his old blue serge suit showing wrinkles at the back of the knees, for he had been sitting there for a long time.

"Listen, kid"—John came over to him—"take it easy, now—take it easy."

"Sure."

"Yeah, but, well, take it easy."

George stepped up closer to the bed and looked over. She was lying there exactly as if she were asleep—in deep sleep. He had seen her that way before. Her lips were still red—with rouge. She was naked under the sheet—her body, which he had felt so cool and strong beside his.

"I'll take it easy," he said. "When you going to the store?"

"Well—I got to go now."

"Well, go ahead. I'll stick around here. I won't go to the garage to-day."

"I'll stick with you, if you want me."

"What's the use?"

"All right, if you feel that way. So long."

What was the use of carrying on that way? he thought. Why did John act so funny? Why did every one act so funny? They came in and whispered, walked around, poked their noses into corners and cupboards, and stared at Nina's quiet body. What did they want? Did they want to give sympathy? Did they want to be kind? Or did they like to see a fellow suffer—

unhappy? Or did they feel they had to and came around because of that—and because they wanted to see?

When John had gone, George left the foot of the bed and walked over to the kitchen sink and turned on the cold water and let it run. Then he took down a thick white cup and drank two cups of water.

(Up-town, in the big hotels of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, she got a great kick out of sitting in the lobbies and watching the rich people go in and out.)

He walked back to the chair by the bed and stood behind it, staring at the lucky-sign pattern on the greenish-brown rug. There were ashes on the floor—he ought to sweep them up.

John was probably at Levine's now, buying his package of cigarettes and telling Ikey about Nina. He would say: "Yeah—she died last evening. George is taking it fine."

Why did John admire him for not showing what he called his "sorrow"?

(Out at Far Rockaway on Saturday afternoons Nina swam all the way out to the farthest float and back.)

He ought to sweep up those ashes.

The walls of the room were green. He could hear some one running the player-piano next door. "Blue skies . . ."

He sat down on the chair by the bed. A heavy wagon went by, iron wheels on the cobblestones. His mouth was dry again.

(Nina wore swell clothes. There was one, a black velvet dress with a white collar and a black coat with black fur.)

George was lighting another cigarette when some one knocked at the door. He didn't move. He didn't want them coming in. He wanted to be alone. Why the hell should he open the door and let a whole bunch of

whispering, nodding women come into his place? This was Nina's and his place.

There was another knock, a little louder. Maybe it was . . . No—that was too soon. He wouldn't come just now.

(In winter Nina put on high shoes and tramped down Carmine Street to Seventh Avenue and then up Seventh Avenue all the way to Central Park and back.)

He got up and went to the door. It was Mrs. Patch and her sister-in-law Jenny, who was always sick. They came in nodding and giving him a funny smile. Their hands were warm and sticky. He watched them as they tiptoed into the room, and wondered how long it would be before they would begin to cry and slobber and say the things Mrs. Donohue had said early that morning.

"Blue skies shining above,
Nothing but blue skies,
Dreaming of . . ."

"Come in," he heard himself say; "won't you sit down?"

Mrs. Patch shook her head. "We just heard about your—your misfortune, Mr. Lehmy, and we thought we'd drop in for a minute."

He thanked them.

Jenny said nothing. She stood staring at the bed with the sheet over it.

"You want to look at her?" he said.

Mrs. Patch lowered her head. He knew that was why she'd come.

(On Sunday morning Nina read to him from the magazines. She liked the stories about desert islands and log cabins the best.)

He picked the sheet up gently and drew it back. He heard Mrs. Patch catch her breath and click her tongue. Jenny leaned over, but she made no

sound. She didn't even shake her head, as Mrs. Patch did.

"Aw, ain't it a pity?" Mrs. Patch said. "So young and ain't she pretty, and lying there just as if she was asleep!"

Then she turned her big, fleshy face, with its smooth chilblained skin toward him. "But 'tis His wish," she whispered. "He watches over us and takes the young and the old alike when He thinks it's best." And she shook her head and looked at the bed again. "But it don't seem fair, she's so young, and you are too, Mr. Lehmy. And you was so happy together. I was just telling Jenny here, this morning, after Mrs. Donohue had told me, that it don't seem fair. And yet, it was His wishes that it should be so." And she crossed herself.

Jenny had moved away. She was standing by the window, but she was staring at the bed. Her eyes clung to Nina's face and her hands twisted the curtain-strings. She looked frightened.

"She was always so good," Mrs. Patch went on, and George saw that she was working herself up to a cry. "She never went out of this house without calling to ask if she could fetch something for me. She would always call up: 'Mrs. Patch, can I . . .'"

(On their vacation at Atlantic City they had danced all night and had gone back to the hotel early in the morning; the sea was gray and smelt salty; the air was misty and they were the only people on the boardwalk.)

"'. . . get something for you?' Sometimes she'd come up and help me with Jenny, when Jenny had a spell." Mrs. Patch was now crying. George watched the large tears roll out of the corners of her eyes and slide down her big face.

Jenny had left the window and had silently gone over to the foot of the bed, where she leaned on the brass knob, and with wide-open eyes stared at Nina.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked again.

Mrs. Patch glanced at Jenny. "No, thanks just the same, but I think we'd better go on." She indicated Jenny. Then, in a still lower whisper, her breath against his ear, she said: "She's afraid of death. She's almost passed away four times. Her heart." And she put her fat hand against her left side.

George nodded. He wondered why Mrs. Patch brought Jenny with her.

They went out the door, Mrs. Patch holding Jenny's hand and leading her out as if she were a child who did not want to go so soon.

As he closed the door and the room was quiet again he heard for the first time that morning the ticking of the clock. He looked at it. It was quarter past ten. John had told him that the undertaker would be there at two-thirty.

George felt very tired. He walked across the room to the chair by the bed, and, lighting a cigarette, he sat down.

(She sat opposite him at the little oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen, and laughingly she explained to him how she kept track of the household expenses.)

He heard the policeman's whistle at the intersection of Carmine Street and Seventh Avenue. Children were shouting in the courtyard below.

He didn't dare let himself think about it. Every once in a while he felt himself come to the brink of it and wait there, ready to dive down, to let go of everything and go far, far down. But he didn't dare.

He wanted to lie down on the bed

beside Nina and rest his head on her shoulder and hold her hand. He wanted to talk to her—to have her talk to him. He wanted to see her jump up and laugh and come over and put her arms . . .

Maybe he should read the paper—it would be better.

(Ethel and Walter and Frank Milligan and his girl, and Nina and himself, over at Frank's place, drinking and playing cards. And Nina's voice: "I'll raise you ten." Then—"Hey, George, lend me some money.")

Christ! Why did this come!

He was suddenly kneeling by the bed. His face was buried against the mattress and his hands were holding hers.

("Let's go out to supper to-night, George. Let's go to a chop-suey joint.")

He looked up. He looked at her. Her face seemed to have fallen a little—her head sagged on the pillow. Her black hair was over her ears. He put out his hand and touched her forehead.

(Sometimes at night she stood behind the ironing-board, her face a little flushed, her head bent, her arms pressing against her breasts as she moved the iron back and forth.)

Her forehead was cold and it made him shudder. He looked at the eyes—the lids barely covered the pupils. He was afraid they would suddenly slide back and Nina's blue eyes would stare at him. What would they look like? Would they just look unseeing past him? Or would they have fallen back against the sockets?

Why did he think those things? What was the matter with him?

(When they were married at the Municipal Building she turned to him. "How easy that was!" she said.)

Suddenly he put his hand under her

head and raised it slightly. Then he brought his hands under her shoulders and raised her whole body and brought it close to his. His lips touched hers. He kissed her gently.

(And that night Nina said: "I never knew love was like this. Oh, darling, love me, hold me, don't let me go, don't ever let me go!")

What had happened? Time had passed—he felt it. It was late—where was he? He must get up—it was time to go to work. Nina was still asleep.

God, no!

It was two-thirty. They were coming soon. They were coming soon to take her away.

Then he heard John's voice outside the door talking to some one. John had left the store to be there now.

"Hello, George," John said. "This is Mr. Jackson, he will help us out."

Jackson was quiet. He didn't have the sick smile he expected an undertaker to have. He was nice and quiet. He came in and shook hands. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lehmy," he said.

George said: "Oh, that's all right." And Mr. Jackson looked at him curiously.

John came up to him. "He's going to bring her over to his place."

"Yeah, John, I know."

"How do you feel, George?"

"All right."

"Take it easy now. Better come into the kitchen for a minute."

Three other men—quiet like Mr. Jackson, but with sick smiles—came into the room with the coffin.

"I'll stick around here, John."

"Sure, go ahead if you want to."

He saw Mr. Jackson place a white sheet on the bed beside her. He smoothed it out. The three men bent over her.

They moved the body, slowly, carefully, on the other sheet and into the coffin without changing her position—without taking away her own sheet.

They walked, in step, with the coffin out the door.

He turned to John. "Give me a cigarette, John, will you?"



On the German Spirit of To-day

BY JOSEPH L. MAYER

A German citizen, who fought in the late war, puts pertinent questions to America. This article is especially noteworthy in that it is not the expression of a politician or a newspaper correspondent, but of one who represents the average German.

ON being asked to write on this subject, the question was forced upon me, whether the time had come for a German to be able to give his opinion to an American public with the necessary frankness yet without causing a polemic. After many discussions with Americans I think myself entitled to make the attempt.

Allow me to mention as an introduction that I am of Alemannic origin and thoroughly German in thought and feeling. Having practised as a doctor almost thirty years in Baden-Baden—one of Germany's most famous health resorts—I have met all sorts and conditions of men and women from all parts of my country. Also I have seen and appreciated much that is good and admirable in foreign countries, though I am not one of those cosmopolitans who foul their own nest and flatter you—I am sorry to say there exist such caricatures of the German spirit—but I know myself one with the fate of my country, in which I wish to live and die as a freeman.

Among the teachers that have had a lasting influence upon the development of my mind, I must mention two great Americans—R. W. Emerson and Walt Whitman. *I have never for a moment forgotten this* and have come to the following conclusion: if there were among the great peoples of the world a sufficient number of men who had gained a thorough mutual understanding through the mediation and reflection of their great representatives, even the gravest political conflict would be quickly overcome without ever leaving lasting traces upon their minds. *In spiritual union with what is best in others lies a peace momentum of inestimable value.* And consequently also the most serious discussions would take place in a spirit of true nobility. Should any one think this an illusion, I should like to remind him that there are illusions more powerful than steel and iron.

Before beginning to write I inquired of a great number of my countrymen what they had observed of the German

spirit of to-day. Naturally I received the most diverse answers from my surprised friends. The most conscientious ones objected that it was well-nigh impossible to ascertain the spirit of a people of more than 60 million souls, each possessing an individuality of its own. But this very answer, pointing out the general dislike of being typed reveals to us a prominent characteristic of the true German who does not care to be catalogued despite the levelling influence of the military drill under the former empire. His individuality has not been exhausted by forming innumerable states and statelets in the Middle Ages, the remains of which are our present federal states; it shows itself also nowadays in a very vivid manner in the impossible splintering of the political factions of our Reichstag. Americans, ignorant of German conditions and not having studied them personally, can hardly form a true picture of this. All repeatedly attempted measures to overcome this evil have to the present day been absolutely ineffectual.

Would you like to become acquainted with the futilities of our parties? I am sorry I cannot be your guide; I must follow another line. Every individual German would like best to form a party of his own. That is a well-known matter. When my friends ask me why I take no part in active politics, I answer them that I am an Ultra-Communist-Conservative and that I have not yet finished drawing up my programme. They understand and laugh.

Are we to perceive in this trait of the German a particularly pronounced love of freedom? You will most probably remark that other nations possess at least as much of it without suffering from the same political defect in as

high a degree, and I shall have to resign myself to the fact that we have simply to do with a lack of political discipline, the deplorable effects of which show themselves often enough in the history of our nation. Is our history the consequence of this defect? Is this defect a consequence of the tragic history of imperial dreams in the Middle Ages and of our varying historical fate as the most exposed nation of Central Europe? Who can decide this definitely?

And yet I believe the balance will incline toward the latter view. If after the war Clemenceau, "the tiger," showed the line to be taken by France to leave the Germans to themselves and their internal discord, because France had been accustomed for centuries to profit thereby, we shall yet have to state that so far the half-century of empire has not passed without giving us a lasting lesson.

We have thoroughly realized the importance of our great unity, and despite the unfortunate ending of the war it has remained in our memory. Tremendous was the external pressure weighing upon our people and likewise tremendous the mass of explosives accumulating internally. Under these most difficult circumstances the unity of the nation was preserved except for some unimportant convulsions which took place. This must be considered as an enormous feat of strength, and one might be tempted to foretell that all separatist desires in some western parts of the empire occupied by the Allies are a thing of the past, all the more as this spirit was only represented by a very small but all the noisier minority of the population, chiefly by culprits and bribable wretches.

Certainly we can safely affirm that separatism—which does not mean the

same as the pronounced will of self-government of the single states within the federal constitution—is practically dead. The unity of the empire in the mutilated condition in which the Peace of Versailles has left it has proved an immovable fact despite all internal party splits and external shocks.

This means a great deal and justifies us in affirming that *individualism and unionism keep the balance in the German of to-day*; he no more feels inclined to sacrifice the one to the other. Should any one wish to talk of the preponderance of one over the other he must not forget to mention also the stronger tendency for centralizing within the federal constitution that is to be noticed here and there and not only among the ranks of the Social-Democrats.

With this I think we have already touched on the German spirit; this can be affirmed with the best conscience and will hardly meet with contradiction in spite of Bavarian independence. If prophets in Germany were not in such bad odor since the end of the war, I should even feel inclined to say that unity will never more be lost to us, unless the League of Nations should in case of need prove unable to save us in our military impotence from being shattered by some external force. And even such a fate would always only touch us temporarily. For in this respect our tragic history offers a comfort at the same time. Germany has always recovered, even after the hardest blows.

Moreover, 2 millions of her sons have sacrificed their lives for the unity of the "Reich" (German Empire). This is an historical fact of the utmost specific weight and will not be easily forgotten. In comparison with this, the second sacrificial consecration of our unity, the first in 1870, almost disappears.

Besides, misfortune lends it a still more intensive value.

All the more amazing, on the other hand, it must seem that another factor concerning these 2 million German soldiers is completely effaced from the German consciousness and appears to be of interest only to the chronicler. It is the fact—you may consider it creditable or discreditable to us—that these 2 millions fell by French, English, Russian, American, and other bullets. Germans in general possess extremely little faculty for hating, and bear no ill will, especially after the cessation of hostilities. Napoleon I was vastly astonished that the Prussians did not kill a single one of his soldiers after the retreat of his defeated army from Russia, disorganized into helpless bands of beggars, as he had experienced in Spain, where his forces were decimated by the bullets and daggers of the inhabitants.

We have fought innumerable times with the French, so that the term "hereditary enemy" is not in any way remarkable. The ruins of the Heidelberg Castle, those of Hohenbaden crowning my native town of Baden-Baden, and so many others recall their repeated and most unfriendly visits in former times. The present occupation of the Rhine valley and of the Palatinate, whose towns and villages they levelled once with the ground, means little more to us than the pressure of a tight shoe. And yet will you believe me when I assure you that nine-tenths of all Germans would be happy at the idea of a political understanding even of a closer link with France, if lasting peace could *thereby be secured to Europe?*

Will you call want of self-respect that which only meets the laws of political common sense in a race not born to hate blindly?

Let me lay stress on the fact that this was not only the trend of thought of the defeated of 1918 but also of the victors of 1870, though with this difference: that before the World War no German would have paid the price of Alsace-Lorraine for an alliance with France.

If one may consider the realization of the unquestionable value of our state-union (*Reichseinheit*) in the federal sense as a characteristic of the German spirit, there are two further points on which all Germans, irrespective of party (with exception of the Communists) or standpoint, are of one mind—that is as I have already hinted: the conviction of the absolute necessity of peace as a condition of existence and, secondly, the moral strength and saving power of work. Let me recall to you that also the old empire, only intent upon the development of its economic resources, preserved peace to Europe for forty-four years. This should not be forgotten. How much more is the Germany of to-day in its absolute military impotence dependent on peace. The weakest of our neighbors has still an army more than twice as strong as ours, not to mention the want of all modern technical resources of warfare on our side caused by the Peace Treaty. If our wings had not been clipped in every way, we might well represent the ideal European angel of peace.

Every additional word is unnecessary. Even the strictest Conservatives recognize clearly our real situation. It will have to be proved, as said above, whether the League of Nations in case of need is strong enough to place in their proper places those despotically inclined against a disarmed nation of 60 millions. Quite a new problem! However, one circumstance seems to offer a more reliable voucher for our

safety. It cannot be to the advantage of certain powers destined to keep a watchful eye on the peace in Central Europe to permit Germany to be still further debilitated.

The virtue unanimously accorded to the Germans by even the least sympathetic of their foreign critics was diligence. You might almost come to believe that the Creator had for this reason designated us to be the honey-purveyors of all Europe. Whether the owner of the bees deprive them of their honey or not, the bee must work. I cannot pretend that we are very delighted with this mission, which seems to be ours for years to come.

Work, however, has always been a creed in Germany, and is to-day more than ever a sheer necessity. If formerly prejudices existed, they did not apply to work as such but to menial work or business, and that only among some of the upper ten. This also has changed. No German is unhappy when he has to work hard, but is so when he is condemned to a life of idleness, as, unfortunately, so many are for whom there is simply no work. The unavoidable dole to the unemployed has, it is true, bred mischief, as the war did before; but the general will to work, the genuine pride in providing for oneself, remains in most cases. We all know that nothing but indefatigable work will in the long run help us to rise, though for the present it affords for the great majority of Germans but a bare sufficiency, leaving no surplus.

We may, however, not disregard that reviving prosperity will be the best safeguard of internal peace and a guaranty for the durability of the republic. If there is unanimity on the importance of *unity, peace, and work* among the Germans, there is no unanimity in the way

we bear our national misfortune and in certain deductions drawn therefrom.

Every nation argues from its own standpoint. The Germans, of course, were inwardly convinced of their full right just as every other nation engaged in the war. Their cause was a sacred one in their eyes. "God with us" was on our banners and in our hearts. "We went to war with clean hands," says Hindenburg. We considered ourselves to be at least as good Christians as anybody in the world.

How was it possible under these circumstances that unparalleled sacrifices and feats should have ended with an unparalleled collapse? There are many who judge history in the spirit of Hebrew history. According to this idea a power rules history dispensing reward and punishment for merit and sin.

Militarism and *materialism* were, according to the words of these castigators among our own ranks, the Moloch and Baal to whom we were supposed to have gone over from the high culture ideals under the sign of which we had lived in the Golden Age of our philosophy and poetry or from the religious ideals of the Reformation. They stigmatized this turning away from the German poets to technics, economy, general drill, and world politics as treachery to the German soul. They saw in the unfortunate ending to the war a divine punishment, a just dispensation of Providence, who, like the rest of the world, preferred the harmless German dreamer to the more inconvenient German chemist, business man, engineer, and soldier.

The disarmament by the enemy was not necessary; the nation broke the weapons with which for four years it had so often triumphed until it reached the point of misery. An elementary

cosmopolitan movement in connection with Wilson's Fourteen Points took hold of the nation that had felt itself separated and excluded from the rest of the world. Schiller's words, "Seid umschlungen, Millionen, diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt" (Be embraced, millions, this kiss to the whole world), exercised their well-known irresistible spell. A strong wave of occultism swept the country as a kind of ultraidealism. An onslaught began against the materially inclined exact sciences and their arrogant claim to mental supremacy. This was the harrowing spectacle the German spirit presented in its unspeakable disappointment and despair.

Opposed, however, to these Jeremiahs, as I will call them, in whose eyes we were great sinners, and who vied with each other in attributing the guilt of the misfortune to us alone by giving vent to passionate self-accusation and self-abasement, there was a party of Jobs, as I will call them. They were and are far from losing their self-respect even in the greatest misery in spite of their sorrow bordering on despair.

Job 29:14:

I put on righteousness and it clothed me;
My justice was as a robe and a diadem.

Job 30:1:

But now they that are younger than I have
me in derision.

Job 30:9:

And now I am become their song,
Yea, I am a byword unto them.

Job 32:1:

So these three men ceased to answer Job because he was righteous in his own eyes.

It would have little meaning to defend the standpoint of the Jobs to American readers as the only justifiable one. We naturally see things in a different light. But one thing is absolutely clear to me; that is, that *you*, that means all *true* Americans, would be Jobs at

least, *if not more, in our place*. The device, "Right or wrong, my country," goes much further than Job, and it was not "Made in Germany."

The United States in their totality have never experienced a great national misfortune and they are not likely to do so, considering the size of the country and its geographical position. Only the Southern States had once to drink the bitter cup to the very dregs, and so they know what it means. But time heals wounds.

Too short a time has, however, elapsed for us. Jeremiahs and Jobs are opposed to each other as to the deeper causes of our misfortune, though much less sharply now than in the first years of our catastrophe. The former will have to realize that not only the unjust are humiliated by God; the latter—that also the just have to bow down before the inscrutable will of the Almighty. Both will have to find each other in what is truly German. At any rate, dull resignation is not given to us. "Faust" is a part of *our* gospel. This our greatest German poem, though in general built upon the idea of the Book of Job, is yet filled with strong Germanic instincts, and its hero is not the type of pure holiness. A strong nature coping with life in every way can hardly be as immaculate as Job. If only the well-spring of good is alive in him, such a man will atone by deeds for the sins in which he has been entangled. Neither self-abasement nor self-justification, only strength, strength that forces irresistibly onward and upward, is imperative. This is the idea of Faust, and in this the divided spirits of Germany will unite again, no doubt.

Only one must not imagine to oneself those deeds as M. Poincaré does, who has reckoned the war-debt obliga-

tion of Germany as 132 milliards (billions). The entire national fortune of pre-war rich Germany amounted to 250–300 milliards. That would approximately mean that the Germans would no more own their native soil, but that they would be generously permitted to cultivate it diligently for all time for the benefit of their former adversaries as a nation of helots.

I do not speak of the legal right of such a claim—legal rights are cheap in the hands of the mighty—but purely and solely of the possibility of its fulfilment and of a policy insisting on it. Who does not realize that such a joke cannot be inflicted upon the second greatest nation of Europe without being a permanent latent danger to the peace of the Continent, even though it be the most long-suffering nation on earth? This must be especially acknowledged and accentuated by the most dispassionate judge and truest friend of peace who does not believe in the immutability of power and political combinations however firmly and surely they appear to be anchored for the moment.

A policy, on the other hand, that makes use of powerful conjunctions to attain its objects seems to me better than a policy that presumes on power. Idealism of this kind goes hand in hand with mathematics. Germany has shown her candid wish for peace in Locarno and Geneva, and did so even though the Rhineland and the Palatinate were still occupied by our former enemies and present colleagues in the League of Nations. Europe needs a peace based on the spirit and the welfare of the nations. Germany has not succeeded in attaining that object. We shall see whether France, once more the leading power on the Continent, will have more luck with it; but then she will finally

have to turn from the gratification of her triumph and from a policy of strangulation to a truly European one.

Germany does not dream of shirking her obligations. We have lost and must pay. This is simple logic. Every one sees it. Only the burden must not be heavier than can be borne. It must be made possible for the Germans, after their terrible losses, after paying the unheard-of public taxes, and their cost of living, to put aside a modest nest-egg for their old age. But how shall this be managed considering the curtailed export of our industry—that is to say—our chief income, the Dawes obligations, and the charge of supporting the tremendous number of war-invalids, widows, and orphans, the unemployed, and the disabled old people who lost everything during the inflation!

I know, for instance, an old doctor of eighty who had made a fortune in a life of untiring activity; enough to support himself and his invalid wife. He received until recently a public dole of twelve dollars a month, and his relatives scraped a few more marks together for the old people. Summer and winter he shuffled to the soup-kitchen to fetch some food in a tin pail for himself and his feeble-minded wife. She died a short time ago and this helper of suffering humanity was taken to the poor-house. He is one in a hundred thousand. Let the following sums speak for themselves: 795,000 war-invalids, and among them 1,800 blind, cost the state 333 million marks a year; 375,000 war-widows, 780,000 war-orphans, and 232,000 needy parents receive 394 million marks.

Science is food! How can Germany afford the indispensable expenses for its scientific institutes utterly handicap-

ped as she is? Or shall she be excluded from the holy community of human culture because she has lost the war? Is a nation entitled to a cultured existence only after winning a war?

And, furthermore, how shall Communism at length be kept down in a country where general discontent is fed by intolerable, strangling taxes? If it is good to know that life is to be built on the foundation of heroism, it is not good to nourish the heroism of despair by cruel force.

What German would be foolish enough to utter one word sounding like threat? We have fallen too low. But I ask: Is it *wise* to place the great civilized nation in the centre of Europe that has given the world a Goethe, Kant, Beethoven, that has founded its idea of freedom irrespective of things mechanical, under a political and economical pressure of unheard-of harshness? And I want above all to ask those Americans who carried arms against us: Does it meet with their approval to see their former adversary in invisible but no less unworthy bonds of slavery? I cannot believe this. Did not we soldiers know that every one of us did but his sacred duty?

A politician's profession is, of course, somewhat different to a soldier's; it is that of a sober calculator, but let him be a clever one, as he, too, must take into consideration humaneness and respect toward the defeated adversary as a factor of certain value.

And wherefore do the German people bear no malice toward America? Do we Germans wish, perhaps, to make up feebly once more? Oh, no! Nothing is further from the minds of the Germans of to-day. But wherefore then? I will tell you. Because the first dove with the olive-branch, the first sign of

humanity, came from across the sea. It was for our miserable, half-starved children, and it was a real soldier that placed himself at the head of the movement. Never will the German nation forget this. Call this sentimentality whosoever will!

The second thing was the enforcement of the Dawes Plan in the teeth of a world of opposition as a first still imperfect attempt at reconciling our liability with our capability of payment.

The third reason is the confidence that the American nation has placed, and still places, in us as our banker, thus helping us to re-establish our industrial life on a sound basis, which certainly does not exclude a certain amount of practical self-interest on her side.

And, finally, there is still one point to be mentioned; namely, Americans are again visiting our country and our spas in ever-increasing numbers, altogether giving us the feeling of people superior to and free of the spasms of war. War is an affair of states; individuals do their duty. And war is over. Thus their noble-minded attitude. This is a great thing, a very great thing. And yet you must not take it amiss if I and many of my countrymen firmly trust that this will not be the last cause for gratitude on the part of my unfortunate country toward the United States.

Besides the conviction of our inexhaustible vitality, besides the success we are entitled to expect from our indefatigable efforts and the glowing example of Hindenburg, the personification of our most unselfish ideals—it is not in the last place—this trust in “Broad America’s” support that allows us to look confidently and undauntedly into the future.

Self-help is a supreme law for man

and, therefore, also for a nation of men. But sad as it is, self-help alone does not suffice for our salvation. Take the loftiest principle as a great reality, it nevertheless has its boundaries in other realities. How does this word “self-help” sound in the ears of a man who lies in a hole with broken bones! Germany has learnt what solidarity of nations means.

“The Germans smile through their tragedy” an American wrote home last summer from his travels in Germany. The general spirit of ardor, of ceaseless regeneration, struck him and many of his countrymen agreeably. They felt in the spirit of the “Fatherland” something akin to their own. The German oak has not withered. But there is still too much of tragedy in Germany. The burden that weighs on us most heavily after the tremendous crisis we have gone through is the reparation problem.

I am a physician and not a financier, thank God, and therefore I will not discuss the matter. But two principles appear to me to be of fundamental importance, not only to us Germans but in quite as great a measure to our creditors:

Firstly: Germany takes and receives loans only for productive purposes.

Secondly: The reparation payments have to be raised from the industries that have benefited by the loan—*viz.*, *from our labor*, and must consequently be gauged by these possibilities.

It seems to me the first of these points is more clearly recognized by those responsible on both sides than the second. Both, however, are equally necessary. Any deviation from one of them would infallibly aggravate the evil instead of alleviating it, which is certainly intended, because it lies in the interest of all. In the ancient Norse saga Gimles, the

new Walhalla's golden roof, rises again from destruction after the "Twilight of the Gods." This saga almost takes the place of a faith with the Germans—"The Germans smile through their tragedy."

But the path to be followed can be indifferent to no one—I venture to say not even to a free citizen of the great United States. Every nation of course has a genius of her own, but there was

a poet who sang both for you and for us:

SALUT AU MONDE!

"What cities the light or the warmth penetrate, I penetrate those cities myself,
All islands to which birds wing their way,
I wing my way myself.
Toward you all in America's Name
I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

ON the evening of Maundy Thursday and on the following Saturday afternoon Bach's "The Passion of Our Lord, according to Saint Matthew," was produced in New York under the leadership of that consummate artist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. In many ways the occasion was memorable. Two special trains brought from Detroit the Symphony Orchestra and the large company of singers composing the Madrigal Club and the Orpheus Club. The soloists were Madame Matzenauer, Madame Vreeland, Reinald Werrenrath, Richard Crooks, and Fred Patton. Advance notices in the papers had requested the audience to wear black clothes, and to refrain from applause. Carnegie Hall was sold out, and a vast number of men and women preferred to stand rather than to miss the music. Mr. Gabrilowitsch prefaced the performance with an admirable exposi-

tory lecture, explaining the nature of the piece, its peculiarities, the necessary cuts, and then with a dignity, reverence, and sincerity characteristic of a devout priest—and Mr. Gabrilowitsch always seems to me the high priest of music—spoke with deeply moving solemnity of the Passion itself.

The three Detroit organizations were assisted by the boy choir of St. Thomas's Church, New York. The chorales were sung by Detroit choirs placed far back in the auditorium and in the galleries, which added an effect indescribably beautiful and impressive. Mr. Gabrilowitsch conducted without the score—an amazing feat of memory—and he was imitated in this respect by Madame Matzenauer. I am still hoping that some day I may see repeated the extraordinary *tour de force* of Hans von Bülow, who on certain occasions not only conducted without the score but forced

every member of the orchestra to dispense with it, so with no sheets of paper and no racks, the players, with their eyes fixed on their leader, worked away as if inspired.

Those who object to conducting without the score have sometimes maintained that the leader must see in his mind every note of every instrument—a manifest impossibility; this objection is of no moment, for even with the score in front of him it is likewise impossible for the conductor to see every note.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch expressed the wish that on some future occasion he might produce the entire "Saint Matthew Passion" without cuts; this would mean giving the first half one day and the concluding portion the next. I echo this wish, and when he does it, may I be there to hear and worship!

Mr. Jefferson Webb, the admirable vice-president and manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, deserves great credit for carrying through successfully the practical details of this difficult undertaking. Ability and energy are characteristic of this man.

The fact that these organizations made this special pilgrimage from Detroit to New York to produce this mighty work gave to the occasion an unusual interest and importance. It was like going in the old days to the "Passion Play," or going to Bayreuth to hear "Parsifal." I wonder if all music-lovers in America realize how much we owe to Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who is not only a great conductor and a great pianist but who is a man of the deepest sincerity, loftiest ideals, and nobility of character. His heart and brain work together. It is a great thing for Americans that we have such a musician and such a man.

The thirteenth-century cathedrals,

the sixteenth-century paintings of the Holy Family, and the eighteenth-century music of Bach were all born of faith. Apart from the genius displayed in these incomparable productions, there was inspiring them all the deepest conviction. It is partly because Mr. Gabrilowitsch has this fundamental and devout sincerity that everything he does is so impressive.

On Good Friday afternoon, as has been my custom for many years, I heard "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan. Frau Kappel for the first time sang Kundry in America, and captivated the audience. The Metropolitan has had an unusually successful season, and among the novelties was Puccini's "La Rondine," which is really an operetta, pretty, sentimental, graceful, and diverting. It is gorgeously mounted.

The theatrical season has been far above the average. The Theatre Guild productions have been admirable, and Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre has more than justified itself. She has the right combination of brains and courage. Among the new plays first place must be given to Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." This play in nine acts, now available in book form, is both abnormal and revolting in certain aspects, but its sincerity and power are so remarkable I would not have missed it for anything. We may not always like Mr. O'Neill's choice of material, but, as Augustine Birrell says, "Let us not quarrel with genius." The acting of this piece I have not seen surpassed—no, not by the Russian players. Mr. George Kelly, in "Behold the Bridegroom," wrote a deeply affecting and stirring play, which has since been printed, as every good play should be; Walter Hampden made a splendid pageant out of "Henry V"; Otis Skinner, Mrs.

Fiske, and Henrietta Crosman revived "Merry Wives of Windsor"; and Winthrop Ames's beautiful production of "Merchant of Venice," with George Arliss and Peggy Wood, I have already praised. Ibsen came into his own with Mr. Hampden's brilliant production of "An Enemy of the People," and Eva Le Gallienne gave three of the Ibsen masterpieces. One of the best new comedies in New York is "The Royal Family," from the deft hands of George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Galsworthy's finest piece since "Loyalties," that is to say "Escape," was magnificently acted by Leslie Howard. The most exciting mystery play I ever saw was "The Silent House," at which the audience became uncontrollable. Philip Barry produced an immensely successful comedy, "Paris Bound." Imported from England was "And So To Bed," a clever dramatization of Pepys, and from the same country came a delightful comedy of murder, "Interference," and a revival of "Our Betters," which I saw in London in 1924. Helen Hayes added to previously well-deserved triumphs in a tragic American play, "Coquette," which made even the cynical critics snuffle. The Theatre Guild revived Shaw's great play "The Doctor's Dilemma" in a manner that almost, though not quite, equalled Granville-Barker's superb production. How I wish Granville-Barker would return and give us his "Madras House" and other things! "Porgy," the negro play, was one of the events of a remarkable season. And I record my gratitude to Florenz Ziegfeld for producing an enchanting version of "The Three Musketeers" with the wholly satisfactory Dennis King as the Gascon.

Every day in every way I rejoice that I live so near New York.

One curious repetition which I may have been the only one to witness should be recorded. On a certain Thursday afternoon I went to see "Interference" at the Lyceum Theatre. In the middle of the second act the leading man was violently threatening a certain woman, who was intelligently presented by Miss McDonell. At exactly the proper moment she fainted, beautifully, thoroughly, impressively. Not a person in the audience suspected the truth until her threatener requested "Sterling" to lower the curtain. When this had been done, a man came before the curtain and announced: "Miss McDonell has fainted. We must ask the kind indulgence of the audience to wait five minutes in order to see if she can proceed. If she is unable to do so, we must find her understudy." In five minutes, and to great applause, Miss McDonell did proceed, and pluckily finished the performance. Well, exactly two weeks after this strange interlude, I was in the neighboring Belasco Theatre, witnessing "The Bachelor Father." In the course of the second act the curtain was rung down; a man came before it and said: "Miss June Walker is ill. She fainted at the close of the first act; we must ask the kind indulgence of the audience to wait five minutes to see if she will be able to continue. If she cannot, we must find her understudy." In five minutes, and to great applause, Miss Walker did continue, and pluckily finished the performance. Now then: is there a peculiar fatality attached to Thursday matinées, or did these charming actresses faint just because I was in the audience?

A permanent memorial to Thomas Hardy is to be erected in England to take the triple form of an obelisk in

Wessex, a collection of his manuscripts and memorabilia, and the preservation of his birthplace. It is hoped that America will contribute \$15,000 toward this project, and we ought to do it. Those who wish to contribute may send their gifts to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York. The collection will now be taken.

Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," shows that in one respect the clever Mr. Lewis resembles the D. A. R. He has a Black List, which includes Coolidge and his admirers, *The Saturday Evening Post*, Kiwanis and similar clubs, and various popular clergymen and journalists. Mr. Lewis's astonishing gift of mimicry, in which he is unexcelled by any writer of our time, is here displayed in its full fruition. His gift is unique. For page after page a monologue is maintained, revealing the unalloyed Babbitry of one of the most colossal bores imaginable. He is perfect; we have seen and heard him, and no doubt there is something of him in us all. But the very perfection of this imitation makes the book intolerable. In real life, when we see a man like this, we flee shuddering. Why then should we endure his hellish monotony through scores of pages, unrelieved by even the suggestion that the world contains something different? And I wish to Heaven, now that Mr. Lewis has abundantly displayed his great gifts in "Main Street" and in "Babbitt," that he himself would write something different. He used to be, and I suppose is now, a passionate lover of beauty and what he regards as truth. Why not reveal them by some method other than showing their opposites? As Isabel Paterson says: "It is a pity."

If a man gave a perfect imitation of the noise made by a saw-mill, we should

laugh; but if he kept it up for three hours?

The same conviction is forced home by reading a new and exceedingly interesting book, "Contemporary American Authors," each essay written by an English critic associated with the London *Mercury*, the whole being under the supervision of the accomplished editor J. C. Squire, with an introduction by "our" Doctor Canby. The essay on Lewis justly says that of all living American writers he is the best known outside of his native land. It justly praises "Babbitt," "Main Street," and the characters in "Arrowsmith." And it justly condemns "Elmer Gantry" as a sad decline.

Other American writers considered in this work are our three foremost living poets, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay; our novelists Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, etc. The estimates on the whole are very fair, and those who imagine that all British critics despise American writers should read this excellent little book.

I am grateful to my friend Clive DuVal for calling my attention to one of the best stories of English school life I have ever read, "The Lanchester Tradition," by G. F. Bradby. It is beautifully written, full of insight and sympathy. Any one who has ever been a teacher—and who has not?—will find here what he has often looked for in vain.

"The Greene Murder Case" is at last available in book form. It is much the best of its author's productions. Philo Vance is often irritating to the reader, but on the whole he is the best amateur detective since Sherlock Holmes. In lecturing on new books at the Town Hall in New York to my "Saturday's Children," I committed the unpardonable sin. Quite inadvertently I let out

the identity of the murderer. I have never done such a thing before and I hope and believe I never shall again.

Miss Frances H. Bickford, librarian of the Central High School, Bridgeport, Conn., sends me the following note containing matter new to me, which will interest readers of "The Greene Murder Case":

I wonder if you have noticed the slip in Connecticut law which the author has made in the final instalment. In the letter from the Reverend Anthony Seymour it is stated that the marriage between Sibella and Von Blon was performed in Stamford on a license issued in New Haven. This is quite an impossibility in this state. I well remember the perturbation of my father, newly come to Connecticut and not reckoning on the difference in state laws, when he had to marry a couple twice over because he had not noticed that their license was issued in Monroe while he performed the ceremony in Huntington. The kindness of the town clerk saved him from what might have been a serious situation. I believe that five days' notice must also be given by non-residents. Of course these minor details do not detract from the interest of the story.

Of the numerous doctors' theses in literature that I have read during the last ten years three stand out conspicuously for their importance, significance, and appeal to the general reader. These are "The Death of Marlowe," by Doctor Hotson, "Bernard Mandeville," by Doctor F. B. Kaye, and "Browning's Parleyings," by Doctor W. C. DeVane. Northwestern University is fortunate in having among its professors of English such a man as Kaye. He is a brilliant research scholar, an excellent and inspiring teacher, with an original and interesting mind. His book on Mandeville takes a clutch on the reader. Professor DeVane's book on the "Parleyings" ranks with Judge John Marshall

Gest's work "The Old Yellow Book" and A. K. Cook's commentary on "The Ring and the Book" as the most important contributions to Browning scholarship that have appeared since Griffin and Minchin's "Life." Doctor DeVane has taken one of the dullest and least valuable of Browning's productions because it afforded a field for original research; he has made the most of it, and discovered much new material of high value. With the natural enthusiasm of the discoverer, he has, I think, overstressed the expression of Browning's own opinions, something that always seemed abhorrent to this poet. I mean that if Browning himself should read this book, I am sure he would not agree that he had given himself away so intentionally and so deliberately; nor would he admit that in order to preserve his mother's religious faith, he had denied the evidence of reason. But the actual matters brought out by our investigator, such as the allusions to Carlyle and Disraeli, and the wealth of hitherto-undiscovered material, make this a work of the highest importance. It is regrettable that some of the reviewers missed the real significance of the book and the author's intention; for example, one review, with the detestable title "Browning Debunked," says that Doctor DeVane has shown that Browning was a peevish old man. As Doctor DeVane does not believe that, he naturally has not shown it. Browning was peevish to the exact degree that Roosevelt was blasé.

A distinguished American scientist, who has made important contributions to anthropology, writes me a letter that ought to be published for two reasons: it is a fine thing to see a first-rate man of science reading for pleasure Greek drama in the original; and the

testimony to Browning's "homespun" knowledge of Greek is worth having.

Last year I made up my mind to try to realize a thirty years intention of reading the body of Greek tragedy, and during the summer covered very carefully, looking up everything, 20 plays of the 33. I took along Browning's *Agamemnon*. I was familiar with *Balaustion*, a running translation and commentary on the *Alcestis*, and I expected something the same. Of course the translation of the *Alcestis* is all right, but pretty free in spots. I read the *Agamemnon* myself first, and got badly bogged in some of the Chorus. Eventually I worked out something that seemed reasonable. Then I took Browning and went over the whole thing with him.

It astounded me to find the exactitude of the translation. It is so literal in places as to be rough and not too intelligible; but the grip on the Greek that he must have had staggered me. I could even tell that he had adopted certain readings rather than others. He cleared up all my difficulties except where his text seemed to be divergent from the one I used. I need not say that his rendering was supremely right and in the spirit of the original wherever there was a demand for flight or a call for austerity and rigidity. It seems to me that Aeschylus saw a grand passage coming—or felt it boiling inside him—and rose mightily—more mightily than Sophocles or Euripides—to the situation. Well, Browning seemed to get the swing too and ascend with him.

The friendship of Goethe and Schiller was like that of Hamlet and Horatio. Goethe admired the moral austerity and steadfastness of Schiller—"there was in Schiller's mind nothing vulgar." Horatio loved Hamlet with devotion; a devotion that had the element of worship toward a mystery. For there were things in Hamlet unfathomable by Horatio, as Schiller recognized but could not measure the subtlety of Goethe.

A new book by the English mystic Evelyn Underhill, called "Man and the

Supernatural," is profound, wise, eloquent. I recommend it to clergymen who have lost their faith in God; to clergymen who believe that social and political work is the essence of religion; to all who believe that "God" is the creation of human fear or tribal superstitions; for this book is a foundational book, and the author has no qualms over the word "supernatural." If any one asks me if I believe in the supernatural, I answer: "Of course." It is interesting to see that so many earnest people try to explain "God" by an immense variety of subjective emotions, when it is at least possible that the reason for the almost universal concept of God is simply—God. I sometimes think we need the ministrations of the lady from Philadelphia. It is as though a dozen persons were looking at a tree, while each one tries to explain by some subjective process or tribal hallucination why it is they think they see a tree. Finally, the lady above mentioned suggests that it is at least possible that the reason they think they see a tree is because they do.

Mr. Thomas Moulton has written a much-needed book on Sir James Barrie, devoting chief attention and emphasis to the playwright's early years. It is a good book on a good subject. In the London papers the author has fallen foul of St. John Ervine; they have started a controversy on what is called Barriolatry. But why is Mr. Ervine wasting his substance in riotous controversies? He ought to be writing another play as good as "John Ferguson" or "Jane Clegg." Those are two of the best English plays of the twentieth century; and the former laid the foundation for the success of the New York Theatre Guild.

Fowler Wright's novel "Deluge" is

a fanciful and imaginative story of the future. The rushing of a mighty wind, a flood, and the gentle but effective sinking of the land have destroyed most of the earth's inhabitants. Those isolated few who remain in England, instead of combining for mutual protection, engage in a war of extermination; so dearly does the human animal love fighting. There are not nearly enough women to go around, which leads to further complications, and this seems to have been too much for the author, who leaves things in a mess at the end. There are many diatribes directed against the present way of living, but no valuable suggestions for improvement. However, it is a good yarn. I wonder if any one can give me the name of the author of a short story I read nearly forty years ago called "The End of All." It graphically described the coming of a mighty and steady wind, which rose to such velocity that it wiped out the earth. "Chicago was cut off at four o'clock."

Mr. J. McIntyre, in "Stained Sails," has treated that familiar hero of romance John Paul Jones in a refreshingly original manner. He gives a psychological twist to the story that to me is quite new and decidedly interesting.

Professor Charles C. Torrey, a Biblical scholar of international fame, has produced a highly important work called "The Second Isaiah." His conclusions are so new that they will start sharp controversies among scholars. It would be an impertinence for me to express an opinion; but I can say that to those who are interested in Old Testament literature, even though they may be as ignorant of Hebrew as I am, this book will be inspiring and also instructive.

Some three years ago in this column I called attention to a brief novel by an

American living in Spain. The author has the inappropriate name of W. B. Trites, and his book was called "Ask the Young." Now he has produced another short novel which is deservedly attracting much favorable comment, "The Gypsy." It is beautifully written, with extraordinary economy and felicity of language. Every word counts. It is a tragedy so poignant that I shall not succeed in forgetting it. Furthermore, it constitutes a powerful plea for absolute monogamy. Now nothing could be further from the author's method than teaching or preaching or moralizing. He is an artist, singularly detached and aloof. His method is scrupulously objective. But many men and women are merely big children; not content with what they have, they will always be crying for the moon. They don't know when they are well off, even as we do not begin to appreciate the happiness of ordinary health until we become sick. Thus many married men and women, who are getting along well enough as this world goes, and are at all events enjoying all the happiness they deserve, are fascinated by the momentary appearance on the scene of a stranger, who seems to their clouded sight wildly desirable; and just as children are not satisfied with wholesome food, but cry for a lollipop, so these deluded idiots run awhoring after a novelty. Then when it is too late, they would give all they possess if they could only restore the *status quo*, even as an invalid would give anything for health, just plain ordinary health. Every one should read "The Gypsy," because every one needs the terrific lesson it drives home with such cold steel. Forbidden fruit has always appealed to children, and, unfortunately, many never reach years of discretion. They will play with fire.

I remember reading in a magazine some forty years ago a poem that I am not sure I am quoting correctly. I cannot remember the name of the author.

"In the olden days,
Arthur loved his queen.
Guinevere loved Arthur not,
Lost in love for Lancelot.

If, dear, one should think you
Somewhat cold and high,
This might be wise—to ponder well,
In seeking fire one might find hell."

H. L. Mencken cannot be accused of being an evangelist or a missionary; his most salient characteristic is not moral enthusiasm. But in an article in *The Nation* he advised those who wish peace, contentment, and happiness to observe absolute monogamy. It may be remembered how often and how earnestly Schopenhauer insisted that the allurements of the senses were invariably illusions. Nothing is such a cheat as Nature.

Mr. William Walker, of Albany, sends me a cutting from an English newspaper that throws a curious light on human nature. A municipal orchestra concert was being given in a hall at Folkestone. Mr. C. E. Mumford, who is an alderman, a borough magistrate, and a member of the Kent County Council, entered the room, took a seat at a table, ordered coffee, and began to read a book. In order to get a better light, he turned his back to the players, and was quietly enjoying himself, reading and listening to the music. But two men immediately approached him; one called him a damned cad, and the other said he was insulting the audience and the orchestra by sitting with his back turned to the stage, and insisted that he be forcibly ejected. Alderman Mumford, like many men in a similar predicament, became more and

more angry the longer he reflected on this lesson in etiquette, and I cannot blame him. He said to a reporter:

I am a peaceful old man of 71, but at the time I felt like hitting both men. I went into the building to enjoy the music, and to read my book, and I did not think that I was doing any harm by reading or sitting as I did. I am taking legal advice in the matter.

Self-constituted censors of other people's behavior are perhaps the most irritating of all men. It is curious into what a frenzy of rage they can drive their victims, and how lasting is the sense of injury. I met a man who told me that in a New York restaurant occupied only by men he removed his coat, whereupon a man told him to put it on. He swore horribly while narrating it. When Sir Sidney Lee was in this country, he lit his pipe while sitting in a man's club. He was told that pipes were not allowed. He never recovered from the shock. Twenty-two years ago I had finished my meal in a hotel "coffee-room" in Norwich, England, and while waiting for the waiter to bring my bill, I lit a cigar. An Englishman at an adjoining table came to me and said: "You should remember there are ladies present." I was too astonished to make any reply. But as soon as I got outside, I found I was boiling with rage. Even now I cannot think of the incident with calm. I suppose there is so much vanity in all of us we resent fiercely unsolicited lessons in etiquette.

An editorial in the New York *Evening Post* for March 7 pays (quite unconsciously) a tremendous compliment to our F. Q. Club.

Those, for instance, who have read all of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" would form one of the most exclusive organizations imaginable.

Would form, quotha! Postie, they *do*.

I received the picture of a cross-eyed cat, the pet of Mrs. Muriel Frey, of San Francisco. Has any one knowledge of any other cat thus peculiar? My own white cat, Miss Frosty Evans of Philadelphia, has one blue and one green eye, and is attracting the attention of biologists. Men and women with one blue and one brown eye are not very uncommon, but the blue-and-green combination is excessively rare.

What every boy and girl does not know nowadays is not much.

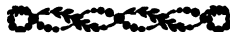
If you want to know how old you really look, glance at your contemporaries.

It is my intention to spend July, August, and September of this year in Europe. It will be impossible for me to answer letters. But I hope my correspondents will keep right on giving me information and telling me what they think. These letters are valuable to me, and often to the readers of this Magazine. Every letter will be received gratefully and preserved, whether it is addressed to New Haven, Conn., or in care of SCRIBNER'S.

I was fortunate enough in March to spend a week in my favorite hotel in my favorite town of Augusta, Ga. The

Conversation Club had important sessions; every morning we settled practically everything. Many of the old members of 1925 were there; though we sorely missed Walter Travis, and Sir Robert Borden surprised us by going to another hotel, which we hope he will never do again. The people of Augusta are worthy of their climate, and what higher compliment can be paid? And our hotel seems to have only charming and interesting guests. In our famous club this year were President Nicholas Murray Butler, Daniel Frohman, Charles Scribner, Colonel Cooper, Governor Durbin, Governor Lake, Louis Cheney, Cabot Morse, George Clapp, George Gray, George Crocker the "iron man," Harry Cole, Judge Henderson, Justice Thompson, Messrs. McCall and Waddell of Montreal, Mr. Booth and Mr. Farrand of Detroit, etc. Every morning we had a two-hour session, which if it proved nothing else, proved this: that one of the keenest pleasures on earth is good conversation.

Dear old Major Black, the splendid Confederate veteran, was too enfeebled by age to come to the hotel. But Dan Frohman and I called on him at his house, and received his benediction.



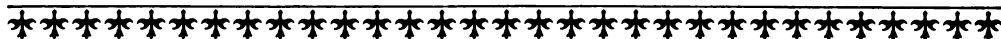
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THE FIELD OF ART

An Anniversary Reviving Interest in the Genius of Albrecht Dürer

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



ALBRECHT DÜRER was born at Nuremberg on May 21, 1471. He died at the same place on April 6, 1528. On the four hundredth anniversary of the latter date the citizens of his native town launched a series of celebrations which is proceeding as I write and will be continued for weeks. All summer, indeed, the traveller in Germany will be made aware of Dürer, for his works have been brought into the foreground and nothing has been left undone that might in one way or another revive the appeal of his genius. He is one of the most portentous figures in the national Walhalla. He is more than that. He belongs in the company of the universally accepted masters. He is a world classic. It is always worth while to dwell upon his traits and it is peculiarly so at a time like the present, when his countrymen are taking special pains to do him honor. For my own part I can ask no more delightful theme, for his art has been a passion of mine from my youth up.



I was lucky in my introduction to that art. I had known it more or less in the engravings, but back in the early 80's there fell into my hands the memorable work of Charles Ephrussi, *Albrecht Dürer et ses Dessins*, with its perfect plates. That book brought home to me the greatest of all the virtues of Dürer,

his consummate draftsmanship, and thenceforth I was sealed of the tribe of the Nuremberger. Prolonged study of his life and work has only deepened my feeling for him. There is, indeed, something curiously endearing about this great German. In his greatness he is still so human. Other dwellers on the Parnassus of art hold themselves aloof. He had his reserves, no doubt, but he mingled very sympathetically with his fellows, and an atmosphere of friendliness envelops his personality to this day. This, too, despite the gravity belonging to all the portraits that we have of him. There is something positively pontifical about the famous full-face at Munich, dated 1500, and even in earlier self-portraits, starting with the one in the Albertina that he drew when he was thirteen, he is nothing if not serious. And yet I feel his friendliness, the warmth of his nature, the qualities that made him the beloved companion of Willibald Pirckheimer and other jovial humanists of his day. I fancy it is just the sheer artist in him that accounts for this charm of his, that temperament which may be never so grave and yet will be on the side of freedom and intellectual adventure. He was patiently industrious if ever an artist was, and at the same time you are bound to think of him as a courageous, questing spirit. If he could obey routine, he could also make a decisive departure from it. The point comes out in one of those precious pas-



Albrecht Dürer.
From the portrait by himself at Madrid.



The Road to Calvary.
From the painting by Dürer in the Cook Collection, Richmond, England.



A Knight in Armor.

From the painting by Dürer in the Emery Collection, in the Cincinnati Museum.



Oswolt Krell.

From the painting by Dürer at Munich.



Paumgartner.

From the drawing by Dürer at Vienna.



Portrait of a Man.

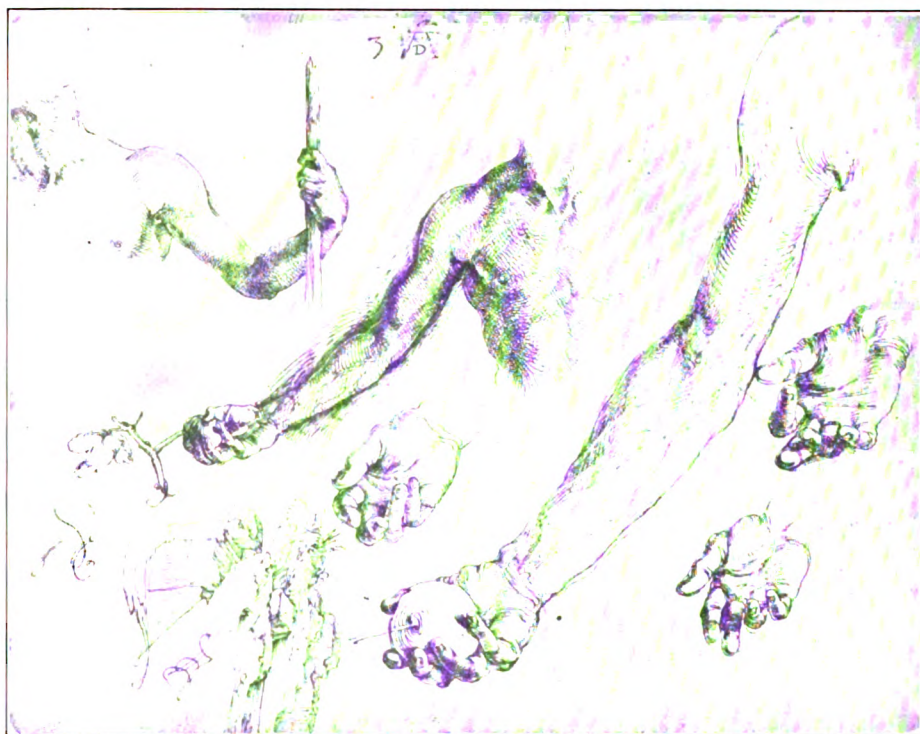
From the painting by Dürer, reproduced by courtesy of the Knoedler Gallery.



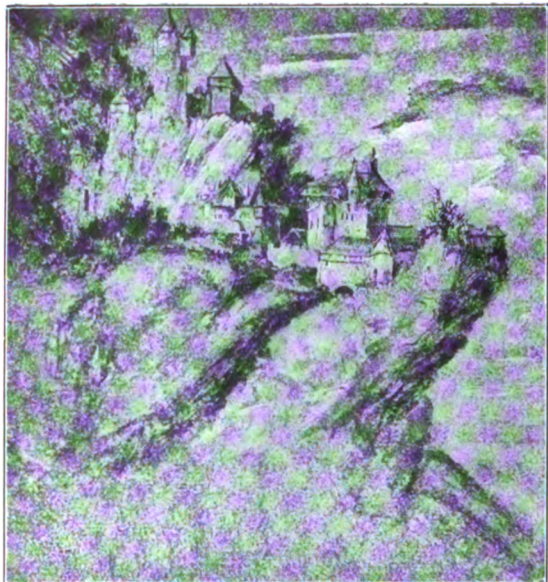
Apollo and Diana.
From the engraving by Dürer.



Adam and Eve.
From the drawing by Dürer in the Morgan Library.



Studies from the Adam and Eve.
From the drawing by Dürer in the British Museum.



An Italian Landscape.
From the drawing by Dürer.



Head of a Young Man.
From the drawing by Dürer, reproduced by courtesy
of the Knoedler Gallery.



Cherubim.
From the drawing by Dürer in the British Museum.

sages of self-revelation which we have from his pen:

This my dear Father was very careful with his children to bring them up in the fear of God; for it was his highest wish to train them well that they might be pleasing in the sight both of God and man. Wherefore his daily speech to us was that we should love God and deal truly with our neighbors. And my Father took special pleasure in me because he saw that I was diligent in striving to learn. So he sent me to school, and when I had learnt to read and write he took me away from it, and taught me the goldsmith's craft [which was the father's own]. But when I could work neatly my liking drew me rather to painting than to goldsmith's work, so I laid it before my Father; but he was not well pleased, regretting the time lost while I had been learning to be a goldsmith. Still he let it be as I wished, and in 1486 my Father bound me apprentice to Michael Wolgemut, to serve him three years long. During that time God gave me diligence so that I learnt well, but I had much to suffer from his lads.



I love those closing words, "I had much to suffer from his lads." Did they get a little bored by his excellent ways? Was there a trace of priggishness in him, the outcome of his amazing precocity? If the priggishness was there, we may be sure that it passed; else he would not have been the lovable young man that we have every reason to believe he was. Wolgemut taught him much in the ordinary way of his craft. Inborn genius did the rest. "When I had finished my learning," he says, "my Father sent me off, and I stayed away four years till he called me back again." Nobody knows precisely where he went. He saw a good deal of Germany, it is probable, and there is a chance that he went south. All that we know for certain is that on his return to Nuremberg he was married to Agnes Frey. The commentators are at a loss as

to what to say about that lady, suspecting that Pirkheimer may have said too much when he described her as a shrew, but they unite in ascribing to the time of his marriage the opening of his life as a responsible artist, presiding over a busy workshop. When he visits Venice about ten years later he is a recognized and much respected personage. "Giovanni Bellini," he records, "has highly praised me before many nobles. He wanted to have something of mine, and himself came to me and asked me to paint him something and he would pay well for it." When he was not hunting down gems for Pirkheimer he was haunting the studios. His soul was at peace in Venice and there he produced one of the most famous of his pictures, *The Feast of the Rose Garlands*, which the German merchants in Venice had commissioned him to paint for their place of meeting, the familiar *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*. When he went back to Nuremberg it was with greatly heightened prestige.

He became in due course the court painter of Emperor Maximilian. He was a famous man when he started for a year's journey in the Netherlands in the summer of 1520. I would like to follow him upon all these various movements of his, to trace in detail the incidents of his career down to the day of his death, but for that, obviously, a volume is required. And in any case I am impatient to get at the works. One of the best of all keys to them lies in the preface which Camerarius wrote for Dürer's *Four Books of Human Proportions*, the particular passage to which I refer being the one relating an incident between the master and Bellini:

Albrecht frankly admired and made much of all Bellini's works. Bellini also candidly expressed his admiration of various features of

Albrecht's skill and particularly the fineness and delicacy with which he drew hairs. It chanced one day that they were talking about art, and when their conversation was done Bellini said: "Will you be so kind, Albrecht, as to gratify a friend in a small matter?" "You shall soon see," says Albrecht, "if you will ask of me anything I can do for you." Then says Bellini: "I want you to make me a present of one of the brushes with which you draw hairs." Dürer at once produced several, just like other brushes, and, in fact, of the kind Bellini himself used, and told him to choose those he liked best, or to take them all if he would. But Bellini, thinking he was misunderstood, said: "No, I don't mean these, but the ones with which you draw several hairs with one stroke; they must be rather spread out and more divided; otherwise in a long sweep such regularity of curvature and distance could not be preserved." "I use no other than these," says Albrecht, "and to prove it you may watch me." Then, taking up one of the same brushes, he drew some very long wavy tresses, such as women generally wear, in the most regular order and symmetry. Bellini looked on wondering, and afterward confessed to many that no human being could have convinced him by report of the truth of that which he had seen with his own eyes.



Camerarius goes on to tell how Mantegna shared the curiosity of Bellini, and on his death-bed begged Dürer to come to him. He wanted to "fortify his [Albrecht's] facility and certainty of hand with scientific knowledge and principles." It tore Dürer's heart that he could not get to Mantua in time. But, if he had, it is doubtful if Mantegna could have added much to his manual certitude. There was already implicit in it an extraordinary fund of scientific feeling. Dürer was not only wont to keep his eye on the object but he always made a piercing study of it. Organic truth is at the bottom of his astounding draftsmanship.

It is as an Olympian draftsman that

he chiefly survives. Much more than the power of line was added unto him. He was a deeply religious man, with a rich tincture of the philosophic liberalism that came in with the Renaissance. He was profoundly reflective. He loved the subtleties of Pirkheimer's argumentative circle, and his devotional woodcuts show how energetically he entered into the thoughtful life of his time. But he would never have gained currency for any of his ideas if that fecund imagination of his had not had a miracle-working hand to interpret its urgings. He seems at one moment the very antithesis of everything merely disciplinary in art. "Love and delight therein," runs one of his maxims, "are better teachers of the art of painting than compulsion is." How he would have hated a crass academician! But, he says again, "if a man is to become a really great painter he must be educated thereto from his very earliest years," and you see not only the man of genius but the rigorously trained craftsman in the hero of that encounter with Bellini. It was because he had a masterful hand that he could draw those hairs with any brush.



It was, as I have already indicated, a precocious hand. He was a mere youth when he painted the great portrait of his father, yet in the searching definition of form it is one of his prime works. In portraiture, I may add, he is most convincingly the painter. Certain heads of his, the portraits of himself, the portraits of Oswolt Krell, Michael Wolgemut, Imhof, Holzschuher, and Jacob Müffel, are among the major monuments in the art. In them the excessive devotion to detail which hurts his pictures momentarily lapses. He sees the subject "in the large" and portrays

it with boldness and simplicity. It takes on a kind of sculpturesque dignity, something akin to grandeur. The painter's mood has always in these works a measure of austerity. It is as though he were veritably characterizing his sitter for all time, and, without any straining after effect, somehow had ennobled him.

In the pictures he has never seemed to me to be quite as much at ease as in the portraits. He carries on the narrative style of Wolgemut at too pedestrian a pace, builds up his scheme with an orderly sense of design but overdoes the detail. Criticism rejoices, and wisely, that he was not swept off his feet by Renaissance Italy. As Sir Martin Conway tersely puts it: "Dürer's German heart was true." That lordly picture, *The Feast of the Rose Garlands*, is a very different thing from an Italian altar-piece, and one must be glad of it, inasmuch as it therefore remains a purer expression of the master's genius. But that is not to say that it would not have been improved, as a composition, by an infusion of the Italian instinct for abstract, classical design. "The artist," said Whistler, "is known by what he omits." Dürer, the picture-maker, is known by what he does not omit, by the pressure upon his central motive of a pell-mell of figures whose individual traits distract the attention and in a way dislocate the unity of his main purpose. In the same way his resistance to Southern ideals tells in his conception of form, which rarely errs on the side of grace or charm. Just as he substituted a certain human, domestic sweetness for the mystical sentiment of the Italian school, so in his attitude toward form he brushed aside the preoccupation with the antique so characteristic of the Renaissance and looked, instead, at life as

it was lived about him. If he lost something thereby he gained more. The truth of life makes the central spring of his inspiration.

Being, as I have said, above all things an artist, he could not altogether escape the appeal of that sensuous quality in form which meant so much to his Italian colleagues. Now and then it unmistakably touches his art. There is a *Lucretia* of his at Munich which has something of the suave beauty of a Greek statue. Among the engravings his *Apollo* wears the truly statuesque beauty of the pagan tradition. But in that very plate the *Diana* seated at the feet of *Apollo* is a reminder of the artist's essentially German point of view. Dürer treated the nude in the sixteenth century somewhat as Rubens did in the seventeenth. He would make even a goddess look very like a *Hausfrau*. It is part of his Germanic make-up, part of his intense dedication to the truth. His nudes are rarely if ever lovely things. The female figure in *The Dream*, the types in the *Four Naked Women*, the prodigious winged apparition in the *Great Fortune*, are all redundant dames. In Italy the same models would have been translated into far more beautiful images. But they wouldn't have been kept truer, more eloquent of the pulsing energy of life—and they would never have been more powerfully drawn. Michael Angelo alone would have matched Dürer's sinewy line.

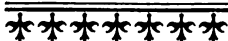


You come back to that in the engravings on metal or on wood, and in the drawings, with a sense of downright excitement—it is line so pure, so individual, and so glorious. A certain clean-cut, tense line is characteristic of the school in his epoch. He had partici-

pants in its genius both amongst his mature contemporaries and in his younger disciples. But no other German could quite bend his bow. No other craftsman in line anywhere has ever surpassed him in a kind of passionless sweep. There are portraits of his like the Paumgartner and the Varnbuler which can only be described as magnificent in their easy breadth. There are others, like the Man Ninety-three Years Old, or the Head of an Apostle, which are marked by an exquisiteness making us wonder again with Bellini how the miracle is worked. He makes a study for hands pressed together in prayer, the study for the hands of an apostle in the Assumption, and it seems as if delicacy could no further go, delicacy combined with a sublime sureness. What he could do when he was anatomizing form he could do, too, when he was occupied with purely decorative swirls. Witness the celebrated Coat of Arms, with a Cock. Line here takes endless turnings, but it never falters. There was, to be sure, no limit to the adaptability of his imperious technique. The same hand that could envisage the head of Erasmus with a stroke having positive grandeur in it could draw the form and fur of that Crouching Hare which is among the marvels in the Albertina.

He is scantily represented as a painter here in the United States. There are a couple of small religious subjects in the Metropolitan Museum. Colonel Friedsam has another. I have seen an interesting Knight in Armor in the Emery Collection, at Cincinnati. A notable Portrait of a Man passed through the hands of the Knoedlers not so long ago. But

the painted things form a restricted group. On the other hand, there are some fine drawings, notably the sheaf in the Morgan Library, and our private collectors have been royal purchasers of the prints. This is all to the good. The engravings take you to the very core of the artist, to his genius for line, to his genius for pure and noble draftsmanship. I say "noble" advisedly. To reflect on Dürer as he stands in the wide perspective of history, to study him as the peer of the great ones of earth, is to be deeply conscious of his elevation, of the steadfastly illumining accent which he placed upon everything that he created. He is a little puzzling where the concomitant of this loftiness, pure beauty, is concerned. Beauty never figured in his world as it did in that of either the intellectual Raphael or the sensuous Titian. If he dreamed dreams they were not dreams of marmoreal splendor or of romantic enchantment. The brooding woman of the Melancholia is an imaginative embodiment, yet you could say almost anything about her save that she was one of the Graces. There was more realism than poetry in Dürer. He sought truth rather than beauty as we commonly understand it. But he sought it nobly and that tells in his line, in the power it has, rising sometimes to majesty. His was, in short, the beauty of perfect craftsmanship. It is enough for him to put forth his technical strength to thrill you. It is enough for him to draw, to outline a nude, to delineate an animal, to note the fall of a drapery or some episode in landscape. Then, straightway, in his mere touch, you feel the gesture of a great artist.



A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.

"Seven Days Whipping"

(Continued from page 726 of this number)

merely exclaimed, "Oh! I'm sorry," and had told Cassie to bring him a fresh napkin. Cassie had stamped across the floor toward him like a grenadier, plainly annoyed at his carelessness. The sounds had not repeated themselves, or, if they had, they were lost in the general rattling and banging of the storm.

With dessert Margaret said that she would like some sherry. He still had a little, keeping it carefully locked up and serving it only to her. The keys were in his pocket. The cabinet in which the wine was kept was in the library. Absurdly he found himself asking Margaret's permission to go and get it as if he were a soldier asking permission of his officer to leave his post.

Margaret answered him brightly. "Of course you may," she said. "Bring a glass for yourself."

Again he suspected her of bringing a hidden meaning into her words, as if she were suggesting that the wine might hearten him. She knew that ordinarily he did not drink. He answered her stiffly, ashamed of his irritation: "No, not to-night."

The library was dark when he entered it. The huge table against the wall, piled high with his books, loomed across the space intervening between himself and the door. The windows were gray with the sleet, tinkling with sound. The room was very cold. The cabinet was concealed in the wainscoting at the end of the room, just beyond the shoulder of the fireplace.

He felt hesitancy about putting on the lights. One, he thought, would be sufficient. He lit the lamp upon the table. Thereafter he went to the cabinet. His hands, he knew, were trembling. He had difficulty in picking out the key and fitting it into the lock. This was absurd, but, try as he would, he could not control the trembling of his fingers. He selected a bottle, dust-covered and amber. There were, he saw, only a few bottles left. He dusted the neck of the bottle with his handkerchief, put it down upon the table. He returned to the cabinet for a corkscrew. As he searched for it he heard a sound, unmistak-

ble, horrifying—the scratching of a hand against the screen of the window facing upon the courtyard. Like a flash he turned, perceived the face of the Indian, which had been flattened against the screen, now dropping out of sight. An exclamation—he did not know what—burst from his lips. At the same instant he hurled at the screen the first object upon which his fingers closed, a small glass tray kept in the cabinet for corks. This crashed against the window and broke upon the floor. For an instant he stood trembling with surprise and fright.

Margaret, plainly alarmed, called to him: "Stawell! What was that?"

Without any exercise of conscious thought, he replied to her: "Nothing. I dropped the tray. I'm afraid I cut my hand."

He heard her get to her feet with an exclamation of dismay. He seized the bottle and went to the dining-room, meeting her at the door.

"Let me see it," she said, referring to his hand.

"I was mistaken," La Place answered. "It didn't cut me."

He seated her again at the table and turned his back to her as he selected a glass from the china-closet. In this small interval it was necessary for him to compose himself. The task was a difficult one. He was suffering, he knew, from shock precisely as might a soldier who has received a wound. None the less he assured himself that his nervousness would be gone in a moment or two, that in the brief seconds allowed him he could get his nerves under complete control. It was absolutely necessary that he do this. He felt as if he were supporting a dike against a raging stream. He must remain assured, calm, if he was to master the situation.

He heard Margaret say: "Those are the ones. The little ones on your right."

Automatically he selected a glass. The bowl was shaped like the corolla of a flower set upon a long, straight stem. In his haste he engaged its side with the one next to it, imperilling the entire row. He placed the glass

upon the sideboard. The corkscrew recurred to his mind. It was necessary that he secure it. With obvious gestures he felt for it in the pockets of his dinner-coat, then remarked as easily as he could: "Oh, I've forgotten it." Thereafter he went out into the hall, glancing back as he did so. Margaret was sitting quietly at the table; Cassie had left the room.

Without conscious volition this time he moved down the hall toward the rear door. The door was precisely as he had left it, the lock plain in the interstice between the door and the frame, the bolt shot and held in its heavy iron band. Of course everything was unchanged. Did he expect this savage to have some means of walking through solid oak or stone? Outside that barrier was the man himself. He had only to go out to face him, to ascertain the madness that actuated him. On the other hand, Margaret would hear the door open, would certainly call to him to find out what he was doing. It was absurd to suppose that any sane man would walk out of his house upon a night like this. For a moment he hesitated. A glance, however, at the floor beside the door-jamb determined him. Here was a small aperture caused by the door's swelling, and through it had been driven water enough to wet the floor and to streak the wax with mud. The wind roared around the side wall, driving cold air about his knees. If he went out, he would be soaked to the skin in an instant. Margaret would think him mad.

He went into the library and, putting on all the lights, continued his search for the corkscrew. He found it at once, met no interruption. He went to the farther window—the one at which the Indian had appeared—and looked out. The light behind him threw a yellow rectangle upon the gravel of the yard. No figure stood there. The stone step was clear. The man, if he was still about, had withdrawn again to the darkness of the garden. Doubtless he was crouching again beside the mulberry-trees, consumed by the same enigmatic purpose. A glance through the other window showed him nothing more. The panes were clogged with melting sleet which slid gently down toward the sill. Through this the light barely penetrated. He received only the impression of the bitterness of the storm, the sweep of the wind down the hill. The chaos of emotion that con-

sumed him rendered him almost incapable of thought. None the less he found himself persistent host to a feeling that frightened him more than did contemplation of the circumstances that surrounded him of his growing hatred of this stark savage outside of the house. Desperately he tried to put it from him, but he could not. . . . The revolver was in his drawer, *loaded*. The grip had slipped comfortably into his hand. If he took away the handkerchief with which he had covered it, slipped it into his pocket . . . *He wanted none of that!* That was the last thing that he desired. Suddenly he realized that he did not dare take possession of the revolver. A phrase of his thought recurred to him. *The last thing*. That was it. It would be the last thing. For a time he remained motionless, lost in the image that his mind evoked. . . .

Returning to the dining-room, he poured the wine into Margaret's glass, set it at her elbow. He noticed that she had drawn the shawl more tightly about her shoulders, was shivering as if with cold. Cassie had come back into the room and had taken her place by the door. In her hands she still held the silver serving-tray. She was looking at Margaret closely. He saw that Margaret had grown pale, seemed to have shrunk in upon herself, was smaller, infinitely more frail. She put her elbows upon the table, bent her body forward.

Suddenly he spoke with a whip-lash viciousness that startled him. "Cassie! Put that *damned* tray down!"

The maid jumped with surprise, for an instant hesitated as if she were about to turn and flee, then stood firm. The tray trembled in her large red hands. As suddenly as before Margaret's mood changed. A short, dry sob shook her. This she tried to turn to a cough, finally smiled. La Place noticed that she left her wine untouched. She turned to him and tried to smooth away his apprehension.

"I'm quite all right, Stawell," she said. "Let's go into the other room for coffee. Cassie'll bring it there."

She rose to her feet—with difficulty La Place thought—and, avoiding his arm, walked through the door. La Place and the maid watched her as one might watch the first steps of a person who has been ill in bed for months, followed closely behind her lest

she fall. She reached the living-room and sat down upon the sofa. She held herself erect, rigid, though with visible effort. La Place thought her pitiable.

He brought to her feet the small table upon which the coffee-service was always placed. Cassie claimed his attention. She had taken her stand in the hall and was now hissing at him as if she were a great gander. He knew that she had adopted this discreet method of informing him that she wished to speak to him. He went to her as quickly as he could. The maid spoke to him, making an effort to lower her harsh, strong voice.

“You must get ready, Mr. Stawell,” she said earnestly. “It won’t be long now.”

La Place felt such a sinking of his heart as he had never experienced before. His very breath, he thought, was thrust out of his body.

“How long, Cassie, do you think it will be?” he asked.

The maid said: “It won’t do to trouble her now. Let her enjoy herself while she can. She’ll be strange, though.”

With this enigmatic speech she turned and went to the kitchen, returning in a few minutes with the coffee. This La Place poured, both for Margaret and himself.

Margaret placed the cup upon her lap. La Place sat just beyond her. For a time all other circumstances were driven from his mind. He forgot the Indian and the storm, thought only of her. Her color seemed to be returning. She was apparently more at ease. Curious, he thought, how she possessed the power to translate her personality into the movement of her spoon. The motion was slight, given only with her finger-tips. Even this movement was arrested from time to time. Into it, however, went all the elements of her character—her strength, her forced tranquillity, her poise, and her pleasure. The light was strong at her back. La Place suddenly thought of her as of iron, an iron maiden, with burnished, living hair.

The room was cold. In a few minutes she asked for a fire. Wood had been laid upon the fireplace, but this was soaked with rain. The paper beneath it was dry. He knelt down to arrange it so that a draft might be forced through the wood. The wind was strong in the chimney. The rain seemed less. He no longer heard it beating against the windows.

He might see if the telephone was working. This would require an excuse. He did not desire to inform Margaret of his anxiety concerning her condition. “I can call the county building,” he thought. He would ask some trivial question as to whether his office door was locked or not. He went to the telephone and rang it. The bell jangled discordantly down the hall; the tintillation reverberated in his ears. There was no response. Again and again he rang, each time more desperately, with increasing frenzy. There was a brittle crackling upon the wires, the multiplied cacophony of the storm. He said to himself, to keep up his courage: “The line will be back shortly. I need not be afraid of that.”

In his heart he knew that this was not true. None the less he was unable to work out any plan. Should he drive now to the Mahlens’ and summon the nurse and doctor—or should he wait? The Mahlens’ telephone also might be out of order. It would be safest—if he was to drive at all—to go to the nearest telephone upon the city exchange. That would be at the Whites’, nearly three miles away. It might take him an hour to go there, call, and come back. Was the necessity as pressing as that? This event, the very contemplation of which alarmed him so, might not take place to-night, or even to-morrow, or upon the following day. Margaret seemed little disturbed. Cassie’s speech might well be discounted; she really could know very little about such matters. He felt hesitancy in summoning the maid to ask her exactly what she had had in mind. But it would not take the doctor half an hour to get to Rivervale after the call had been made. To bring him out for nothing would surely disturb Margaret.

He said to himself: “I’m afraid of that savage outside. That’s the reason I don’t want to go out, don’t want to do the things I should. *I ought to be killed for my cowardice!*”

Yet was this really the reason that detained him? It was pleasant to sit at Margaret’s feet, talk to her, hear her voice beyond the shadows of the hall. In her chair, her delicate hands at rest, she typified for him his entire life, all that he found restful, pleasant, civilizing. This hour was an interlude spaced between impinging events which might destroy them both. It would be shameful to tear

it apart needlessly. It was an hour that both of them might remember for the remainder of their lives, a time so poignant with their mutual affection that he was powerless to break through the strong, smooth current of it.

He went again to the windows, gazed out with such intensity that he might well have hoped to penetrate the darkness of the night. The storm was visibly slackening. The sleet had largely ceased. The rain persisted, but a fog, rolling up from the river, now cloaked the land. It seemed to color the very air beyond the windows, rendering it opaque, dull. The rose-trellis nearest the house loomed out of the mist so disguised in shape that he was scarcely able to recognize it. The garden, upon ground lower than the house, had disappeared in a lake of gray. There was no sign of the Indian or of the deer. The intruder lurked somewhere in the gently drifting pall. Of this La Place had no doubt. It seemed that he could sense his presence, vague, menacing, a barbaric overtone in the moving blanket of the fog. On such a night as this the savage must recall, crouching in the darkness, unheard-of trails over which he had coursed, must dream of the strange kill that he had made this day. Was the man real? Was he not in fact an evocation of the primitive which had arisen with the storm out of the hills and valleys of this land, a symbol which he, La Place, in his ignorance, his civilization, could not decipher? Was he not a challenge to all that he, La Place, represented? No. It would be unwise to treat him as a chimera. The man was animated by a purpose. La Place could not dream what it might be. The face at the window had been horrible. His gorge rose at the memory of it. Yet that face had had about it a suggestiveness, a quality of pain, which at the time, in his own fright, had escaped him. What could this person desire? Was there destruction beneath his finger-tips, the blind cruelty which had destroyed the deer! The thought was horrible! He did not dare leave Margaret unprotected in the house. Why would not the fellow take himself off—bear his incredible burden away with him? Was this grotesque drama to go on forever?

Quite suddenly he came to a conclusion. He would see this man now, bring the matter to a head, force his purpose out of him. This

might require only a few minutes. At any rate he was now pitched to the task. Strangely, to do this now seemed simpler than all that had gone before. He had only to put his own body into the darkness, make himself one with the night. There came to him a feeling which he had never experienced before. He could be as much at home in darkness as any other man, as capable of destruction. He retained no fear.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly ten o'clock. Dinner must have taken an hour. He placed his watch and chain upon the table beside the door. There was no need to put temptation in the way of this savage. He decided not to put on a hat or coat. He would get wet. This morning he would not have gone out in weather like this unless he was protected, muffled from feet to head. He would, however, take a stick. It would aid him—in walking.

He slipped into the darkness as one might slip into a pool of black water. The house represented the pool's brink. The land was like a land beneath the sea, into which the lights from the house penetrated but dimly. The fog was a drifting gray pall under whose magic the earth and all that there was on it suffered change. It seemed to clog his very movements, to muffle the sound of his footsteps upon the gravel. He felt himself to be treading a maze of darkness and of mist.

He had not progressed twenty feet before he was fully aware of the futility of attempting to go forward with a light. The fog was cold on his face. The air was wringing wet. Well as he knew the land which his feet trod, none the less he became confused as to directions. He blundered into the line of bushes at the road's edge, heard his feet crunch again upon the gravel. He was searching for the garden's entrance, which lay in a break in the hedge. Beyond was the line of mulberry-trees beside which the Indian had crouched. His stick was of some aid to him here. He kept it pointed before him like a sword thrust into the darkness. Suddenly he was brought to his knees by falling across the line of stones at the garden's side. In a few more steps, unwittingly, he would have plunged down the steep decline and into the garden itself. His course had become completely twisted.

He righted himself with difficulty. The

lights upon the west side of the house were just visible. He set his path by these, turning more to the right. As he felt his way along he endeavored to think out a plan of campaign, to make sure of what he would do and say when he came upon the Indian. In this he was unsuccessful. The search had taken on the semblance of a hunt. It excited him as such, sent the blood coursing through his body. He was glad to be out in the open at last, seeking his enemy in primitive darkness. He would like to feel his hands at this savage's throat, to draw blood from him. His timidity was decreasing with every step. He felt like a man set free.

From the horizon came a deep roll of thunder. It sounded like the beating of a drum. The sound was ominous, oppressive, though it indicated that the storm was almost at an end. In some fashion it discharged his mood. He felt suddenly alone, lost in the darkness. Whereas before he sought the Indian with the surety of a hunter's instinct, now only with difficulty could he restrain his impulse to flee to the house. His determination persisted. "I shall keep on until I find him," he thought.

He found that he had nearly circled the garden. Beyond loomed the small spring-house, seemingly so completely a part of the fog that he nearly walked into it. Farther on the land began its long slope toward the river. At the spring-house he turned, endeavoring to get back into the garden, to the line of mulberry-trees. He felt as if an hour had passed since he had left the house. The tread of his feet caused a rattling in the gravel. He punched at the darkness with his stick.

Quite suddenly he came upon the deer. He was aware of it first as a darker blotch upon the darkness of the ground. The thought flashed through his mind, anticipation preceding actual vision: "That's it. *There it is now!*" He struggled with a revulsion, an almost overwhelming desire to turn and run. He mastered the feeling with difficulty. The Indian could not be far away.

The deer lay upon the grass. Its size was exaggerated in the fog. Bending close to it, he perceived that it was exactly arranged and that its legs had been trussed together with heavy twine. It was as if it had been prepared for market. This had been done, he knew, since he had seen it last. The purpose

of it mystified him. Was it possible that the Indian had prepared the deer for sale? It offered a ready solution of the whole problem. He had only to buy the carcass and thereafter dismiss the fellow from his land.

The deer's head was thrust down as if the blood might more readily drain from the throat. The entrails had not been removed. La Place poked at the carcass with the point of his cane. Lost as he was in the darkness, emotionally distraught, nevertheless he thought that he had never seen a more singular picture. A dead deer, trussed and ready for sale in his garden, himself bending over it! Stolen or not, he would buy the animal in an instant if that was the purpose of the savage who had brought it. What a fool, what an incredible fool, he had been to so excite himself about this triviality! Where was the fellow, however?

Beyond loomed the trees. He, La Place, was in a corner of the garden. He had planted heavily here. The hedge and the bushes beneath it surrounded him. A man readily might reach out of the darkness and put a hand about his throat. An instinct, surviving his sudden optimism, warned him. Perhaps his solution of the mystery was specious, easy. None the less he felt that all the circumstances fitted it. There was a rustling in the bushes behind him, a faint brushing as if something had passed through them. He turned quickly. There was nothing in sight. All sound had ceased. There came to his consciousness the feeling that he was being watched. Eyes seemed to be upon his back. When he turned the feeling persisted. It was as if the Indian was staring at him from the darkness, fixedly, ominously. He attempted to persuade himself that this was a trick of his imagination, but failed. The man was before him, though utterly invisible. La Place shuddered. "I might touch him with my hand," he thought. He was again aware of a fixed, indomitable purpose which struck through the darkness at him. The man was just before him, staring him down.

The feeling augmented itself, became eerie, uncanny. La Place felt that he could endure it no longer, that he himself was hunted, was receiving the arrows of this glance in his breast. It was, he felt, as if he were being watched by a wild beast, infinitely quick in the darkness, turning as he turned, alive to

his every movement. His throat was dry. He found that he was trying to make no sound, to restrict even the sibilancy of his breathing. For an instant he thought of calling out to this unseen brute. The words, however, would not issue from his throat. He was like a man enmeshed in the toils of a nightmare, a fantastic dream in which time and motion are lost.

The fog rolled up in ever-increasing banks. His wet coat clung to his shoulders. Many minutes had passed since he had left the house. Margaret would begin to worry about him. She had heard him go out. Doubtless she already thought him lost in the storm. He felt that he must break the enchantment that bound him, bring this incredible fantasy to an end as he had planned.

Against his desire he took a quick step forward. Then another and another. As he did so, he heard with unmistakable clarity the rustling passage of the Indian's body through the underbrush. As La Place advanced, the man retreated, swiftly, surely, as though he could see in the darkness. La Place felt always that the intruder's steady gaze never left his face, that he walked into it as into the pull of a magnet. Minutes passed in this fantastic chase. The Indian never permitted himself to be driven into a corner. The pursuit led through the garden, moved back again toward the line of trees, passed across the flower-beds that lay at the garden's foot. La Place felt the mud gather beneath the arches of his pumps, tore his hands upon the thorns of the rose-bushes. He struggled endlessly through the confines of the garden. Twice the chase led past the carcass of the deer.

He stopped at last by the wooden sun-dial in the garden's centre. From this point he was able to see the lights of the house. He felt himself bound upon some dreadful wheel which, turning, compelled him to follow it. The pursuit had been strenuous. He was panting, soaked to the skin. He paused to catch his breath. Suddenly he found himself talking to himself as one reasonable human being might talk to another. This was all impossible, he heard himself say, and he could endure no more of it. It must come to an end at some time. Why not at once? Suddenly he cried out: "Where are you! Oh, where are you!" Again and again he repeated this.

From the first he was aware that he was to receive an answer. None the less he was almost unable to control his emotion when he perceived the Indian appear just beyond the hedge which brought the vista of the garden down to the sun-dial. He felt as if his words had conjured up the Indian, that the man was a primitive spirit evoked by himself out of the abyss of universal darkness.

He called again: "Come here! Come here at once!" The speech and his manner, he knew, were absurdly those of a nurse summoning a recalcitrant child from a garden where it is at play. The man, he felt, hesitated, seemed for an instant to be upon the point of turning back into the darkness. The outline of his body was hazy, indistinct in the mist, yet La Place received a startling conception of his height and bulk. He loomed through the darkness like a giant. The carcass of the deer lay between La Place and himself. The Indian reached it in a single stride. His movements were too swift and sure for La Place to be able clearly to follow them. At the deer, however, his certainty seemed to come to an end. He looked hesitantly toward La Place, through whose mind swiftly ran the thought: "He's coming. He's coming now! I must be ready for him." Thereafter he, the Indian, picked up the deer and marched steadily toward La Place.

His progression was in fact described by the word "march." La Place, after having condemned a man, had seen the prisoner walk out of the court-room in just such a manner, defiantly, desperately. Said La Place to himself: "This fellow is afraid—as afraid as I am. But he's desperate, none the less. He retains some desperate hope. But what can it be?" The Indian paused about six feet from him, put down the deer with the same odd gesture of offering it to La Place. Then he stood erect. He did not fold his arms, but kept them at his sides. About him was an air of dignity which, under the circumstances, La Place found ridiculous. He perceived that the man's clothing was soaking wet, that his hands and arms were caked with mud. About him there was little of the magnificent savage, nothing of the primitive. He seemed tired, distraught.

A revulsion of feeling swept over La Place. Anger at what he deemed to be his own cowardice, the incredible fancies with which

he had harassed himself. This man was a man like himself, soaked with the same rain which had drenched him, subject to fear and despair as he had been. The Indian's very desperation was human, understandable, though its cause was not. The fellow might be a scoundrel, but he had seen many such. La Place was aware that his judgment had been wrong. The man had not killed the deer and brought it here to sell it. The deer was connected with some subtle purpose not made plain as yet. It was necessary, La Place thought, to ascertain what that purpose was. His questions were forming themselves in his mind. He would ask them. Despite himself, he found himself making use of the familiar interrogatories of a court.

“What is your name?”

The question, once propounded, seemed to hang upon the air. The Indian, by some obscure process, became more aloof, distant. He drew himself up. He seemed physically to elude the question, to disdain it. La Place persisted.

“What is your name?”

This time the Indian answered him, seeming to gather force as he did so. It was as if he had been afraid to speak before.

“Em. 'Em calls me *Seven Days Whipping*.”

“You mean that is your name?”

“Yes. My name.”

Singularly, La Place was concerned with the night. The fog seemed to be clearing. The rain had stopped. He observed these facts with some *alter ego* not concerned with the present situation. What in the world did this fantastic creature mean?

“What are you doing here?”

The man took a sudden step forward. Even in the darkness he seemed to take on an aspect of rage, quivering and intense. It was as if La Place's words, seemingly innocent, had called forth the savage which he had formerly feared. The transformation was sudden, incalculable. To La Place an abyss of savagery seemed to open at his feet. He had never heard such anger in a human voice.

“My father!”

Despite himself La Place took a step back, braced himself as if from shock. The Indian's voice possessed a strange, wild timbre welling up in the darkness. Thought La Place: “What does he mean?” The Indian

remained motionless, seemingly waiting for La Place to answer him.

“Your father is not here.”

“Not here?” Quite suddenly the tone of the man's voice seemed despairing. He hesitated as if he were about to turn back into the darkness. Then, gathering his preposterous dignity about him, he spoke again. His anger seemingly had disappeared. There remained the same sombre purpose. His voice was almost pleading when he spoke.

“I know. Not here. *There! You here.*”

To La Place the words sounded mad, incredible, some fantastic shibboleth which this creature persisted in presenting to him—as mad as the fact of the dead deer which lay at his feet. None the less this scene must be terminated. He found himself pushing the darkness from him. The night was accursed. The fog was a moving pall which obscured all, wiped out every landmark to which he might hold. Every issue was lost in it, as were himself and this incredible savage that stood before him. He must bring this dreadful matter to an end.

“What do you mean?”

The question hung for an instant in the darkness, dissolved, and was lost in the night. To it the Indian gave no heed, seemed not to have heard it. He remained motionless beside the deer. His head was down. His glance seemed to be directed upon the ground. To La Place came a sense of the mystery of the scene, of the primordial hate and fear this man evoked in him. In this scene, detached from the world, the Indian and himself seemed part of some primeval motivation. This feeling, fantastic as La Place felt it to be, persisted. Determinedly he thrust it from him. Time was being wasted. He must return to the house before Margaret became alarmed at his absence. What must ascertain that? He must force his purpose from him. His own fear was nothing. Margaret alone should count.

“Answer me!” he shouted.

The Indian remained as before. La Place could discern no difference in his manner. The line of the bushes formed a wall at the rear of his body. His head and shoulders were clear above them. Thought La Place suddenly: “The fellow is a giant. He could break me into bits. I must get rid of him—*now!*”

He shouted again: "Answer me!"

He could not quite follow the Indian's movements. The fellow seemed to stoop. La Place saw him pick up the deer. He thought: "He is going now. He's going!" The man, however, swung the deer from the ground by its fettered legs. The movement was easy, graceful, but full of purpose. With a prickling of his scalp La Place divined his purpose. The Indian intended to put the deer and his own body between La Place and the house, to form a kind of dreadful barricade. The man now moved to the other side of the sun-dial, squarely barring the path. He put down the carcass of the deer and stood behind it.

His voice was pleading as he spoke, yet retained the same odd dignity.

"Take the deer, plees," he said. "You take it, *now!*"

La Place regarded him with horror.

"No!" he shouted. "No. I will not. Take it away! I've seen enough of you . . . enough of you . . .!"

His fear increased. This fellow was attempting to bar his way back to his house? He should be killed, shot and killed. What incredible folly had possessed him to come out without his revolver? There was nothing to do but put his position to the test at once. He could not bear to wait. His feet seemed heavy as he moved. His legs were like lead. He was, he knew, taking part in a persistent nightmare. He found himself upon the outside of the sun-dial. Momentarily he expected to feel the Indian's body against his own, to withstand the weight of his attack. Steadily, he moved toward the house. The Indian, he knew, was at his heels. He heard the brush of his feet upon the grass, the sound of his panting. The man was carrying the deer after him. To him again came the Indian's voice, supplicating, pleading.

"Take the deer. Plees take the deer!"

It was unbelievable, part of a fantastic and evil dream, a fearful madness that never came to an end. The gravel of the drive between the house and the garage surprised him when his feet came upon it. For some reason which he could not decipher, he had expected all to be changed. The lights in the house were plainly visible now. He was rounding the L of the wing. He heard the Indian's voice, the sound of his feet upon the gravel.

"Take the deer. Plees to take the deer!"

This was madness! Could any man put bounds to it, endure this phantom of the night! Why should he take the deer? The very thought was revolting, hideous. He was running, he felt, running away from a communicable madness. The Indian with the deer was at his back. He was, he knew, surcharged with a primitive fear, with primitive hate, with a blind and bitter rage. Surely, if he could kill this fellow he would do so. The revolver was within the drawer of the bureau where he had left it. He would be swift to get it into his hands. The feel of the steel stock was quick within his palm. But two thoughts troubled him. Could he sight the revolver in the darkness? How near to this man would he be forced to get if he was to shoot to kill!

He was now directly outside the rear door of the house—the door from which he had emerged. The library window threw an oblong of light upon the sill. The night was behind him. The fog was rising densely from the river, which now roared in full flood around the hill. The rain, he saw, had almost ceased.

The Indian was at his heels, still bearing the deer in his arms. The light from the library fell upon his face. La Place, turning for an instant, saw his lips move. What was it the fellow was saying now? What could he desire?

"For my father. My father! Plees to take the deer!"

Unconquerable and grotesque madness! Would supplication turn again to rage? Would this savage batter down the door after he had closed and bolted it? With a final glance behind him La Place fled into the house. His movements were quick, sliding. The door slammed to. He shot the bolt home. For an instant he paused to listen. Certainly there was movement beyond the sill, a sound like a carcass being dragged across the gravel. Did this mean that the deer had again been laid upon the sill, a continuation of the same inexplicable offering? He suddenly realized that his body, his clothes, were wringing, dripping wet. His hands were trembling as though an ague had seized him. In his flight he found that he had dropped his stick. It would not do for Margaret to see him in such a state as this.

The light above his head glared in his eyes,

partially blinding him. Turning, some instinct warning him, he perceived that Margaret was standing in the library door. She was, he knew, looking directly at him. Half blinded by the light, unable to see her clearly, he none the less had the feeling, as fantastic as any that had preceded it, that she was not aware of his presence, that she too was lost, hopeless, tortured. She turned and disappeared into the library.

The house, he thought, was very still. There was no sound but the distant roaring of the river; the splashing of rain from the eaves had died away. Suddenly he heard the tread of feet in the hall above his head. The footsteps he recognized as those of Cissie and Cassie. He heard the maids enter the room at the head of the stairs, Margaret's room. There was vibrant whispering, the sound of quick movements, of a bed being torn apart. The meaning of this was plain. Ordinarily Cassie did the beds. That both the sisters were at work and with such staccato quickness presaged but one event. He must deem Margaret's hour to be at hand.

The realization brought such chill to his heart that he could scarcely breathe. The hour was at hand and he was not ready for it. Spiritually he felt that he could never make himself ready for such a time as this. Margaret and himself, he felt, were too old for such a labor. If he could have set the clock back an hour, a day, a year, he would have done so. There came to him the belief that life was a brief history struck upon chalk; time and event, but little more. The thought of the trespasser outside his door was withdrawn into some inner recess of his mind where it became as cold as ice. Some portion of his subconsciousness had arisen to engulf it, was at work upon it. His fear, his anger, his anguish—in that regard had come to an end. For the first time he was aware that where Margaret was concerned, he would meet this savage with instinctive and effectual action.

This feeling gave him ease, effectiveness, physical sufficiency. His mind, he felt, had become frigidly clear; yet he was aware that his hands, his face, his body burned. Certain functions of his nerves seemed suspended. His feet, for example, did not seem to be upon the floor. He retained no feeling of the wetness of his clothing. He found that he

regarded the savage with the deer precisely as he regarded the storm, the fog—as a physical fact which must be met. That he retained for the man an abiding, bitter hatred and disgust seemed lost in the far side of his mind. Only in regard to Margaret, he felt, did his feelings remain clear, poignant, and normal. He did, he thought, clearly envisage the position in which she was placed. He must act at once. All his hesitancy had disappeared.

He now heard Cassie and Cissie at work in the room adjoining Margaret's. He was aware of the movement of their feet upon the floor. They had opened, he thought, the linen-closet and were engaged in carrying articles from it. He heard their agitated whispering, once the sound of tearing linen. He heard Cassie say: “That's all now. Where's the master?” From the library where Margaret was came no sound. She might be lying down in one of the long chairs, asleep—dead.

He was never quite aware as to how he entered the library. Later he found that he had no recollection of walking through the door. The room was a large one. A fire burned brightly in the great fireplace that faced the east. Doubtless Cassie had lighted it. The room itself was as bright as day. Margaret, as if she felt the approach of a dreadful darkness, had turned on every light, even the two great bulbs which he kept over his working table. To his surprise she was not lying down. She stood erect at the large table, her back to him, slowly turning the pages of a large illustrated book. Her appearance shocked him. The few minutes since he had seen her last seemed to have added years to her age. She did not look up as he appeared, but continued, slowly, steadily, to turn the pages. The movement possessed a machine-like precision, a sort of iron stoicism which touched him more poignantly than all which had gone before. She seemed to be afraid to look at him, afraid to move, afraid even to breathe. She gave no heed to him.

The room seemed imbued with a quality of silence which he felt himself unable to endure. The walls were yellow, very bright from the lamps. All surfaces within the walls seemed flat, unrelieved by shadow. The silence persisted, broken only by the occasional crackling of the fire and the rustling of the pages of the book as they were turned.

La Place went to the end of the table.

From this position he was enabled to see her face. From her eyes, her mouth, all expression had been wiped away. He noticed that her hands were trembling slightly. It was as if her whole body were touched with a sullen, growing misery. This, rather than agony, was the word which came to his mind. Apparently she was forced to endure it as one would have to endure an injury to a hand or an arm. He could not perceive this pain augment itself, yet was aware that it did, even as he looked upon it. To his mind returned the same sense of guilt that he had previously experienced, and with it, redoubled, came the feeling of loss of control of time. Time would never come to an end. Margaret and he would be suspended in it everlastingly while her misery endured.

Her face was as white as the lace at her sleeves. Her slender wrists were pallid, seemingly infinitely fragile. The book which she had upon the table before her was a collection of Gower's hunting-prints. Apparently she had picked it at random from the bookcase. It was not such a book as ordinarily would have interested her. He could perceive the plates, recognized them as she turned the pages—"The Meet," "Dragging," "A Lost Line," "The High Fence." All were of the field. One final picture caught his emotion—"Home at Noon." The word home had seemed to him always to be singularly moving, singularly poetic. One came *home*, work and fear done, to rest, to sleep, perhaps to die. Poor Margaret! Was time at an end for her too? Where did she in fact count her home to be? Here at Rivervale she had always seemed lightly bound, slightly held. Did she feel herself a part of this land, content, if she must, to lie fallow here as fallen grain must lie? Did she feel, as he did, that the land, the coolness of the evening, the very fireflies dancing in the dark, were hers, part of herself? Looking back upon the years that they had lived together, he found himself, as always, uncertain of what lay behind her reticences, her quietude.

Looking at her he perceived that her eyes were full of tears, which she made no effort to conceal. She was looking fairly at him now. He had, he felt, a complete realization of what his appearance must be, soaked with rain, bedraggled, plainly afraid. She gave no sign of surprise, however. Was she, he wondered, fully conscious of his presence? Her gaze seemed to go past him, to fasten itself with reflection upon some object which he could not see. When she spoke it was quite sudden, taking La Place completely by surprise.

"Stawell," she said, "I feel here." She pointed to her breast. "If anything happens you are to go on. *You are to go on!* You hear!" Her tone was peremptory, more so than any which he had ever heard her use. The sentences and words were short, clipped. She indicated her book.

"Put it back, please," she said. "I think I shall go up and go to bed." She spoke now with an elaborate casualness, never mentioning that subject which was uppermost in both their minds. The tears in her eyes, however, were increasing. In proportion to them, La Place thought, so her pain increased.

Despite her declaration, she made no immediate effort to go up-stairs. Her hands wandered across the table, picking up small objects, putting them back into place. The motions were quick, dexterous, yet highly nervous. La Place felt himself to be upon the verge of some spoken absurdity. The scene held him rigid, appalled. She pushed away the objects beneath her hands, moved toward the stairs. Thought La Place strangely: "I have nothing to add to this—nothing!" At the lower newel post she paused and waited for him to come up. He perceived the face of Cassie looking down at them. The maid's face was pale, her eyes wide, but none the less she seemed in control of herself and of the situation. She addressed him by his Christian name, but under the circumstances he did not find this odd. "Bring her here, Stawell," she said. "We'll put her to bed. You get the doctor at once."

(To be concluded in the July number.)

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Rising Money Market and the Course of Trade

Advance in Réserve—Bank Rates—Demands on Credit by Stock Exchange and
Industry—The Progress of Trade Recovery

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHEN events on the great financial markets have pursued an uninterrupted course for so long a period as to make the idea of a change of direction difficult to imagine, visible alteration in any of the underlying influences attracts attention. There have been a few such incidents during the forward sweep of American finance: a partial corn-crop failure in one year, for instance; a prolonged coal strike in another; the breakdown of a real-estate speculation; a sudden and drastic shrinkage in steel-production. Any of these occurrences would have sufficed to reverse the movement of financial markets before the war, and each of them was observed with considerable misgiving when it began in these recent years. None of them, however, appeared to arrest more than momentarily the larger movement of financial expansion and, for that reason, it came to be very widely believed that nothing could interrupt it.

The rise in money rates at the opening of the present spring season was in some respects a different matter. It was not at all such "tightening of money" as used to create occasional misgiving before the present era of American pros-

perity began, but it was preceded and accompanied, in the matter of banking reserves, banking credit, and action of the reserve banks, by circumstances which caused wide-spread discussion. Interest taken in it was accentuated by the fact that every one, whether banker or economist or plain business man, was aware that the recent long continuance of exceptionally easy money had been a potent influence on the advancing financial markets. Furthermore, none of them felt entirely sure to what extent it had promoted the period's trade activity.

"TIGHT MONEY" BEFORE THE WAR

In years before the war, "tight money" had been so frequent an experience that business plans were adjusted to the probability of its recurrence. Few autumn seasons in which trade was normally active missed a 6-per-cent rate on good merchants' paper and, if stocks were rising, 10 or 15 per cent for demand loans on the Stock Exchange. Much higher rates would be quoted on occasions when gold was going out in quantity or exceptionally active trade and speculation were inflating bank liabilities. But in the four past years, 4

or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent has been almost uninterruptedly the prevailing Wall Street rate for any type of loans, and Reserve-bank rates have ranged between 3 and 4—which in any period of our history would have been described as exceptionally easy money. Toward the end of 1925, when speculation in stocks and real estate was running wild, it is true that the Reserve banks intervened and advanced their discount rates, and that their purpose was avowedly the restraining of speculative markets, which the Reserve Board publicly declared had become “a danger-spot in our present situation.”

But the bank rate was then advanced only to 4 per cent. Foreign gold continued to pour in, \$213,000,000 being imported during the next twelve months. Our stock of gold, the basis of banking credit, had increased \$2,500,000,000 in barely ten years, or 140 per cent, as against an increase of only \$600,000,000, or less than 50 per cent, in the preceding decade. The reserve ratio at the federal banks, for which the law required only 35 per cent against deposits and 40 against circulation, rose from 66 to 76 per cent after the early months of 1926, and the open-market discount rate had declined by April to $3\frac{1}{2}$.

INCIDENTS OF THE PRESENT YEAR

The course of the money market since the beginning of 1928, and especially since the end of March, has been different in some essential respects. Reserve banks have raised their discount rates twice since January, the most rapid consecutive advance since 1920; last April they were fixed at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, which, although not exorbitantly high, was at all events higher than any rate quoted since the middle of 1924. The reserve ratio of the fed-

eral banks in the middle of April, $71\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, was the lowest for that time of year since 1922 and 8 per cent less than a year before. For the changed position there were two visible causes, neither of which existed at the end of 1925. One was the nearly unprecedented export of gold: in the seven months beginning last September this had reached approximately \$400,000,000 and had pulled down the Federal Reserve's gold holdings \$350,000,000 from the high point of 1927. The other was increase in the credit loaned out by reporting private banks of the reserve system's membership, which had risen \$1,360,000,000 within a year.

It had grown \$1,062,000,000, indeed, in the seven months since the gold-import movement was reversed in September and at the same time the private banks had added \$308,000,000 to their borrowings from the Federal Reserve. On the open money market, sixty-day loans had gone to 5 per cent, a rate which had not been reached in any spring season since 1923. It was not exceptionally high, compared with older years, but the essential fact was that the increase in bank credit had amounted to 7 per cent since last August, which was itself abnormally rapid, and that the gold reserve on which the bank credit was ultimately based had in the same seven months decreased $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

MONEY RATES AND TRADE PROSPERITY

Still, it was not by any means clear how far the changed conditions were likely to be continuous or how, if at all, they would affect business conditions. It was evident that the higher money rates had not been caused (as they were in 1919 and 1920, for instance) by in-

(Financial Situation continued on page 52)

Behind the Scenes

A GLIMPSE OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS—ANNOUNCEMENT OF
BRILLIANT JULY NUMBER



Michael Pupin.

MICHAEL PUPIN landed at Castle Garden fifty-four years ago with five cents in his pocket. A cracker factory in the heart of New York was his first college. His chaplain, he says, was Jim, boiler-room fireman, who preached the principles of Americanization. His first professor was a fellow worker.

To-day Michael Pupin is one of the most distinguished scientists in the world, the holder of honorary degrees from a score of institutions, the inventor of the Pupin coil, which made long-distance telephony practicable, the inventor of devices which are at the basis of radio.

His rise has been a romantic one. It has afforded the text for many panegyrics of the "land of opportunity."

Now Professor Pupin himself takes up the cudgel for his adopted country and its so-called "machine civilization." He has put into this short paper much of the flavor of the more intimate parts of his "From Immigrant to Inventor."

Raymond Walters, dean of Swarthmore College, has become known to SCRIBNER's readers for sane and careful analysis of college problems. "Getting into College" and "On the Summer-school Campus" dealt with college requirements and the value of the summer school. His article in this number goes at the problem of personnel and development of the individual.

Doris Ulmann's artistic photographs of South-

ern mountaineer types, although an independent piece of research on her part, come as a fine adjunct to John J. Niles's "In Defense of the Backwoods."

Mrs. Ulmann is a well-known New York amateur photographer, who has done a book of camera studies of the Johns Hopkins faculty and one of editors and authors. She spent two years in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. She gave us the following autobiography of one of her subjects:

Sam Crowel Tyree—68 years old, has wife and 6 children.

Born in the mountains of Kentucky.

Educated in the mountains.

Live in the mountains.

Reared on a farm.

In early life a teacher.

Afterwards became a lawyer—practiced 14 years.

Was converted to Christ and became and is now an active minister in the baptist work. Is now pastor of one church.

Never used tobacco in any form.

Has not tasted liquor in any form for 37 years.

Never used as much as 2 quarts in life.

Never was addicted to its use.

Is 100 % prohibition.

The gentleman doth protest a good deal, it seems to us.

The second part of the curious and powerful story "Seven Days Whipping" published in this number sweeps you up to the amazing climax which will be presented in the conclusion of the story in the July number. As the novel progresses we can see what an interesting and original piece of work Mr. Biggs has done. We can find no parallels for it in modern literature. The position



John Biggs, Jr.

where this instalment leaves Judge La Place seems almost an impossible one for a supposedly civilized man. But a glance back through the pages will show how carefully Mr. Biggs has built up his story.

John J. Niles is caricatured elsewhere in this department. He is the author of "Singing Soldiers" and a native of the Kentucky mountains. He has an ear for melody and has made a hobby of collecting folk-songs wherever he can find them.

Another interesting group of articles is that on Virginia past and present.

Governor Harry F. Byrd has been accomplishing a bloodless revolution in Virginia and we asked him to describe it for us. Governor Byrd is the brother of Commander Richard E. Byrd. He is the descendant of a distinguished family, but he carved out his own career. He took over his father's newspaper, the *Winchester Star*, when he was fourteen. He is now the publisher of another paper and the owner of 1,500 acres of apple-orchards.

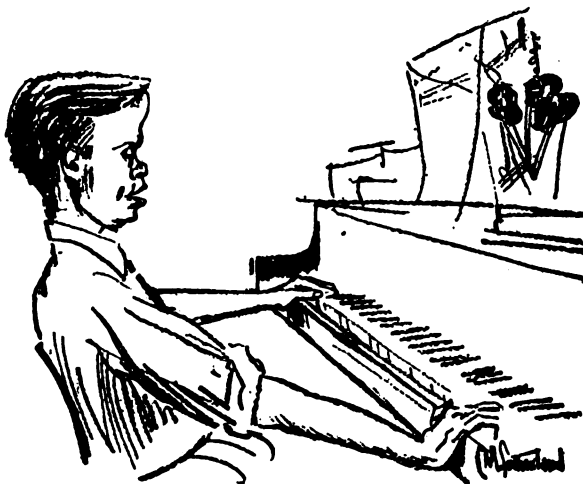
Virginius Dabney is a Virginia newspaper man. He was born at the University of Virginia and has lived there most of his life, holding a B.A. and an M.A. from that institution. It is natural that he should become interested in Jack Jouett. In his article he has served to introduce him to a larger public and at the same time prove how necessary a poet or an advertising man is to a public career. Paul Revere and Barbara Fritchie were treated kindly by the poets. Jack Jouett and Madame Russell are two characters in search of a bard.

Laura Copenhagen lives in Marion, Va. Her story of Patrick Henry's sister has been an intellectual diversion for her. She occupies a unique position, for she has built up in the past few years a substantial business in colonial coverlets.

Lawrence Lee's poem "A Letter to Albe-marle," despite its reference to autumn, so ob-

viously belonged with this Virginia group that we waived its seasonal quality. Lawrence Lee, although a native of Alabama, graduated from the University of Virginia.

Walter D. Edmonds graduated from Harvard three years ago, and has since been living and working on his farm in up-State New York, the scene of his stories. Mr. Edmonds's first story appeared in *SCRIBNER'S* in July, 1926. He has since then won a prize in a *Harper's* contest and contributed to *The Atlantic*.



Jack Niles at a favorite occupation, as seen by Sutherland.

Ben Ray Redman is the author of this month's true story of the war. He is well known as poet, author, and critic. It is not so well known that he is the husband of Frieda Inescourt, the talented actress who is now playing in Galsworthy's "Escape." Mr. Redman was commissioned first

lieutenant in the British army in 1917, and was with the Royal Flying Corps from 1917 to 1919. He served as scout pilot on the Ypres front.

Doctor John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, has made many contributions to the literature of paleontology, geology, and scientific research, with such formidable titles as "Primitive Characters of the Triassic Ichthysauria." But by his contributions to this Magazine he has revealed to a larger audience real literary power as well as deep scientific knowledge. "Forest Windows" has a personal touch such as Michael Pupin gives to his article. It is unusual to have two such distinguished scientists in the same number, and more so to have two who can write so forcefully to the non-scientific mind.

Will James is slowly acquiring a large proportion of the State of Montana to turn into a cattle-range. Every time a new edition of the cowboy artist's books is published, the Rocking R Ranch grows by so many acres.

Henry Meade Williams is another of the young writers whose stories first appeared in *SCRIBNER'S*. He is the son of Jesse Lynch Wil-

liams, and is connected with the publishing house of J. H. Sears. His first story appeared in July, 1924.

The article "The German Spirit of To-day" is a unique contribution. Doctor Joseph Mayer is, as he explains, a physician of Baden-Baden. Thus he has the opportunity for acquaintance with people from all parts of Germany and, indeed, from all parts of the world. He states in

honest, straightforward fashion the attitude of Germany to-day, making no apologies, asking no favors, yet having nothing of false pride and bitterness.

Helene Mullins is one of the most promising of the younger New York poets. She is one of the favorite contributors to F. P. A.'s column in *The World*, and her verse appears in many magazines.

Fireworks in the July Scribner's

BOSTON OF THE FUTURE, by F. J. Stimson

The author of "Boston—The Ebb Tide" gives some constructive suggestions—with a kick in them

NIGGER TO NIGGER, by E. C. L. Adams

The author of "Congaree Sketches" contributes real negro folk-lore

THE EVOLUTIONIST AND DEATH, by Vernon Kellogg

THE SIXTH HANGAR, by John J. Niles

EXPLORING THE SOLAR ATMOSPHERE, by George Ellery Hale

OUR CHANGING SPORTS PAGE, by W. O. McGeehan

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN PROTESTANTISM? by John Richelson.

WHEN A WOMAN GOVERNOR CAMPAIGNS, by Cecelia Hendricks

A NEW SHORT-STORY WRITER

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

introduced for the first time in a magazine by

TWO STORIES

Predicament

Regret for Youth

OTHER FICTION

"SEVEN DAYS WHIPPING"—The conclusion of the remarkable novel, by John Biggs, Jr.

THE THREE-BOTTLE STORY, by Muriel Moore

ON THE DARK TRAIL, by Franklin Holt

SPECIAL FEATURE

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS recommends a list of books for summer reading

What You Think About It

Infantry and Artillery Mix It Up—Boston Papers Feel Hurt Because of
Stimson Article—The Question of Filth and Beauty—New Move to
Purify Literature

IT is always easy to stir up a fight about who won the war. It extends down from national controversies to scraps between military outfits as to who took So-and-so. As we promised last month, we print a protest from the infantry on L. V. Jacks's "Artillery Duel at Montfaucon."

The story in your March issue by L. V. Jacks, will indeed create a tempest among the former members of the 79th Division Infantry, which captured Montfaucon and Nantillois several days before the very remarkable "duel" of Mr. Jacks' creation took place.

Jacks writes that on September 27th, the Infantry "was stalled around Montfaucon" and that his Artillery overtook them "after a forced march from Esnes to Avocourt." As a matter of fact, Avocourt was a town within the original take-off line of dawn of September 26th, and is several kilometres south of Montfaucon.

The great "direct fire duel" in the "trap at Montfaucon" took place, according to Historian Jacks on Sunday, September 29th. From personal experience I wish to state that on September 29th, during the entire day, the 79th Division Infantry was storming the Bois des Ogons, some two kilometres *North* of Nantillois, and that there was not a live German south of the woods we were attacking.

For your information, and as a guide to other duelists who may bob up in the future, the following is the official chronology of the drive against Montfaucon:

Took off at dawn, Sept. 26th, captured Malancourt Sept. 26th.

Captured Montfaucon Sept. 27th.

Captured Nantillois Sept. 28th.

Advanced to line two kilometres past Nantillois by 24 H. Sept. 28th.

Relieved by Infantry of 3rd Division 15th H Sept. 30th.

Verification of the above facts may be obtained from the official records and maps of the American Battle Monuments Commission, Washington, D. C., compiled as permanent historical records of the Combat Divisions overseas.

Jacks states in concluding his remarkable tale, that his officers told him that Nantillois had never been taken. I was one of the Americans who went through that town on September 28th, and there were many others with me.

It is a matter of record that after passing Montfaucon the Infantry had no artillery support other than a battery or two of light 75 mm. field artillery, which went into position at Nantillois, but soon ran short of ammunition.

This artillery lack, the reason for the heavy infantry

casualties after passing Montfaucon, was due to the complete breakdown of transport on the one almost impassable arterial road which was supposed to serve three divisions and also evacuate the wounded.

The 3rd Division, which relieved us on September 30th, remained stationary for several days at the point of relief, waiting for the artillery support.

With the above official records in mind, it is difficult to understand how a magazine like SCRIBNER's should present to its readers "history" of the type produced by Mr. Jacks, which unjustly reflects on the very fine record of the 79th Division.

We look for history of that sort in the tabloids, but not in the new SCRIBNER's.

WALTER F. HAYS

(formerly Captain 315th Inf., 79th Division).

Brookline, Delaware Co., Pennsylvania.

Mr. Jacks points out the following:

The story is an excerpt from a journal which the writer, a private of artillery kept. The writer claims at no point that this journal is history; in fact formally disclaims it, and writes that it is merely a record of the impressions of a private soldier. He implies at more points than one that he held the opinion on Sept. 29th that the Germans were still in Nantillois. It was an opinion which he shared with all his regiment. The regimental maneuvering of Sept. 29th was based on this view. The view is directly traceable to a runner's report received early on the morning of the 29th. This opinion is false.

The 4th regular division entered Nantillois on Sept. 27th (in the course of an encircling movement around Montfaucon), and the town was formally taken by the 79th division on Sept. 28th.

When relieved by the 3rd division on Sept. 30th, the 79th had pushed its lines somewhat more than two kilometres north of Nantillois.

Mr. Jacks makes some other points clear in a letter to the editor:

First, the use of the name Avocourt. Avocourt was within the original take-off. We marched from Esnes to Avocourt because the only road the cannon could traverse led that way. Cannon can't jump across country like doughboys.

Some time later, near Malancourt, as noted, we overtook some lines of the infantry.

Next. The infantry were "stalled" at Montfaucon. The publications of the Battle Monuments Commission

that he talks about, and which I have on my desk as I write, say that the 79th division infantry arrived before Montfaucon during the afternoon of the 26th. The exact hour at which they caught sight of the hill is not noted, but that is immaterial. Presumably, they were close to the hill by three or four o'clock, because they effected a re-formation of their lines before launching their first attack which came at 6:30 P.M. And was a failure.

Montfaucon was taken at noon the next day, the 27th. Approximately twenty hours therefore were consumed in this operation. Figuring from the moment of their first actual attack, seventeen and a half hours elapsed.

While this was going on, the 4th regular division, east of the 79th, had progressed one and three-quarters miles beyond Montfaucon, and the 37th national guard division on the other flank had also advanced beyond Montfaucon, though not so far as the 4th had gone.

The line around Montfaucon therefore by the night of the 26th was assuming the shape of a letter V with the 79th division on the point, and the flanking divisions going beyond them.

Nine divisions participated in the American attack on the morning of Sept. 26. The slowest part of the advance was in the path of the 79th. It is no more than fair to say that they encountered fierce resistance, but so did the 4th, which *overcame* its resistance. So did the 35th, who fought in terribly difficult country capturing Cheppy. So did the 37th.

Fire at one kilometre or thereabouts is extremely close for artillery. It would be considered long range for infantry, the more so as the 79th had many men who could not use their rifles.

The artillery Mr. Hays refers to that went into action near Nantillois were batteries of our own brigade. Slackening in fire was due to casualties rather than lack of shells. The nearest targets fired upon were a kilometre north of Nantillois, while the bulk of the fighting, as noted at the time, was with guns further in the rear, near Cunel.

Nor could all the 79th be moving against the Bois des Ogons on Sept. 20th, for I saw a single M. P. drive more than fifty skulkers from one dugout near Montfaucon, and start them forward, while it was common knowledge that the 57th F. A. brigade kitchens were feeding stragglers from the 79th as much as their own men. It is unfair to hold the conduct of stragglers against a division, but when casualties run nearly to 50 per cent, and there are numerous stragglers, I leave it to any soldier of the 4th or the 37th as to what the front line resembled.

F. J. Stimson's article "Boston—The Ebb Tide" was favored by a two-column black headline story on the front page of the *Boston Globe* and with long editorials from the other Boston sheets.

The Transcript said:

BOSTON

Boston has had no lack of Jeremiahs, especially in the present generation; but Mr. F. J. Stimson, who, like Jeremiah of old, now (in an article entitled "Boston—the Ebb Tide," in the March *SCRIBNER's*) insists upon delivering us over to Babylon, is almost of the last gen-

eration, having been born in the year 1855. In reading this somewhat depressing article, we have to admit that there is a great deal of truth in it. Mr. Stimson goes back a long way in his painful reminiscences of thwarted Boston enterprise. . . .

Let us say that after all he cannot be quite like his fellow Brahmin of old, Jeremiah, of whom it was said that he had "no friends but God and death"; for his heart warms toward us at last. He grants us the boon of saying that in some degree our situation is due to the fact that "the rest of the world ebbed out from the ideals on which Boston was propped and left it high and dry."

The Herald calls for a literary booster:

"J. S. OF DALE" KNOCKS BOSTON

Nobody pays much attention to Mr. Upton Sinclair's opinions of Boston. We merely contemplate the antics of such an observer with amused contempt, freely concede that he has a knack for writing, and let it go at that. But when such a man as Mr. Stimson, "J. S. of Dale" and no other, presumably fond of Boston and all New England, however much his pride may have been diluted by the delinquencies he charges against us—when such a man takes his place on the side line and joins the hue and cry, that, indeed, seems a very different thing.

The article in the current *SCRIBNER's* on "Boston—the Ebb Tide" reads enticingly, and produces irritation. . . .

We wish that somebody would print something constructive about Boston, that some of our old friends still residing within our borders, and presumably still interested in our fortunes, would desist from denouncing us for our foolishness and our incompetence long enough to offer us a few suggestions as to how they would have us retrieve the greatness they allege to have departed from us, and how we are to do a lot of the things which they are dead sure ought to be done. . . .

We admire Mr. Stimson. But why in the name of all that is reasonable was it necessary or desirable for him to print such an essay against his Boston in such a magazine as *SCRIBNER's*? . . .

We may here announce that Mr. Stimson has accepted *The Herald's* challenge and his article "Boston of the Future" will appear in the July number.

THE QUESTION OF FILTH AND BEAUTY

The mail that comes over the editor's desk brings ever fresh surprises at the ways of the human mind. For instance, take this editorial from the Hudson Falls (N. Y.) *Herald* on "The State of Riverbank," by Roman Laim, in the March number:

"SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE" GOES LOCO

In the current issue of *SCRIBNER's MAGAZINE* is a filthy article dealing with matters that usually come to the surface only when societies for the suppression of vice are functioning.

Some presumably advanced notion to the effect that the important things in this world are the dirty and unspeakable things, has moved this hitherto respectable

publication to "go modern." The expression and quotation marks are ours. We believe that they will be understood.

It appears to have come as a great discovery to the publishers of SCRIBNER's that there are tag ends of humanity in this world and that such degenerates neither know nor observe the common rules of decency in any way. Hence its eagerness to spread before its readers the disgusting details of the lives of vile, illiterate and unworthy persons who live along the river bank. . . .

The Hudson Falls *Herald* has no patience with the idea that drool and dirt have a prominent place in the reading matter provided for presumably intelligent and decently refined folks. It is surprising that SCRIBNER's MAGAZINE should hold to the contrary. That publication appears to have been infected with the virus which makes its victims labor under the impression that the ignoble is the noble, and vice versa.

The jazz age now finds expression at its worst—so far as literature is concerned—in the pages of a hitherto decent magazine. One wonders what the Society for the Suppression of Vice will do about it. Clearly here is a case for prompt action.

And then read this to the author from O. C. Perry, Swannanoa, N. C.:

It achieves that difficult distinction of being warm with human sympathy and yet sharp and clear-cut, not blurred at the edges by any diffusion of sentimentality. It does what I demand of every bit of literary art that portrays character,—makes the characters go on living for the reader after the pages are closed.

"Joe" and "Waukendaw Chip" and "Ed Smith," and the rest of them possess, as you have sketched them, the qualities of great literary art. They arouse in the reader's breast a glow of sympathy akin to that aroused by Conrad's "Nigger" or "Lord Jim," or Galsworthy's "Soames Forsyte,"—an understanding the artist gives as much by implication as by direction—perhaps more.

There is something lovely achieved (I don't mean pretty—I have passed that stage where my soul demands prettiness in art), even by means of old "Chip's" cussing,—and did I read too much into the sketches when I felt rather than heard or saw the great river swirling majestically past, as heedless of this poor human drift as it is heedless of the driftwood and other flotsam it throws contemptuously upon its bank? . . .

PRAISES RIVERBANKERS

A woman who has cruised along the Mississippi believes that the Riverbank characters have been painted too blackly:

I feel it my duty in justice to the shanty and boat-house owners that I have known to say that I disagree very much with Roman Laim.

While it is true many have their own laws, etc., as well as codes of living, I must say that I have found two-thirds or over of the Riverbank population can read and write and are neat and clean and honest.

For many years I lived two months of each year on the Mississippi River and have also traveled through the Henapen Canal and feeder to the Illinois River as far as Peoria. . . .

I do not say that all of the Riverbankers were good

but almost all of those I knew would be a friend in need as well as a congenial host and they would share the last crust with a fellow-being.

Springfield, Mass.

VESTA NEWINGHAM.

And a doctor from Kansas City believes that there is no appreciable difference between the lawless code of the Riverbanker and the actions of another proportion of the human race:

In what was apparently intended as a sort of humorous commentary on primitive American life, an interesting author has written "The State Of Riverbank." . . .

From the standpoint of a practicing physician, it may be truthfully contended the said Shantytown inhabitants are not one whit worse in their tendency to immoral, semi-civilized and unsanitary lives, than are countless numbers of shady, wickedly immoral inhabitants that had been personally encountered in many of our modern, progressive and highly civilized American cities. . . . The environment and lives of the former may be called interestingly unique. But they can hardly ever excell the latter in moral degeneracy and diabolical crime. . . .

ROBERT H. MACNAIR, M.D.

Kansas City, Missouri.

There must be a new movement for the purification of American literature on foot. For comments like these are coming in:

Mr. Van Dine is a logician. He also has the pen of a ready writer. Why use it to broadcast filth in a world already overcharged with vicious thought and deed?

Answering question: Would you have a nice Swiss Family Robinson murdered as was the Greene Family? Mr. Van Dine's story might, indeed, be taken as a moral text (much against the author's will, however). The evil one perished. The normal one survived.

Another deplored the "morbid" quality of "The Greene Murder Case" and even pronounced a judgment upon us for the harm we might do to unborn children, since the mothers reading the story might inspire them with criminal tendencies.

And suppose these sensitive mothers should read Shakespeare. Would the children then be Hamlets and Macbeths and Othellos?

One other protested against the obscenity of James Boyd's "Humoresque." And asked if we would allow our children to read such a story.

We replied that we would.

And now comes this curious statement:

The present prospectus with such a disagreeable and degenerate title as "Seven Days Whipping" does not strike us favorably. Do you not judge American taste too harshly?

The answer is no.

THE OBSERVER.

* The Club Corner *

500 AMERICAN ARTISTS—NEW PROGRAMMES

THE answer to the last question of the Art Forum Questionnaire appears below. We have received many requests for back numbers of the Magazines containing these questions and answers, and are prepared to supply them at 25 cents per copy. We hope to be able to present the material in a pamphlet. Definite announcement will be made next month.

We have prepared programmes on contemporary poetry and on the psychology of the modern novel. We shall be glad to supply these to clubs intending to study these subjects during the coming club year.

80. A comprehensive list of American artists *arbitrarily grouped*. Many of them are living. The 1925 volume of the *American Art Annual* lists 7,383 living artists in its "Who's Who in American Art" section, therefore a list of 500 is pitifully incomplete.

FIRST TEN AMERICAN PAINTERS

| | |
|------------------|-------------------------------|
| Benjamin West | Dunlap, Painter and Historian |
| John S. Copley | Washington Allston |
| John Trumbull | John Vanderlyn |
| Gilbert Stuart | Rembrandt Peale |
| Charles W. Peale | James Peale |

A LATER GROUP UNDER ENGLISH INFLUENCE

| | |
|----------------|------------------|
| Robert Fulton | Bass Otis |
| S. F. B. Morse | John Neagle |
| Mathew Pratt | Waldo and Jewett |
| John W. Jarvis | Edward Malbone |
| Thomas Sully | Joseph Wright |

FIRST AMERICAN LANDSCAPISTS

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Thomas Doughty | James Hart |
| Asher B. Durand | Frederick E. Church |
| Thomas Cole | Albert Bierstadt |
| John F. Kensett | Thomas Hill |
| Thomas Moran | William Hart |

FIRST AMERICAN SCULPTORS

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| William Rush | John Frazee |
| Horatio Greenough | Hiram Powers |
| Hezekiah Augur | Thomas Crawford |

BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH INFLUENCE

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| William M. Hunt | William Keith |
| John La Farge | William Sartain |
| George Inness | Carlton Wiggins |
| Alexander Wyant | Wm. Gedney Bunce |
| Homer D. Martin | Wyatt Eaton |

AMERICAN PAINTERS OF NARRATIVE SUBJECTS

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| William S. Mount | J. G. Brown |
| Eastman Johnson | Seymour J. Guy |
| John F. Weir | Thomas Hovenden |
| Emanuel Leutze | |

GROUP OF MEN PAINTING FROM 1875

| | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Frank Duveneck | John Singer Sargent |
| Wm. Merritt Chase | J. J. Shannon |
| John W. Alexander | James McNeill Whistler |
| Frederick Vinton | Edwin A. Abbey |
| Carrol Beckwith | Frank Currier |
| Robert Blum | Thomas Eakins |
| Joseph De Camp | Theodore Wendell |
| Charles Mills | John Enneking |

SCULPTORS PROMINENT SINCE 1900

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| John Quincy Ward | Stirling Calder |
| Augustus Saint-Gaudens | Lorado Taft |
| Daniel Chester French | Cyrus Dallin |
| George Gray Barnard | Phimister Proctor |
| Herbert Adams | Charles C. Rumsey |
| Frederick MacMonnies | A. A. Weinmann |
| Solon Borglum | Edward Birge |
| Paul Bartlett | Isidore Konti |
| Charles Niehaus | Frederick G. R. Roth |
| Herman MacNeil | Atullio Piccirilli |
| Karl Bitter | Gutzon Borglum |

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISM IN AMERICA

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Dennis Bunker | Childe Hassam |
| Theodore Robinson | Robert Reid |
| Edmund C. Tarbell | Walter Griffin |
| J. Alden Weir | John Costigan |
| William Garrigan | Augustus V. Tack |
| William B. Closson | Wilson Irvine |

PAINTERS OF FRENCH TRADITION

| | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Ben Foster | Gardner Symons |
| Dwight W. Tryon | Louis Dessar |
| Willard Metcalf | Bruce Crane |
| Charles H. Davis | Chas. Dewey |
| Leonard Ochtman | Henry Ranger |
| J. Francis Murphy | Paul King |
| Wm. R. Lathrop | J. Folinsbee |

PAINTERS OF THE SEA

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Wm. T. Richards | Eric Hudson |
| Gedney Bunce | Fred. Waugh |
| Alex. Harrison | Wm. Ritschel |
| Charles Woodbury | Leon Dabo |
| Paul Dougherty | Gifford Beal |
| Armin Hansen | Hobart Nichols |
| J. Wilkinson Smith | Henry Snell |

PAINTERS OF NOTABLE INDIVIDUALITY

Winslow Homer
Henry G. Dearth
Abbott H. Thayer
John Twachtman
Albert P. Ryder
Arthur F. Mathews

Ralph Blakelock
George Fuller
Elihu Vedder
Max Bohm
F. S. Church
Emil Carlsen

LEADERS OF THE INDEPENDENT MOVEMENT

Robert Henri
George Bellows
John Sloan
George Luks
William Glackens
Everett Shinn

Leon Kroll
Eugene Speicher
Martha Walter
Ben Ali Haggin
Reynolds Beal
John Carroll

FIGURE-PAINTERS IN LANDSCAPE

Karl Anderson
Horatio Walker
R. Sloan Bredin
C. C. Chapman
F. Louis Mora
Ballard Williams

James R. Hopkins
Rich. Miller
Chas. Hopkinson
Louis Rittman
Carl F. Friescke
Geo. Obersteuffer

PROMINENT WOMEN PAINTERS

Mary Cassatt
Elizabeth Nourse
Cecilia Beaux
Helen Turner
Lilian Westcott Hale
Jean McLane
Gertrude Fiske
Lillian Genth
Anna Fisher
Felicia W. Howell
M. DeNeale Morgan
Helen Dunlap

Marie Danforth Page
Alice Kent Stoddard
Ellen Emmet Rand
Lydia Field Emmet
Violet Oakley
Dorothy Ochtman
Evelyn Withrow
Pauline Palmer
Mary Foote
Jane Peterson
Johanna K. Hailman
Marie Oberteuffer

PROMINENT WOMEN SCULPTORS

Harriett Frishmuth
Anna Vaughn Hyatt-Huntington
Malvina Hoffman
Edith Barretto Parsons
Bessie Potter Vonnoh
Laura Gardin Fraser
Brenda Putnam

Evelyn Beatrice Longman
Beatrice Fenton
Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney
Grace Talbot
Margaret French Cresson
Abastenia Eberle
Lucy Perkins Ripley

PAINTERS OF THE FAR WEST

William Wendt
Benjamin Brown
Hansen Puthoff
Orrin White
Alson S. Clark
John Frost
Jean Manheim
Guy Rose
John Rich
Clark Hobart
DeWitt Parshal
William Silva
Will Sparks
Spencer Mackey
Lee Randolph
Maurice Braun
Chas. Dickman
Joseph Raphael
Lucia Mathews
G. Cadenassa
C. Charlton Fortune

Francis McComas
Ray Boynton
Gottardo Piazzoni
Mateo Sandona
Xavier Martinez
Eugen Neuhaus
Perham Nahl
Lester Boronda
Bruce Nelson
Philip Lewis
Douglas Parshal
Carl O. Borg
Rollo Peters
Constance Mackey
Calthea Vivian
Mary Curtis Richardson
Florence Lundborg
Jules Pages
T. Van Sloun
Clarence Hinkle
Kathryn Leighton

PAINTERS OF TAOS AND NEW MEXICO

Louis Aitken
Ernest L. Blumenschein
E. O. Burningham
Wm. Penhallow Henderson
Martin Hennings
Walter Ufer
Randall Davey
John Sharp

Bert Philips
Frederick Remington
Will Shuster
Victor Higgins
Herbert Duntun
E. I. Couze
Theo. Van Soelen
Mary F. Ufer

A GROUP OF THE BEST-KNOWN MEN

Gari Melchers
Ernest Lawsen
Chas. Hawthorne
Geo. DeF. Brush
Elmer Schofield

Jonas Lie
Frank Benson
Edward Redfield
Henry O. Tanner
T. W. Dewing

LIVING MEN OF STRONG INDIVIDUAL TALENT

Arthur B. Davies
Eugene Savage
Van Dearing Perrine
Maurice Fromkes
Birger Sandzen
Maurice Prendergast
Daniel Garber
Fred W. Grant
Walter Griffin

Rockwell Kent
Gerome Meyers
Walter Beck
John I. Noble
Joseph T. Pearson
Maurice Sterne
Chauncey Ryder
Hayley Lever
Maynard Dixon

MEN PROMINENT IN PORTRAITURE

J. C. Johansen
Henry Rittenberg
Leopold Seyffert
Wayman Adams
Wm. McG. Paxton
Irving Wiles
Julian Story
Robt. Gauley
Abram Poole
Wilton Lockwood
McLure Hamilton

Douglas Volk
Ernest Ipsen
Ivan Olinsky
Philip Hale
L. Thompson
Louis Loeb
Howard Cushing
Tho. Anschutz
H. S. Hubbell
Nicolai Fechin
Burtus Baker

PAINTERS EXHIBITING IN BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, AND WASHINGTON, D. C.

Frederick A. Bosley
Philip Little
William Kirkpatrick
George L. Noyes
Marion L. Pooke
G. B. Troccoli
Elizabeth Paxton
Lester W. Stevens
Adelaide C. Chase
Gretchen W. Rogers

George Harding
Carroll S. Tyson
Mary Butler
Elizabeth Washington
John R. Connor
Eben F. Comins
Jerry Farnsworth
Richard S. Meryman
Mathilde M. Leisenring
Wm. H. Holmes

PAINTERS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

THE HOOSIER GROUP
J. Otis Adams
William Forsyth
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(Continued on page 76))



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THE CLUB CORNER

(Continued from page 792h)

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John E. Weis, Herman H. Wessel, H. L. Meaken, John Rettig, Randolph Coats, William H. Fry, Dixie Seldon.

CLEVELAND

Henry G. Keller, Adelaide C. Baker.

DETROIT

Roy C. Gamble, William Greason.

MINNEAPOLIS

John D. Brien, Frances C. Greenman.

ST. LOUIS

Bert Dunn, Charles F. Galt, Julius T. Bloch.

GOLD MEDALLISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Robert Spencer, Arthur P. Spear, Fred. J. Mulhaupt, Carl Lawless, George W. Sotter, Everett Warner, Paul Cornoyer, Myron Barlow, George L. Noyes, Charles W. Stetson, Edward F. Rook, Murray P. Bewley, Collin C. Cooper, H. H. Breckenridge, Wallace Molarsky, Guy Wiggins, Albert Groll, George E. Brown, H. J. Bruer, W. B. Closson, Sergeant Kendall, E. K. K. Wetherill, John F. Carlson, E. H. Potthast, Alexander Bower, Fred Wagner, Elliott Daingerfield, Henry R. Poore, Frederick A. Bosley, Howard G. Cushing, Cullen Yates, Robert Vonnoh, W. H. Singer, Joseph P. Birren.

SOME OF THE YOUNGER SCULPTORS

Robert Aitken, Gustave Lukeman, John Gregory, Paul Manship, Edward McCartan, James E. Fraser, Leo Lentelli, Earl Cummings, Haig Patigian, Arthur Lee, Albert Laesle, A. Sterling Calder, Douglas Tilden, Arthur Putnam, Mahonri Young, Mario Korbel, Albin Polasek, Paul Jennewein, John Bateman, Edgar Walters, Ralph Stackpole, Lee Lawrie, Chester Beach, R. Tait McKenzie.

MURAL PAINTERS

John Singer Sargent, Edwin Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, John La Farge, Will Low, Maxfield Parrish, DeLeftwich Dodge, Milton Bancroft, George H. Holloway, Frank Vincent Du Mond, Robert Simmons, Barry Faulkner, Ezra Winter, Dean Cornwell, Jules Guerin, Robert Blum.

PAINTERS EMPHASIZING THE DECORATIVE QUALITY

Charles Prendergast, Arthur Crisp, Joseph Stella, Roy Brown, Ettore Ciseri, Bertram Hartman, Elizabeth Price, Olive Rush, Jessie Arms Botke, William Zorach, H. Dudley Murphy, Boris Annisfeldt.

FOLLOWERS OF CÉZANNE

Samuel Halpert, Henry Poor, Adolph Borie, Walt Kuhn, Theresa Bernstein, Arthur Carles, Henry McFee, Paul Burlin, Max Weber, J. O. B. Nordfeldt, Charles Rosen, Guy Pene Du Bois.

EXTREME MODERNISTS

Man Ray, Georgia O'Keefe, Henrietta Shore, Willard Nash, Raymond Jonson, S. MacDonald Wright, Dodge McKnight, Charles Sheeler, Morgan Russell, T. H. Benton, Jozef Bakos, Andrew Dasberg, J. E. Thompson, John Marin, C. E. Milne, A. H. Maurer.

